THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1866.

"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare 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 builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—Neh. iv. 17, 18.

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PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

WE salute you at the close of another year, thankful that with you we are still permitted to labour for our common Lord, and to witness with joy the power of his gospel in the hearts of men. The year has flown very swiftly, but mercy has kept pace with it. Troubles have marked its months, but goodness has crowned it from its beginning to its end. The year has been what the Almanack-makers call "Eventful." Abroad, a short and decisive war has brought about changes which appear to be conducive to the world's progress in the future, though affected at a terrible cost of blood. A kindred nation has been brought side by side with us by the connecting cable; henceforth there is no more Atlantic, may there be no more jealousy. At home a plague among cattle, and a disease among men have been loud calls from Heaven to a careless people. Those calls have not been without their effect upon the church of God and the people at large. Upon the whole, so far as our experience goes, the year 1866 has been one of steady Christian effort, and of very considerable success. There has doubtless been much to regret in the coldness and lethargy of many, but nevertheless there has been very much more for which to be thankful in the increased spirituality, unity, and zeal of our ministers and churches. Popery has made great advances, but we see reason to hope that the tide will turn; for public indignation is aroused by the extremes to which Ritualism has carried its antics, and better still, the churches of God are awakening to give battle to the insidious monster. Great distress is prevailing among the poor, and demanding the most liberal aid of the benevolent, while trade is still depressed through the almost unequalled panic, and many who were once in affluence are brought low; let us hope that as men see more clearly the uncertain nature of terrestrial things they will cling the more firmly to things celestial and enduring. On the wings of these tempestuous winds God is visiting the sons of men. Judgments are abroad in the earth, but grace is abroad also. The Lord reigneth, and all is well.

> "Fair hope shall brighten days to come,
> And memory gild the past."

FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS,

We have used our utmost industry to secure for the magazine your sympathy and approbation, and we have had the most assuring testimonies that we have succeeded. Thanks for your generous judgment. We know that our circulation is very much among our brethren in the ministry of all denominations, and other thinkers and workers of a superior order, and we count such an audience to be worthy of more

than our best efforts; we hope that we shall improve and do better every year. Practical usefulness we have solely aimed at, and when we cannot promote this end we will have done with our periodical. There are enough monthlies which aim at amusement, and forswear fixed principles; we have a purpose and a belief, and dare not shelve either for an hour. By this magazine supplies have been brought in to help our College, and other schemes; mainly by its means £1800 was raised at the beginning of the year towards the erection of new chapels in London, and other good works have been commenced or sustained. Will all generous contributors receive our personal acknowledgments. There are other enterprises upon the stocks which we hope soon to launch.

Our more warlike articles have brought down upon us avalanches of indignation, in which we have rejoiced as evidences that the strokes were felt. Our circulation has been well sustained, and is most encouraging. Our number of subscribers has not however increased; we had hoped it would have done so, but considering the number of new periodicals we are glad to hold our own. The advance in the wages of workers in the printing-office will render our expenses fully twenty-five per cent. more than formerly in the matter of printing, and we should be very deeply grateful if some of our readers would exert themselves to get us new subscribers to make up for this serious loss. As all the profits go to help God's servants we make bold to press the matter, and the more so because the magazine is really worth its price, and is calculated to advance practical godliness.

To many able contributors our best thanks are tendered, and if some admirable compositions have failed to appear, it has been because happily we have had and hope still to have an embarrassment of riches in this respect. To insert all that we receive a half-crown magazine would not suffice, we must therefore plead for the kind forbearance of friends whose productions are delayed. We fear that many poetic contributions must be declined with thanks, for we have more than enough in quantity, and the quality is in some cases not above proof. However, we are quite as grateful for well-meant aid when we decline as when we accept.

May we all beholding the skirts of the departing year be humbled at the remembrance of its sins, and be strengthened by divine grace to welcome the new comer whose joy-bells are so near their ringing with holier resolution to spend its precious hours in the service of the Crucified.

FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL, in the holiest and heartiest meaning, we wish you A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

C. H. Spurgeon

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JESU'S tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.

By all hell's host withstood;
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:

"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1866.

Simon the Pedlar.

ANNO 1553.

"ABOUT the year 1553, at Bergen op Zoom, in Brabant, there was a pedlar named Simon, standing in the market selling his wares. The priests with their idol* passing by, the said Simon dared not show the counterfeit god any divine honour; but following the testimony of God in the holy Scripture, he worshipped the Lord his God only, and Him alone served. He was therefore seized by the advocates of the Romish Antichrist, and examined as to his faith. This he boldly confessed. He rejected infant baptism as a mere human invention, with all the commandments of men, holding fast the testimony of the word of God; he was therefore condemned to death by the enemies of the truth. They led him outside the town, and for the testimony of Jesus committed him to the flames. The astonishment of the bystanders was greatly excited when they saw the remarkable boldness and steadfastness of this pious witness of God, who, through grace, thus obtained the crown of everlasting life.

"The bailiff, who procured his condemnation, on his return home from the execution fell mortally sick, and was confined to his bed. In his suffering and sorrow he continually exclaimed, Oh Simon, Simon! The priests and monks sought to absolve him; but he would not be comforted. He speedily expired in despair, an instructive and memorable example to all tyrants and persecutors."

Such is the brief story of Simon the Baptist pedlar as we find it in the grand old folio volume of Baptist Martyrology, a copy of which we brought home with us from Amsterdam. It is well to review the memory of the brave days of old that we may be inspired with the like uncompromising spirit. Not a nod of the head or a bend of the knee

* The host, which in Roman Catholic countries the priests carry through the streets to the house of some dying person, in order to administer the last rites of the Church.

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will the solitary champion concede to the idol before which others prostrate themselves. His life must answer for his daring, but no entreaties or threats can move him; he can burn but he cannot turn; he can yield his body to the tormenters, but not his soul to the temptors. Things invisible have nerved his heart against all visible terrors, and the fear of the most holy God has banished from him all fear of man. He sought not the conflict, but he dared not shun it, and now that the hour is come for witness-bearing, pedlar though he be, he bears himself in a right princely manner, and proves himself one of the nobility of heaven. He might have lived and died in obscurity, a humble member of the band who have not bowed their knees to Baal, but now the test is put before him, and he will not quail; at all hazards he will be true to his conscience and his God.

"He lived unknown
Till persecution dragged him into fame,
And chased him up to heaven."

Short and sharp was the action of the persecutor, swift and sure was the transformation of the pedlar into one of the white-robed throng before the throne. That calm face was lit up for a few moments with the lurid glare of blazing faggots, and anon that upright frame fell in ashes about the stake. Think not that he threw himself away for the Lord, and was lost to the Church by his decision; far from it; his death was more useful than his life; for through the page of history speaking from the stake he is to this day right eloquent, and being dead yet speaketh. He was sown like good seed-corn in fertile soil, and the harvest is not all reaped as yet; the year of the redeemed has not yet reached the full feast of ingatherings.

"The blood of martyrs, living still,
Makes the ground pregnant where it flows,
And for their temporary ill
Thereon eternal triumph grows."

All compliance with that which we know to be erroneous and unscriptural is a form of bowing the knee to Antichrist, and should be loathed by every follower of the Lord Jesus. Union with unsound churches, and compliance with unscriptural ceremonies stain the integrity of many. In many shapes, in our own land, we are tempted to yield up the completeness of our faith, or withhold our testimony against error; but in any form and from any quarter, this temptation is always to be resisted as we would resist Satan himself. We have no more right to give up truth than to give away our master's property. Trimming and temporising, amiable silence, and unfaithful compromises are treason to God, and are devices of the devil to obtain space and place for the propagation of falsehood, of which he is the father; but decision for truth sees through the enemy's craft, and disdains to yield him so much as a single inch of vantage ground. Charity is a virtue, and so also is decision; and the one must never override the other, or it ceases to be true charity. When believers are stedfast in the truth they impress their age with a respect for their faith, but when they vacillate and yield up their principles the world neither respects

them nor their religion. Men look at weathercocks, but never steer by them. To the sinful pleasures of the world the believer must not yield; to its carnal customs he must not bow, and into its spirit he must not drink, or it will be all over with the power, and probably with the very existence of his testimony. When dancing parties, cards, novels, and such-like things are delighted in, grace has no more reigning power. The idol is set up and God is dishonoured. From the world's religion we must keep at an equal distance; although bound to love all the people of God into whatsoever error they may have fallen, we must by no means connect ourselves with Antichrist in any of her branches, lest we be partakers of her plagues. Our nonconformity must be a daily protest against Popery both Romish and Anglican, doctrinal or ceremonial. Nor is it enough for us as believers in the Lord Jesus to be separate from false churches; we must bear our witness for the doctrines of the Word of God; we must cry aloud and spare not, for the times are full of danger, and need bold and living testimonies for the kingship of Jesus and the simplicity of his gospel. He who turns his back on Christ is a coward of the basest sort. He who minces matters to please a flattering world is unworthy of the kingdom! Speak out, act honestly, and if need be suffer for so doing; but never in jot or tittle sell the truth or prove traitor to conscience. The Holy Spirit is to be sought unto to inspire in us the courage which endures unto the end.

C. H. S.

Unwelcome Visitors at the beginning of the New Year.

"The bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year." 2 Kings xiii. 20.

SCARCELY have we had space to praise the God of mercy for sparing us through the past year, before we are beset with new enemies. Unasked, unexpected, and unwelcome guests, pour into the house, while yet our friends are wishing us a happy New Year. A little breathing space would have been delightful; to sit down and sing of faithfulness and truth would have been refreshing; but the trumpet sounds, the foe is mustering, and therefore we must lay aside the dulcimer of peace for the clarion of conflict. Truly is it written, "this is not our rest."

Who are these Moabites? These troublers of our peace, whence come they? They were born in the country of Corruption, a land which is full of darkness and crowded with the habitations of cruelty. They feed upon provision made for the flesh, and they are armed from the magazine of unsanctified nature; the Old Adam is their father, sin is their mother, unbelief their nurse, and self their captain. For number they are legion, and they prowl in bands, each band doing its best to make havoc of every good thing. They break down the carved work of our graces with axes and hammers, they fill up the wells of our comfort, and mar every piece of the good ground of our usefulness with stones. Doubts of our calling, election, and perseverance, like packs of hounds,

hunt for their prey. Suspicions of the love, truth, wisdom, and faithfulness of God, march in troops, devastating the land wherever they obtain an entrance. Worldly cares, fretfulness, murmuring, and despondency, with fierce looks cast fire upon all the goodly houses of our delight and hope. Temptations of all shapes, but chiefly suggestions of an unbelieving character, barbarously ravage our hearts. Before one has finished his terrible work, another is at hand. Like the frogs of Egypt, these invaders go up into our bedchamber and disturb our sleep; they leap into our kneading troughs and embitter the bread we eat, and even enter the king's house and defile our devotions. Behind our business they entrench themselves, and in our evil hearts they find munitions of war; our increasing families, our health, our trade, our work for God, our unanswered prayers, and above all, our sins, seem all of them to be as ladders by which they scale the ramparts of our soul. Alas, for us, that these Moabites thus cruelly invade the land.

What is their errand? It is the thief's business. They come to kill and to destroy. Doubts are ruthless robbers, and spare nothing upon which they can lay their mischievous hands. Unbelief ravins as a wolf; in the morning it devours the prey, and in the evening it divides the spoil. Distrust of the God of providence and grace is cruel as death, and insatiable as the grave. To suppose that we can ever be profited by harbouring such visitors, is as foolish as to dream of carrying coals in our bosom, and escape burning. Doubts spoil our comfort, impede our progress, injure our usefulness, dishonour the Lord, and vex his Spirit. Faith enriches, suspicion empoverishes; trust fills the garner, fear empties the storehouse; confidence trades with Ophir, mistrust wrecks the vessels; believing feeds the fat kine, but doubts are the lean kine which devour the fat kine. We shall never overcome trouble by fretting, or lighten care by dark forebodings. These bands of the Moabites are enemies, and are bent on ill designs.

How shall we receive them? The edge of the sword of faith must give them a sharp reception, and the weapons of our holy warfare must all be plied with vigour, to make the land too hot to hold them. Believers in the Lord Jesus, rally your forces around the standard of the cross; unsheath the invincible weapon of all-prayer; put Captain Credence at the head of the troops, and march vigorously against the baud of cares, the host of doubts, the legion of suspicions, and the army of temptations. No truce or parley may be talked of. To submit tameless even though it were but for an hour would involve the ruin of our joy for many a day, for these foes in a moment perpetrate mischief which years cannot amend. "Get thee behind me, Satan," must be our answer to any dark thought of God which may crave a hiding-place in our bosoms. The wonderful dealings of the Lord with his people in ancient times, his faithfulness as proved in our own experience, the immutability of his counsels, the power of his arm, the love of his heart, the veracity of the promise, the prevalence of the precious blood, all these should furnish us with artillery against the Moabitish bands. God is on our side, why should we fear? He has given us deliverance aforetime, let us rely upon him now. Our hope is in heaven, and our boast in Jesus, and therefore with courage we advance to preserve our borders and expel the foe.

Are there no other visitors? Did not a host of angels meet Jacob at Mahanaim? Are there not still watchers, and holy ones who have commerce with the heirs of salvation? Is the King himself a stranger to his blood-bought ones? Is there no Melchizedek to refresh conflicting believers with bread and wine? Is there no goodly fellowship of saints on earth, and no noble army of martyrs in heaven? Let us seek communion with heaven and heavenly things, and fill our house with the friends of Jesus, that there may be no room in our inn to entertain worldly cares. Let us dedicate our days to Christian service among the Lord's people. To wait upon God is to bless ourselves. Can we not wish the poor a happy New Year practically by relieving their wants? Can we not visit some sick brother to-day and cheer his lonely bed? Can we not do something for King Jesus by feeding his sheep or lambs? Surely we can find a band of godly workers to unite with, that like those of old who feared the Lord, we may speak often one with another. While thus engaged the enemy will find less occasion against us, and being in holy employment, we may hope for heavenly protection. If bands of hallowed desires, gracious endeavours, fervent supplications, and devout meditations shall garrison our souls, we need not fear that the bands of the Moabites will invade the land at the coming in of the year.

Can we not invade the enemy's territories? There is yet very much land to be possessed. Districts lie unvisited, towns unevangelised, sinners unsaved. War must rage, then let *us* be the invaders, and carry the battle into the enemy's camp. Oh for one great, energetic, earnest, persevering onslaught all along the line! England expects every man to do his duty; what does the Church expect? What does our Lord expect and deserve at our hands? By the love we bear him let us seek to snatch the souls of men from ruin, by telling them of the love of Jesus to sinners. Rouse us, O Lord, at the coming in of the year, and make 1866 to be blessed in the annals of our race.

C. H. S.

Divine Foreknowledge.

TO every individual man,
And plant, and insect, in his plan,
Hath shared his thought ere worlds began.
To him was every being known,
Before it could a being own,
When self-involved he dwelt alone,
Companioned but by schemes sublime,
Before Creation's morning prime,
Before the birth of eldest Time.
But 'twould avail thee nought to know
He loved thy world so long ago,
Or e'en thyself, if thou couldst show
That he neglected and forgot,
When it had gained existence, what
He knew when it existed not.

One after one, thought's motley train
Goes filing through thy groove-like brain,
Length without breadth,—a line-like chain;
And canst thou hope to comprehend,
How thought and love of God extend,
From right to left, and end to end?
Synoptically in his eye,
Past, present, future, equal lie;
Nought is to come, and nought gone by.
His thoughts can never turn away;
Once known to him is known to-day;
Once loved by him is loved for aye.

From Poem entitled "Spes Super Sidera," in "Angel Visits."

On Duty-Faith.

BY G. ROGERS.

DUTY-FAITH is a modern phrase of frequent use by a certain class of Theologians in our day. It is employed by them as descriptive of the Theological system to which they are opposed, and with the view of holding it up to contempt. They intend it, moreover, to be an avowal on their part, that it is not the duty of man to believe the gospel, that faith is in no sense a duty to saint or sinner, and that no man is responsible for its possession or its exercise. Theirs may be fairly designated, therefore, a No-Duty-Faith. If Duty-Faith be what they repudiate, No-Duty-Faith must be what they approve. It is not intended here to recount the several arguments that might be adduced to prove that it is the duty of all who hear the gospel to believe it, but to show the consequences that inevitably follow from the opposite belief. The truth of a proposition may often be best established by proving its contrary to be absurd. The consequences of No-Duty-Faith are :—

1. *That faith is not an act of man, but of God.* Either man must believe, or God for him. If man believes, the act of believing is his, and in so doing he either does right or wrong, If right, he has done what it was his duty to do. The principle of saving faith, we admit, is from God ; but the exercise or use of that principle is by man. Granting that in the act of believing he is helped by God ; help implies that the act is man's, and not God's. So far as man is concerned in believing, duty is implied. In No-Duty-Faith the agency of man is excluded altogether. If faith be a privilege only, it is an act of God only, and not of man.

2. *That faith in its own nature is not a duty.* Faith, we hold, in everything made known to us, that is accompanied with sufficient evidence, is our duty. It is the right use of the reason which God has given us, and for the right use of which we are responsible. In proportion to the evidence is the duty of believing ; and still more in proportion as our own welfare is involved in the belief. It is our duty to believe man when we have no reason to suppose he intends to deceive us. How much more to believe God ! The only case in which faith is not a duty, is when the object of faith is unknown, or not sufficiently confirmed. If it be not our duty to have faith in God, much less are we bound to believe those who say faith is no duty at all.

3. *That it is not the duty of man to do what God commands him to do.* The commands of God are the rule and measure of man's duty. Is faith commanded by God ? We reply, Yes ! for when the Jews asked him, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God ?" Jesus replied, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." He did not mean this is the work of God in you, but this is the work that God requires of you ; for that was the subject of their inquiry, and in that sense they understood the reply, as they immediately rejoined, "What sign showest thou then, that we may see and believe thee ?" Yes ! faith is commanded by God, for in 1 John iii. 23 it is expressly said, "This is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son, Jesus Christ." The next words are, "and love one another." If, therefore, it be our duty to love one another, it is our duty to believe on the name of Jesus Christ.

It may be said this refers to the elect only, but if it be the duty of any to believe, Duty-Faith is admitted. In Acts we read that "a company of the priests were obedient to the faith," in the Epistle to the Romans that Paul "received an apostleship for obedience to the faith among all nations," and at the close of that Epistle that the gospel, "according to the commandment of the everlasting God, was made known to all nations for the obedience of faith." Peter too, asks, "What shall be the end of them that obey not the gospel of God?" Three things are evident from these quotations; that the gospel is a new commandment or law to man, that it is the duty of man to obey it, and that faith is the obedience it requires. Numerous other passages, implying the duty of believing the gospel, might be adduced; we have aimed simply to show that it is a positive command, and what God commands, it is man's duty to obey. If it be the duty of the elect to believe, it is equally the duty of the non-elect, since they are, prior to belief, under the same laws, and in the same moral condition; and in one of the instances adduced, the command of Christ to believe in him was given to those of whom it is said, that "many went back, and walked no more with him." The command to believe properly applies to those only who, in the sense of the commandment, have not believed.

It has been said that the non-elect are under the moral law only, and that no requirement of the new dispensation is addressed to them. This, however plausible in theory, is contrary to fact. Men who have the revelation of the gospel are in a more responsible situation than those who have it not, of which the Jews were often reminded by our Lord; and obedience, even to the moral law, required belief in whatever might afterwards be addressed to us by God. No provision, it is said, has been made in the gospel for the salvation of the non-elect, and, therefore, its commands and invitations are not addressed to them. Provision, we admit, must be made to render it the duty of all who hear the gospel to believe it, or the commands and invitations of the gospel would not have been sincere; but the invitations prove ample provision to have been made. Again, it has been said, that it is not the duty of man to do what God has not decreed to be done; consequently, it is not the duty of those who are not decreed to be saved by the gospel to believe it. To act contrary to God's revealed will is one thing, to act contrary to his decreed will is another. We are responsible for the former, but not the latter. What is not revealed, is no rule of duty to us. There may be sin in doing what God has decreed to be done; as in Joseph's brethren, when they sold him into bondage; and in Pharaoh, who was raised up to display the power of God in his people's deliverance; and in the sin of the Jews in crucifying Christ; in which cases their duty was to have acted contrary to the divine decrees; and why not, if it should be so, in believing the gospel? The commands of God are the rule of our duty, not his decrees. Again, we are told, if faith be a duty, it is the duty of man to do what of himself he cannot do. So it is, if he has disqualified himself from doing it, and much more, even then, if God's command implies a promise of help for its fulfilment. There is the command, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" to which, No-Duty-Faith is diametrically opposed, and for which it must give account of itself to God. Another consequence of No-Duty-Faith is:—

4. *That man will be punished for not doing what it was not his duty to do.*

Condemnation comes upon all men, on account of their violation of the moral law. Here the gospel finds them, and here it leaves them, if it be rejected by them. It does not leave them, however, in the same degree of guilt and condemnation. If their guilt be not removed by receiving the gospel, it is increased by its rejection, and additional condemnation is incurred. "If I had not come and spoken unto them," said Jesus, of the Jews, "they had not had sin," that is the sin of unbelief in him; "but now they have no cloke for their sin." Had not faith in him been a duty, a cloke might easily have been found. "He that believeth not," said the same Divine Teacher, "is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God;" not left in his former condemnation because he hath not believed, but condemned by the light he has already had, because he hath not believed; according to the explanation in the following words, "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Again, Jesus said of the Holy Spirit, "When he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." Of what sin? it may be asked. The reply of Jesus is, "Of sin because they believe not on me." Is not unbelief then a sin? If a sin, is it not liable to punishment? And if unbelief is a sin and condemnatory, is not belief a duty? Why does the apostle point the Jews to their fathers, who incurred the wrath of God, and could not enter into Canaan because of unbelief, and exhort them to take heed lest there should be in them the same evil heart of unbelief, if it were not their duty to believe? And why tell them of sorer punishment than that which befel those who despised Moses' law, that was reserved for those who trod under foot the Son of God, if there were no condemnation for rejecting the gospel, distinct from the law? Why that fearful destruction of the Jewish nation, and their city, and their dispersion to this day? "Because," says Paul, "of unbelief." If, then, it was not their duty to believe in Christ that they might be saved, they are punished for not doing what it was not their duty to do.

5. *That the Spirit of God helps men to do what it is not their duty to do.* If it be not the duty of men to believe the gospel, and if the Spirit of God helps any to believe, he inclines and enables them to do what it is not their duty to do. If it be our duty to believe with the help of the Spirit of God, it is a duty still; and if with his help, it is our duty before, and without his help; as the very idea of help implies. Whatever the Spirit does for us, is what our interest and our duty to God requires. Faith is the gift of God; but it is not the gift of faith, but the act of faith that saves. The gift is by God, its exercise is by us; and admitting that the gift is both in the principle and its exercise, the Spirit becomes in both respects a party to our believing,—to do what? To do what it was not our duty to do. Faith, it has been said, is a privilege, not a duty; but if it be a privilege, it is the duty of man to seek it on that very account. There is something to be done by man in believing with a view to great privileges; and, certainly, if the Spirit of God helps him in this, and faith be not a duty, he is encouraged, directed, and impelled by the Spirit, to that which he was under no obligation to himself, to his fellow beings, to God, or to his Christ, to perform.

6. *That it is not the duty of man to do anything towards his own salvation.* If it be not his duty to believe, neither is it to do anything towards it,

It is not his duty to read the Scriptures, to go to the house of God, or to pray. How can it be my duty to read the Scriptures, if it be not my duty to believe them? How my duty to hear the preached Word, if it be not my duty to believe it? If it be not my duty to seek an end, it is not my duty to use any means for the attainment of that end. If Duty-Faith be ridiculed, why not duty-repentance, duty-reading, duty-hearing, duty-Sabbath-keeping, and religious duty of every kind? All religion is now given with a view to faith in Christ, and if that be not a duty, all that leads to it ceases to be a duty.

7. *That there are no Christian duties.* If faith be not a duty, we are exempted from all duty. If the first act of faith be not a duty, neither can any other be, according to No-Duty-Faith. Consequently, faith is not to be reckoned amongst the duties of the Christian. But his whole life is a life of faith; he walks by faith; the life which he lives in the flesh, is by faith in the Son of God; and if faith be not a duty, that which results from faith is not a duty; and, therefore, the Christian has none. All other Christian graces spring from faith, as love, humility, obedience, patience, zeal, hope, joy. If these are duties, so must that be which gives life to them all. "Giving all diligence," says Peter, "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." As these graces are to be added to one another, so they are to begin with faith, and to be founded upon it. Faith is the root from which they spring, but the root is of the same nature as the branches. If there be duty in the branches, there is duty in the root also. It is the duty of the root to do its part towards the tree, as well as the branches. If faith is not a duty, neither is prayer, for it must be the prayer of faith; neither is conflict, for it must be the good fight of faith; neither is inward purification, for it must be faith that purifies the heart; neither are outward works, for they are the work of faith. "Take the shield of faith," says an apostle, "and take the sword of the Spirit." If one be a duty, so is the other. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are reminded of some of the exploits of faith, what by faith Abel did, and Noah did, and Abraham did, and Moses did, and others did; but, according to No-Duty-Faith, they did what it was not their duty to do. If, in proportion to the faith in good works, they cease to be duties, they would then be duties in proportion as they are destitute of it. An apostle says, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." If, therefore, whatsoever is of faith is not duty, no place for active duty remains, except it be a duty to sin. As love fulfils the law, so faith fulfils the gospel. As the duties of the law are included in love, so the duties of the gospel are included in faith.

8. *That it is the duty of men to disbelieve the gospel, or to treat it with indifference.* The gospel is addressed to them as men; if designed for some more than to others, it is proclaimed alike in the hearing of all. It comes to them, not they to it. It is impossible in most instances where it is proclaimed, to avoid its being made known to them. In this case, three courses of action respecting it, and three only, are open before them. These are to believe it, to disbelieve it, or to disregard it altogether. The third very nearly resolves itself into the second. To be indifferent to it is the result of will, and an act of unbelief. Man, therefore, must believe or disbelieve the gospel; and if it be not his duty to believe it, then it is his

duty to disbelieve it. Some duty must be incurred by the very fact of hearing a revelation from God, to whomsoever it is addressed. Duty is incurred by everything we hear, to believe it, or reject it, or ignore it altogether; but when it comes from God, to reject or to ignore it, must be highly criminal in his creatures; and yet, as some duty must result from it, if that duty be not faith, it must be unbelief or indifference, which amounts to the same thing. We hold, therefore, that if it be not the duty of man to believe the gospel, it is his duty to disbelieve it.

These are some of the consequences necessarily resulting from the sentiment, that it is not the duty of all who hear the gospel to believe it; which cannot, we think, have been sufficiently considered by those who maintain that opinion; and which, it is hoped, may serve in some degree to correct or modify their views upon the subject. Let them consider whether their jealousy for the sovereignty of God on the one hand, does not militate against his equity on the other. Our aim, we hope, is one, and that, whether we strive together or in opposition to each other, it is for the faith of the gospel. May the Spirit of truth lead us into all truth!

William Carter and his Converts.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

A PROBLEM oft clothed with the incrustations of fancy has been frequently presented for solution to clerical audiences at Exeter Hall. "How to get at the masses" is a question which everyone must be tired of hearing put. We are equally tired of listening to a variety of supposed practical measures for effecting so desirable an end. It is somewhat fortunate that, while particular hobbies are being ridden to death, a number of unphilosophical men are busily engaged in unobtrusively working out schemes for gaining the attention of the masses. Professor Teufelsdröckh, who enlivened the thinking world through Carlyle,—or Carlyle through Teufelsdröckh, which the reader pleases—with his wondrous philosophy of clothes, has not advanced the social position of the semi-unclothed by his theories; neither has the lofty discussion of pet evangelising speculations resulted in one-tenth of the good which a few plain, hard-headed laymen have produced without theory or nicely-defined plan. "To get at the masses" we must, says Anglicanism, appoint more Right Reverend Fathers in God; Puseyism, in its more rampant form, would convert the unsaved by melancholy-habilitated sisterhoods, and, by the revival of the monastic orders, would induce simpletons to submit to the process of baptismal regeneration; evangelical priests would perhaps approve of the introduction of sub-diaconates and of a few addresses in parish school-rooms by loyal laymen. Respectable Dissent would employ mission-agents and Bible-women; uncultured Nonconformity would send out street preachers, tract distributors, and other voluntaries. Thus diversified are the plans proposed by those who would gain the ear of the classes who despise churches and tabernacles, and disrespect clergymen and preachers. Without disparaging any of these schemes, save those so preposterously foolish as to excite ridicule and contempt, it may be observed that no method can be successful unless accompanied by a thorough knowledge and sympathy with the peculiar trials, sorrows,

feelings, and irresistible tendencies of the uneducated masses. With the possession of these characteristics, an earnest common-sense evangelist must, by the use of God-given recipes, be eminently successful. The secret of all approved endeavours to spiritualise the people lies primarily in God. The human constituents of missionary success are, however, various; and to arbitrarily analyse these constituents in popular preachers is not easy—perhaps impossible. A man of genius presents a multitude of striking abilities, from which it is difficult to select the most prominent; and if this were accomplished, it is doubtful whether a fair estimate of his power could be obtained. Thus it is difficult to assign any particular cause as the secret of Mr. William Carter's power with the masses. His is an intensely sympathetic soul. He speaks as though he loved his noble work, loved the souls of his hearers, entered into their wants, appreciated their virtues, and sympathised with their position. But this is not all. He possesses a hidden force which claims admiration, subdues opposition, and gains attention, where, without it, nought but distraction or revulsion would ensue. This power is not displayed in actions usually attributed to fanaticism. Mr. Carter can and does invariably preach without a free use of those accessories to effect so common among revivalists. At first he seems to labour for fitting words to express his thoughts: but this is no uncommon circumstance with even the most fluent of speakers. As he warms into his subject he acquires additional strength of voice, action, and thought. You soon begin to feel that he can command both your sympathies and passions; and having obtained a firm hold upon your mind, he most skilfully retains it. His passionate appeals, his dramatic force and insinuating, though sometimes angular, expressions, will win approval from the coldest and most calculating auditor. His originality develops itself unmistakeably, so that an educated man who believed in the gospel might listen without having his most sensitive feelings shocked. It is quite a mistake to suppose that coarseness is wanted in evangelising the masses; it may be successful and pardonable with such as Mr. Carter's more illiterate assistants; but those who, albeit unpretentious with regard to scholastic skill and ultra-refinement, can make themselves understood by the use of good Saxon words, are greatly to be pitied if they choose other and less preferable language. It is this absence of coarseness on the one hand, and refinement on the other, that marks Mr. Carter as an evangelist who must of necessity gain his purpose in attracting crowds. Without faith, however, Carter and his mission would be unsuccessful. He, with iron grasp and with a giant's power, seems to shake the tree of promises and bring down God's performances. The machinery put in exercise by societies is altogether dispensed with in carrying out his worthy enterprise. "I preach the gospel," said he, on a recent occasion when opening a new preaching station at Kennington, "without collections or any assistance from the outside world; Christians only are asked for pecuniary help." Though careful in embarking in new projects, he does not hold back where duty impels him forward. "It is God's work," he tells you, "and he will see to it." "It is a work of faith, and it is written, 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches by Christ Jesus.'" How far God honours this heroic conduct I will endeavour as briefly as possible to show.

Mr. Carter is a master chimney-sweeper, is a short, thick-set, pleasant man, with small twinkling eyes that seem to preach happiness, and a high forehead indicative of abilities of no ordinary cast. Apparently he is between forty and fifty years of age. For some years before he occupied the prominent position which he now holds amongst evangelists, he was in the habit of journeying in his trap to the outlying districts of London, preaching in season and out of season. On the Sabbath morn he would address the haymakers of several districts, returning to preach to two thousand persons on Hampstead Heath at night. His success was at that time very encouraging; and his fervour led him to yearn over the masses of the metropolis, for whom no special provision outside public places of worship was made. In his curious and most interesting little book on the results of his preaching,* he gives an eminently characteristic anecdote relative to a visit made on business to Dorset, and which he turned to great advantage. It is to this effect. Believing there were some Christians in Dorset, he resolved to find them out. "Beginning at one end of the town, I determined to go through the whole place until I found some. I knocked at each door, and when opened asked, 'Is there any one living in this house who loves the Lord Jesus Christ?' The effect was like electricity. Some trembled, others shut the door in my face,"—conduct which, though not altogether polite, is explainable. He went over nearly half the place in this way without success until he found a godly woman who welcomed and introduced him to some Christian people, to whom he afterwards ministered the word of life. He found chapels and rooms open for him, and after leaving one building on a certain occasion, the congregation accompanied him through a wood which lay in his way home, the while singing praises to God. "When we got through the copse, the dear believers formed a ring around me. I then commended them to God in prayer, and they all lifted up their voices and wept." Such a scene and display of affection is, I fear, uncommon in England, although far from being so in Germany.

Mr. Carter was, it appears, the first to apply for the opening of theatres for preaching. For some time he was unsuccessful. He opened a "penny gaff"—which is, O exquisite reader, slang for theatre—in the Euston-road. It may be interesting to state that Richard Weaver first preached to a London audience in that building, at the invitation of Mr. Carter. In return Weaver introduced Carter to a crowded theatre in Sheffield, where his labours were rewarded by results which read like the strange and marvellous effects produced by rare John Berridge's powerful ministrations. In September, 1860, Mr. Weaver first preached in the Victoria Theatre, which will accommodate about four thousand persons. With unaffected modesty Mr. Carter relates the circumstance of his first address in that building. "I stood on the stage and candidly confessed to the people that I was not the man to stand for Richard Weaver—for in the first place I was not a natural orator like him; and in the second place, I could not interest them with the recital of the numerous thrilling anecdotes which compose so great a part of his addresses; but I said, God helping me, I can

* A book not half so well known as it deserves. Messrs. Morgan and Chase are its publishers, and the reader will do well to invest one shilling upon it.

preach Jesus and the resurrection, which I hope to do this night." No one can feel surprised at the intimacy which existed between these two doughty champions of a free grace gospel. While each have distinctive characteristics, their one object is the same, and the method of gaining that object somewhat similar. Mr. Carter, finding his services appreciated by the attendants of the Sabbath evening meetings at the Victoria Theatre, again preached for Mr. Weaver. Other theatres were now opened for similar purposes under the sanction of a committee, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury was the moving spirit. This committee, however, perpetrated a grand mistake by the exclusion of the so-called "lay element." The blunder, though not rectified, was soon neutralised by the voluntary efforts of a few gentlemen who engaged other theatres for Reginald Radcliff, William Carter, and Richard Weaver. The addresses of these out-spoken preachers were marvellously blessed, and as Carter himself says, the last day alone will declare the wonders God wrought by their endeavours. Ever actively engaged in the work on which his heart was set, he visited various towns in the midland counties, preaching at one place to hundreds of mechanics during their dinner hours, at another to the riff-raff of the market, or in goods-sheds, and elsewhere to boarding-school ladies and merchants in drawing-rooms. His ambition, however, was to minister to the working classes of the metropolis. A cheque for £50 sent by a well-wisher to God's cause was invested in opening the Victoria Theatre for six nights. Sinners were converted in good numbers; and the interest of the people was unabated. Money flowed in after earnest prayer had been offered, and the theatre was reopened for seven months. Some of the converts were desperate and depraved characters. Their natures are now changed, their desires and passions are the antipodes of what they were prior to conversion. Mr. Carter has cause to be proud of his converts, for they are notoriously consistent Christians. He can point you to thieves, harlots, drunkards, beggars, and vagabonds who once were "the blackest sinners out of hell," but now they are washed they maintain most rigorously their profession. Indeed, he is always happy to point out some hundreds of these converts, who have for the last four years walked as becometh God's children. The seven months' engagement of the theatre having expired, "the dear young converts were most importunate in prayer to God that he would keep it open for a lighthouse for the south of London," and united prayer was heard. The building was engaged for twelve more months, and during the whole of that time the attendance was on an average about three thousand souls. Since then Mr. Carter's ministrations there and at the Victoria Hall, a contiguous but smaller building, have been continuous. The other Sunday he had nine preaching stations open in various parts of the metropolis, principally theatres and saloons, some more respectable than others. He invites only the unconverted, and says that though delighted to receive the sympathies of Christians, he does not wish them to leave their places of worship to fill the rooms opened for special services.

Mr. Carter is now the pastor of a New Testament Church. He is particularly jealous over his converts, and I have been told is sometimes a little displeased when they leave him to join other churches. The formation of a church grew out of his mission. A spiritual father cannot easily forget his children, or cease to watch over them. The

strong attachment existing between a pastor and those who have savingly profited by his appeals, is not to be measured by words nor to be readily dissolved. Mr. Carter and nineteen converts first met at the communion-table in a room opposite the Surrey Theatre. Soon after about two hundred were in communion, "and many of them," says he, "were greatly concerned about baptism. It is very difficult in London to baptize in the public baths, so I said to them, Now, my lads, if you will take up the flooring in the hall, and dig out the hole and build up the walls, I will buy the materials! They gladly acquiesced, and most willingly did they work. Some gave one day, others two days, many worked all night; so that within a week the baptistery was well built, and yet there was not a carpenter or a bricklayer among the converts who did the work." One regrets, however, that Mr. Carter should, on some occasions, have violated Scripture precept and the practice of ages by baptizing in the name of only one Person of the Trinity, inasmuch as such a singular course seriously involves the question of the validity of the ordinance. A few weeks since, upwards of 700 persons formed themselves into a church at Kennington in connection with the Victoria Hall. Members of other churches frequently wish to join this one, but I believe they are invariably refused, as it is Mr. Carter's desire that they should be shining lights in their own spheres.

The services at the Victoria Theatre are of course of an unique character. Prior to the doors being opened, a venerable man addresses in a by-street those who are waiting for the commencement of the service inside. This person does not fail to be rather roughly answered by self-important sceptics and drunken wiseacres, who amuse bystanders by explaining their peculiar views of theology in general and morality in particular. The doors opened, the crowds surge in, the more respectable being anxious for a prominent position in the boxes or first gallery. The meanest clad women flock to the hatchways, where they are happy in being less observed than if they chose the open pit. Although plenty of buzzing, there is little else not to remind you of a respectable conventicle. There are no cat-calls, the so-called "gods" in the top gallery behave themselves with remarkable discretion, and it is only when the speakers enter on the platform that any signs of approbation or irreverence are manifested. Flauntily-dressed females, with the sinner's trade stamped heavily upon their otherwise interesting features, are scattered here and there; costermongers with their necks well bandaged by gaudy silk handkerchiefs (which are indispensable to the craft); fustianed labourers who only honour the Sabbath by using soap and water; poorly-clad ragamuffins who have crept in for a little warmth—it is wet and chilly outside;—boys of various ages, who wriggle into innumerable shapes and quietly poke fun at each other until the speaker manages to arrest their attention; girls who manifest their interest in the proceedings by criticising the fashionable shortcomings of the better-dressed visitors; and decently-clad artisans and their homely wives make up the major portion of the assembly. Order reigns after the singing of the first hymn, although if the speaker's words are not afterwards distinctly heard, a repetition of the aforementioned buzzings occurs. Two assistants engage in prayer. The words are roughly spoken but they are appropriate; and when one of the suppliants begged the Saviour's special compassion on those present without homes, clothes or food, an

undercurrent of sensitiveness or sympathetic feeling passed through the crowded theatre. A chapter was read, and partly expounded; and a short address was given by one who described himself as a very bad character before converted, and his looks did not belie his description of himself. He mentioned the case of a sceptic whom he saw that afternoon on his dying bed, and who two months before had threatened to cut his wife's throat for attending the meetings there. This sceptic had sent for him, had begged his prayers, and expressed in piteous wails his anxiety for pardon. A terrible instance of the results of following vicious courses during sixteen years, was also told with a simplicity and artlessness that were in themselves verifications of the story. These thrilling anecdotes are frequently interspersed with the addresses, and form their choicest power. I noticed too that the common phrases used in addressing more orderly assemblies, and which, alas! fall often without effect upon the dull hearts of Gospel-hardened unbelievers, produced a sensation amongst some who were at least terrified by the language employed. And in describing the power of Christ's blood to wash away the accumulated sins of years, a convicted thief, who had suffered in Newgate, and from the cat on board ship, but worse still from his own debauchery, gave force to his assertions, pointing to himself as a living witness of their truth. The charm of these speeches consists in their appropriateness. They amount to this. You see what I was before saved. You know how wretched you are without Christ. Why not be happy as I am; I am only a poor man, but I have a rich God to go to and you have not. I'll tell you how I was saved. Why by believing! I was told, on God's authority, that WHOSOEVER believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life—these words are capitalised by the speaker, and, repeated three or four times by a stentorian voice, they seem to shake the hearts of those previously affected by the appeals made. The singing is highly creditable to the congregation, well-known simple ditties being adapted to some suitable hymns with choruses attached. One chorus, as follows, was sung with great spirit and zest:—

"In Christ Jesus is salvation, yea, plenteous redemption,
If you only now believe Him, there is heav'n for thee;
There is heav'n for poor sinners, if they now believe in Jesus,
There is heaven for poor sinners, there is heav'n for thee."

An admirable feature in all these meetings is the visitation made by the theatre converts to those who remain after the conclusion of the service. Even prior to the service, there are a number of gospel sharpshooters distributed throughout the building, who seem solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the regular attendants. "Haven't seen you for some months," remarked one of these "helps," to a young man sitting by my side. "Do you still follow the Lord?" The youth replied honestly, "No." "Gone back to the world then?" "Yes." "How is that?" And then followed a tale of declension from the path of inquiry, which revealed to me quite a new class of temptations. The after service conversations are, however, a great blessing to seeking souls. Mr. Carter never fails to impress upon his followers the advisability of speaking to visitors. The writer of this paper has reason to know that many burdened consciences might be greatly relieved were that aristocratic stiffness which exists amongst Christians broken. "I have regularly attended —— Chapel for five years without one

inquiry being made as to whether I knew the Lord or had rejoiced in His name," is a confession often heard. To the credit of Carter's young band it should be observed that the way in which they seek to converse with inquirers and thoughtless persons is such that none but querulous fools can withstand. I would that all Christians were as courteous and open-hearted. And though for the most part illiterate, half-orthodox and hard-working, these earnest preachers are engaged in a work that it were a worthy ambition to emulate. To be the instrument of saving one immortal soul is the noblest honour God can confer upon a Christian man, but to save hundreds!——

Lest I indulge in an envious spirit I stop here, leaving my intended description of Mr. Carter's special mission among thieves, fallen women, costermongers, chimney sweeps, policemen, cabmen, and others for another occasion. Numbers of these semi-outcasts have been saved through his endeavours, and an account of their conversion will not fail to be interesting to the readers of this magazine.

The Lord's Day:

ITS DIVINE AUTHORITY AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION.

BY ALEXANDER M'DOUGALL.

WHATEVER belongs specially to the Lord Jesus Christ should be held in high estimation by all his faithful followers. His name is as ointment poured forth; and all that is identified with it is perfumed with its divine fragrance. As believers in Christ, we ought to love his people, because they *are* his and bear his image. We should prize his Word because he is both its author and its theme. We are bound to honour his ordinances and institutions, because they are stamped with his authority, and, as symbols, set forth before our eyes the great fundamental truths of the gospel. Among those institutions, baptism, although without any inherent efficacy, is not less a privilege than a duty to the believer because, in addition to the sanction of his Master's command and example, it is a sign to him of his union and communion with his Lord in his death, burial, resurrection, and glory. The sacred supper is to be observed by the Church continually, with deep solemnity and holy joy, as a memorial of the Saviour's dying love till he come again. So the day which is sacred to his name should be loved and revered by every Christian above all other days, because it commemorates the resurrection of his Lord from the dead, and the completion of the glorious work of redemption.

This day has various names. Some call it "Sunday," a name in my opinion decidedly objectionable, because it was so called by heathens as a day devoted to the worship of the sun. True, no such idea is now attached to the name, and we have heathen names for all the other days of the week; but, for the other days, we have no other names. For the day commonly called "Sunday," we have *Scripture* names; and, surely, *Christians* should prefer a scriptural name to one of heathen origin, though sanctioned by *the world*. This day is called in the Scriptures, "the Sabbath." Some object to this title on the ground that it is a Jewish name. What is the meaning of the word "Sabbath?" REST. And is not the first day of the week a day of rest to the Christian as much as the seventh day was to the Jew? The name, however, which seems most expressive and appro-

priate is "The Lord's Day." This is the name given to it by divine inspiration in Rev. i. 10.

This designation is very significant. It is peculiar in the original, and much more forcible than in our translation, although it may be impossible to give a better rendering. The particular form of expression occurs twice only in the sacred Scriptures. In Rev. i. 10, we have "Ἐν τῇ Κυριακῇ ἡμέρᾳ," "On the Lord's Day; and in 1 Cor. xi. 20, we have, "Κυριακὸν δεῖπνον, φαγεῖν," "To eat the Lord's Supper." Now as all must admit that the Lord's Supper is so called because it was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ to commemorate his death, so it seems equally clear that the Lord's Day is so called because it was set apart by his authority to commemorate his resurrection. The designation of both the Day and the Supper would seem to convey the idea that these institutions belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, not merely as his property, but in a peculiar manner as though they partook in some sense of his own nature and attributes. This, of course, can be only in a figurative sense, or by association, not literally. In both cases, the noun "Lord" is put in the adjective form, qualifying "Day" and "Supper" respectively. The Greek language admits of such changes to a much greater extent than the English does. Even in English, we speak of "lordly mansions," and "kingly thrones;" and so we might speak perhaps of the "lordly Supper," and the "lordly Day," without doing violence to the original.

This one Scripture passage, Rev. i. 10, compared with 1 Cor. xi. 20, seems of itself sufficient to establish the divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Lord's Day; but we are not without abundant proof besides, both from the Old and New Testament. The Old Testament proves the divine authority of the seventh day during the whole of that dispensation; and the New Testament proves that under the Christian dispensation, the *first* day of the week has been substituted for the seventh as a day of rest and worship.

The question has often been discussed whether the fourth commandment is still in force, or whether it has been abolished? This question is resolvable into a wider one; namely, whether the moral law as a whole is still binding, or whether it has been entirely abrogated? Time and space will not permit us to enter fully upon the discussion of this part of the subject. We may, however, ask those who contend that the moral law has been abrogated, to point out, if they can, one sin forbidden by the moral law which the gospel gives licence to commit, or one duty commanded by the moral law which the gospel gives liberty to violate. Does the law say, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me"? The gospel says, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." (Matt. iv. 10.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image"? The gospel says, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 24.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain"? The gospel says, "Swear not at all." (Matt. v. 34.) Does the law say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? The gospel says, "The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." (Luke vi. 5.) Does the law say, "Honour thy father and thy mother"? The gospel says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." (Eph. vi. 1.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not kill"? The gospel says, "Murderers . . . shall have

their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not commit adultery"? The gospel says, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." (Heb. xiii. 4.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not steal"? The gospel says, "Let him that stole, steal no more." (Eph. iv. 28.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not bear false witness"? The gospel says, "Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour." (Eph. iv. 25.) Does the law say, "Thou shalt not covet"? The gospel says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have." (Heb. xiii. 5.) The sum and substance of the moral law is to love the Lord our God with all our heart, soul, strength and mind, and our neighbour as ourselves. Does the gospel require less? Can it require more?

It is true, and a blessed truth it is, that believers are not under the law as a covenant, As the law cannot save sinners, so it cannot condemn believers; for "Christ hath redeemed" them "from the curse of the law, being made a curse for" them. In this sense, they "are not under the law but under grace;" yet they are not without law to God but under law to Christ, as the apostle expresses it. Our Lord has, so to speak, transfused the spirit of the law, which is *love*, into his gospel. The law speaks to the Christian, not from Mount Sinai in a voice of thunder, accompanied by fire, darkness, and tempest, but from Mount Sion, in the still, small voice of love and mercy. It is not Moses that commands the believer, but Christ.

What has all this to do with the subject in hand? "Much every way." If the spirit of the law is thus incorporated with the gospel, that of the fourth commandment is included. To say that the fourth commandment is merely ceremonial and temporary, whereas the other nine are moral and permanent, is without the least Scripture warrant. Our Lord said, "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath;" and as "God is not the God of the dead but of the living," so Christ is not Lord of an obsolete Jewish festival, but of a day that still remains, and has a place in the dispensation of which he is the head.

It might be proved, moreover, that even if the moral law had been entirely abrogated, it would not necessarily imply the abolition of the Sabbath, since the Sabbath was appointed and observed before the law was given from Sinai. Immediately after the record of creation, it is said, "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." That this was not a mere prospective sanctification of the day, but actually setting it apart on the completion of the work of creation, is evident from the frequent mention of weeks during the patriarchal ages. It is probable, indeed, that the Sabbath fell into disuse during the Egyptian bondage; for it is not likely that Pharaoh and his taskmasters would allow the Israelites to rest on that day to worship their God. Hence, perhaps, the reason why Moses explained to the elders of Israel the command to gather a double quantity of the manna on the sixth day. "This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord."

It may be objected that if this reasoning be correct, we are still bound to keep the Sabbath on the same day, and in the same manner in which the Jews kept it. To this it may be replied that, although the command to keep holy the Sabbath day was strictly moral, yet, in connection with its observance by the Jews there was much that was ceremonial, as their being forbidden to kindle a fire on that day, and the punishment of death

incurred by its violation. As for the day now observed, it may be affirmed, that the mere change of the day does not, in the least degree, affect the essence of the command, which is to keep holy one day in seven as a Sabbath day, or a day of rest. We still keep every seventh day, only starting from a different point. The seventh day Sabbath dated from the completion of the work of creation: the first day of the week, the Lord's day, dates from the completion of the work of redemption—a far greater and more glorious work than that of creation. As God the Father rested from his work on the seventh day, so the Lord Jesus Christ rested from *his* work on the first day of the week when he arose from the dead. And if he who is "Lord even of the Sabbath day" was pleased to change the day of rest from the seventh to the first day of the week in commemoration of his resurrection, had he not a perfect right so to do? Have we any evidence that he has made such a change? We have abundant evidence to prove that the day was changed either by our Lord himself, or by his inspired apostles acting under his authority.

It was on the first day of the week that the Lord Jesus rose from the dead as the first-fruits of them that slept. On the cross he gave his life a ransom for his people; the purchase was ratified in the court of heaven; infinite justice declared the ransom price all-sufficient; and, on the third day, the surety received a full discharge for himself and all whom he represented. As the debt for which he had become responsible was now fully paid, justice demanded that he should be raised, and as his human nature was indissolubly united to his divine, it was utterly impossible that death and the grave could hold him captive in their dominions. Let us go back in imagination to the empty sepulchre. Let us stoop down and look in. There lie the linen clothes, the badges of death. He has taken no part of them away with him. Yonder lies the napkin, carefully folded, and laid in a place by itself, showing that he has not escaped like a fugitive in haste and confusion; but that he has departed with the leisure and calmness of one who is not afraid of being pursued. The keepers lie prostrate like dead men, the great stone is rolled away, and the voice of the celestial messenger is heard, saying, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but he is risen, as he said unto you. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." On every recurrence of the hallowed day that commemorates this scene, well may each believer say in the words of the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

From various passages in the New Testament, it is evident that our Lord, after his resurrection, distinguished the first day of the week as the day on which he most frequently, if not invariably, manifested himself to his disciples during the forty days that intervened between his resurrection and ascension. In Mark xvi. 9, we read thus:—"Now when Jesus was risen, early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene." In John xx. we have a minute account of how the Lord manifested himself to her as she stood weeping at the grave and gave her a joyful message to his sorrowing disciples. In Luke xxiv. we read, that on the same day he appeared to two disciples going to Emmaus, and so opened the Scriptures to their minds and their minds to the Scriptures, that he made their hearts burn within them. On the same day he appeared to Peter, as we learn from Luke xxiv. 34; and from verses 36 to 49 of the same chapter, we read that on the same evening he appeared to the little company of the disciples

gathered together at Jerusalem, and quelled their rising fears by showing them his hands and his feet. In John xx. 19—23, the same interview is recorded; and from verse 24 of this chapter, we learn that Thomas was absent on this occasion, and that, when the other disciples told him they had seen the Lord, he would not believe. In verse 26, we read, "And after eight days," that is, on the eighth day, the first day of the following week, "Again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, 'Peace be unto you.'" At this interview, he fully satisfied Thomas himself as to the truth of his resurrection. But why is the first day of the week so often mentioned? We do not read of his appearing to them in the interval between the day on which he arose and the first day of the following week. We do not assert that our Lord did not appear to his disciples after his resurrection on any other day; but the fact of his appearing to them so frequently on the first day of the week is certainly very remarkable, and seems to have been an indication of his will that his disciples, in all ages, should show a peculiar regard to this day. It seems probable, too, that our Lord ascended to heaven on the first day of the week; for, in Acts i. 12, we are told that the distance which the disciples had to travel on the day of his ascension, from Olivet to Jerusalem, was "a Sabbath-day's journey."

It is evident from other passages, that the inspired apostles, and the Churches planted and superintended by them, observed the first day of the week as a day of Christian worship. *Pentecost* certainly occurred on the first day of the week. The word "Pentecost" is a Greek word, and means "the fiftieth." The feast of Pentecost was so called for the following reason. The Israelites were commanded to offer to the Lord a sheaf of the first-fruits of their barley harvest (which took place in our spring), to be waved by the priest before the Lord. (Lev. xxiii. 10, 11.) This they were to do "on the morrow after the Sabbath;" and they were not allowed to eat either bread, or parched corn, or green ears, until the sheaf of first-fruits was offered to the Lord. (Verse 14.) From Joshua v. 10, 11, we learn that the children of Israel did eat both bread and parched corn at the passover in Gilgal; hence, the sheaf of first-fruits was then offered, "On the morrow after the Sabbath," that is, on the first day of the week immediately following the passover. From this day, the Israelites were commanded to count seven Sabbaths, or forty-nine days; and on "the morrow after the seventh Sabbath," that is, on the Pentecost, or fiftieth day, they were to bring "two wave loaves," as the first-fruits of their *wheat* harvest to offer before the Lord. (Lev. xxiii. 15—17.) The feast of Pentecost is called in Exodus xxxiv. 22, and Deut. xvi. 10, "The feast of weeks," because a week of weeks, or forty-nine days, intervened between it and the offering of the sheaf of first-fruits. Our Saviour, we know, was put to death at the time of the passover; and it is very remarkable that the day on which the sheaf of first-fruits was offered was the very day on which he arose, as "the first-fruits of them that slept." From this day, inclusive, let us count seven weeks or forty-nine days, and we shall clearly see that Pentecost, the fiftieth, occurred on the first day of the week. The same day of the week on which our Lord arose from the dead was also honoured in the most signal manner by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and as the sheaf of the first-fruits of barley harvest doubtless typified the resurrection of Christ as the "first-fruits of them that slept,"

(1 Cor. xv. 20,) so the "two wave loaves," "the first-fruits of wheat harvest," (Exod. xxxiv. 22,) may have typified the first great harvest of precious souls gathered into his garner after his ascension to his Father's right hand.

It is evident, further, from Acts xx. 7, that the primitive Churches were accustomed to meet on this day for worship, and especially to observe the Lord's Supper. Paul and those that were with him, travelling from Macedonia to Judea, came to Troas, and abode there seven days. Why does Paul wait there so long, seeing he is so anxious to be at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, that he will not take time to go to Ephesus, but must send for the elders to come to Miletus? (Verses 16, 17.) It was evidently that he might spend the Lord's day with the Church at Troas, partake with them of the memorials of his Saviour's dying love, and preach to them the gospel. This would seem to indicate that the primitive Churches observed the Lord's Supper *every* Lord's Day, and *on no other day;* or else we may suppose that Paul would have called a few of them together, partaken with them of the ordinance, and then departed, telling them that he had not time to wait till the first day of the week.

The same apostle in giving directions to the Church at Corinth in reference to the collection for their poor brethren in Judea, thus addresses them; 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2; "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." These words clearly prove that the Church at Corinth and the Churches of Galatia respectively were accustomed to meet for public worship on the first day of the week. In addition to what was previously stated with regard to the import of the designation, "The Lord's Day," it may be laid down as a fact beyond contradiction, that there was a certain day known among the early Christians by the appellation of "The Lord's Day," for otherwise, how could those whom John was immediately addressing understand what day he meant?

We have seen that the name applied by an inspired apostle to this day marks it out as a day belonging in a peculiar manner to the Lord Jesus Christ. We have endeavoured to show that the moral law, as a rule of life, is not abrogated, and that even if it were, that would not necessarily imply the abolition of the day of rest, since it existed from the creation. We have likewise seen that the first day of the week was specially honoured by the Lord of the Sabbath, and observed by his inspired apostles. And we may express our firm conviction, that however this day may be neglected by the ungodly world and worldly professors, yet as long as Christ has true disciples in the world, so long will this hallowed day continue to be highly esteemed and devoutly observed.

I remember to have heard a highly esteemed theologian speak of the Sabbath in some such words as these:—"The Sabbath is a clear, silvery stream which took its rise in paradise, and flowed gently down through the windings of the Patriarchal Dispensation. When it came to the Mosaic Dispensation, it flowed through it, and though its waters were slightly coloured by the nature of the soil, it flowed out on the other side clear as crystal; and it still flows through the earth, and shall continue to flow until it is lost in the ocean of eternal rest."

In a subsequent number, if permitted, I may offer a few thoughts on the right spirit and manner of observing the Lord's Day.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XIII.

OCCASION.—*The Psalm cannot be referred to any especial event or period in David's history. All attempts to find it a birthplace are but guesses. It was, doubtless, more than once the language of that much tried man of God, and is intended to express the feelings of the people of God in those ever-returning trials which beset them. If the reader has never yet found occasion to use the language of this brief ode, he will do so ere long, if he be a man after the Lord's own heart. We have been wont to call this the "How Long Psalm." We had almost said the Howling Psalm, from the incessant repetition of the cry "how long?"*

DIVISION.—*This Psalm is very readily to be divided into three parts:—the question of anxiety*, 1, 2; *the cry of prayer*, 3, 4; *the song of faith*, 5, 6.

EXPOSITION.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

2 How long shall I take counsel in my soul, *having* sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

"*How long?*"—This question is repeated no less than four times. It betokens very intense desire for deliverance, and great anguish of heart. And what if there be some impatience mingled therewith; is not this the more true a portrait of our own experience? It is not easy to prevent desire from degenerating into impatience. Oh for grace that, while we wait on God, we may be kept from indulging a murmuring spirit! "*How long?*" Does not the oft-repeated cry become a very HOWLING? And what if grief should find no other means of utterance? Even then, God is not far from the voice of our roaring; for he does not regard the music of our prayers, but his own Spirit's work in them in exciting desire and inflaming the affections.

"*How long?*" Ah! how long do our days appear when our soul is cast down within us!

> "How wearily the moments seem to glide
> O'er sadness! How the time
> Delights to linger in its flight!"

Time flies with full-fledged wing in our summer days, but in our winters he flutters painfully. A week within prison-walls is longer than a month at liberty. Long sorrow seems to argue abounding corruption; for the gold which is long in the fire must have had much dross to be consumed, hence the question "how long" may suggest deep searching of heart. "*How long wilt thou forget me?*" Ah, David! how like a fool thou talkest! Can God *forget?* Can Omniscience fail in memory? Above all, can Jehovah's heart forget his own beloved child? Ah! brethren, let us drive away the thought, and hear the voice of our covenant God by the mouth of the prophet, "But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." "*For ever?*" O dark thought! It was surely bad enough to suspect a temporary forgetfulness, but shall we ask the ungracious question, and imagine that the Lord will for ever cast away his people? No, his anger may endure for a night, but his love shall abide eternally. "*How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?*" This is a far more rational question, for God may hide his face, and yet he may remember still. A hidden face is no sign of a forgetful heart. It is in love that his face is turned away; yet to a real child of God, this hiding of his Father's face is terrible, and he will never be at ease until once more he hath his Father's smile. "*How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?*" There is in the original the idea of "laying up" counsels in his heart, as if his

devices had become innumerable but unavailing. Herein we have often been like David, for we have considered and reconsidered day after day, but have not discovered the happy device by which to escape from our trouble. Such store is a sad sore. Ruminating upon trouble is bitter work. Children fill their mouths with bitterness when they rebelliously chew the pill which they ought obediently to have taken at once. "*How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?*" This is like wormwood in the gall, to see the wicked enemy exulting while our soul is bowed down within us. The laughter of a foe grates horribly upon the ears of grief. For the devil to make mirth of our misery is the last ounce of our complaint, and quite breaks down our patience; therefore let us make it one chief argument in our plea with mercy.

Thus the careful reader will remark that the question "how long" is put in four shapes. The writer's grief is viewed, as it seems to be, as it is, as it affects himself within, and his foes without. We are all prone to play most on the worst string. We set up monumental stones over the graves of our joys, but who thinks of erecting monuments of praise for mercies received? We write four books of Lamentations and only one of Canticles, and are far more at home in wailing out a *Miserere* than in chanting a *Te Deum*.

3 Consider *and* hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the *sleep of* death;

4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; *and* those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.

But now prayer lifteth up her voice, like the watchman who proclaims the daybreak. Now will the tide turn, and the weeper shall dry his eyes. The mercy-seat is the life of hope and the death of despair. The gloomy thought of God's having forsaken him is still upon the psalmist's soul, and he therefore cries, "*Consider and hear me.*" He remembers at once the root of his woe, and cries aloud that it may be removed. The final absence of God is Tophet's fire, and his temporary absence brings his people into the very suburbs of hell. God is here intreated to *see* and *hear*, that so he may be doubly moved to pity. What should we do if we had no God to turn to in the hour of wretchedness?

Note the cry of faith, "*O Lord* MY *God!*" Is it not a very glorious fact that our interest in our God is not destroyed by all our trials and sorrows? We may lose our gourds, but not our God. The title-deed of heaven is not written in the sand, but in eternal brass.

"*Lighten mine eyes:*" that is, let the eye of my faith be clear, that I may see my God in the dark; let my eye of watchfulness be wide open, lest I be entrapped, and let the eye of my understanding be illuminated to see the right way. Perhaps, too, here is an allusion to that cheering of the spirits so frequently called the enlightening of the eyes because it causes the face to brighten, and the eyes to sparkle. Well may we use the prayer, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord!" for in many respects we need the Holy Spirit's illuminating rays. "*Lest I sleep the sleep of death.*" Darkness engenders sleep, and despondency is not slow in making the eyes heavy. From this faintness and dimness of vision, caused by despair, there is but a step to the iron sleep of death. David feared that his trials would end his life, and he rightly uses his fear as an argument with God in prayer; for deep distress has in it a kind of claim upon compassion, not a claim of right, but a plea which has power with grace. Under the pressure of heart sorrow, the psalmist does not look forward to the sleep of death with hope and joy, as assured believers do, but he shrinks from it with dread, from which we gather that bondage from fear of death is no new thing.

Another plea is urged in verse 4, and it is one which the tried believer may handle well when on his knees. We make use of our arch-enemy for once, and compel him, like Samson, to grind in our mill while we use his cruel arrogance as an argument in prayer. It is not the Lord's will that the great enemy of our souls should overcome his children. This would dis-

honour God, and cause the evil one to boast. It is well for us that our salvation and God's honour are so intimately connected, that they stand or fall together.

Our covenant God will complete the confusion of all our enemies, and if for awhile we become their scoff and jest, the day is coming when the shame will change sides, and the contempt shall be poured on those to whom it is due.

5 But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

6 I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

What a change is here! Lo the rain is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come. The mercy-seat has so refreshed the poor weeper, that he clears his throat for a song. If we have mourned with him, let us now dance with him. David's heart was more often out of tune than his harp. He begins many of his psalms sighing, and ends them singing; and others he begins in joy and ends in sorrow; "so that one would think," says Peter Moulin, "that those psalms had been composed by two men of a contrary humour." It is worthy to be observed that the joy is all the greater because of the previous sorrow, as calm is all the more delightful in recollection of the preceding tempest.

"Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy."

Here is his avowal of his confidence: "*But I have trusted in thy mercy.*" For many a year it had been his wont to make the Lord his castle and tower of defence, and he smiles from behind the same bulwarks still. He is sure of his faith, and his faith makes him sure; had he doubted the reality of his trust in God he would have blocked up one of the windows through which the sun of heaven delights to shine. Faith is now in exercise, and consequently is readily discovered; there is never a doubt in our heart about the existence of faith while it is in action; when the hare or partridge is quiet we see it not, but let the same be in motion and we soon perceive it. All the powers of his enemies had not driven the psalmist from his stronghold. As the shipwrecked mariner clings to the mast, so did David cling to his faith; he neither could, nor would give up his confidence in the Lord his God. Oh that we may profit by his example, and hold by our faith as by our very life!

Now hearken to the music which faith makes in the soul. The bells of the mind are all ringing, "*My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.*" There is joy and feasting within doors, for a glorious guest has come, and the fatted calf is killed. Sweet is the music which sounds from the strings of the heart. But this is not all; *the voice* joins itself in the blessed work, and the tongue keeps tune with the soul, while the writer declares, "*I will sing unto the Lord.*"

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

The psalm closes with a sentence which is a refutation of the charge of forgetfulness which David had uttered in the first verse; "*he hath dealt bountifully with me.*" So shall it be with us if we wait awhile. The complaint which in our haste we utter shall be joyfully retracted, and we shall witness that the Lord hath dealt bountifully with us.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verses 1, 2.—That which the French proverb hath of sickness is true of all evils, that they come on horseback and go away on foot; we have often seen that a sudden fall or one meal's surfeit has stuck by many to their graves; whereas pleasures come like oxen, slow and heavily, and go away like post-horses, upon the spur. Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately; knowing that the more they are made of the longer they will continue: and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passen-

gers with slight respect. He is his own best friend that makes the least of both of them.—*Bishop Hall.*

Verse 4.—

"Ah! can you bear contempt; the venom'd tongue
Of those whom ruin pleases, the keen sneer,
The lewd reproaches of the rascal herd;
Who for the selfsame actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?
To sum up all in one—can you support
The scornful glances, the malignant joy,
Or more detested pity of a rival,—
Of a triumphant rival?" *Thompson.*

Verse 5.—None live so easily, so pleasantly, as those that live by faith.—*Matthew Henry.*

Wherefore I say again, "Live by faith;" again I say, always live by it, rejoice through faith in the Lord. I dare boldly say it is thy fault and neglect of its exercise if thou suffer either thy own melancholy humour or Satan to interrupt thy mirth and spiritual alacrity, and to detain thee in dumps and pensiveness at any time. What if thou beest of a sad constitution? of a dark complexion? Is not faith able to rectify nature? Is it not stronger than any hellebore? Doth not an experienced divine and physician worthily prefer one dram of it before all the drugs in the apothecary's shop for this effect? Hath it not sovereign virtue in it, to excerebrate all cares, expectorate all fears and griefs, evacuate the mind of all ill thoughts and passions, to exhilarate the whole man? But what good doth it to any to have a cordial by him if he use it not? To wear a sword, soldier-like, by his side, and not to draw it forth in an assault? When a dump overtakes thee, if thou wouldest say to thy soul in a word or two, "Soul, why art thou disquieted? know and consider in whom thou believest," would it not presently return to its rest again? Would not the Master rebuke the winds and storms, and calm thy troubled mind presently? Hath not every man something or other he useth to put away dumps, to drive away the evil spirit, as David with his harp? Some with merry company, some with a cup of sack, most with a pipe of tobacco, without which they cannot ride or go. If they miss it a day together they are troubled with rheums, dulness of spirits. They that live in fens and ill airs dare not stir out without a morning draught of some strong liquor. Poor, silly, smoky helps, in comparison with the least taste (but for dishonouring faith I would say whiff) or draught of faith.—*Samuel Ward.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The apparent length of sorrow, only apparent. Contrast with days of joy, with eternal misery and eternal joy. Impatience, and other evil passions, cause the seeming length. Means of shortening, by refusing to forestall, or to repine afterwards.

Verse 1, *Second Clause.*—Hiding of the divine face. Why at all? Why from me? Why so long?

Verse 2.—Advice to the dejected, or the soul directed to look out of itself for consolation.—*A. Fuller. Verse* 2, *First clause.*—*Self-torture*, its cause, curse, crime, and cure.

"*Having sorrow in my heart daily.*" I. The cause of daily sorrow. Great enemy, unbelief, sin, trial, loss of Jesus' presence, sympathy with others, mourning for human ruin. II. The necessity of daily sorrow. Purge corruptions, excite graces, raise desires heavenward. III. The cure of daily sorrow. Good food from God's table, old wine of promises, walks with Jesus, exercise in good works, avoidance of everything unhealthy.—*B. Davies.*

Verse 2, *Second Clause.*—Time anticipated when defeat shall be turned into victory.

Verse 3.—By accommodating the text to the believer. I. True character of Satan, "enemy." II. Remarkable fact that this enemy is exalted over us. III. Pressing inquiry, "How long?"—*B. Davies.*

Verse 3.—*Lighten mine eyes.* A prayer fit for (1) Every benighted sinner. (2) Every seeker of salvation. (3) Every learner in Christ's school. (4) Every tried believer. (5) Every dying saint.—*Davies.*

Verse 4.—Noteth the nature of the wicked two ways, viz., the more they prevail the more insolent they are; they wonderfully exult over those that are afflicted.—*Wilcocks.*

Verse 5.—Experience and perseverance. "I have," "my heart shall."

Verse 6.—The bountiful giver and the hearty singer.

The whole Psalm would make a good subject, showing the stages from mourning to rejoicing, dwelling especially upon the turning point, prayer. There are two verses for each, mourning, praying, rejoicing.—*A. G. Brown.*

New Chapels.

IT would be exceedingly injudicious to forget the needs of our smaller towns on the pretext that London required all our strength. God in his providence sends us men suited for country spheres, and thus plainly points us to country work; these very men frequently gather experience in smaller fields of labour, and ultimately return to our huge city prepared for city work by their toil in more secluded spots. To refuse aid to rising interests in districts away from home would be far aside from our design, which knows no geographical limit, and is only bounded by our means. So far as God's people help us, we would do good unto all men. The Pastor's College finds ministers for country towns, and funds generously entrusted to our discretion to some extent aid these ministers in their work when places of worship have to be erected.

Among the pleasing instances of spots in which new Churches have been founded, is Winslow, in Bucks. There is a peculiar link between our own Church in London and the quiet town of Winslow, and it is cheering to see it practically recognised. Benjamin Keach, the author of the famous works upon the "Metaphors" and the "Parables," was for thirty-six years a most successful pastor of the Church now meeting in the Tabernacle, and before his coming to London, in 1668, he preached Christ crucified at Winslow, in a little old chapel which is still standing, and is a genuine specimen of the odd out-of-the-way sanctuaries in which the people of God in persecuting times were wont quietly to assemble. The meeting-house is a real curiosity, and well worthy of a visit from the passing traveller; the interior has undergone some alterations since Keach's time, but the exterior is doubtless the same.



It was while residing at Winslow that Keach was made to stand in the pillory at Aylesbury for writing a Child's Primer, in which he taught

the baptism of believers, and the Second Advent of the Lord. While exposed in the market-place, his wife, like a true woman, stood by his side, and he began to address the people:—"Good people, I am not ashamed to stand here this day, with this paper on my head. My Lord Jesus was not ashamed to suffer on the cross for me; and it is for his cause that I am made a gazing-stock. Take notice, it is not for any wickedness that I stand here; but for writing and publishing his truths, which the Spirit of the Lord hath revealed in the Holy Scriptures." A clergyman who stood by could not forbear interrupting him, and said, "It is for writing and publishing errors; and you may now see what your errors have brought you to." Mr. Keach replied, "Sir, can you prove them errors?" but before the clergyman could return an answer he was attacked by some of the people, who told him of his being "pulled drunk out of a ditch." Another upbraided him with having been found "drunk under a haycock." Upon this the people, turning their attention from the sufferer in the pillory, laughed at the drunken priest, insomuch that he hastened away with the utmost disgrace and shame.



The savour of the gospel has never utterly left Winslow, and there have always been a people in the town who knew the truth and loved it, but a revival was greatly needed and graciously vouchsafed.

For many years previous to 1863, there was little spiritual life in the place, when an Evangelist visited the town, and the minds of many were awakened. A desire arose to perpetuate the good work, and a small out-building was converted into a preaching room; such was the success the Lord granted, that in September it became necessary that some one should attend to pastoral visitation. As the friends held Baptist prin-

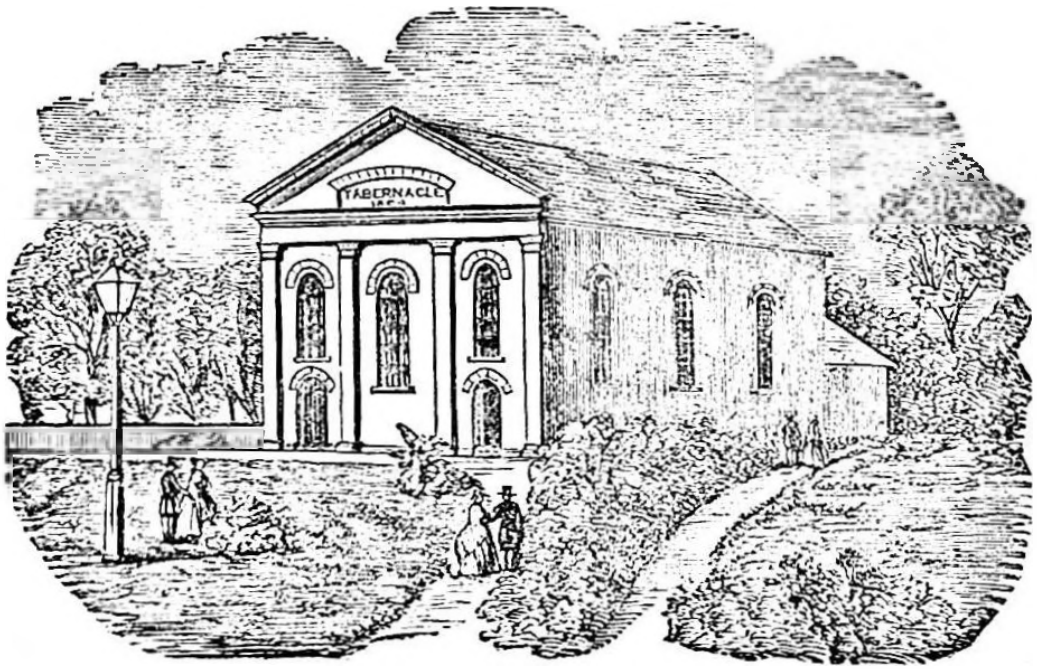
ciples they applied to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, and our pastor, Mr. Robert Sole, then a student of his college, was sent. The work prospered, persons unaccustomed to a place of worship began to attend, souls were saved, and a Church of eight members was formed in November of the same year.

In the beginning of 1864, increased accommodation became absolutely necessary, and one of the brethren, on his own responsibility, secured for a site an eligible piece of freehold land in the best part of the town, which he has since transferred to the Church.

Mr. John Neale, of Edgware-road, London, a native of this place, having for many years desired to do something for the spiritual benefit of the town, immediately volunteered his active assistance, in connection with Mr. Spurgeon, in the furtherance of the work.

The first stone of the new chapel was laid by Henry Kelsall, Esq., on May 3rd, 1864, at which time he generously gave fifty guineas towards the erection. On the same day, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached twice; and by his aid, the exertions of friends on the spot, and the liberality of friends at the Tabernacle, who were invited to Winslow and hospitably entertained by Mr. Neal, the place is almost free from debt, and only requires a little more aid to be entirely so.

The chapel was opened by J. A. Spurgeon in September, 1864, and is well attended. The Church has increased to sixty-two members since its formation; among those recently converted are four young men, who are labouring with much acceptance in the open air. The Sabbath school contains seventy children; and there are twelve district visitors, who while they circulate tracts seek spiritual conversation with the people. The brethren say of themselves, "Although Baptists, we love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and rejoice in the work of the Lord among any people. Our great object is not to spread a sect, but to extend the kingdom of Jesus, by bringing souls to him."



Dr. Pusey on the Worship of Mary in the Church of Rome.

ACCORDING to promise, we have summarized the detailed account of the idolatrous worship of Mary by the Papists as exposed in full by Dr. Pusey in his new work. As his statements are not made at random, but are supported by quotations from Romish writers of recognised authority, they will be valuable to those who are met by the crafty denials of Romanists whenever they expose the genuine doctrines of Popish faith. Amid all the mischief which Pusey has done, it is well to note and acknowledge whatever service he may in this case render to truth. The headings of the paragraphs are ours; the quotations are given as they stand.

Blessings said to be obtained through Mary.—"So, then, it is taught in authorized books, that 'it is morally impossible for those to be saved who neglect the devotion to the Blessed Virgin;' that 'it is the will of God that all graces should pass through her hands;' that 'no creature obtained any grace from God, save according to the dispensation of His holy Mother;' that Jesus has, in fact, said, 'no one shall be partaker of My Blood, unless through the intercession of My Mother;' that 'we can only hope to obtain perseverance through her;' that 'God granted all the pardons in the Old Testament absolutely for the reverence and love of this Blessed Virgin;' that 'our salvation is in her hand;' that 'it is impossible for any to be saved, who turns away from her, or is disregarded by her; or to be lost, who turns to her, or is regarded by her;' that 'whom the justice of God saves not, the *infinite* mercy of Mary saves by her intercession;' that God is 'subject to the command of Mary;' that 'God has resigned into her hands (if one might say so) His omnipotence in the sphere of grace;' that 'it is safer to seek salvation through her than directly from Jesus.'"

Mary worship held up as a cure for trouble.—"F. Faber, in his popular books, is always bringing in the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He believes that the shortcomings of English Roman Catholics are owing to the inadequacy of their devotion to her. After instancing people's failures in overcoming their faults, want of devotion, unsubmission to God's special Providence for *them*, feeling domestic troubles almost incompatible with salvation, and that 'for all these things prayer appears to bring so little remedy,' he asks, 'What is the remedy that is wanted? what is the remedy indicated by God himself? If we may rely on the disclosures of the saints, it is an immense increase of devotion to our Blessed Lady, but remember, nothing short of an *immense* one. Here, in England, Mary is not half enough preached. Devotion to her is low and thin and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy. It is always invoking human respect and carnal prudence, wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary, that Protestants may feel at ease about her. Its ignorance of theology makes it unsubstantial and unworthy. It is not the prominent characteristic of our religion which it ought to be. It has no faith in itself. *Hence* it is, that *Jesus is not loved*, that heretics are not converted, that the Church is not exalted; that souls, which might be saints, wither and dwindle; that the sacraments are not rightly frequented, or souls enthusiastically evangelized. Jesus is obscured, because Mary is kept in the background. *Thousands of souls perish, because Mary is withheld from them.* It is the miserable unworthy shadow which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that is *the cause of* all these wants and blights, these evils and omissions and declines. Yet, if we are to believe the revelations of the saints, God is *pressing* for a greater, a wider, a stronger, *quite another devotion* to His Blessed Mother.'"

The Pope's whole reliance on the Virgin.—In his Encyclical Letter of 1849, Pius IX. wrote: "On this hope we chiefly rely, that the most Blessed Virgin—who raised the height of merits above all the choirs of Angels to the throne of the Deity,

and by the foot of Virtue 'bruised the serpent's head,' and who, being constituted *between Christ and His Church*, and, being wholly sweet and full of graces, hath ever delivered the Christian people from calamities of all sorts and from the snares and assaults of all enemies and hath rescued them from destruction, and, commiserating our most sad and most sorrowful vicissitudes and our most severe straits, toils, necessities with that most large feeling of her motherly mind—will, by her most present and most powerful patronage with God, both turn away the scourges of Divine wrath wherewith we are afflicted for our sins, and will allay, dissipate the most turbulent storms of ills, wherewith, to the incredible sorrow of our mind, the Church everywhere is tossed, and will turn our sorrow into joy. For *ye know very well*, Ven. Brethren, *that the whole of our confidence is placed in the most Holy Virgin*, since God has placed in Mary the fulness of all good, that accordingly we may know that *if there is any hope in us, if any grace, if any salvation, it redounds to us from her*, because such is His will Who hath willed that we should have everything through Mary."

Mary blasphemously called Co-Redemptress with our Lord.—"We had heard before, repeatedly, that she was the Mediatrix with the Redeemer; some of us, who do not read Marian books, have heard now for the first time, that she was ever our 'Co-Redemptress.' The evidence lies, not in any insulated passage of a devotional writer (which was alleged in plea for the language of M. Olier), but in formal answers from Archbishops and Bishops to the Pope as to what they desired in regard to the declaration of the Immaculate Conception as an Article of Faith. Thus the Archbishop of Syracuse wrote, 'Since we know certainly that she, in the fulness of time, was Co-redemptress of the human race, together with her Son Jesus Christ our Lord.' From North Italy the Bishop of Asti wrote of 'the dogma of the singular privilege granted by the Divine Redeemer to His pure mother, the Co-redemptress of the world.' In South Italy the Bishop of Gallipoli wrote, 'the human race, whom the Son of God, from her, redeemed; whom, together with Him, she herself co-redeemed.' The Bishop of Cariati prayed the Pope to 'command all the sons of Holy Mother Church and thy own, that no one of them should dare at any time hereafter to suspect as to the Immaculate Conception of their Co-redeemer.' From Sardinia, the Bishop of Alghero wrote, 'It is the common consent of all the faithful, and the common wish and desire of all, that our so beneficent Parent and Co-redeemer should be presented by the Apostolic See with the honour of this most illustrious mystery.' In Spain, the Bishop of Almeria justified the attribute by appeal to the service of the Conception. 'The Church, adapting to the Mother of God in the Office of the Conception that text, 'Let Us make a help like unto Him,' assures us of it, and confirms those most ancient traditions, 'Companion of the Redeemer,' 'Co-Redemptress,' 'Authoress of everlasting salvation.'" The Bishops refer to these as ancient, well-known, traditionary titles, at least in their Churches in North and South Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Spain."

A Parallel infamously drawn between Jesus and Mary.—"As our Redemption gained its sufficiency and might from Jesus, so, they say, did it gain its beauty and loveliness from the aid of Mary. As we are clothed with the merits of Christ, so also, they say, with the merits of Mary. As Jesus rose again the third day without seeing corruption, so they speak of her Resurrection 'so as to anticipate corruption, in some three days;' as He was the first-fruits of them that slept, so is she; as He was taken up into heaven in the body, so, they say, was she; as He sits at the Right Hand of God, so she at His Right Hand; as He is there our perpetual Intercessor with the Father, so she with Him; as 'no man cometh to the Father,' Jesus saith, 'but by Me;' so 'no man cometh to Jesus,' they say, 'but by her;' as He is our High Priest, so she, they say, a Priestess; He, our High Priest, gave us the sacrament of His Body and Blood; so, they say, did she, 'her will conspiring with the will of her Son to the making of the Eucharist, and assenting to her Son so giving and offering Himself for food and drink, since we confess that the sacrifice and gifts, given to us under the form of bread and wine, are truly hers and appertain unto her.' As in the Eucharist He is present and we receive Him, so she, they say, is present and

received in that same sacrament. The priest is 'minister of Christ,' and 'minister of Mary.' They seem to assign to her an office, like that of God the Holy Ghost, in dwelling in the soul. They speak of 'souls born not of blood, nor of flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God *and Mary*;' that 'the Holy Ghost chose to make use of our Blessed Lady to bring His fruitfulness into action by producing in her and by her Jesus Christ in His members;' that 'according to that word, 'the kingdom of God is within you,' in like manner the kingdom of our Blessed Lady is principally in the interior of a man, his soul;' that 'when Mary has struck her roots in the soul, she produces there marvels of grace, which she alone can produce, because she alone is the fruitful Virgin, who never has had, and never will have, her equal in purity and fruitfulness.'"

Shameless declaration that Mary is in the Eucharist.—(Oswald.) "'We *maintain* a (co-)presence of Mary in the Eucharist. This is a necessary inference from our Marian theory and we shrink back from no consequence.' 'We are much inclined,' he says afterwards, 'to believe an essential co-presence of Mary in her whole person, with body and soul, under the sacred species. Certainly to such a presence in the Eucharist, 1. there is required a glorious mode of being of the Virgin body of the Holy Mother. We are not only justified in holding this as to Mary, but we have well-nigh proved it. 2. The assumption of a bodily presence of Mary in the Eucharist compels self-evidently the assumption of a multilocation (*i. e.* a contemporaneous presence in different portions of space) of Mary, according to her flesh too. 3. One who would receive this must be ready to admit a compenetration of the Body of Christ and of that of the Virgin in the same portion of space, *i. e.* under the sacred species.' The writer subsequently explains that 'the 'lac virginale' must be looked upon as that of Mary, which is primarily present in the Eucharist, whereto, in further consequence, the whole corporality of the Blessed Virgin, as also her soul, would be joined.' 'The Blood of the Lord, and the lac of His Virgin Mother, are both present in the sacrament.'"

Mariolatry to swallow up all other devotion.—"'Assuming that, in and under Christ the Head, the Blessed Virgin is, after her Assumption, as it were, the neck of the Church, so that all grace whatever flows to the Body through her, that is, through her prayers, it might be argued, that, for such as have this belief to ask anything of or through her, is identical in sense, but in point of form better, than to ask it directly of Christ, in like manner as to ask anything of or through Christ, is identical in sense, but clearer and fuller in point of form, than to ask it directly of the Father. And hence, it might seem that it would be an improvement, if, reserving only the use of the appointed forms for the making of the Sacraments, and an occasional use of the Lord's Prayer (and this rather from respect to the letter of their outward institution than from any inward necessity or propriety), every prayer, both of individuals and of the Church, were addressed to or through Blessed Mary, a form beginning, 'Our Lady, which art in heaven,' &c., being preferred for general use to the original letter of the Lord's Prayer; and the Psalter, the Te Deum, and all the daily Offices, being used in preference with similar accommodation.'"

Horrid ravings of Faber, whose writings are very popular among Papists.—"'There is some portion of the Precious Blood which once was Mary's own blood, and which remains still in our Blessed Lord, incredibly exalted by its union with His Divine Person, yet still the same. This portion of Himself, it is piously believed, has not been allowed to undergo the usual changes of human substance. At this moment, in heaven, He retains something which was once His Mother's, and which is, possibly, visible, as such, to the saints and angels. He vouchsafed at mass to show to S. Ignatius *the very part of the Host which had once belonged to the substance of Mary.* It may have a distinct and singular beauty in heaven, where, by His compassion, it may one day be our blessed lot to see it and adore it. But with the exception of this portion of it, the Precious Blood was a growing thing,'" &c.

Enough! enough! every one of our readers will cry out, and therefore we stay our hand. Surely "for this cause, God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

Providence Co-operating with Grace.

BY FLAVEL.

There are divers things to be observed in those providences by which men are led to the receiving of Jesus Christ, viz.:

The wonderful strangeness and unaccountableness of this work of Providence in casting us into the way, and ordering the occasions, yea, the minutest circumstances about this work. Thus you find in Acts viii. 26—30. The eunuch, at that very instant when he was reading the prophet Isaiah, hath an interpreter, one among a thousand, that joins his chariot just as his mind was, by a fit occasion, prepared to receive the first light of the knowledge of Christ.

So, for the conversion of the Samaritans, it is observed (John iv. 4), Christ must needs go that way, because it lay just in the road betwixt Judea and Galilee, and at the sixth hour, *i. e.*, high noon, he rests himself upon Jacob's well, still seeming to have no other design but his own refreshment, by sitting and drinking there; but, oh! what a train of blessed providences follow this, which seemed but an accidental thing! First, the woman of Samaria, and then many more in that city, are brought to believe in Christ, as you find in verses 29 and 41.

It is noted by Melchior Adams, in the life of Junius, how very an atheist he grew in his younger years; but, in order to his conversion to God, a wonderful preservation of his life, in a public tumult at Lyons, in France, must first make way, which forces from him the acknowledgment of a Deity; then his father sends for him home, and with much gentleness persuades him to read the Scriptures; he lights upon the first of John, and with it he sensibly feels a divine, supernatural majesty and power seizing his soul, which brought him over by a complete conversion to Jesus Christ. Thus, as the woman of Tekoah told David, "doth God devise means to bring back his banished."

Lavater tells us that many Spanish soldiers, going into the wars of Germany, were there converted to Christ by falling into the cities and towns where godly ministers and Christians were.

Mr. Robert Bolton, though an excellent scholar, yet in his younger years was a very irreligious person, and a jeerer of holy men; but, being cast into the company of the godly Mr. Peacock, was by him brought to repentance, and proved a famous instrument in the Church of Christ.

A scrap of paper accidentally coming to view hath been used as an occasion of conversion. This was the case of a minister of Wales, who had two livings, but took little care of either. He being at a fair, bought something at a pedlar's standing, and rent off a leaf of Mr. Perkins' catechism to wrap it in, and reading a line or two in it, God sent it home so as it did the work.

The marriage of a godly man into a carnal family hath been ordered by Providence for the conversation and salvation of many therein. Thus we read, in the life of that renowned English worthy, Mr. John Bruen, that, in his second match, it was agreed that he should have one year's diet in his mother-in-law's house; during his abode there that year (saith Mr. Clark), the Lord was pleased, by his means, graciously to work upon her soul, as also upon his wife's sister, and half-sister, their brothers, Mr. William and Mr. Thomas Fox, with one or two of the servants in that family.

The reading of a good book hath been the means of bringing others to Christ. And thus we find many of the German divines converted by reading Luther's books: yea, and what is more strange, Mr. Sleiden, in his "Commentary," tells us that Vergerius, though he were present an eye and ear-witness to that doleful case of Spira, which one would think should move a stone, yet still continued so firm to the Pope's interest, that when he fell into some suspicion among the cardinals, he resolved to purge himself by writing a book against the German apostates; but whilst he reads the Protestant books, out of no other design but to confute them, whilst he is weighing the arguments, is himself convinced and brought to Christ. He, finding himself thus overcome by the

truth, imparts his conviction to his brother, a zealous papist also; this brother deplores the misery of his case, and seeks to reclaim him; but Vergerius, entreating him to weigh well the Protestant arguments, also yields; and so both immediately betook themselves to preach justification by the free grace of God through the blood of Christ.

Yea, not only the reading of a book, or hearing of a minister, but (which is most remarkable) the very mistake or forgetfulness of a minister hath been improved by Providence for this end and purpose. Augustine, once preaching to his congregation, forgot the argument which he first proposed, and fell upon the errors of the Manichees, beside his first intention; by which discourse he converted one Firmus, his auditor, who fell down at his feet weeping, and confessing he had lived a Manichee many years. Another I knew, who, going to preach, took up another Bible than that he designed, in which, not only missing his notes, but the chapter in which his text lay, was put to some loss thereby; but, after a short pause, he resolved to speak to any other Scripture that might be presented to him, and, accordingly, read the text, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise" (2 Pet. iii. 9): and though he had nothing prepared, yet the Lord helped him to speak both methodically and pertinently from it; by which discourse a gracious change was wrought upon one in the congregation, who hath since given good evidence of a sound conversion, and acknowledged this sermon to be the first and only means thereof.

The accompanying of others, in a neighbourly civil visit, hath been overruled to the same end. Thus many of the Jews, accompanied Mary into Bethany, designing only to manifest their civil respect; but there they met Christ, saw the things which He did, and believed on Him (John xi. 45).

Mr. Firmin, in his "Real Christian," tells us of one who had lived many years in a town where Christ had been as clearly and as long preached as in any town in England. This man, when he was about seventy-six years of age, went to visit a sick neighbour. "A Christian friend of mine," saith the author, "came to see him also; and finding this old man there, whom he judged to be one that lived upon his own stock, civility, good works, &c., he purposely fell into that discourse to show how many persons lived upon their duties, but never came to Christ. The old man, sitting by the bedside, heard him, and God was pleased to convince him that he was such a person who had lived upon himself, without Christ, to that day; and would say afterwards, Had I died before threescore and sixteen, I had perished, for I knew not Christ."

The committing of a godly man to prison hath been the method of Providence to save the soul of a poor keeper. So Paul (Acts xvi. 27) was made a prisoner, to make his keeper a spiritual freeman. The like success had Dr. Barnes, in Queen Mary's days, who afterwards celebrated the Lord's Supper in prison with his converted keeper.

The scattering of ministers and Christians, by persecution, from cities and towns, into the ignorant and barbarous parts of the country, hath been the way of Providence to find out and bring home some lost sheep to Jesus Christ (Acts viii. 1—4). The like signal event hath since followed upon the like scattering of godly ministers, whereof are made pregnant instances at this day.

A servant running away from his master, likely upon no other design but to live an idle life, yet falling into such places and companies as Providence ordered in a design to him unknown, hath thereby been brought to be a servant of Christ. This was the very case of Onesimus, who ran away from his master Philemon, to Rome, where, by a strange providence, possibly a mere curiosity to see the prisoners, he there falls into Paul's hands, who begat him to Christ in his bonds (Philemon, verses 10—16).

Going to hear a sermon in *jest* hath proved some men's conversion in *earnest*. The above-named Mr. Firmin, in the fore-cited book, tells us of a notorious drunkard whom the drunkards called "Father," that one day would needs go to hear what Wilson said, out of no other design, it seems, but to scoff at that holy man; but, in the prayer before sermon, his heart began to thaw, and when he

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There are divers things to be observed in those providences by which men are led to the receiving of Jesus Christ, viz.:

The wonderful strangeness and unaccountableness of this work of Providence in casting us into the way, and ordering the occasions, yea, the minutest circumstances about this work. Thus you find in Acts viii. 26—30. The eunuch, at that very instant when he was reading the prophet Isaiah, hath an interpreter, one among a thousand, that joins his chariot just as his mind was, by a fit occasion, prepared to receive the first light of the knowledge of Christ.

So, for the conversion of the Samaritans, it is observed (John iv. 4), Christ must needs go that way, because it lay just in the road betwixt Judea and Galilee, and at the sixth hour, *i. e.*, high noon, he rests himself upon Jacob's well, still seeming to have no other design but his own refreshment, by sitting and drinking there; but, oh! what a train of blessed providences follow this, which seemed but an accidental thing! First, the woman of Samaria, and then many more in that city, are brought to believe in Christ, as you find in verses 29 and 41.

It is noted by Melchior Adams, in the life of Junius, how very an atheist he grew in his younger years; but, in order to his conversion to God, a wonderful preservation of his life, in a public tumult at Lyons, in France, must first make way, which forces from him the acknowledgment of a Deity; then his father sends for him home, and with much gentleness persuades him to read the Scriptures; he lights upon the first of John, and with it he sensibly feels a divine, supernatural majesty and power seizing his soul, which brought him over by a complete conversion to Jesus Christ. Thus, as the woman of Tekoah told David, "doth God devise means to bring back his banished."

Lavater tells us that many Spanish soldiers, going into the wars of Germany, were there converted to Christ by falling into the cities and towns where godly ministers and Christians were.

Mr. Robert Bolton, though an excellent scholar, yet in his younger years was a very irreligious person, and a jeerer of holy men; but, being cast into the company of the godly Mr. Peacock, was by him brought to repentance, and proved a famous instrument in the Church of Christ.

A scrap of paper accidentally coming to view hath been used as an occasion of conversion. This was the case of a minister of Wales, who had two livings, but took little care of either. He being at a fair, bought something at a pedlar's standing, and rent off a leaf of Mr. Perkins' catechism to wrap it in, and reading a line or two in it, God sent it home so as it did the work.

The marriage of a godly man into a carnal family hath been ordered by Providence for the conversation and salvation of many therein. Thus we read, in the life of that renowned English worthy, Mr. John Bruen, that, in his second match, it was agreed that he should have one year's diet in his mother-in-law's house; during his abode there that year (saith Mr. Clark), the Lord was pleased, by his means, graciously to work upon her soul, as also upon his wife's sister, and half-sister, their brothers, Mr. William and Mr. Thomas Fox, with one or two of the servants in that family.

The reading of a good book hath been the means of bringing others to Christ. And thus we find many of the German divines converted by reading Luther's books: yea, and what is more strange, Mr. Sleiden, in his "Commentary," tells us that Vergerius, though he were present an eye and ear-witness to that doleful case of Spira, which one would think should move a stone, yet still continued so firm to the Pope's interest, that when he fell into some suspicion among the cardinals, he resolved to purge himself by writing a book against the German apostates; but whilst he reads the Protestant books, out of no other design but to confute them, whilst he is weighing the arguments, is himself convinced and brought to Christ. He, finding himself thus overcome by the

truth, imparts his conviction to his brother, a zealous papist also; this brother deplores the misery of his case, and seeks to reclaim him; but Vergerius, entreating him to weigh well the Protestant arguments, also yields; and so both immediately betook themselves to preach justification by the free grace of God through the blood of Christ.

Yea, not only the reading of a book, or hearing of a minister, but (which is most remarkable) the very mistake or forgetfulness of a minister hath been improved by Providence for this end and purpose. Augustine, once preaching to his congregation, forgot the argument which he first proposed, and fell upon the errors of the Manichees, beside his first intention; by which discourse he converted one Firmus, his auditor, who fell down at his feet weeping, and confessing he had lived a Manichee many years. Another I knew, who, going to preach, took up another Bible than that he designed, in which, not only missing his notes, but the chapter in which his text lay, was put to some loss thereby; but, after a short pause, he resolved to speak to any other Scripture that might be presented to him, and, accordingly, read the text, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise" (2 Pet. iii. 9): and though he had nothing prepared, yet the Lord helped him to speak both methodically and pertinently from it; by which discourse a gracious change was wrought upon one in the congregation, who hath since given good evidence of a sound conversion, and acknowledged this sermon to be the first and only means thereof.

The accompanying of others, in a neighbourly civil visit, hath been overruled to the same end. Thus many of the Jews, accompanied Mary into Bethany, designing only to manifest their civil respect; but there they met Christ, saw the things which He did, and believed on Him (John xi. 45).

Mr. Firmin, in his "Real Christian," tells us of one who had lived many years in a town where Christ had been as clearly and as long preached as in any town in England. This man, when he was about seventy-six years of age, went to visit a sick neighbour. "A Christian friend of mine," saith the author, "came to see him also; and finding this old man there, whom he judged to be one that lived upon his own stock, civility, good works, &c., he purposely fell into that discourse to show how many persons lived upon their duties, but never came to Christ. The old man, sitting by the bedside, heard him, and God was pleased to convince him that he was such a person who had lived upon himself, without Christ, to that day; and would say afterwards, Had I died before threescore and sixteen, I had perished, for I knew not Christ."

The committing of a godly man to prison hath been the method of Providence to save the soul of a poor keeper. So Paul (Acts xvi. 27) was made a prisoner, to make his keeper a spiritual freeman. The like success had Dr. Barnes, in Queen Mary's days, who afterwards celebrated the Lord's Supper in prison with his converted keeper.

The scattering of ministers and Christians, by persecution, from cities and towns, into the ignorant and barbarous parts of the country, hath been the way of Providence to find out and bring home some lost sheep to Jesus Christ (Acts viii. 1—4). The like signal event hath since followed upon the like scattering of godly ministers, whereof are made pregnant instances at this day.

A servant running away from his master, likely upon no other design but to live an idle life, yet falling into such places and companies as Providence ordered in a design to him unknown, hath thereby been brought to be a servant of Christ. This was the very case of Onesimus, who ran away from his master Philemon, to Rome, where, by a strange providence, possibly a mere curiosity to see the prisoners, he there falls into Paul's hands, who begat him to Christ in his bonds (Philemon, verses 10—16).

Going to hear a sermon in *jest* hath proved some men's conversion in *earnest*. The above-named Mr. Firmin, in the fore-cited book, tells us of a notorious drunkard whom the drunkards called "Father," that one day would needs go to hear what Wilson said, out of no other design, it seems, but to scoff at that holy man; but, in the prayer before sermon, his heart began to thaw, and when he

read his text, which was, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (John v. 14), he could not contain; and in that sermon the Lord changed his heart, though formerly so bitter an enemy, that the minister on lecture days was afraid to go to church before his shop door. "Lo, these are parts of His ways: but how small a portion is known of Him!"

The dropping of some grave and weighty word, accidentally, in the presence of vain carnal persons—the death of a husband, wife, or child—a fit of sickness, with a thousand other such-like occasions—have been thus improved by Providence to the conversion of souls.

And no less remarkable and wonderful are the designs of Providence, in ordering the removes, and governing the motions of ministers from place to place, in order to the conversion of souls. Thus, oftentimes, it carries them to places where they intended not to go; God having, unknown to them, some elect vessels there, who must be called by the Gospel.

Thus Paul and Timothy, a sweet and lovely pair, when they were travelling through Phrygia and Galatia, were forbid to preach the Word in Asia, to which probably their minds inclined (Acts xvi. 6); and when they essayed to go into Bithynia, the Spirit suffered them not (verse 7); but a man of Macedonia—*i. e.*, an angel in the shape or habit of a man of that country—appeared to Paul in a vision, and prayed him saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us" (verse 9); and there did God open the heart of Lydia.

I know a pious minister, now with God, who, falling in his study upon a very rousing subject, intended for his own congregation, was strongly moved, when he had finished it, to go to a rude, vile, profane people, about five miles off, and first preach it to them; after many wrestlings with himself, not being willing to quench any motion that might be supposed to come from the Spirit of God, he obeyed and went to this people, who had then no minister of their own, and few durst come among them; and there did the Lord, beyond all expectation, open a door, and several profane ones received Christ in that place, and engaged this minister to a weekly lecture among them, in which many souls were won to God.

The same holy man, at another time, being upon a journey, passed by a company of vain persons, who were wrestling upon a green near the road; and just as he came against the place, one of them had thrown his antagonist, and stood triumphing in his strength and activity. This good man rode up to them, and turning his speech to this person, told him, "Friend, I see you are a strong man, but yet let not the strong man glory in his strength: you must know that you are not to wrestle with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness: how sad will it be that Satan should at last trip up the heels of your hope, and give you an eternal overthrow!" And after about a quarter of an hour's serious discourse upon this subject he left them, and went on his journey; but this discourse made such an impression, that the person had no rest till he opened his trouble to a godly minister, who, wisely following the work upon his soul, saw at last the blessed issue thereof in the gracious change of the person, whereof he afterwards gave the minister a joyful account. Oh! how unsearchable are the methods of Providence in this matter!

The Harp.

THE monarch of Israel sits moody and vex'd.
With the cares of his crown and his people perplex'd,
And the furrows of anger are stamp'd on his brow;
Who envies King Saul in his majesty now?

And dark and yet darker the deepening gloom,
As the twilight's faint shadows are cast o'er the room,
And the passion he nurses more vividly burns,
As restless and fever'd he tosses and turns.

But the sound of sweet music comes over his ear,
And his heart calmer beats as he listens to hear,
And the demon is banish'd that tortured his brain,
As the touch of the harper restores him again.

And we, when oppress'd with the troubles of life,
When wearied with labour, with turmoil, with strife,
Have a balm that can soothe us, can chase ev'ry care,
The Harp of the soul, the sweet music of PRAYER.

C. C.

The London Association.

ON the 10th of November Special Meetings were held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle for promoting the union of Baptist Ministers and Churches. In the morning the pastors met to the number of eighty. Mr. Brock presided, and Mr. Lewis acted as Secretary. After some devotional exercises, rules for a proposed union were read, and considered *seriatim*. Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Landels, Mr. Stovel, Mr. Stent, Mr. Bloomfield, Mr. Lewis, Dr. Angus, Mr. J. Spurgeon, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Hobson, Dr. Burns, and Dr. Underhill, took part in the discussion. The rules as agreed upon were—

"1. That an Association be formed, to be called 'The London Association of Baptist Ministers holding Evangelical Sentiments, and the Churches under their care.' 2. That the objects contemplated by this Association be—the co-operation of the Associated Churches in efforts to advance the kingdom of Christ in connection with the Baptist denomination in London and its suburbs;—the promotion of Christian union amongst their officers and members;—the erection of at least one chapel in each year in the metropolis or its suburbs;—and the adoption of such measures as shall from time to time be deemed conducive to the prosperity and consolidation of the Associated Churches. 3. That, for the purpose of carrying out the objects contemplated by this Association, a meeting be held every quarter of a year in one of the chapels of the Associated Churches. The pastors of the Associated Churches to be convened at eleven o'clock a.m., for the purposes of united prayer and conference. The pastors and delegates to meet at four p.m. for the despatch of business, and the proceedings of the day to terminate with a public prayer-meeting or a sermon, or in such other way as shall be determined upon at the meeting of the members and delegates, held three months previously. 4. That the first quarterly meeting in each year shall be called the annual meeting, when, in addition to the ordinary business, the report of the proceedings for the past year shall be presented to the members and delegates, and they shall proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the appointment of the time and place for each of the quarterly meetings which shall be held in different districts of the metropolis. 5. That each of the churches included in the Association be entitled to send one member as a delegate to the quarterly meetings; that churches having 250 members be entitled to send two delegates; and churches having more than 250 members be entitled to send one delegate for each additional 250 members. 6. That tutors of denominational colleges, and secretaries of denominational societies, being Baptists, be eligible for election to membership. 7. That the business of this Association be carried out by a President, who shall act as Chairman of all meetings of the Association during his term of office, a Treasurer, an Executive Committee of eleven, and a Secretary,—all to be elected annually, by the members and delegates, by ballot. In case of the unavoidable absence of the President of the Association, the meeting to have power to choose a Chairman. The Committee to meet not less frequently than once in each month,—five to form a quorum,—and its minutes to be read at each quarterly meeting. The Committee to have the power of calling special meetings of the members and delegates. 8. That the working expenses of the Association be defrayed by a proportionate contribution from each church. 9. That in order to certify the genuineness of chapel cases, and similar extraordinary appeals for pecuniary help, the signatures of the President, Treasurer, and Secretary, be appended to all cases which have received the approval of the Executive Committee. 10. That churches, pastors, and officers of societies, applying for admission to this Association, be proposed at one quarterly meeting, and voted for, by ballot, at the next—the votes of three-fourths of the members and delegates present being necessary for admission. 11. That no alteration be made in these rules until three months' notice has been given, and the consent of three-fourths of the members and delegates present obtained to such alteration. 12. That the pastors and representatives of the churches present at this meeting

be requested to submit this plan to their respective churches, and that the wish to join the Association be communicated to Mr. Lewis, Secretary *(pro tem.)*, on or before the 1st of January, 1866; together with the names and addresses of the pastors and delegates. 13. That the following gentlemen have power to convene the First Meeting of the Associated Churches, as soon after the 1st of January, 1866, as may be convenient—Messrs. Brock, Landels, C. H. Spurgeon."

Dinner was provided by the deacons of the Tabernacle, after which the pastors were joined by about 150 deacons of Baptist Churches; Mr. Brock again presided, and prayer and praise having been offered, the rules were read and received the sanction of the church officers.

In the evening a fourth of the Great United Prayer Meetings was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when the building was completely filled in every part, numbers being unable to obtain seats. There was an additional interest and importance attached to this meeting from the fact, that it was held in connection with the Conference, having for its object the promotion of unity, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon presided as on former occasions, and in introducing the objects for which they were gathered together said, "It may be well just to tell you, that your prayers may be with understanding why, and what it is we have met together for. This morning eighty of us, pastors of Baptist Churches—consider what cause for thankfulness in the number—met together to lay down a certain basis upon which we might unite in an association. This afternoon many church officers assembled, and it is proposed to each church represented by them, that they should send us word by the 1st of January, how far they will be able to join with us; so that the union once formed may not be marred by future emendations. Now, you see, beloved friends, that since God has been with us we want to have his manifest smile upon us to-night, and I cannot conceive of a better stamp or seal put upon it than that we should all feel a spirit of united desire that sinners may be converted to God. I take the position of leading this meeting, having led similar large gatherings before; and permit me to ask our friends to be all of them very brief; no need for length when there are so many to address the throne. God make us all come to the throne and ask for what we want, and leave off when we have done. Now, it will be well to commence the meeting with a song of praise; after we have sung a few verses of praise, I shall ask our dear friend, Mr. Brock, to pray for the unity and revival of our churches: what can we better sing than the One Hundredth Psalm, to the Old Hundredth tune?"

Psalm One Hundredth, verses 4, 5, and Doxology were then sung, after which Mr. Brock engaged in prayer.

Mr. Spurgeon: "Let us sing this verse asking to be taught how to pray:—

'O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.'

and then we will have two brief prayers, asking for the revival of our churches, and the manifest work of the Holy Ghost. Our brothers, Frank White, and Varley will kindly try to lay hold of the Angel of the covenant."

After which, Mr. Spurgeon said, "We all of us know that the revival of the whole must be by the revival of each one. Perhaps now will be the time to have a few minutes of silent prayer, in which each heart should seek to draw near to God, and make its own petition known, whispering in the ear of the Lord Jesus Christ. Before doing so, a verse setting forth our position at the foot of the cross may well be sung.

'Nothing in my hand 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!'

Now, dear friend, let the next two or three minutes be between God and thy own soul. Peradventure thou art not converted; it will be well that thou

shouldst ask thyself what thou doest here to-night, in the midst of this people; and while the question is being asked, may the Lord lead thee to see his great love in Jesus Christ, and may the time of silence be the time when thou shalt find the Saviour. To the believer I suggest these thoughts. We meet for unity; think of what thou mayst have done in the past to put the brethren at variance; of the hard thoughts thou hast had; of the unkind words; think of thine own want of diligence in God's work; thy want of perfect love to Christ Jesus, and humble thyself, and pray that from henceforth thou mayest contribute to the good of the church of which thou art a member, and to the benefit of other churches, and to the unity of all churches of which Christ is the head. I do aver, God the Holy Ghost being our witness, that we have met together to seek union; seek union with each church of Jesus Christ, and with the Master himself. Let these two or three minutes be occupied with penitence for former disunion, and earnest cries that God may knit us together as one man, and give us such a blessing that there may not be room enough to receive it. Let us pray." After two or three minutes spent in silent prayer, Mr. Spurgeon led the assembly in devotion.

Mr. Spurgeon: "I will now call upon our dear brother Mr. Landels to say a word or two, as he may be moved; pray for him, that every word may be blessed to those who hear."

Mr. Landels: "Dear brethren, we know that the Lord has been here in answer to prayer; we may surely expect some blessed answer, as so many Christian hearts are united in common supplication at the throne of grace. We know what prayers have done in days of old; how, when the disciples were met together with one accord the Spirit came down like a rushing mighty wind, sitting on the brethren like tongues of fire, firing all hearts with love, and nerving them all with power to go forth and work. We know that God changes not, and as of old so now he will fulfil his promise; may we not expect, therefore, in answer to our prayers, a large outpouring of the Divine Spirit? Many of us feel, too, that it is a blessed thing when so many have been brought together from scores of churches, to seek unitedly the divine blessing upon the efforts which are being put forth. That union, as Mr. Spurgeon has said, has been pointed at in the wishes of many for some time past: to-day there seemed so earnest a desire for it, that all little objections were speedily overborne. Surely that is a token for good. I think our past disunion has been our disgrace; many good works have languished for want of the help that we might have afforded had we been united; reproach has been brought on the cause of Christ. I feel we are all verily guilty in this matter, and had we forgotten self more, and sought the advancement of the cause of Christ, there would not have been these obstructions. It is a matter of thankfulness that these are removed. Men and women who have access unto the Father, bought by the blood of the Son, inspired by the same Spirit, should ever be one in heart. It seems to me to have been a happy inspiration coming from the Author of all good, to lead to so many ministers to come together to-day; it is a matter of devout thankfulness that a spirit of love has presided over our assembly, and guided us not only unanimously but heartily; it is the provision of a gracious Providence that we have this spacious place to assemble in, where so many can come together in prayer; not often have so many united together as have united now in offering prayer to Almighty God, so many prayers going up with one voice: all this, I think, is an earnest for good, an intimation that God will do great things for us yet, take away our reproach, and send down his blessing upon us for evermore. We know that our union will tend to nothing without the divine blessing; but then all good will come in answer to united prayer; we have only to ask that we may receive, to seek that we may find, to knock that it may be opened to us; and when our divisions are healed, at least one great obstacle has been taken away. If we do not grieve the Holy Ghost, if we put away all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking, and cherish that love which flows from the Spirit, then we may expect to see a mighty result. But, dear brethren,

as you have heard to-night, very much of the result for which we look depends really on individual religious life; if our churches are to be better, *we* must be better, we must rise above our selfishness; and you members, too, must seek to rise above yourselves, and enter into the Master's work with greater consecration: we must have our business engaged in with the conviction that all our gains are to be consecrated to Christ's service, and we are to glorify God by our daily occupation: we must feel that the work of winning souls is the great work unto which we are called, and that end must be sought in all we do. I believe that great good may result from our meeting together time after time for common supplication, and to deliberate upon the means to be adopted for our Saviour's cause; but it will all depend on the spirit in which we come together, each of us bringing so much of the divine fire in our own souls that we can kindle it in others, and making all our energies in sacrifice to our Master's cause. How many souls around us are perishing! How little we have done to rescue them! to set before them the Saviour in all his fulness, and freeness, and sufficiency! We must take a more decided part in the great work of winning souls. Let us now, as we appear before God's throne, think of the sin of the past and confess it: in the moments of silent devotion, let us pour out our hearts, and where there is any consciousness of being wrong, there let us say, 'I have been wrong here, I have been wrong *there*, in fact I have been wrong altogether.' Let us humble ourselves before the Lord, humbly seeking divine help that in time to come we may render nobler service, may realise blessings to ourselves and be the means of imparting them to others. Oh that the Divine Spirit in all the plenitude of his power may rest upon this people, and grant that our prayers may return in showers of blessing on our head! Oh that those who may still present our prayers may be more earnest that God may lift up the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace."

Mr. Spurgeon: "Beloved friends, I think we must say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' I shall call upon Brother William Olney to pray for us ministers, and as I ask him, I call upon every faithful soul here, and I speak the language of our brethren here, do I not, my brethren? when I say, 'pray *for us*.'"

Mr. Olney prayed.

Mr. Spurgeon: "We must now give up the rest of the meeting to the one great prayer for the conversion of sinners; may the Lord guide our brethren to draw close to the throne, for after all we shall not think we have a blessing, unless we see the increase of the Church. We will sing a verse of that hymn, 'There is a fountain fill'd with blood.' God bless it to those who sing it. Now to the work of prayer; may I ask special brevity? I will call upon Mr. Bloomfield and Mr. Stott to pray, and then I shall be thankful if our brother Brock will read a few verses of God's Word, and if he should be moved, perhaps he will say a word or two to sinners."

When Mr. Bloomfield and Mr. Stott had engaged in supplication for the conversion of sinners, Mr. Brock read Romans x. 1—13.

Mr. Spurgeon: "All who know the Lord will sing an invitation to sinners. I have read of a son who ran away from home, and when he came back he was afraid to enter into his father's house. It was evening, and he listened outside the door, and he heard the family within singing a hymn, which had in it a reference to their hope that he might return; this encouraged him to enter the house. Now, sinner, outside mercy's door, shivering in the darkness to-night, thank God it is not the outer darkness for ever yet; now be comforted while you hear your brethren sing these words:—

'From the Mount of Calvary,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done!
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"'

Again let us unite in prayer. Our dear friend Mr. Tucker will plead first, and

Mr. Offord will follow him." When Mr. Tucker had prayed, Mr. Offord said, "Before I further lead your devotions I shall recite one Scripture; '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.' I feel led to say one word on that, and it is, that we may humble ourselves and pray for sinners at one and the same time."

Prayer having been offered, Mr. Spurgeon said: "I think we have felt the spirit of prayer; sinner, do you not feel in the atmosphere of hope? Hast thou no prayer for thy soul? Are eternal burnings such as thou canst bear without trying to escape from them? Is Christ so little esteemed that there is no desire in thee toward him? May he bring thee to trust him now. We will solemnly sing one verse, and then I shall ask two more friends to pray." Mr. Clifford and Mr. Lewis then wrestled in prayer after the congregation had sung,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

When the two prayers were finished, Mr. Spurgeon again said, "I could not let you go without a manifestation that we intend unity. I should like an audible Amen from the ministers. We do desire to unite as pastors who love each other in the Lord; as many of us as do will say, *Amen*." This was responded to by the ministers. "And, Christian brethren, down below church officers, we can all say, I trust, we love one another; if so, say, *Amen*." The elders and deacons answered to this appeal. "And then, you who love the Lord, members of our churches, do we agree in this matter? As many of you as feel that you love each other in Christ say, Amen." The people responded most solemnly, AMEN. Although past the time we must sing this verse:—

'The head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.'"

The benediction was then pronounced, and the assembly dispersed.

Work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

SOON as the Metropolitan Tabernacle College began to assume a definite form, and promised to become a permanent institution, prejudices arose in certain quarters, and objections were urged against it. The Baptist denomination, it was alleged, had already made sufficient provision for the Collegiate training of its ministers; its colleges were capable of enlargement if required; but even in their present state they were with much difficulty sustained. The formation of a new college would excite jealousies and divisions in the denomination. A different class of preachers would arise both in sentiment and acquirements that would introduce new elements of counsel and of action that might tend to weakness and decay. Would it not be better, therefore, for Mr. Spurgeon to send his students to one or more of the existing colleges, either to pass through the usual course of training, or with such modifications as he might suggest? These considerations were plausible, but did not harmonise with the peculiar character of the new institution. They savoured more of the wisdom of man than of the power of God. The same circumstances, it was felt, which had forced this institution into being, should be left to guide its future course. It was a child both of Providence and grace, and upon these it should be cast for its future support. It was expressly designed, moreover, to meet a certain demand which other colleges were unable to supply; and to which they could not well be adapted without interfering with

their original constitution and design. Many young men full of zeal to make known to others what they had tasted and felt of the Word of life, and who needed only a certain course of training in order to accomplish their purpose with comfort to themselves and profit to others, were precluded from institutions which had been professedly established for that end, either because they had not the preliminary education required, or because neither they nor their friends were able to contribute to their support. Thus encouragement was given to some to aspire to the office of the Christian ministry, and a prohibition was laid upon others. The educational and pecuniary qualifications, if not the first consideration, were essential to success. The men of burning zeal, and ready utterance, must stand aside to allow the men of less substantial, but of more circumstantial, acquirements, to enter in. Upon what grounds had the opinion been founded that men of education and fortune alone possessed the gifts and graces that are needful for the Christian ministry? Might it not be that even to this work not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. Certainly we have no right to impose human restrictions upon an office which the Head of the Church has left free to all ranks and gradations of men. We do not hold that uneducated men should be encouraged at once to enter the Christian ministry, but that it is possible to furnish them with an education solely for that end, and that within a comparatively short period of time. We hold, too, that, provided they have a little more piety, prayerfulness, and zeal, such teachers will become more effective for all the great purposes of preaching, than those who far exceed them in literary attainments. This was the experiment to be tried. Collegiate training had hitherto been limited to a particular class of candidates, and to a particular kind and amount of education; and the tendency has recently been to restrict the preliminary qualifications within still narrower bounds, and to bring our Dissenting colleges into nearer approximation with the ancient Universities of our land. The literary attainments of our ministers, it has been said, must advance with the literature of the age. They must be prepared to stand in the foremost ranks of the scholars and critics of their day; and must have earned some literary degree, if they would secure the public confidence in their teaching. A strong current, not of public opinion, but of effort on the part of the tutors and directors of our colleges, has of late years been accumulating in that direction. What has the result been? Have the students that have passed through the new method of training been better preachers, more earnest, more eloquent, more adapted to the tastes and circumstances of their hearers, than those who preceded them? Have they taken more commanding positions, and been more effective in their ministrations? Have they more clearly and consistently interpreted and enforced the truths of God's Word? We unhesitatingly answer, No! The men who are the most effective preachers of our day, as a rule, are not the men of high scholastic attainments; but look among them for the rationalistic perverters of the simplicity that is in Christ, and you will not look in vain. This effect, we grant, is not to be attributed to literature itself, but to the undue influence assigned it as a needful and primary element in the Christian teacher, to the undue authority claimed for it in the exposition of divine truth, and consequently to a diminished reliance upon a prayerful and experimental discernment of spiritual things. Such a state of things might well lead us to pause, and to begin to think of retracing our steps, or at least to adopt some new method of collegiate training, better adapted to the real wants of the age. This has been done for us by God himself, in raising up, sustaining, and accompanying with many signal tokens of his favour the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. Stimulated by its example, other institutions, similar in their principle and design, have been formed with encouraging prospects amongst the Independents; and the whole subject of collegiate training is undergoing revision amongst the principal bodies of Dissenters. The College at the Tabernacle is no longer an experiment; it is an established fact. Numbers have gone from it, of whose success in the direct object of a preached gospel, we shall be

able to give a very favourable account. Many have succeeded, where others had failed. In many parts, where for want of sympathy with the condition of the people, and adaptation to their habits of thought and feeling, a Christian Pastor could not be sustained, the Church has been revived, and provision has been made for the minister's support. Some of the students have risen to considerable eminence, and have occupied important stations in their denomination; and others have established new and flourishing Churches. In both these respects the results have been equal to those of other colleges, which make them their sole aim. Facts have clearly shown there was ample room for this college, and that it has become increasingly needful. What it may become we cannot tell. For what it has been, and what it now is, we are thankful. The great Head of the Church has called it to do a great work, and until that is accomplished it must remain. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

G. R.

Reviews.

The Christian World, a weekly Newspaper, price One Penny.

This is a marvel among newspapers both for its singular cheapness, and its enormous circulation. How it can be produced for one penny amazes us, but its wide circulation is easily accounted for by its excellence, its liberal spirit, and its practical aim. Almost every other journal claiming to be undenominational, has become namby-pamby, truckling, timorous, and anything-arian, but the editor of the *Christian World* is manly in his utterances, and decided in his teachings, keeping back no truth because of its angularity or unpopularity. He gags none of us, but does his best to give an impartial platform to all; he commits himself to no person's peculiarities, but is willing to assist any man in earnest efforts to do good. His leading articles are admirable, his selections judicious, and his news fresh and varied. We recommend everything except that which very many readers like best, viz., the religious novels, and if we should ever be able to screw our grim judgment round to allow us to recommend works of fiction, we should most certainly put the tales in the *Christian World* in a very high place; not that we have read one of them through, but having taken tasters out of them, as traders do out of cheeses, we have a full assurance that the promotion of high-toned morality and practical godliness is the aim of the gifted writers. Our friends have no need that we should urge them to do their utmost to support and extend the influence of a paper so excellent; but we felt in duty bound to speak our mind once more to assure them that the *Christian World* commands our constant and increasing confidence, and we heartily join the Editor in the hope that his weekly sale will reach to One Hundred Thousand, towards which point it is gradually approaching.

The Baptist Messenger is still our friend and ally. It is one of the most useful and excellent of the Penny Magazines.

Apologetic Lectures on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity. By Dr. C. E. Luthardt; translated by Sophia Taylor. Clark, Edinburgh; Hamilton, Adams & Co., London.

At the outset the author informs us of his design: "The task which I propose to myself in these lectures is to state the general truths on which Christianity is founded, and to justify them in the presence of modern thought." With much profit we have studied this most important work, and intend to go through it chapter by chapter in our College Classes. It is not a book for the many but for the meditative few. Germany which has taught so many to doubt, has done much to help men to believe. Minds of superior culture, desiring to know the history of the rise and fall of empires of sceptical speculation, and to

be confirmed in allegiance to the kingdom which abideth for ever, will find in this volume exactly what they require. We wish some wealthy person would present all our theological students with a copy.

The Shepherd and his Flock; or the Keeper of Israel, and the Sheep of his Pasture. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Nisbet & Co.

THE fame of Dr. Macduff's previous volumes will prepare the Christian public to expect much from him upon this congenial theme, and they will not be disappointed. The book will not only be bought because of its elegant exterior, but *read* because of the intrinsic excellence of the matter. Modern theology is rarely to our taste, but we make an exception in a few cases, and in this especially. The author feeds us while he describes the pasture, and with rich spirituality of mind enters into fellowship with the Great Shepherd, and leads the gracious reader up to the same state of privilege. May our Lord bless the man to whom He has given grace to write so sweetly of the Master and His flock.

Missionary Geography. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston, 59, Ludgate Hill.

AN excellent idea, and well carried out. Whatever tends to bring the different spheres of Missionary enterprise nearer to our view, and to interest youth in foreign Missions, is doing real service to the Church of Christ. This book is a well-directed effort for these ends. It is valuable for its geographical information upon parts not much included in school geography; but chiefly for its comprehensive and impartial description of the modern effects of Christianity in heathen lands. It may aid considerably those who thirst for Mission-work in the selection of a field of labour suited to their physical constitution, and their mental and other capacities; and may serve to guide them in their preparations for the sphere they have chosen.

Memoir and Sermons of J. Clifford Hooper. Edited by the Rev. F. THOMAS. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE subject of this Memoir was a Minister of the Congregational Denomination, first at Brighton, and then in London, who in the forty-second year of his age was suddenly removed from the midst of active labours to his rest. The brief history of his career is replete with interest, and the discourses on the occasion of his decease are well worth perusing; but the sermons of the departed form the most pleasing and instructive part of the volume. There is a simplicity, a uniformity, a sincerity, an impressiveness, and withal an originality in these sermons, not often to be met with on occasions of this kind. Though not prepared for the press, they are far superior to many that are. There is no attempt to startle or allure by singularity of sentiment or eccentricity of style. The leading doctrines of the gospel are expounded and enforced with animation and zeal. We should like to see other discourses from the same pen, especially as we are informed that those we have were not selected for their superiority to others, but as indicating the direction of the author's thoughts and feelings not long before his decease. "Preached," as it is said of them in the Preface, "Preached as they were at the close of a comparatively short but useful ministry, it is remarkable how, as by anticipation, they bear on the great life beyond. They sound like the earnest utterances of one who felt that he was standing on the very borders of 'the better land,' and whose soul was fired with the desire that his hearers might be its eternal inheritors." This witness is true. We cannot read these discourses without hearing sounds from the better land.

Persuasives to Early Piety. By J. G. PIKE. The Religious Tract Society.

THIS work is too well known to need commendation by us. It has done good service in the world, and "its eye is not dim, nor its natural force abated." Its republication by the Tract Society will enable it, we trust, to go forth in all its original might. It is well worth the notice of all who take special interest in youthful piety.

While they are with us. The Religious Tract Society.

THE object of this little volume is less

lofty and direct than that of the preceding. It is designed to inculcate, by a series of pleasant tales, the duty of promptness in the exercise of charity. It is well adapted to its end, and, we hope, will have its reward.

The Test of Truth. By MARY JANE GRAHAM. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A CALM and forcible appeal to those who sincerely, or insincerely, doubt the authenticity of the Divine Word. The argument is new, and is illustrated by the author's own experience. She is thoroughly in earnest, as one who seeks to warn others of the gulf into which she had well-nigh fallen. The style is clear and pure, and the reasoning is cautious and conclusive.

Tales for the Train. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

WE have here the adventures of a pious youth who sought opportunities, in spite of the difficulties of position and circumstances, to speak faithfully to the souls of others. Am I a follower of Jesus? is the question upon which these adventures turn. The manner in which the subject of religion is occasionally introduced is of questionable propriety, to say the least. The attractiveness of the Cross does not come so much from itself in this book, as from the garlands that are thrown around it. The romance of this life is singularly combined with the realities of the life to come; but there are many wise and godly sayings, which some, we hope, will gather up for their eternal good.

A Catechism of the Doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren. By the Rev. THOMAS CROSKERY. James Nisbet.

NEARLY all the errors of Plymouth Brethrenism are here adduced and ably refuted. The manner in which this is done by questions and answers, presents the several points of controversy more distinctly and intelligibly before a large class of readers. The reasoning throughout is closely founded upon the Scriptures, and there is no intermingling of ungenerous feeling with the consciousness of superiority in debate. We should like to have seen the perversion of the great doctrine of imputed righteousness more prominently dealt with.

Patrick Murphy, or Popery in Ireland. Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a bold and startling exposure of the secret doings and intentions of Popery in Ireland. It digs through the well and lets in upon the abominations of convents and cloisters the light of day. It is exceedingly well written, and being founded upon a narrative of facts has more than the charms of a clever romance. Patrick Murphy writes with strong feeling, which is fully accounted for by the part he sustains in the narrative. His censure of the "powers that be," both in Ireland and the seat of government in this country, for their connivance at the deceptions and unconstitutional daring of Romanism is, we fear, not altogether undeserved. We strongly recommend the book to every true Protestant.

Benaiah: a Tale of the Captivity. By Mrs. WEBB. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THERE is a growing taste in our day for religious novels. We do not hail it as one of the best signs of the times, and cannot, therefore, commend the volume before us so highly as, on account of the talent and piety of the author, we could desire. It is perhaps one of the best of its kind, and we sincerely hope it may answer its design, which evidently is to draw attention to the Scriptures rather than to produce a love for what is merely soothing and sentimental.

The Christian Brave. Edited by the Rev. T. SEAVILL. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE Christian is the true hero, in comparison of whom none of the heroes of world-wide reputation is deserving of the name. Let the Christian but act out his principles, and this must be acknowledged both by the Church and the world. "The Christian Brave," in the instance before us, was a Mr. A. Roberts, who, in entire dependence upon Providence for support, wandered from country to country in search of the most

afflicted, oppressed, and despised, in order to impart to them, with the most sympathetic tenderness, the consolations of the gospel. It is due to him, to the editor who has brought his character before us, and much more to ourselves, to endeavour to imbibe his spirit, and, as far as circumstances allow, to follow his example.

Daily Reflections. By G. WYARD, Vol. III. J. Briscoe, Banner Street, Finsbury.

BOOKS of this kind are always valuable, even when they possess little more than ordinary merit. If they are but scriptural, with much gospel truth, agreeably diversified, and deeply experimental, they can hardly fail to be extensively serviceable to the Church of Christ. Amidst the great variety of morning and evening portions, as tastes and sentiments differ, and the best human works by repetition may lose their interest, there is ample room for Mr. Wyard's "Daily Reflections," which need one volume more only to complete the series. They are doctrinal, experimental, and practical, and in their proper relative proportions. We can safely recommend the work as a closet-companion, faithful and true.

The Sunday Scholar's Annual. First Series. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. E.C.

TALES are best suited to children; they arrest their attention, they remain long in their minds, and they contribute much towards the formation of their characters. They are a powerful means therefore in the education of youth for good or for evil. Those before us are highly commendable both in their tendency and design. How different from the nursery tales of olden times! In Sunday-schools this annual series will, we doubt not, obtain a wide circulation.

Words of Wisdom for the Sons of Toil. By GEORGE WILLIAM CONDER. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. These are Scriptural and earnest addresses, and well calculated to gain the attention of those for whose highest interests they are specially designed.—*The Logic of Life and Death.* By B. HARRIS COWPER. Elliot Stock. Few men are better able to cope with the infidel of modern times than the author of this treatise, of which this is one evidence amongst many.—*Character, and its External Signs.* By J. C. J. James Blackwood, Paternoster Row. The subject of this book is one which might repel rather than attract most of our readers. The external signs of character, here alluded to, are not words or actions; they lie nearer to the internal signs than even these; the head must be uncovered in reverence as they beam forth; they are the emanations of the cranium within which the whole work of the mind is carried on. We are not alarmists on the subject of phrenology, nor are we disposed to ridicule inquiries into the why and wherefore of any part of the works of God. There may be something in it, but the great difficulty, as yet, has been to get that something out of it. We may welcome this work as an honest attempt of this kind. — *Burrow's Protestant Dissenter's Manual.* Caryl Book Society, 4, Crane Court, Fleet Street. This is a valuable summary of the history, character, influence, and claims of Protestant Dissent in this country. It is just the kind of manual to put into the hands of those who, merely for the want of knowing better, speak and act as if there were little or no real difference between Episcopacy and Dissent.—*Unobtrusive Piety. A Memoir of Mrs. Mary Oliver.* By her HUSBAND. 2, Chatham Place, Walworth Road. The biography and self-recorded experience of this Christian lady are well worth preserving. By her own immediate connections, both social and religious, they will be greatly prized. Mrs. Oliver was a daughter of the Rev. John Chin, who laid the foundation of the prosperity of the Church now worshipping in Walworth Road Chapel, of whom, and his partner, interesting memoirs are given in the latter part of this volume.

Notices.

ON Wednesday evening, December 20th, the Annual Tea Meeting in connection with the College took place, which was very numerously attended. Ladies as usual provided the trays, that the whole proceeds might go to the

College funds. At the Public Meeting in the Tabernacle, after prayer was offered by Mr. William Olney, Mr. Spurgeon gave an account of the recent progress of the College. Upwards of thirty students had left for spheres of usefulness during the year. The funds had occasionally declined, but had always in a short time been replenished, so that there had not been much anxiety on that account. Addresses were given by three of the students; Mr. Page, Mr. Cuff, and Mr. Spurrier. Mr. Spurgeon then gave a rapid and graphic sketch of the work and character of Mr. William Knibb. This was followed by an address from Dr. Underhill upon the present state of Jamaica. The attendance was quite equal to any former occasion, and the attention was kept up with increasing interest to a late hour. It was one of the most encouraging meetings on behalf of the College that we have ever witnessed.

Bilston, Salem Chapel. On Tuesday, December 5th, a large tea-meeting was held at this place to celebrate its freedom from debt. The chair was occupied by Stephen Thompson, Esq. It appeared from the report of the secretary, that nearly £1,000 had been raised for building purposes since the settlement of Mr. Jackson six years ago, and that the bazaar alone had produced £297 5s. 7½d., inclusive of expenses, so that the rebuilding of the Chapel, the erection of a lecture-room, and the repairs and enlargement of the minister's house had not only been paid for, but a balance of £15 15s. 4½d. left in hand towards defraying the cost of a first-class warming apparatus which had just been introduced for the comfort of the congregation. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, J. Watson, B. Baker, and W. Jackson, of Bilston, D. Evans and T. W. Tozer, of Dudley, T. Hanson, of West Bromwich, J. Turner, of Wednesbury, and J. D. Rodway, of Caseley.

A *Committee of Privileges* has been appointed by the Baptist Union to take cognizance of all cases of oppression or persecution affecting the members of Baptist congregations. Applications for redress should be sent to the Baptist Library, 2, John-street, Bedford-row, with full particulars of the grievance complained of, addressed to the *Rev. Clement Bailhache*, Convener of Committee of Privileges.

Winslow, Bucks. Services in connection with the ordination of Mr. Robert Sole, student of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, were held at the above place on Friday, December 1st. The afternoon service was presided over by Rev. George Rogers, Theological Tutor of the College. Rev. G. Walker, of Fenny-Stratford (fellow student of Mr. Sole), read 2 Cor. iv. and offered prayer. The Rev. W. Allen, of Oxford, gave an excellent address on "The Constitution of a Christian Church as set forth in the New Testament." Rev. Robert Shindler, of Tring, proposed the usual questions to the Church and pastor. Rev. W. Piggott, of Aylesbury (Wesleyan), offered the ordination prayer, after which the charge was given to Mr. Sole by the Rev. George Rogers. A social tea-meeting followed, at which about a hundred were present. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which John Neale, Esq., of London, presided. Addresses were given by the Rev. J. Mountford, of Leighton-Buzzard (Baptist), on "The Duties of Church Members to their Pastor." The Rev. Robert Shindler, of Tring (Baptist), on "The Duties of Church Members to each other." Rev. T. D. Marshall, of London (Baptist), on "The Duties of Church Members to the World." Revs. J. Minett, Stantonbury, and Rae (Independent), of Winslow, also took part in the services.

On Tuesday evening, December 19th, Mr. J. B. Warren, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was recognized as Pastor of the Church assembling at Unicorn Yard, Tooley-street. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. A. G. Brown, of Bromley. A tea-meeting was held, after which there was a public meeting, at which W. Olney, Esq., presided. The speakers on the occasion were Mr. Evans, of Upton Chapel, Mr. Rogers, Tutor of the College, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. G. Hearson, of Vauxhall, Mr. Burton, of Kingsgate Chapel, J. Brown, Esq., and the newly-appointed Pastor, Mr. J. B. Warren. Mr. Gracey offered prayer. Upwards of £20 were collected, which extinguished the only remaining debt upon the Chapel.

The Bazaar.

BEYOND our most sanguine hopes, or most ardent expectations, goods are pouring in from friends innumerable, and with the parcels kind earnest words of sympathy as welcome as the gifts. The Parcels Delivery, Railway, and Carrier's Carts are coming and going every hour from the gate of the Tabernacle, their burdens proving that whatever may be wanting to the success of the Bazaar, certainly generosity on the part of our friends will not be lacking. Should any Contributors fail to receive an acknowledgment will they kindly excuse the oversight? for although all diligence is being used, as far as possible, to thank every one by letter, the number is very great, and some may possibly escape notice. Personally, as the Lord's servant, do we from the depth of our soul thank our many bountiful friends for helping us in the Lord's work; and pray that an abundant return may be given them from the Master whom they serve with us. Several gifts of money have been sent and privately acknowledged; but we judge that it would not be agreeable to the donors that we should publish their names, and indeed several are so entirely anonymous as to be even without initials, so that we could not publicly acknowledge them if we would. Will these also receive very grateful thanks? We go to press too early to be able to say a word as to the amount likely to be realized; but we joyfully trust that it will be so considerable as to enable us to aid in erecting several places of worship during the year.

NOTICE.—Several Correspondents urge us to give more of the Commentary upon the Psalms every month. We can scarcely *promise* this, for our time does not allow us to proceed very fast with this most laborious exposition; but next month we will endeavour to give two Psalms, and as large a quantity in future as we are able to write. We make a point of studying every work within our reach, and this makes the expounding of each Psalm a work requiring considerable time.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th, to December 19th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
A Christian Brother	0	5	0
Mr. Dodwell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Calander	5	5	0
Amy	1	1	0
Mrs. Brewer	1	0	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Mr. J. Bate	0	0	6
Mr. Davenport	0	6	0
Dr. Jabez Burns	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Chelsea, by F. H. White	5	10	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Mr. D. Parritt	0	7	0
A Friend, by Mr. G. Moore	1	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Woolwich, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mrs. Galloway	0	5	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, by J. W. Genders	0	2	0
R. W.	0	10	0
Mr. A. Sinclair	2	0	0
Mrs. Colonel Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Penston	5	5	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	0	0
Mr. Verrell	1	0	0
Mrs. Jephs	1	0	0
A Friend, Kingston	0	6	0
Faith	0	10	0
Redruth	0	2	0
Mr. Joynson	10	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
Collection at Southampton, by Mr. Collins	3	3	0
Mr. S. Cameron	1	0	0
Mr. Webdale	0	10	0
A Cambridgeshire Friend	0	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rossiter	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 27	28	7	8
" " " Dec. 4	23	0	0
" " " " 11	30	0	0
" " " " 18	20	3	11
	£201	16	1

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

A Spur for a Free Horse.

"Plough with an ox which will not miss a furrow."



IT is the desire of every right-minded believer in the Lord Jesus, not only to be useful, but to be more useful than ever. There is a six in the date of this year instead of a five, and therefore we should all make an advance in our work for our blessed Master. There are a few of us who could scarcely do more than we are doing of our own regular order of work, but there may yet be spare moments for little extra efforts of another sort which in the aggregate, in the run of a year, might produce a great total of real practical result. We must, like goldsmiths, carefully sweep our shops, and gather up the filings of the gold which God has given us in the shape of time. Select

a large box and place in it as many cannon-balls as it will hold, it is after a fashion full, but it will hold more if smaller matters be found. Bring a quantity of marbles, very many of these may be packed in the spaces between the larger globes; the box is full now, but only full in a sense, it will contain more yet. There are interstices in abundance into which you may shake a considerable quantity of small shot, and now the chest is filled beyond all question, but yet there is room. You cannot put in another shot or marble, much less another cannon-ball, but you will find that several pounds of sand will slide down between the larger materials, and even then between the granules of sand, if you empty yonder jug there will be space for all the water, and for the same quantity several times repeated. When there is no space for the great there may be room for the little; where the little cannot enter the less can make its way; and where the less is shut out, the least of all may find ample room and verge enough. Now the diligent preacher may not be able to preach more sermons; his engagement book is crowded. He may not be able to offer more public prayers, or to search the Word of God more constantly; there is as much time occupied with these things as could well be given to them. Still there must be stray moments, occasional intervals and snatches, which might hold a vast amount of little usefulnesses in the course of months and years. What a wealth of minor good, as we may think it to be, might be shaken down into the interstices of ten years' work, which might prove to be as precious in result, by the grace of God, as the greater works of the same period. Little fishes are sweet, and these little works might possess in blessing what they lacked in bulk.

In Switzerland, where land is very precious because rock abounds and the rugged soil is chary in its yieldings, you see the husbandman looking after a little tuft of grass growing on one of the edges of a lofty cliff. From the valley he had caught a sight of it and thought of clambering up to where it grew, but the rock was all too steep. From a ledge nearer the top of the precipitous wall he looked down, but could see no pathway to the coveted morsel of green. That armfull of grass would feed his goat, or help to fill the cottage loft with winter fodder for the cow. Every armful is an item, and he cannot forego that tempting clump. He looks, and looks, and looks again, but looks in vain. By-and-bye, he fetches his bold boy who can follow wherever a chamois can climb, but the boy after a hard scramble comes back with the tidings, "Father, it cannot be done." Father's answer is, "Boy, it must be done." It is only an armfull, and would not be worth a farthing to us, but to the poor mountaineer even a farthing or a farthing's worth is precious. The grass waves its flowers in the breeze and scorns the daring climbers from below; but where there is a will, there is a way; and what cannot be reached from below may be gained from above. With a rope slung round him, or firmly grasped in his accustomed hand, with a stout stake or tree to hold it up above, the Switzer is let down till he gets to the jutting crag, there he stands with his sickle, reaps the grass, ties it into a bundle, puts it under his arm, and climbing back again, joyfully returns with his little harvest. Poor pay, you think, for such dangerous toil; but, fellow-worker for Jesus, I wish we were as venturesome for souls, and as careful of them, as these poor peasants

are concerning miserable bundles of grass. I wish that we sometimes looked up or down upon apparently inaccessible spots, and resolved to reach immortal souls who are to be found there; and pined to bring them to Christ. Do you catch my thought? For fear you have not, I will enlarge. In my own case I have a broad field to work in; I can go on reaping, reaping, reaping from morning to night, and I shall never reach the end of it. Constantly addressing vast assemblies, I have a great work to do for God in the public preaching of the gospel; but there are certain little spots where the reaper in the great field never comes, for his work ties him to the many, and prevents him in a great degree from looking after the twos and threes. There are servants in families who cannot get out at the time when public services are held, and the preacher therefore does not touch them. There are persons living down back courts, or in narrow alleys, who never wear a Sunday suit, and do not know what the inside of a place of worship is like: half-clad, hunger-bitten relics of humanity, they are very seldom visible along the wider streets, except when the Princess Alexandra rides through them in state, or some other grand show draws even the dwellers in the depths of poverty to the surface for an hour; these receive but little benefit from the preaching of the Word, for they never hear it. It is mournfully interesting now and then, when a thief is caught, or a fire occurs, to see what a turn-out there is from our courts and slums—alas! the preacher's heart is sick as he sees that the influence of the gospel has never reached these. Now and then I see men and women glide along the pavement like ghosts, wearing clothing which even the rag-merchant would not buy; poor, broken-spirited, begrimed, gin-cursed beings, who have not even spirit enough left to beg, but flit along the street, looking like owls in the daylight, as if they were out of their haunts, and were uneasy till they were back again. Give them a sixpence, and they look at you with surprise, and almost with alarm; and before you can say a word, they vanish as mysteriously as if they had descended through the pavement. Even City missionaries cannot always get at these people. There are depths so low, that some of you have no more idea of them than you have of the holes of the rats in the great sewers; and yet in these depths lie God's pearls: who can get at them?

I have been wondering whether some of us are not so situated in business that in spare moments we might manage to reach these out-of-the-way people, and others in the same apparently inaccessible condition. When your merchant sends home your coals in sacks; an economical Paterfamilias likes to count the sacks; a grimy fellow comes to bring in the coals; cannot you have a word with that man about Jesus as well as about coals? Perhaps you have a printed sermon, or a tract, lying by on the shelf which the man might like to read. Fetch it down, hand it to him, and have a little talk upon the best things, for perhaps, he has never heard the message of salvation before in all his life. Mind you give him the expected coppers as well as the good Word, for a little liberality will help his memory wonderfully. At another time you may run under an archway in a shower, and the crossing sweeper is there too; it will not waste your time to tell him of Jesus till the rain is over. Even a breakdown in a cab, or a railway accident, may bring you into contact with somebody you

never saw or dreamed of before, and so afford you an unusual opportunity which may never occur again either to you or the person thrown in your way. In going along our busy streets, we frequently notice a crowd gathered round a fallen horse or a waggon with a broken wheel. It is odd how soon a crowd gathers when there is an attraction; there may not have been a dozen people in the street before, but there will be scores if not hundreds within five minutes if a couple of boys are fighting. Only stand and stare at a smoking chimney-pot yourself for a few minutes, and see if twenty other simpletons will not come and gaze their eyes out with curiosity to know what you can be looking at. Might not stoppages in a crowd give us rare chances of reaching strange people? As you are surrounded by the mob you readily discover that the rascal on your right greatly admires your watch. Well, as you see that he is evidently much interested in your valuables, why should you not be sufficiently interested in him both to prevent his thieving, and to give him a precious jewel or two from the old treasury of heaven? It would be so novel a thing that it might never be forgotten if you were to deal out to the thief a little gospel truth. The gospel is of such a plastic character that it can be moulded in a form to suit everybody, and be in keeping with all sorts of circumstances. If you acquire the happy art of using choice opportunities, you will often find yourselves drifting into a position in which God's minister, the Bible woman, or the City missionary never comes, and you will be sent of God just at that particular moment of time to be made a blessing to some soul.

We are not wide enough awake in doing good. Pardon the reference, but remember the lesson I would teach; it shall be borrowed from Dr. Marigold's cart. When a Cheap-Jack has a little knot of people round his van, he eyes them all, and feels sure that the man who is standing over there is a butcher, and that yonder young lad has more money than brains, and that the girl near him is out with her sweetheart and is soon to be married; now mark, he will hold up the exact articles which are likely to attract these customers, and in his harangue, he will have jokes and telling sentences which will turn butcher, and lad, and lass into purchasers. He cares not a jot for elegance, but very much for force. He knows that his trade will be better pushed by homely remarks and cutting sentences than by the prosiest prettinesses which were ever delivered; and he gains his end, which is more than those of you will do who talk to people about their souls with as much richness of diction as—

> "The girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
> A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
> Or an emerald semicolon."

Dr. Marigold is sharp and shrewd, because self-interest makes him so, and his extemporary observations are so patly uttered and adroitly arranged, that he wins the attention of all, and the custom of many. Would to God that preachers and other workers for God had a tithe as much common-sense as Cheap-Jack, and were half as earnest to bring men to Jesus Christ as Cheap-Jack is to bring them to buy that tea-tray and set of real china! Oh! that we were as wise to win the

ear and heart of the particular case with which we have to deal, as he is in extorting a laugh and compelling the attention of the passer-by! For this there is required not merely tact and energy, but a humble willingness of mind to condescend, if need be, to men of low estate. No Christian work should be too menial for the follower of the Lamb. It were well if we were as willing to labour for the Lord in any way as some of our poor countrymen are to toil for us, in any form or shape, so that they may but earn their bread. I recommend "The Lay of the Labourer" as a song for each of us to sing in a spiritual sense.

"A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pick-axe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And willing enough, for lessons rough,
In Labour's rugged school."

"I do not think I could ever be useful o anybody," says one. Now, dear friend, let me venture a little personal enquiry and admonition, or perhaps I may put myself into your place, and speak as I think you should do. "I do not know what I have left undone, but I walk a mile to work every morning, and a mile back every night; now supposing I resolve in my mind that every time I do this I will drop down a kitchen, or carry into a shop, a silent testimony for Christ Jesus; I will give away some little tracts, which I can afford to buy, for I can get a hundred of one page for sixpence; but they shall be good ones, or I will not distribute them; they shall have the simple gospel in them, and I will pray God to bless every one." Have you ever thought how many you might thus give away in the course of the year? Supposing you left only one each time you went to and fro your labour, that would be two a day, which would make over seven hundred during the year! If God should only give his blessing to one, it would be an eternal reward, and would surely be worth the winning.

This is a very common and easy method of doing good, it will be better if you resolve, "God helping me as I go to work, I will speak out for Jesus. I trudge along to the workshop, or ride in an omnibus to the city with somebody or other; sometimes I walk with So-and-so, who is a thoroughly irreligious man; I will try to-morrow morning if I cannot twist the conversation round and say something to him about the way of peace." Perhaps you will scarcely know how to begin, but do not be very much alarmed about that. You may if you like first observe, "Our minister said a very odd thing the other day," and you will be pretty certain to ensure a conversation. Almost any preface will do, as for instance, "Have you ever heard Mr. So-and-so? Have you seen that new book? And so poor old Smith is dead!" &c., &c. If you were to address in a personal manner one individual every day, that would be three hundred and sixty-five in the year, and in eleven years you would have spoken to four thousand souls. I will be held to bail for what I am about to say till this day next year. I do not

believe that you will speak to one person every day during this year affectionately and prayerfully without having a reward in the conversion of one at least. I do not believe that you will labour so constantly in vain. A man may throw the net *once*, twice, thrice, and catch nothing, but he will hardly do so three hundred and sixty-five times in vain. We may toil all the night and take no fish, but not all the year. The Master will in that time guide us to cast the net on the right side and we shall find. At any rate it is ours to speak for Jesus whether we succeed or no, and we may do well to reflect upon the weighty saying of Ambrose, that as we shall have to account for idle words, so shall we also for *idle silence*.

"And with whom would you have me begin?" Begin with the next person you see. We frequently dream that we could do things so much better if we were in a different position. Ah! friend, if you cannot do good where you are you will do good nowhere. Some of our young members get the idea into their heads that they would make most noble missionaries in India, Madagascar, or Central Africa. They picture themselves standing under a banyan tree, emulating Carey or Moffat, the admired of all admirers, addressing black people adown whose cheeks the tears are streaming, while they listen meekly to the proclamation of the gospel. The picture quite enchants them! When they come to me under the influence of this delightful vision, I have no wish to discourage them, but a great desire to try the genuineness of the call. I therefore say, "Yes, there is an excellent street-corner down the Old Kent Road, or away by Finsbury Square; go and try your abilities next Sunday." Very frequently the task is declined. Do you believe that a crowd of Hindoos are more accessible to the gospel than a company of Englishmen? You are very greatly mistaken if you do. There is no sphere of usefulness in the world superior to that which our large cities offer to zealous labourers. If you want to work for God, you need not wait till you have learned Hindostanee and eaten curry; you need not tarry for black faces, for you will find black hearts enough, even though the faces may be white. Do not fall into a spiritual Don Quixotism, and neglect usefulness within your reach in order to dream over imaginary wonders of heroism. If you feel a call to India, seek to prove it by working successfully at home first, for India stands in no need of men who would be useless in England.

We must come back to our point, which is not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission-work, but to serve God more and more in connexion with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep others' vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be happy as home can be; and then when the cannon balls, and the marbles, and the shots, and even the grains of sand are all in the box, even then there will be room for

those little deeds of love and faith, which in my Master's name I seek of you who look for his appearing. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the Apostle Paul's words—"As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

Let it be added, that it is well, if we can, to do good in all ways. We can help the poor, the needy, the fatherless, and widow. It is wonderful how well a tract is read when it is wrapped up with a loaf of bread. It is really marvellous how much better you find a word about Jesus Christ go down when there is a little soup with it. Dorcas was a wise woman to blend grace and garments together. The old clothes in your wardrobes must be looked out, and given to the naked; bread and coals must be forthcoming from those who have gold and silver which is running the risk of cankering. It is true we ought not to hold out loaves and fishes in the way of bribery to make proselytes, but we may still remember that the Master used them, and they gathered the people round about him, some of whom, doubtless, would not otherwise have come, and might not have had the blessing if it had not been first true—"Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." Use every means, any means, and all means; be at it, all at it, and always at it.

Again, I would plead for the forgotten and unremembered classes of whom I spoke. They may be few, but for this very reason they escape attention. If there should be a large class of any one sort, it is sure to become the object of some society of good people. When true religion was revived, the street Arabs of London very soon had ragged-schools provided for them, and though they are not half sufficient, still those schools offer much assistance to the little sinners in tatters. The soldiers, the sailors, the cabmen, the policemen, and others have those who care for them. Harlots and thieves have their earnest friends and advocates, because they constitute classes large enough to make their fields inviting to reapers; but who will care for the small knots, half-dozens and tens? These are as the grass growing on the rocky ledge. Who will reap these? Who will gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost? Who will look after the waifs and strays, the odds and ends of humanity? Ye who will espouse this work shall meet a reward for which you looked not. Bright jewels have been found on dunghills ere now. Still is it true that

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Cannot we try this year to gather in yonder waving grass on the jutting crag? Will we not cull the handful and win the few? Bold hearts and clear heads to the rescue! Ho ye who have been crying "Excelsior" till we almost wish that Longfellow had never been born, here is a spot on which to plant "that banner with the strange device, Excelsior"! Up let your untiring energy conduct you! Up where dying souls invite you to their aid! Climb up those rocky ledges which promise so little, and may the Master grant that you, my brethren, may come again rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you. Anna

Shipton's "Whispers in the Palms" give me a verse to close with, and then the Lord help you to practise what you have learned.

"Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the labourer's work is done.
Work in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own;
God marks the down of the thistle
The wandering wind hath sown.
On! with thy heart in heaven,
Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light." *

Benjamin Benoni.

"She called his name Benoni, (Son of Sorrow,) but his father called him Benjamin (Son of my right hand)."—Gen. xxxv. 18.

TO every matter there is a bright as well as a dark side. It was no wonder that poor dying Rachel was overwhelmed with the sorrow of her own travail and death; it was well that Jacob though weeping the mother's loss, could see the mercy of the child's birth; it will be a happy circumstance for us if while the flesh mourns over our trials, our faith triumphs in Divine faithfulness, and sees the sustaining right hand of the Most High turning our Benonis into Benjamins. Samson's lion yielded honey, and so will our adversities if rightly considered. The stormy sea feeds multitudes with its fishes, the wild wood blooms with beauteous flowerets; the stormy wind sweeps away the pestilence, and the biting frost loosens the soil. Dark clouds distil bright drops, and black earth grows gay flowers. A vein of good is to be found in every mine of evil. Sad hearts have a peculiar skill in discovering the most disadvantageous point of view from which to gaze upon a trial; if there were only one slough in the world, they would soon be up to their necks in it, and if there were only one lion in the desert they would certainly search for it until they heard it roar. About us all there is at least a tinge of this wretched folly, for we are apt, at times, like Jacob, to cry, "all these things are against me." Faith's way of walking is to cast all care upon the Lord, and then to anticipate good results from the worst calamities. Like Gideon's men she does not fret over the broken pitcher, but rejoices that the lamp blazes forth the more. Out of the rough oyster-shell of difficulty she extracts the rare pearl of honour, and from the deep ocean-caves of distress she uplifts the priceless coral of experience. When her flood of prosperity ebbs, she finds treasures hid in the sands; and when her sun of delight goes down, she turns her telescope of hope to the starry promises of heaven. When death itself appears, true confidence in God does not allow the soul to be overshadowed with its darkness, but points to the light of resurrection beyond the grave, thus making our dying Benoni to be our living Benjamin.

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* This address by Mr. Spurgeon will be reprinted as a little book, with a cover, price 1d.

Elijah.

BY GORDON FORLONG, ESQ.

GOD sends all his children to school, some earlier and some later, but all go to school. And what school? The same school to which he sent the Elder Brother—the school called "suffering." When faith like a great chain is wrought, the next point is to try it, and God tries all his saints. Hast thou faith? prepare for trial; faith is not treated by God as if it were a rope of sand, to be looked at and talked about. He will not suffer thee to be tempted above what thou art able to bear, but seeing thou hast precious faith, God will exhibit thy faith to saints, to sinners, ay, to evil spirits, when no mortal eye is upon thee.

Elijah had been a witness-bearer before he comes forth to us in the 17th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, and no mean witness-bearer, seeing that Ahab had sought him in all kingdoms in order to visit him with wrath as the troubler of Israel (ch. xviii. 10); and he must have carried his standard high and waved it aloft, or Ahab would not have heard of it.

Elijah learned strange things when he learned to receive his meals from the ravens; and doubtless poor Elijah had some inward doubts as to whether he was LITERALLY to receive food from ravens. He, perhaps, like the Jews of old, and like some of us now, explained away the mystery into what the world would call a common-sense view of the promise; but God's *un*common sense is something better than man's common sense, which is common enough; but God's Word is uncommon from beginning to end, and *mere* ability and common sense will never understand it. But Elijah obeyed. He put circumstances under his feet and went on; he saw clouds of difficulty, but he went right through them; and we can imagine Elijah's childlike mirth as he saw the ravens arrive, one bearing flesh, another bearing bread. Faith sometimes obtains cheap service, and Elijah's flying retinue must have caused his faith to grow. Twice a day God fed him with bread, and he had flesh also twice a day.

But although flesh and bread failed not, yet Elijah doubtless marked the failing brook; and, perhaps, like the twelve disciples, he thought the Lord had forgotten ONE point—"we are here in a desert place." "Send the multitude away." They thought he had forgotten the "desert," that his enthusiasm about one thing left no enthusiasm for anything else: they thought HIM FORGETFUL. Ah believer! do you never feel *that?* Perhaps the Lord has omitted some little care which is a heavy care to you, and your unbelief makes the care to feel like a mountain, although a grain of faith could carry the whole mountain easily.

I am certain that the drying up of the little brook tried poor Elijah sorely, but it was needful not only as a lesson to Elijah at school, but in order to send him away gladly and cheerfully to help that poor lone widow of faith. God "commanded" the ravens, now he "commands" a widow to feed Elijah, and he sends Elijah to feed the faith of the widow. Elijah was doubtless thirsty. Water was his first request when he saw the widow, and the name of the Lord was the* first word

* "As" is in italics, not in the Hebrew.

uttered by the widow: "Jehovah thy God liveth, I have not a cake," &c.; and great was her faith when she was told to make "first" for Elijah and bring it, and "after" for herself and her son; "for thus saith the Lord." But what said the mother's heart? She had one little boy. Reader, would you have *done* it? DONE IT?—used up the handful of meal, and taken it out, depending upon the "word of the Lord." Faith reaped many handfuls; unbelief would have died in a few days. Iron sharpeneth iron; so would this poor widow's faith strengthen Elijah's.

But now must Elijah, well fed and nourished by faith, be brought forth into the field of battle. God caused his child to live by faith for years, and see and know his marvellous way; and now that he is girt about with faith, he sends him forth to encounter eight hundred and fifty false prophets, and thousands of their followers.

Elijah meets Obadiah first. God cheers Elijah's heart as he learns from the mouth of Obadiah that even the governor of wicked Ahab's house was one of the saints, and one who had dared even to hide and support one hundred of the Lord's prophets. Obadiah was searching for water, probably praying about it, and lo he found a vast stream of living water—Elijah stood before him.

But Elijah must meet wicked Ahab himself and listen to the bitter taunt, made no doubt before many followers, in order to prejudice them against the prophet. "THOU art he that troubleth Israel." Will Elijah be faithful now? Is he able in the face of Ahab to speak solemn truth, or will he fail? Blessed be God, he faints not; he clears the innocent, and boldly, like John the Baptist, charges the king with being that ONE who troubled Israel, and who followed Baalim, and then comes the challenge from God (not from Elijah). Woe to the man who in pride of the flesh challenges before God gives to him the word. Elijah had the word, he realized his mission, and he asks that the whole eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal should come forth and prove their power (1 Kings xviii. 19).

Ahab doubtless charged Elijah publicly with being the troubler of Israel, and now that very publicity is Elijah's opportunity; the challenge is publicly made and heard, and Ahab and the prophets of Baal must accept it. The hour of trial comes, and morning, noon, and afternoon are vainly spent by dead men striving to bring down the fire of God upon the dead. One live prophet is better than eight hundred and fifty dead ones. One live preacher who knows the fire of the Spirit of God is worth a whole organised army of professing Saulites. But at the hour of trial, although Elijah knew the hour was come, and knew the purpose of God, and doubtless saw victory before him, yet he is in an earnest, pleading, prayerful state, and he pleads and prevails in prayer with God just as Daniel did when he knew by books the very year (Dan. ix. 2); THEN he went with prayer, supplication, and confession. And Elijah triumphed, and the voices of Israel proclaimed victory. Let not now one of Baal's prophets escape. All perished, and the instant Israel was quit of them Elijah proclaimed a sound of rain; yea, "abundance of rain," for the bodies and souls of parched Israel; and Ahab returns to tell Jezebel that her prophets were all lost, and Israel's fields were again well watered.

Jezebel was truly Ahab's helpmeet; she had brought him to Baal, and the worship thereof (ch. xvi. 31). She was the moving spirit in stirring him up to the service of Satan. "There was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of God, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." This wicked Jezebel vows a vow (ch. xix. 2) when she heard of the death of all HER prophets, and God fulfilled the vow for her ere long. "The gods do so to me and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them." And God did so, and MORE also, for when they went to bury her who was trodden down in the street, they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands. Unconverted man or woman, threaten not; the echo of thy threat may come back upon thee in wrath.

The storm of Jezebel's wrath was too much for Elijah: he had braved wicked Ahab, he had met all Israel a lonely man, as he thought, amongst its thousands; he had challenged and ridiculed eight hundred and fifty powerful priests, but an angry woman's message cast him down in despair. Perhaps he expected a very different message, perhaps he expected gratitude, the fruits of victory, influence, power, court favour. He had been a source of blessing to Israel, he had exposed and destroyed foul error, he had given great temporal blessings; and now as he rested from excitement he might, judging according to the flesh, expect freedom from trial, some honour and applause. Such dreams are the ruin of faith. God had nursed the faith of his child amongst the ravens and with the lone widow, and those apparently useless years he spent there were the germs of his future power. Reader, cultivate a time of quiet when thou dost get it, calm solemn meditation with God over his own Word; read not for others, read for thyself, for thine own soul's good; think not of the crowd, get into the thoughts and mind of God, so that when thou art in the field of battle publicly, thou mayest be one of GOD'S ECHOES, to echo and re-echo his thoughts, his mind, his will, and his way.

Victory was fatal to poor Elijah; he was strong, very strong, when he stood despised and alone, but victory found him weak and failing. The proud rebel breath of a poor weak woman did what neither Ahab nor his hosts could do; she sent to him but one proud godless threat, and he fled. Ay, this same prophet fled before even one Baal worshipper, and that worshipper a woman. He fled for his life to Beersheba, he left there his servant, and alone he fled into the wilderness and cried, "It is enough:"* literally, "It is too great now, O Jehovah." The Lord feeds, nourishes, and helps his poor timid one, but what says the answer of God to him? "Because the journey is too great." The trial had not been too great, but he wasted his strength in his journey. This useless and wearisome journey had been too great for him; still God feeds him, encourages and strengthens him; the Lord never leaves his weary and worn ones. Elijah cannot rest until he is in a cave safe in Horeb, the mount of God (ch. xix. 8).

But what doest THOU here, Elijah? is the voice of God to him. THOU whom I nursed for much public work before Israel—why fled from thy field of labour? Elijah in reply pleads that Israel is vile and he has

* The same Hebrew word is translated "too great" at verse 7.

been jealous for the Lord, and that his LIFE is in peril. Go forth, says the Lord, and stand upon the mount. A mighty wind, or we may read it "spirit," rent the rocks; but the Lord was not in the wind, and the stormy spirit hurt not Elijah. After the wind an earthquake or shaking —just such a shaking as Elijah had seen in Israel, and which threw down the altars of the Lord; but the Lord was not in it, and it moved not Elijah. After the earthquake a fire, a fierce fiery trial, such as the saints had passed through in Israel; but it hurt not Elijah, and the Lord was not in it. And after the fire a still small voice. But the Lord is in IT, and IT moves Elijah. The word of the Lord is felt by Elijah to be his power, and he wrapped his face in his mantle. Did Elijah chide with himself and worship the Lord as he hid his face? I think he did; he learned at that moment that the still small voice was the only power that he need wrap his face in his mantle for. He stood upon the mount, and he boldly looked at the raging storm, the earthquake, and the fire; but, as a child of God, the still small voice of his Father deeply moved his soul. The flesh trembled before the threat of Jezebel, but his soul was moved before his God, and now in grief and confusion of face, he realizes his error, I doubt not.

Again, the question is put to Elijah, what doest THOU here? He pleads his loneliness; his solitary testimony amongst the thousands of Israel. Did he mean that he was the only SAINT left? Certainly not, although this meaning is commonly attached to it, but that he was the only prophet. Obadiah had proclaimed his faith to him; he knew there were prophets in hiding, hidden by Obadiah; he knew the widow of faith he had left. His own servant with whom he fled was probably a saint (ch. xix. 3). He certainly never meant that he was the only saint, or it was a wilful falsehood, but that he was the only one who had stood and testified for God; the only prophet; the only witness-bearer: and if we bear in mind that he had been three years absent from Israel, and heard about no saints, his assertion is not so extraordinary. But God corrects him; he has some who have stood out against the customs of the day. The Lord has marked seven thousand in Israel who never, even in APPEARANCE, succumbed to Baal. Elijah's heart surely leaped with joy as he heard of the seven thousand, and he returns back. "Go, RETURN on thy way." And a high and holy mission is given to him. The poor timid Elijah goes forth again with new power. He had at the mount of God renewed his strength as the eagle's, and he goes forth to anoint two royal heads, one to reign over Syria, another to displace Jezebel's Lord, and his third act was to call forth a prophet, one mighty in the Lord; he was taken from the plough, from following a yoke of oxen, to plough the Lord's fields, and to sow the seed of the kingdom.

Dear reader, may the Lord enable you and I to learn many lessons from Elijah; not to scorn the day of small things when, as the world's poor despised ones, we may be fed in a solitary place, nourished in the nursery of faith, and girt with strength for future labour. And if we are allowed to work and to testify boldly against Baal and the children of Baalim, that is, against the world and its outward worship, let us remember that victorious hours are hours of danger, and let our hearts never rest for one moment upon outward and visible success, and

never expect a reward from this world for faithfulness. This world would and will reward *un*faithfulness, but true faithfulness it cannot LOVE. The watch-tower is needed as much after as before the battle; our enemy is always watching for our halting, and the smallest breath of opposition is sufficient to make us faint when our eye is not resting upon Jehovah, our rock, our strength, and our righteousness.

William Carter and his Converts.*

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE costermongers of London, including women and children, probably number between thirty and forty thousand. For the most part, their condition, morally and spiritually, is frightfully low. One who knows them well has estimated that only about one in ten can read. The real costermonger has been bred to his calling; he imbibes his prejudices from his parents; he acquires in infancy all those habits which distinguish him from other street traders; he learns to swear, cheat, lie, fight and blaspheme at an age which is generally a loveable period of existence; and before he ripens into manhood, he becomes an adulterer and a father. Costermongers are of all classes the least favourable to public worship. If they respect any religion, it is that promulgated by Catholic priests; the reason being that Sisters of Mercy and priests have helped them in distress, or re-started them when they have been "cracked up." City missionaries sometimes find it needful to spend a few coppers in order to induce them to listen to a kind word. I have known cases where costermongers have declined to be "preached at" until the missionary has treated them to a drop of beer; and although our teetotal friends may call this mode of procedure "doing evil that good may come," the most earnest and abstinent men find it difficult always to act otherwise. The difficulty of engaging the attention of costermongers in order to preach Christ may be partly understood when their habits of life are considered. London costers are a hard-used, sharp, active, honest in the sense of never stealing, vulgar, gambling, and cheating race. They are persecuted by policemen, and their enmity to our law protectors is beyond the bounds of expression. Their ignorance is such, that they would roughly decline going to heaven if you hinted at the possibility of a policeman being found there. These semi-nomadic tribes spend their leisure hours mainly in gambling, in theatres (principally the Victoria, which is nightly their home of refuge), in dancing saloons, or in those still grosser forms of vice to provide which the lowest pothouse-keepers defy the most stringent of our legislative enactments. Many a small fortune is every day wasted in gambling by small knots of costers. Their ideas of morality are what might be expected from the character of their lives. Marriage is invariably neglected by them, unless the ceremony can be gone through without fee; but it is believed that few have the audacity to disclaim their progeny. One redeeming trait in their general character, is their gratitude. Did space permit, proofs could be given of their sincere thankfulness for actions performed on their behalf. I shall not readily

* See page 12, *ante*, January number.

forget the number of tearful eyes upturned to the speakers of a very large meeting, held in one of the meanest purlieus of Westminster, two years ago, anent the removal of the street markets of the metropolis. Women, boys and men, vied with each other in their demonstrations of gratitude to a committee of gentlemen who had represented to Government the distressing hardships which the sweeping away of street stalls would inflict upon these costers.

It will, therefore, readily be seen that, apart from this redeeming trait, the materials out of which God's glory might arise are of a most unpromising description. Yet Mr. Carter has, by God's help, dethroned the Prince of Darkness from a goodly number of costers' hearts, and some of his most faithful adherents belong to this class. He has been in the habit—a better one could not be devised—of inviting different classes of street Arabs to a friendly tea-meeting, after which he has conversed with them respecting the love of the Saviour. At one of these tea-meetings in the Victoria Hall, about four hundred costers were present. Those who assembled first welcomed each new comer by hurrahs and tossing up of caps. Before tea, Mr. Carter, amid cheers, proposed to ask the blessing of Almighty God upon their food. "They remained quiet until I had finished," says Mr. Carter, "but immediately my voice was still, they signified their approval by such clapping of hands, stamping of feet and thundering cheers as was quite startling." This is in keeping with the entire ignorance of the nature of devotional worship which costers, as a rule, invariably display. What follows must be given in Mr. Carter's language:—

> "We then began to serve the tea, and as soon as the first tray of bread and butter appeared, they all rose simultaneously, and a burst of applause saluted our ears, which continued for some minutes, and then the rush to get the provisions was terrible. It disappeared like magic. Every tray was assaulted as soon as it came within reach, and while some were scrambling for the food, others were dexterously picking the waiter's pockets; one brother was upset, and the bread and butter scattered. Like hungry wolves the fellows pounced upon it, and in a few seconds it was either eat or pocketed. At last I found it necessary to stop the supplies, but not till they had devoured nearly all the provisions we had got in for the chimney sweeps the next day, as well as their own."

With regard to the pocket-picking mentioned, it seems most probable that others than costers had found means to gain access to the tea-meeting. A regular coster would hardly resort to such unprofessional means of replenishing his purse; but the upsetting of the poor brother is quite in his line of business. The addresses were listened to after an hour had elapsed; meantime, amid the general confusion, several speakers ventured to testify of the truth as it is in Jesus, and the uproar ultimately subsided. The addresses were not so plain and comprehensive as are required before an audience so manifestly ignorant of sin and righteousness. Indeed one may be pardoned for pointing out a solitary defect, namely, the absence of all explanation of what it is to be a sinner,—a defect that characterises street preaching to a greater extent than might be supposed. We all know that sin is an infraction of the Divine laws, and that a sinner is, according to the original, one who has missed his mark. But this mere statement is not sufficient in addressing the most illiterate. The excellent Mr. Frank White, of Chelsea,

once told an affecting anecdote which may be mentioned here as illustrating my position. A country girl had been deeply impressed, after one of Mr. White's usually serious discourses, and visited him in his vestry. He asked the crying girl whether she felt she was a sinner, and to his great surprise, replied "Noa." Very properly he assured her that he had no Saviour for her if such was the case. But fancying she might not comprehend the meaning of the word "sinner," Mr. White enquired whether she had told lies, committed some theft, and been otherwise wicked; and to his relief, he found his convert understood him when he descended to particulars. It may be objected that this is an exceptional case. Sirs, it is not.* Those who have never received any spiritual instruction and who scoff at piety as a sentimental and unmanly thing, fit only for the weakest of old women, are not likely to understand the plainest of all theological terms. The language used by Mr. Carter's homely "helps" does of course possess all the rude raciness which costermongers appreciate. To use one of their own phrases "it tumbles to their barrikin." For instance, such expressions as these, though to the intellectual mind coarse enough, are significant to the meanest capacity of a pardon that might be worth having:—"I can testify to you London costermongers, that the blood of Jesu Christ has cleansed away my sins; Jesus has made a good job of me, and if you will come to him, he'll make a good job of you, or he'll make no job at all." The spiritually discerned may see much orthodoxy in so rude an expression respecting Christ's determination to perfect his work, or not to undertake what he will not carry out. Doubtless, too, the natural and grossly material minds of some of the audience felt complimented by being told that "Jesus loves you costermongers as much as he does the Queen on the throne." Equally acceptable were the tidings conveyed in these assuring words:—"Bless the Lord, he died for us costermongers," especially as communicated by a coster, who announced himself as one who had been "wuss than any other" in the room.

The rogues, thieves, and vagabonds' tea-meetings have been equally successful. Before one of these meetings commenced, Mr. Carter found it necessary to kindly say, "Now, old fellows, you may eat as much as you like, but pocket none;" which reminder was seconded by an able assistant, who threatened to make an exposure of "the first fellar that I ketch a pocketin," by "lugging him out of this"—an incomprehensible and mysterious threat which seems to have had the

* As perhaps the following cases selected from the report recently published by the Children's Employment Commission will convince the reader:—A lad of thirteen "had not heard of the Testament, Gospel, Adam, or Jesus Christ. An angel is an image." William Smith, aged fifteen, moulder: "Never was at day school in my life, except for a week or two; but heard at chapel about Samuel fighting with a lot of soldiers. Have not heard of Paradise. The garden of Eden is where men goes and eats off a tree. It was not any particular man. Do not know if Adam and Eve were the first people in the world. God made man; man made woman." Henry Matthewman, age seventeen: "Have been to chapel, but have missed a good many times lately. One name that they preached about was Jesus Christ, but I cannot say any others, and I cannot tell anything about him. He was not killed, but died like other people. He was not the same as other people in some ways, because he was religious in some ways, and others isn't. He was alive again, but I cannot say if he is now. He was on a cross, but that is not how he was killed."

desired effect. Converted thieves are sent out with tickets to some of their old well-known resorts, and by this means there is little difficulty in obtaining four hundred notorious characters. An equally novel scene is presented at the occasional gatherings of chimney sweepers. The majority come with sooty faces; and those with clean ones, manage to introduce their sooty cuffs to the regions of the masticating organs, so that the face soon corresponds in appearance with their habiliments. Considering the special difficulties arising from any mission amongst profligate women, the attempt made by Mr. Carter to recover a portion of the fifty thousand females who live in London in open immorality, has been attended with happy results. Twenty-three deplorable creatures were received into the homes of the Midnight Meeting Society in the commencement of last year, after an unpretentious banquet and some sturdy, stirring addresses by Mr. Carter, and a few of his notorious converts.* It were an easy task to criticise these speeches, but an extremely difficult one to improve upon them. Their chief virtue is their pointedness. The dangers of hell are pourtrayed with a Pre-Raphaelitish and naked accuracy. The word Eternity is repeated several times with solemn effect, and the agonies of the Redeemer suffering on the cross are depicted in forms of speech, which in their roughness and ragged simplicity strike terror in many hard hearts. Mr. Carter is equally powerful in wooing sinners to the Saviour. His kindly nature—which one regrets to find imbued with a spirit of Plymouth Brethrenism—gushes out in most sympathetic and irresistible tenderness towards those who are without hope in a hopeless world. Following out the apostolic custom of being all things to all men, Mr. Carter finds it necessary to adapt himself to the class of persons whom he addresses. This is done with commendable freedom, not bordering however on undue familiarity. In preaching to an audience consisting of more respectable persons, he recurs to phrases of thought and turns of language more suited to his own inclinations. For example, in addressing postmen, cabmen, and policemen, who are far removed from the coarseness of costermongers, his thoughts are properly and intelligently expressed. And, *en passant*, one may be pardoned for enquiring, Who cares for cabmen and policemen? What special service is held for them? Yet what classes require more mission-work? For policemen to be virtuous is a hard struggle. "We see more sights and scenes of wickedness in one night," said one intelligent member of the force to me, "than people who keep at home witness in the course of their lives." "It is impossible, sir, for a policeman to keep his temper. He is annoyed by all the roughs in his beat. The boys, too, are so provoking; they will play most disagreeable antics upon us, and what's the use of our minding them? we can't catch them, they are so nimble. Off they go before you have time to look at 'em." So that however easy it may be for Mr. Disraeli to be on the angel's side, it is not so

* Mr. Stabb, the Hon. Sec. of the Midnight Meeting movement, reports that during the past year, 22 meetings have been held by that Society in the most frequented parts of London, attended by 1,800 poor girls. Of this number 250 have been placed in Homes or otherwise provided for. In addition to the above meetings, two have been held in the country—one at Aldershott and one at Bristol—attended by 100 unfortunates; seven rescued.

easy for a policeman. Instances are not rare in which godliness and most uncompromising morality are blended together; and in the Church over which the esteemed Editor of this Magazine presides, there are many members who serve her Majesty the Queen and His adorable Majesty in heaven at the same time.

Mr. Carter is assisted by "deaconnesses" in the administration of charitable gifts. He has been the means of opening a refuge for the homeless poor of the south of London. Last year upwards of 75,000 destitute persons received the benefits of this refuge. There is also a soup-kitchen in connection with this most admirable institution; and it appears that thousands of free tickets are given away to the starving poor. Five women are employed as district visitors, and two missionaries to reclaim criminals. Mr. Carter has for some time past contemplated the establishment of workshops in connection with this refuge, where the homeless can work for their living. The idea is a good one, and has, I may add, been most successfully carried out in France and Germany.

The reader will naturally expect me to append a few of the remarkable results which have attended Mr. Carter's mission in the south of London. Some of the fruits of his visitation to the country are given in the book published by him in 1863. These must be passed in silence here, save however to state, that his ministrations are invariably attended with magnificent results. Sometimes his visits are owned of God in arousing adolescent Christians, and in reviving the spirit of true prayer. He is not always judicious in his ultra-honesty, and a case occurs to me in which many good, earnest ministers in a populous manufacturing town were somewhat grieved at his unwarrantably harsh judgment of them and their exertions. But where so much is good and noble these minor flaws are pardonable. Mr. Carter's evangelistic labours are deserving of unqualified praise.

Of course the letters he receives from his converts are curiosities. Here is one reprinted from his book—the only one given *verbatim et literatim*, as with commendable wisdom, Mr. Carter never seems desirous of unnecessarily parading the ignorance of uneducated men before the public:—

"Dear Brother in the Lord, this coums from Charles Gorin, your umbell converted Chimney Sweeper. Dear Sir it is near 6 monts since your umbell Brother in Christ first found pais in the Wicktoria & o What happens to Be able to say so much of Blesed Geses it Was the surmand you Prech on that Blesed Sunday Night that I found that Geses Loved me & I loved him, & now I Cain toork to & Gide Poor Sinners the way to find marcy With the Blesed Saviour and may the Blesed Geses strenen you to Convert mainey thousends moor like you Ded your poor Sweep on the spot on that Blesed Sunday Night.

Dretchans No 3, Griffiths Rents
Burmondsey Street

Sir, I haim self tought."

One of Mr. Carter's most conspicuous followers is a converted costermonger, and is a perfect orator in his way. On one occasion, he announced himself as one who had been "a very pop'lar sort of chap on the 5th of November." "I was always out with the guys," he continued, "and last November when they see me, they said, 'Hollo, Haly,

how is it you are not out with the guys?" "Oh," says I, "No more guys for me, I've done with all that sort of thing; I'm a guy for Jesus now, and I don't mind being a guy for Jesus every day in the week." The interpretation of this symbolic language is this:—He who aims in the midst of ungodly associations to consistently wear the name Christian may be reckoned as a guy, a Puritanical Methodist, a canting hypocrite, and so on,—expressions daily applied by ungodly to godly mates. When a costermonger becomes convinced of sin, he at once seeks to reform his ways of living. Those who have lived with women unmarried, at once ask Mr. Carter's advice, and as soon as possible, aided sometimes by their good teacher's purse, the marriage ceremony is performed. "Do you realize your sins forgiven?" asked Mr. Carter one day of a repentant coster. "I'se afraid to say so much" was the answer, "for I've bin living with my gal for this three years, and we shall not be exactly right until that little job's done." Three weeks sufficed to ease his conscience on that point. Violent socialists and confirmed infidels have been brought to a knowledge of the truth through Mr. Carter's instrumentality; and a number of persons who were at the point of committing suicide have been arrested by God through his pointed addresses. Numbers of professing Christians, who were farther from the kingdom of Heaven than open unbelievers, have been made to rejoice in the finished work of the Saviour by the same means. Immediately after one of the Theatre-services, an extraordinary and exciting scene occurred. A dozen men were sobbing aloud; they had been drinking during the day. Before leaving the building, they expressed their perfect assurance of salvation. Indeed to urge being "saved on the spot" is one main characteristic of Mr. Carter's appeals; and proofs innumerable might be adduced to show that in this matter the Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot perform so marvellous an act of mercy. On one occasion, Mr. Carter enquired of a soldier who had been affected during the evening's service, "How do matters stand between your soul and God?" and with much emotion the man exclaimed, "The Lord has saved me in shipwreck, the Lord has saved me in battle, and now He has saved my soul." This soldier was the means of saving several persons, including his own wife. Cases have occurred in which wretched homes have been transformed, by God's grace, into sunny ones, through the conversion of whole families; the salvation of one member of the family having resulted in a similar glorious change in many. At the converts' meetings some strange stories are told, in such simplicity as to commend their truthfulness to every Christian heart.* A woodcutter introduced on one occasion no fewer than seventeen friends and neighbours, who gloried in the blood-fountain of Jesus. Mr. Carter's wife —a very earnest helper it appears—after one service, conversed with fifty women who were anxiously desirous of obtaining peace that night. It is curious to note, that in the case of all these converts, the thought of doing anything to merit eternal life seems hardly to have crossed their minds. The finished work of Christ seems universally to be their only recognised ground of trust; and if they are ignorant of every other point

* Except my hyper-friend Podgers. He indeed is always doubting whether these cases are genuine. A great unbeliever is Podgers, and to him who writes, and to many who will read these lines, a serious hindrance.

of theology they seem thoroughly convinced of two grand truths—hard indeed for unregenerate minds to learn—that they are sinners, and Christ must be their Saviour. Having no hope of obtaining salvation by the works of the flesh, how tenaciously they cling to a free grace gospel! He prizes best the unbought gift of pardon who knows most of his spiritual debility. Noticeable also is this happy feature: that when convinced of sin, a clean breast is made of their vileness and past hypocrisies. A hoary-headed deacon, and a preacher of the gospel, who had returned to the Saviour, though both respectably connected, openly confessed their debaucheries and hollow-heartedness. Such are "brands plucked out of the fire." But for one of these cases, several dozen conversions amongst unprofessing men may be found, which should guard us against assuming the Christian's mien without his change of heart. It is easier to be converted as a sinner than as a mere professor. As a marvellous display of Divine sovereignty, it may be mentioned, that one of Mr. Carter's brethren was let out of prison one morning, was converted in the evening, and has since led a life of godliness and respectability. A "wandering rogue" stepped into the Victoria Theatre one night, and though, to use his own description of himself, "a bigger black there could not be," had never known father nor mother, and had been a terrible drunkard, yet mercy was granted that night to him. These cases are picked out from a number of others equally striking, to be found in the "Results of Theatre Preaching." The writer grudges no reader's feelings who may be tempted to doubt the reality of the work which has been effected by means so comparatively rude, and by agencies so unpretentious. Careful not to ascribe to God effects which may arise from temporary excitement and fervid eloquence, he would be sorry to commit the sin of denying God's presence where his fruits so manifestly appear.

Romewards or Homewards?*

"Quid Romæ faciam?—Mentiri nescio."
"What can I do at Rome? I know not how to lie."

BELIEVING as I do that the subtle spirit of idolatry is inherent in man's corrupt nature, and develops itself in a thousand unexpected and often seemingly harmless forms, I venture to think that a fragment of the practical experience of one who has made the journey to Rome and back may serve as a beacon to others. This is my sole motive in publishing this morsel of otherwise uninteresting autobiography.

I was brought up in the straitest sect of Anglicanism. My father was and is one of the most eminent of the clergy of the Church of England. He belongs to the school vulgarly called the High and Dry, *i. e.* he is equally hostile to all out of the pale of the Establishment, and claims for the Church of England the same authority which Romanists used to claim for the Pope in a general council, and which Romanists nowadays claim for the Pope alone.

* Our contributor has sent us his name and address as a token of good faith. We translate the classical expressions for the benefit of the unlettered reader.

My earliest impression of religion was unmitigated dulness. Family prayers (extracts from the Book of Common Prayer) were duly gabbled over morning and evening, and the result of them was about as effectual as that of water poured upon a duck's back. On Sundays there were the usual two or three services. I remember to this day the great red-lined square pew, on the seat of which I was perched in petticoats and frilled trousers, and "called upon" as a "regenerate" child "to hear sermons" which went in at one ear and out at the other. There was not much Romanizing in those days. Puseyism, now so healthy and rampant, was then in its infancy, and the swarms of ritualists who now darken the face of England were in petticoats and frilled trousers like myself. So the congregation, consisting of what Sydney Smith called "comfortable sinners," used first to sing—

"Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice,"

it being then noon. Then the service, or rather the three services dragged their slow length along, recited as a duet between the curate and the clerk, accompanied by a devout buzz on the part of the people. And then the venerable white-haired rector mounted the lofty bema and droned away page after page for an hour and more, and the great clock in the tower chimed each quarter musical and slow, till the image of the old gentleman seemed to me to fade away in the sunlight as in a halo of glory, and his somnific tones and still more somnific matter had lulled even his older hearers into a pious trance—*dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti.**

It was my boyish ambition to be a soldier. But my father had strong views about soldiers. He would never, he said, allow his son to be "a licensed cut-throat." I was to be "educated for the Church;" and after four years at a public school and working my way to the head of the sixth form, I went up to Oxford and was matriculated as commoner of St. Magnus, where I soon after gained the senior scholarship of the year.

At Oxford I passed four years, intellectually the most precious, morally the most worthless of my life. Gibbon says, he left Oxford with an amount of learning which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. For my part, I can honestly say, that I imbibed there the morality as well as the philosophy of the Pagan world. There were no economical undergraduates in those days. People who could not afford it, no more thought of sending their sons to Oxford than they now think of sending them into the Guards. None of us knew or cared to know what perquisites the butler or the manciple enjoyed. We should as soon have thought of looking after the morals of our private servants. We never quarrelled with our bread and butter nor with those who spread it. One stingy peer, whose enormous rent-roll made him more sensitive in money matters than the rest of us, did indeed once upon a time complain to the Head of the college, because on coming in late and being unable to get anything but mutton chops, he found them

* "A sweet and deep repose, and very like peaceful death."

afterwards charged in his kitchen bill as a regular dinner. But he was soon taught not to speak evil of the powers below. "Well, sir," said the Head, "all I can say is, I hope it may be the last time I shall hear of a nobleman of my college dining on chops." Our stately *chef de cuisine*, in his snow-white cap and apron, would have fainted at the odious imputation of such rapacity as has recently been attributed to menials of his rank in the columns of the "Times." He used to drive into Oxford from his villa in a brougham and pair, and had one daughter who was an heiress, and afterwards married a curate. Capital dinners he gave us, and if there ever came a dish into hall ill-cooked, it was the duty of the steward of that table to summon the *chef* into his presence and solemnly fine him a guinea, which he paid next day to the Bursar with touching resignation. He was indeed an *artiste*, and knew what was due to the dignity of his profession.

But I digress. Every college has its speciality. Who does not know, for instance, how inferior socially are the St. Chad's men? It was the speciality of the St. Magnus' men to do everything. Hunting, rowing, tennis, racquets, fives, billiards, pool, cricket, sparring, steeple-chasing, nothing came amiss to them. They all drank deep, and some of them read hard ——— in the vacations. Dons of other colleges would wonder how it was so many of the St. Magnus' men, myself amongst them, ever took a "first" in the schools; and when such dissipated reprobates found time to read. Like the Athenians of the time of Pericles, we piqued ourselves on our supremacy. Of course we were freethinkers. Such admirable Crichtons could scarcely be expected to become as little children. We no more believed Christianity than Cicero believed in the pecking of the sacred chickens. Indeed, if we had been ever so disposed to believe, our faith must have succumbed to a series of "university sermons," so ordered that the sermon of the afternoon should refute or neutralize the sermon of the morning; for while the "select preacher" on Sunday morning would be a Tractarian, the "select preacher" on Sunday afternoon would probably be a Neologist. Few of us at our tender age could have kept the faith like that old Bedell at Cambridge, who exclaimed on his death-bed, "Well, I have heard every university sermon for the last five and thirty years, and thank God I still die a Christian." As it was, we were a law unto ourselves, and indulged everything not contrary to our own canons of taste and our own code of honour.

Such was my training for the ministry. I was ordained first deacon, and then priest, by the Right Rev. Dr. Silvertongue, Bishop of Snorem. His Lordship, as is well known, is a High Churchman—quite as "high" as it is "safe" for a bishop to be. As one of the candidates kindly warned me, "Mind you stick up for Baptismal Regeneration, and quote old Snorem's book on it if you can." Fortunately I had read that work, and had the satisfaction of coming in third out of eighteen. But I fancy I hear some one say, "What a scapegrace you must have been to profess and preach what you did not believe!" Verily I was—but let those who know the world decide whether I am a solitary example.

"My dear Mr. Smith," said the Bishop of Snorem to a curate of the "muscular Christianity" school, whose licence he had revoked, "I am

so shocked to hear that you question the doctrine of the apostolic succession. I cannot tell you, my dear sir, what pain this has given me. *I* never doubted it myself, never."

"Your Lordship must remember," said Mr. Smith, who meant to give up the Church and go to the bar, "your Lordship must remember that you believe at the rate of £10,000 a-year. I only believe at the rate of £80."

The truth is, you may bring up a child to profess anything, and as a man he will continue to profess it, if it be his interest to do so, so long as self-interest is dearer to him than truth. Men are not all impostors who do this—some are no doubt; but to most men self-interest blinds the eyes, and they mistake their own party and their own principles for divine truth. Orthodoxy is their doxy, heterodoxy is other people's doxy. I am not excusing myself: I was a sceptic in the proper sense of the word, as I fancy are most of the men (I mean the laymen) of this age. They do not deny or deride, they simply, and with all respect, doubt whether this or that is true or false. "What is truth?" is emphatically the motto of the nineteenth century.

Veiling then my scepticism in surplice, hood and stole, I entered on my duties as curate of the parish of Puddletown. My rector, the Rev. Ambrose Pyx was a Tractarian, or as he was pleased to say a "Catholic." He used to wear a crucifix round his neck, and go about the parish in a long black cloth cassock, and a college cap or a priest's beretta. I need not say that there were daily "Matins and Evensong," "early and mid-day celebrations of the Holy Sacrifice" every Sunday, "candles on the altar," and a "surpliced choir." The Rev. Ambrose was the squire's eldest son, and had held the living ten years. The population was agricultural, and hated the new-fangled ritual from their souls. But they dared not avow such treason. The farmers put in an appearance on Sunday morning, having an eye to business with the future squire, and the poor came just as often as was absolutely necessary to get their share of the "sacrament money" and the Christmas dole. But when the rector was sitting over his port after dinner, the whole parish might have been seen on the road to Hopetown, flocking to hear the gospel preached in the Baptist Chapel. He never knew it. All he knew was, that he was making no way himself. He told me candidly he did not believe that in all those ten years he had made one genuine convert. By this time I doubt not the Rev. Ambrose Pyx has bloomed into cope and amice, dalmatica and chasuble, amid clouds of incense. Or perhaps he too has crossed the Rubicon, if the £1,800 a-year has not proved too heavy a weight for so long a journey. "Linquenda tellus et domus*" is a hard necessity, and if he became a priest, 'twere harder still to bid his "placens uxor†" get her to a nunnery.

At Puddletown, I tried to cure myself of my scepticism. Phrenologists tell me there is a hollow in my head where the bump of veneration ought to be. I took to reading the Fathers. Many a dreary tome of bad Latin and worse Greek has it been my lot to wade through. Next I came to the schoolmen, and speculated with Thomas Aquinas

* "To have to leave glebe and rectory."
† "Charming wife."

how many angels could balance themselves on the point of a needle. Then I came to Bossuet and the Gallican writers, and last to the modern Romanists with their all-explaining theory of papal infallibility. And all this long array told me I was out of the true Church, not in communion with Peter, and consequently out of the pale of salvation.

I began to think it must be so. That would be a satisfactory solution of all my difficulties. That would explain why I had never felt saving grace. Perhaps I had not been baptized properly. Perhaps the officiating minister had only favoured me with aspersion, only sprinkled my forehead instead of washing it, or used his forefinger when he should have used his thumb. You smile, reader; so do I now, but at the time I can tell you it was no smiling matter. Anyhow I could not long have continued to minister in the Church of England. I have said I was a sceptic, and no man can go on preaching and officiating as a clergyman unless he is either a believer in his Church or an infidel. He must face questions which never occur to a layman, or which, if they do occur, a layman can put aside.

I went abroad to Belgium to see the Roman Catholic system under its most favourable aspect. I had already seen it in Spain, the most Catholic country in Europe, under an aspect very unfavourable, but at a time when I cared for none of these things. It was a case of "advise me to marry Tam Glen." I was "received" at Brussels by the "Apostolic Nuncio."

Full soon the disenchantment began. I found that the *practical* system of the Roman Catholic Church and the *theoretical Catholicism* of Bossuet's "Exposition" were widely different. I found a religion nominally Christian, really Marian. I distinctly assert that the charge of idolatry which Protestants impute to the Roman Catholic Church, however it may have been at times illogically or extravagantly urged, is well founded. Catholic controversialists define *latria* to be the supreme worship due to God alone, *dulia* to be the inferior worship due to saints, and *hyperdulia* to be the worship due to the blessed Virgin Mary. It is also held that relative worship may be offered to a sensible object, *e. g.*, a crucifix or a chemise, of the same kind as that offered to the person whom it represents. Thus in the office for Good Friday, the priest holding up the wood of the "True Cross," says, "Ecce lignum crucis!" And the choir respond "Venite *adoremus*." Such, I presume, was the worship of the brazen serpent and the golden calf.

Now I maintain first, that in practice even learned men cannot distinguish between the three, and that ignorant people, *i. e.*, the majority of mankind cannot distinguish them even in theory. I have known many Roman Catholics whose only daily prayer was the Litany of Loretto, and seen many reciting the "chaplet," even during Mass. I have heard the late Father Faber call Mary our "Co-Redemptress," and inform his hearers, that "it was revealed to St. Ignatius (Loyola), at Mass, what part of the Host belonged to Mary and what part to Christ." It would be a nice question whether the segment of the consecrated wafer which belonged to Mary should receive *latria* or *hyperdulia*.

I should fatigue the reader's patience if I were to multiply evidence of the fact that the devout Roman Catholic trusts mainly, if not solely,

in her, to whom he often dedicates his children, and whom he always invokes with his last breath as his saviour in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. One such book as the "Glories of Mary," or, "Buonaventura's Psalter," stamped with the imprimatur of authority, affords evidence more valuable than aught which I can allege. Nor shall I dwell upon the worship offered to Mary's images: the image itself must be the object of worship where, as in the case of the Vièrges Miraculeuses of Belgium, our Lady of Antwerp has one prerogative, and our Black Lady of Liège another. Every Christian who is not cursed with a "strong delusion so as to believe a lie," must surely feel that if St. Peter or St. Paul were to rise from the dead, and enter a Church where a crowd of people were kneeling before a doll in crinoline and coronation robes, the first impulse of the apostle would be to break the idol in pieces before the Lord, and his next to preach Christ to the congregation.

I restrict myself to the statement that the Roman Catholic Church practises and patronises what the Bible forbids, the worship of the creature. Worship is the exclusive prerogative of Almighty God. This can never be too often repeated or too strongly affirmed. "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he has not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, and not holding the Head." All secondary worship is forbidden. Moreover if we accept the Roman Catholic definition of idolatry, *i. e.* offering to a creature the worship due to the Creator, where, I would ask, has idolatry ever prevailed? Not even the Fetish-worshipper of Africa confounds his Fetish with the Maker and Preserver of all things. Some races have thought the Great Spirit too far above them, and afar from them, to hear their prayer, and have worshipped creatures as his symbols or vicegerents, or as inferior deities more immediately concerned with the affairs of men. But none ever offered *latria* to an idol. Still less were the civilized nations of antiquity in this sense idolaters. It is supposed that the unity and some of the attributes of God were the secret revealed to the initiated in the Mysteries; and the "God-fearing" Athenians whom St. Paul addressed on the Areopagus certainly distinguished the altar of the "Unknown God" from that of the Olympian Zeus or the Athene of the Acropolis; for it was the inscription on that altar which the apostle took as the text of his sermon. The essence of idolatry consists not in offering Divine worship to a creature, but in worshipping the Creator in a mode not acceptable to him, or in worshipping the creature in any mode whatever. It is not ignorance of which St. Paul accuses the heathen world (Rom. i. 19—25); it is "that, when they *knew* God, they glorified him not as God, ... (but) changed the truth of God into a lie, and *worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.*" When St. John in the vision was shown the holy city, "I fell down," he says, "to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant: worship God." Roman Catholic commentators tell us that John mistook the angel for the Son of Man, and would have offered him *latria*. But observe, John himself calls the angel "One of the seven angels which had the

seven vials." It must therefore have been *dulia* which the angel declined, *i.e.* the worship which every Roman Catholic offers to his guardian angel.

I adduced this example from the Bible in arguing recently with a Roman Catholic friend of mine. The substance of his answer was, "So much the worse for the Bible," for that "saint-worship was a necessary corollary of the New Law." So it is—but what then? As another Catholic friend of mine, also a convert, remarked, "We don't care a *fig* for the Bible; we could do just as well without it. For my part, I'd sooner believe Pius than Paul"—on the principle, I presume, that a living dog is better than a dead lion.

I have presented one feature, and only one of the religion of Rome. I will add one feature of its morality. And here let it be understood, I censure not individuals but the system with which they unhappily are *solidaires*. Four years' residence as a Catholic in Catholic countries abroad and in Ireland, has taught me how impossible it is to conjecture what a man's conduct will be from the principles which he professes; how often the man is superior to the system. Nor had anyone ever better cause to speak well of Roman Catholics individually. I experienced nothing but kindness and hospitality, both here and abroad, at the hands of Roman Catholics, especially of that illustrious prelate who though vested in the Roman purple, won admiration and almost popularity for a Prince of the Roman Church, amidst a Protestant and at first hostile nation. I say then, that the Roman system not only paralyses the intellect but corrupts conscience, which is the guide of life, by substituting for the eternal morality, which is a reflection of the Divine nature, a false code of ethics which expands or contracts, as best suits the interests of the Church. The ἀρχὴ πεπήρωται, the current of action is vitiated at the fountain-head. Men, as I have said, are often better than the systems which they support. But I believe that in proportion as men have imbibed the spirit of Rome, exactly in that proportion does their moral sense become blunted to the discernment of right and wrong, truth and falsehood. Those who have read such works as the writings of Dens, and Alphonsus di Liguori, or the Monita Secreta of the Jesuit order, will best apprehend what I mean. Perinde ac cadaver* is not peculiar to the Jesuit order or to the duty of obedience. Confession would never have become so popular had it not responded to a want in the human heart; that want is the desire to rid oneself of personal moral responsibility, and to shift it on to the shoulders of another. Men (not converts) rarely submit to the discipline of the confessional, "the Sacrament of Penance;" but women in all countries throng to it in crowds, and the corpse on a dissecting table is not more at the mercy of the operating surgeon than is the female penitent at the mercy of the confessor, especially if, as is often the case, he is also her spiritual director. Gifted with less reasoning power than men, and with an organization in which devotion and sensuousness are highly developed and strangely mingled, women are peculiarly susceptible of moral influence. I say nothing of the scandals which have resulted from the abuse of the confessional, and which have made the "prétraille," as Frenchmen call them, the bye-word of Europe; but let any man

* "Like a corpse."

read the manuals for the use of confessors, and say whether even a good man could apply them in practice without moral contamination, probably to himself and certainly to the penitent. It must be remembered too that faith and obedience are not inseparable. "I believe but I do not practise" is a very common case. It is the old story. Human nature in every age has always tried to make a compromise with God, offering him sacrifice instead of obedience. "Il y a des accommodements avec le ciel," as Voltaire said with his withering sneer.

But this is a collateral question. The point on which I now lay stress is that the moral sense even of religious men, men aspiring to holiness, is so corrupted by a false standard of right and wrong, that they will themselves commit, and sanction in others, actions plainly unjustifiable.

I will give one instance out of many. Some time ago Lord Blacklegge, who has since gone through the Bankruptcy Court, and who was then co-respondent in a notorious divorce case, joined the Church of Rome; and it was hinted in some of the newspapers, that a connexion of his, a Roman Catholic lady, had paid the heavy damages to which he was condemned on condition that he became a dutiful son of Holy Church. I congratulated a priest whom I happened to meet on their noble convert; but the reverend father seemed not to think it a subject of congratulation.

"Lord Blacklegge," said he, "was received by Father ——, at —— Street, on the —— day of ——, but I always deny it."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"*You* know it's a fact as well as I do," he replied; "but if anybody asks me about it, I always say it's not true."

Yet this priest was a man who had given up a rich living for conscience' sake, who gave all his private fortune to the poor, and who would, I doubt not, have given his body to be burned. At the same time I know, if he had had the power, he would quite as cheerfully have burned others, for he has told me so, while defending the Act *De Hæretico comburendo*; nor did he scruple, in the instance mentioned, to tell a downright lie in order to avert some possible discredit from his Church.

I am not writing controversy, I am simply serving up one or two scraps of personal experience, if haply they may lead others to profitable study and reflection. Idolatry is ever assuming new forms. The spirit of idolatry impregnates the very air. Saint-worship and king-worship, and hero-worship, and parson-worship,—anything, everything, but God's worship. Even things harmless in themselves often lead to harm: the old serpent has left his trail over the evergreens of Christmas. More than half the churches are idol-temples. "When ye come to appear before me," saith the Lord, "who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." All these holy rituals and holy places, holy festivals and holy vigils, holy fathers and holy mothers, holy vestments and holy vessels, holy oil and holy water, holy crosses and holy candles, holy incense and holy altars, are idolatrous in origin and in nature, and therefore far more acceptable to humanity than that worship in spirit and in truth, and that spiritual body built up of living stones, which alone is acceptable to God.

One word, dear reader, in conclusion: you and I shall never meet most likely in this world, but we shall hereafter if we are faithful unto death. Heaven is our home. Are we going *Homewards?* Can we say with the poet—

"Nightly I pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home"?

Are we like the patriarchs, dwellers in tents, always on the move? Do we feel like strangers and pilgrims on the earth? Or are we trying to build stone cities here, forgetful of the Better Land and of Him who shall lead us thither? Are we journeying *Romewards* in search of some perfect Church which exists not upon earth? Are we looking for the Most High in temples made with hands, in minsters and meeting-houses, in gorgeous ceremonial, or in golden eloquence?

Some of these things may be useful, but all may be pernicious. Examine yourself, I entreat you, whether you be in the Faith, prove your own self. Keep yourself from idols. Anything may become an idol if it lead you to forget God. Fling away the accursed thing if it is in your hand; if it is in your heart, tear it up by the roots. Never mind the world's dread laugh, the sneer of society. Let those laugh that win. There will be plenty of the very best society in hell, kings and kaisers, popes and prelates, and all sorts of noble and royal, and serene and illustrious personages. Better to crawl into life on crutches with Lazarus, than to drive to hell with Dives in a coach and six, with outriders and running footmen.

Only look to Jesus and you are saved. He is the author and finisher of your faith. He is always ready, always waiting for you. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

And "who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God? This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Say to him, "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Yet a little while and the dark night of sin and sorrow, the hour of defeat and doubt and despondency will be past: the dark valley of the shadow of death will have been crossed, and morn will break on the everlasting hills.

Farewell, dear reader, and pray for me, that I too may see the rising of the Sun of righteousness. PHILALETHES.

The Great Work of our Lord.

BY JOHN DUNLOP, RINGWOOD.

THE question is an all-important one, what is the great work of our Redeemer? If we allow a certain school of theologians to answer this question, they will tell us that he lived and died not as a substitute, not as a propitiation, but as an example. He came to show us how suffering could be borne and how duty could be performed. They

thus ignore the principle of substitution, regarding it as unjust and cruel. Let us, then, shortly examine this objection, and see if it is valid. We find the principle of substitution penetrating and interpenetrating the whole affairs of man. We find children suffering on account of the disobedience of Adam; we find one man suffering for another man's sin. It is, moreover, by means of substitution that some of our best blessings come to us. To it we owe our being and well-being. Does it not, therefore, display the wisdom and love of God in taking advantage of this principle, in order that he may consistently bestow well-being and permanent well-being upon all who will accept of them as free gifts? Assuredly it does. But do you say it was inconsistent with the principle of justice that the innocent should suffer in the room of the guilty? To this we reply, why then did the innocent suffer at all? And why were his sufferings so inexpressibly severe? But do you say he suffered as an example? Then we ask, Is it consistent with the principle of justice that the innocent should suffer as an example? And if the innocent Jesus suffered only as an example, where do *we* stand? Have we not broken the law? Have we not incurred its penalty? And is it not just that the penalty should go along with the disobedience? Undoubtedly it is. Then, seeing we have disobeyed, what will become of us if there be no severance between the penalty and the disobedience? And what benefit can Christ's example be to us? Are we not condemned, and therefore in spite of that example are we not preparing for the blackness of darkness? But do you still reply, he has furnished us with a glorious example of the sacrifice of self-will? Of course he has done that, but if that be all he has done, why did he not rise superior to martyrs in his sufferings? Have not martyrs sung in the flames? Yes. Did he sing upon the cross? No. Hence, according to your theory, the disciple has given us a grander example than his Lord. Why that awful cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me"? The only reasonable explanation is that when he uttered it he was, in a deep, unfathomable sense, *tasting death for us*, so that we who believe in him, though enduring the most acute bodily and mental anguish, might be equal to all emergencies of duty and suffering, and while staring the King of Terrors in the face, might triumphantly sing, "O death, where is thy sting?" Besides, if Christ has done no more than furnish us with a model of the sacrifice of self-will, how can he be an example to us? An example must be suited to the case represented. Is his example suitable? We say no. Why? Because he was sinless, but we are sinful. If he has only sacrificed the will of his flesh, he has done nothing for us at all. Nay, *he has done less than we are commanded by God to do every day, for there was no sin in the will of his flesh, but there is sin in ours.* It is clear then as if traced by a sunbeam that he lived and died as a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of men. He made acquaintance with grief that he might change grief into joy. He wore a crown of thorns that we might not wear a crown of flames. His hands were nailed to a cross that he might put into our hands the cup of salvation. He took our death that we might take his life. With an infinite cordiality he bowed his head upon the cross of Calvary, that we might be crowned with "glory, and honour, and immortality."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XIV.

TITLE.—*This admirable ode is simply headed,* "To the Chief Musician, by David." *The dedication to the Chief Musician stands at the head of fifty-three of the Psalms, and clearly indicates that such psalms were intended, not merely for the private use of believers, but to be sung in the great assemblies by the appointed choir at whose head was the overseer, or superintendent, called in our version, "the Chief Musician," and by Ainsworth, "the Master of the Music." Several of these psalms have little or no praise in them, and were not addressed directly to the Most High, and yet were to be sung in public worship; which is a clear indication that the theory of Augustine lately revived by certain hymn-book makers, that nothing but praise should be sung, is far more plausible than scriptural. Not only did the ancient Church chant hallowed doctrine and offer prayer amid her spiritual songs, but even the wailing notes of complaint were put into her mouth by the sweet singer of Israel who was inspired of God. Some persons grasp at any nicety which has a gloss of apparent correctness upon it, and are pleased with being more fancifully precise than others; nevertheless it will ever be the way of plain men, not only to magnify the Lord in sacred canticles, but also, according to Paul's precept, to teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in their hearts unto the Lord.*

As no distinguishing title is given to this Psalm, we would suggest as an assistance to the memory, the heading—CONCERNING PRACTICAL ATHEISM. *The many conjectures as to the occasion upon which it was written are so completely without foundation, that it would be a waste of time to mention them at length. The apostle Paul, in Romans* iii., *has shown incidentally that the drift of the inspired writer is to show that both Jews and Gentiles are all under sin; there was, therefore, no reason for fixing upon any particular historical occasion, when all history reeks with terrible evidence of human corruption. With instructive alterations, David has given us in Psalm* liii. *a second edition of this humiliating psalm, being moved of the Holy Ghost thus doubly to declare a truth which is ever distasteful to carnal minds.*

DIVISION.—*The world's foolish creed (verse* 1*); its practical influence in corrupting morals,* 1, 2, 3. *The persecuting tendencies of sinners,* 4; *their alarms,* 5; *their ridicule of the godly,* 6; *and a prayer for the manifestation of the Lord to his people's joy.*

EXPOSITION.

THE fool hath said in his heart, *There is* no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, *there is* none that doeth good.

"*The fool.*" The Atheist is *the* fool pre-eminently, and *a* fool universally. He would not deny God if he were not a fool by nature, and having denied God it is no marvel that he becomes a fool in practice. Sin is always folly, and as it is the height of sin to attack the very existence of the Most High, so is it also the greatest imaginable folly. To say there is no God is to belie the plainest evidence, which is obstinacy; to oppose the common consent of mankind, which is stupidity; to stifle consciousness, which is madness. If the sinner could by his atheism destroy the God whom he hates there were some sense, although much wickedness, in his infidelity; but as denying the existence of fire does not prevent its burning a man who is in it, so doubting the existence of God will not stop the Judge of all the earth from destroying the rebel who breaks his laws; nay, this atheism is a crime which much provokes heaven, and will bring down terrible vengeance on the fool who indulges it. The proverb says, "A fool's tongue cuts his own throat," and in this instance it kills both soul and body for ever: would to God the mischief stopped even there, but alas! one fool makes hundreds, and a noisy blasphemer spreads his horrible doctrines as lepers spread the plague. Ainsworth, in his "Annotations," tells us that the word here used is *Nabal*, which has the signification of fading, dying, or falling away, as a withered leaf or flower; it is a title given to the foolish man as

having lost the juice and sap of wisdom, reason, honesty, and godliness. Trapp hits the mark when he calls him "that sapless fellow, that carcase of a man, that walking sepulchre of himself, in whom all religion and right reason is withered and wasted, dried up and decayed." Some translate it *the apostate*, and others *the wretch*. With what earnestness should we shun the appearance of doubt as to the presence, activity, power and love of God, for all such mistrust is of the nature of folly, and who among us would wish to be ranked with the fool in the text? Yet let us never forget that all unregenerate men are more or less such fools.

The fool "*hath said in his heart.*" May a man with his mouth profess to believe, and yet in heart say the reverse? Had he hardly become audacious enough to utter his folly with his tongue? Did the Lord look upon his thoughts as being in the nature of words to Him though not to man? Is this where man first becomes an unbeliever?—in his heart, not in his head? And when he talks atheistically, is it a foolish heart speaking, and endeavouring to clamour down the voice of conscience? We think so. If the affections were set upon truth and righteousness, the understanding would have no difficulty in settling the question of a present personal Deity, but as the heart dislikes the good and the right, it is no wonder that it desires to be rid of that Elohim, who is the great moral Governor, the Patron of rectitude and the Punisher of iniquity. While men's hearts remain what they are, we must not be surprised at the prevalence of scepticism; a corrupt tree will bring forth corrupt fruit. "Every man," says Dickson, "so long as he lieth unrenewed and unreconciled to God is nothing in effect but a madman." What wonder then if he raves? Such fools as those we are now dealing with are common to all time, and all countries; they grow without watering, and are found all the world over. The spread of mere intellectual enlightenment will not diminish their number, for since it is an affair of the heart, this folly and great learning will often dwell together. To answer sceptical cavillings will be labour lost until grace enters to make the mind willing to believe; fools can raise more objections in an hour than wise men can answer in seven years, indeed it is their mirth to set stools for wise men to stumble over. Let the preacher aim at the heart, and preach the all-conquering love of Jesus, and he will by God's grace win more doubters to the faith of the gospel than any hundred of the best reasoners who only direct their arguments to the head.

"*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,*" or "*no God.*" So monstrous is the assertion, that the man hardly dared to put it as a positive statement, but went very near to doing so. Calvin seems to regard this saying "no God," as hardly amounting to a syllogism, scarcely reaching to a positive, dogmatical declaration; but Dr. Alexander clearly shows that it does. It is not merely the wish of the sinner's corrupt nature, and the hope of his rebellious heart, but he manages after a fashion to bring himself to assert it, and at certain seasons he thinks that he believes it. It is a solemn reflection that some who worship God with their lips may in their hearts be saying, "no God." It is worthy of observation that he does not say there is no Jehovah, but there is no Elohim; Deity in the abstract is not so much the object of attack, as the covenant, personal, ruling and governing presence of God in the world. God as ruler, lawgiver, worker, Saviour, is the butt at which the arrows of human wrath are shot. How impotent the malice! How mad the rage which raves and foams against Him in whom we live and move and have our being! How horrible the insanity which leads a man who owes his all to God to cry out, "*No God*"! How terrible the depravity which makes the whole race adopt this as their hearts' desire, "no God"!

"*They are corrupt.*" This refers to all men, and we have the warrant of the Holy Ghost for so saying; see the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Where there is enmity to God, there is deep, inward depravity of mind. The words are rendered by eminent critics in an active sense, "they have done corruptly:" this may serve to remind us that sin is not only in our nature passively as the source of evil, but we ourselves actively fan the flame and corrupt ourselves, making that blacker still which was black as darkness itself already. We rivet our own chains by habit and continuance.

"*They have done abominable works.*" When men begin with renouncing the Most High God, who shall tell where they will end? When the Master's eyes are put out, what will not the servants do? Observe the state of the world before the flood, as pourtrayed in Genesis vi. 12, and remember that human nature is unchanged. He who would see a terrible photograph of the world without God must read that most painful of all inspired Scriptures, the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans. Learned Hindoos have confessed that the description is literally correct in Hindostan at the present moment; and were it not for the restraining grace of God, it would be so in England. Alas! it is even here but too correct a picture of things which are done of men in secret. Things loathsome to God and man are sweet to some palates.

"*There is none that doeth good.*" Sins of omission must abound where transgressions are rife. Those who do the things which they ought not to have done, are sure to leave undone those things which they ought to have done. What a picture of our race is this! Save only where grace reigns, there is none that doeth good; humanity, fallen and debased, is a desert without an oasis, a night without a star, a dunghill without a jewel, a hell without a bottom.

2 The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, *and* seek God.

3 They are all gone aside, they are *all* together become filthy: *there is* none that doeth good, no, not one.

"*The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men.*" As from a watchtower, or other elevated place of observation, the Lord is represented as gazing intently upon men. He will not punish blindly, nor like a tyrant command an indiscriminate massacre because a rumour of rebellion has come up to his ears. What condescending interest and impartial justice are here imaged! The case of Sodom, visited before it was overthrown, illustrates the careful manner in which Divine Justice beholds the sin before it avenges it, and searches out the righteous that they perish not with the guilty. Behold then the eyes of Omniscience ransacking the globe, and prying among every people and nation, "*to see if there were any that did understand and seek God.*" He who is looking down knows the good, is quick to discern it, would be delighted to find it; but as he views all the unregenerate children of men his search is fruitless, for of all the race of Adam, no unrenewed soul is other than an enemy to God and goodness. The objects of the Lord's search are not wealthy men, great men, or learned men; these, with all they can offer, cannot meet the demands of the great Governor: at the same time, he is not looking for superlative eminence in virtue, he seeks for *any that understand* themselves, their state, their duty, their destiny, their happiness; he looks for any that *seek God*, who, if there be a God, are willing and anxious to find him out. Surely this is not too great a matter to expect; for if men have not yet known God, if they have any right understanding, they will seek him. Alas! even this low degree of good is not to be found even by him who sees all things; but men love the hideous negation of "No God," and with their backs to their Creator, who is the sun of their life, they journey into the dreary region of unbelief and alienation, which is a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death without any order and where the light is as darkness.

"*They are all gone aside.*" Without exception, all men have apostatized from the Lord their Maker, from his laws, and from the eternal principles of right. Like stubborn heifers they have sturdily refused to receive the yoke, like errant sheep they have found a gap and left the right field. The original speaks of the race as a whole, as a totality; and humanity as a whole has become depraved in heart and defiled in life. "*They have altogether become filthy;*" as a whole they are spoiled and soured like corrupt leaven, or, as some put it, they have become putrid and even stinking. The only reason why we do not more clearly see this foulness is because we are accustomed to it, just as those who work daily among offensive odours at last cease to smell them. The miller does not observe the

noise of his own mill, and we are slow to discover our own ruin and depravity. But are there no special cases, are all men sinful? "Yes," says the Psalmist, in a manner not to be mistaken, "they are." He has put it positively, he repeats it negatively, "*There is none that doeth good, no, not one.*" The Hebrew phrase is an utter denial concerning any mere man that he of himself doeth good. What can be more sweeping? This is the verdict of the all-seeing Jehovah, who cannot exaggerate or mistake. As if no hope of finding a solitary specimen of a good man among the unrenewed human family might be harboured for an instant. The Holy Spirit *is not* content with saying all and altogether, but adds the crushing threefold negative, "*none, no, not one.*" What say the opponents to the doctrine of natural depravity to this? Rather what do we *feel* concerning it? Do we not confess that we by nature are corrupt, and do we not bless the sovereign grace which has renewed us in the spirit of our minds, that sin may no more have dominion over us, but that grace may rule and reign?

4 Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people *as* they eat bread, and call not upon the LORD.

Hatred of God and corruptness of life are the motive forces which produce persecution. Men who having no saving knowledge of divine things, enslave themselves to become workers of iniquity, have no heart to cry to the Lord for deliverance, but seek to amuse themselves with devouring the poor and despised people of God. It is hard bondage to be a "*worker of iniquity;*" a worker at the galleys, or in the mines of Siberia, is not more truly degraded and wretched; the toil is hard and the reward dreadful; those who have no knowledge choose such slavery, but those who are taught of God cry to be rescued from it. The same ignorance which keeps men bondsmen to evil, makes them hate the free-born sons of God; hence they seek to eat them up "*as they eat bread,*"—daily, ravenously, as though it were an ordinary, usual, every-day matter to oppress the saints of God. As pikes in a pond eat up little fish, as eagles prey on smaller birds, as wolves rend the sheep of the pasture, so sinners naturally and as a matter of course, persecute, malign, and mock the followers of the Lord Jesus. While thus preying, they forswear all praying, and in this act consistently, for how could they hope to be heard while their hands are full of blood?

5 There were they in great fear: for God *is* in the generation of the righteous.

Oppressors have it not all their own way, they have their fits of trembling and their appointed seasons of overthrow. *There*—where they denied God and hectored against his people; *there*—where they thought of peace and safety, they were made to quail. "*There were they*"—these very loud-mouthed, iron-handed, proud-hearted Nimrods and Herods, these heady, high-minded sinners—"*there were they in great fear.*" A panic terror seized them: "they feared a fear," as the Hebrew puts it; an undefinable, horrible, mysterious dread crept over them. The most hardened of men have their periods when conscience casts them into a cold sweat of alarm. As cowards are cruel, so all cruel men are at heart cowards. The ghost of past sin is a terrible spectre to haunt any man, and though unbelievers may boast as loudly as they will, a sound is in their ears which makes them ill at ease.

"*For God is in the generation of the righteous.*" This makes the company of godly men so irksome to the wicked because they perceive that God is with them. Shut their eyes as they may, they cannot but perceive the image of God in the character of his truly gracious people, nor can they fail to see that he works for their deliverance. Like Haman, they instinctively feel a trembling when they see God's Mordecais. Even though the saint may be in a mean position, mourning at the gate where the persecutor rejoices in state, the sinner feels the influence of the believer's true nobility and quails before it, for God is there. Let scoffers beware, for they persecute the Lord Jesus when they molest his people; the union is very close between God and his people, it amounts to a mysterious indwelling, for God is in the generation of the righteous.

6 Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the LORD *is* his refuge.

Notwithstanding their real cowardice, the wicked put on the lion's skin and lord it over the Lord's poor ones. Though fools themselves, they mock at the truly wise as if the folly were on their side; but this is what might be expected, for how should brutish minds appreciate excellence, and how can those who have owl's eyes admire the sun? The special point and butt of their jest seems to be the confidence of the godly in their Lord. What can your God do for you now? Who is that God who can deliver out of our hand? Where is the reward of all your praying and beseeching? Taunting questions of this sort they thrust into the faces of weak but gracious souls, and tempt them to feel ashamed of their refuge. Let us not be laughed out of our confidence by them, let us scorn their scorning and defy their jeers; we shall need to wait but a little, and then the Lord our refuge will avenge his own elect, and ease himself of his adversaries, who once made so light of him and of his people.

7 Oh that the salvation of Israel *were come* out of Zion! when the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, *and* Israel shall be glad.

Natural enough is this closing prayer, for what would so effectually convince atheists, overthrow persecutors, stay sin, and secure the godly, as the manifest appearance of Israel's great Salvation? The coming of Messiah was the desire of the godly in all ages, and though he has already come with a sin-offering to purge away iniquity, we look for him to come a second time, to come without a sin-offering unto salvation. Oh that these weary years would have an end! Why tarries he so long? He knows that sin abounds, and that his people are down-trodden; why comes he not to the rescue? His glorious advent will restore his ancient people from literal captivity, and his spiritual seed from spiritual sorrow. Wrestling Jacob and prevailing Israel shall alike rejoice before him when he is revealed as their salvation. Oh that he were come! What happy, holy, halcyon, heavenly days should we then see! But let us not count him slack, for behold he comes, he comes quickly! Blessed are all they that wait for him.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—Atheists have tricks beyond the devil. The devil believes and trembles, (James ii. 19); but these have neither faith nor fear. The devil quakes at the day of judgment: "Torment us not before the time." (Matt. viii. 29.) Yet these deride it, saying, "Where is the promise of his coming?" (2 Peter iii. 4.) Strange! even the father of lies comes short of his children; and that there should be Atheists on earth when there are none in hell!—*Thomas Adams.*

Verse 1.—"'There is no God,' the fool in secret said:
'There is no God that rules or earth or sky.'
Tear off the band that binds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye!
Is there no God?—The stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny;
While his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God?—The stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout, one voice agrees,
And, eloquent, His dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these!"—*Giovanni Cotta.*

Verse 1.—"The owlet *Atheism,*
Sailing on obscene wings across the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and shuts them close
And, hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?'"—*Coleridge.*

Verse 1.—"*Corrupt are they*," &c. All sin is both (1) from Atheism, for did men believe a God that saw all and would punish all, they durst not but be innocent; and (2) to Atheism. The best that can come of sin is repentance, which if men have no mind to, they will turn Atheists, for their own quiet, lest they fall into a hell above ground and be tormented before their time.—*Trapp's Marrow.*

Verse 6.—Every fool that saith in his heart there is no God, hath out of the same quiver a bolt to shoot at goodness. Barren Michal hath too many sons, who, like their mother, jeer at holy David.—*Trapp.*

Verse 4.—This is an evil world. It hates the people of God. "Because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (John xv. 19.) Haman's hatred was against the whole seed of the Jews. When you can find a serpent without a sting, or a leopard without spots, then may you expect to find a wicked world without hatred to the saints. Piety is the target which is aimed at. "They are mine adversaries because I follow the thing that good is." (Psalm xxxviii. 20.) The world pretends to hate the godly for something else, but the ground of the quarrel is holiness. The world's hatred is implacable: anger may be reconciled, hatred cannot. You may as soon reconcile heaven and hell as the two seeds. If the world hated Christ, no wonder that it hates us. "The world hated me before it hated you." (John xv. 18.) Why should any hate Christ? This blessed dove had no gall, this rose of Sharon did send forth a most sweet perfume; but this shows the world's baseness, it is a Christ-hating and a *saint-eating* world.—*Thomas Watson.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1 *(first clause).*—The folly of Atheism.

Verse 1.—Atheism of the heart.—*Jamieson's Sermons on the Heart.*

Verse 1 *(whole verse).*—Describe. I. The creed of the fool. II. The fool who holds the creed: or thus, Atheism. I. Its source: "*the heart.*" II. Its creed: "*no God.*" III. Its fruits: "*corrupt*," &c.

Verse 1.—I. The great source of sin, alienation from God. II. Its place of dominion—the heart. III. Its effect upon the intellect,—makes man a fool. IV. Its manifestations in the life—acts of commission and omission.

Verse 2.—I. Condescending search. II. Favoured subjects. III. Generous intentions.

Verse 2, 3.—God's search for a naturally good man; the result; lessons to be learned therefrom.

Verse 3.—Total depravity of the race.

Verse 4.—"*Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge?*" If men rightly knew God, his law, the evil of sin, the torment of hell, and other great truths, would they sin as they do? Or if they know these and yet continue in their iniquities, how guilty and foolish they are! Answer the question both positively and negatively, and it supplies material for a searching discourse.

Verse 5.—The foolish fears of those who have no fear of God.

Verse 5.—The Lord's nearness to the righteous, its consequences to the persecutor, and its encouragement to saints.

Verse 6.—Wisdom of making the Lord our refuge.—*John Owen.* Works by Goold, 1854, Vol. xvii., page 500.

Verse 6.—Describe, I. The poor man here intended. II. His counsel. III. His reproach. IV. His refuge.

Verse 6.—Trust in God, a theme for mockery to fools only. Show its wisdom.

Verse 7.—Longings for the Advent.

Verse 7.—Discourse to promote revival. I. Frequent condition of the church "captivity." II. Means of revival. The Lord's coming in grace. III. Consequences, "rejoice," "be glad."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XV.

SUBJECT, &c.—*This Psalm of David bears no dedicatory title at all indicative of the occasion upon which it was written, but it is exceedingly probable that, together with the twenty-fourth Psalm, to which it bears a striking resemblance, its composition was in some way connected with the removal of the ark to the holy hill of Zion. Who should attend upon the ark was a matter of no small consequence, for because unauthorized persons had intruded into the office, David was unable on the first occasion to complete his purpose of bringing the ark to Zion. On the second attempt he is more careful, not only to allot the work of carrying the ark to the divinely appointed Levites* (1 *Chron.* xv. 2), *but also to leave it in charge of the man whose house the Lord had blessed, even Obed-edom, who, with his many sons, ministered in the house of the Lord.* (1 *Chron.* xxvi. 8, 12.) *Spiritually we have here a description of the man who is a child at home in the Church of God on earth, and who will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever above. He is primarily Jesus, the perfect man, and in him all who through grace are conformed to his image.*

DIVISION.—*The first verse asks the question; the rest of the verses answer it. We will call the Psalm* THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

EXPOSITION.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

1.—THE QUESTION. *Jehovah.* Thou high and holy One, who shall be permitted to have fellowship with thee? The heavens are not pure in thy sight, and thou chargedst thine angels with folly, who then of mortal mould shall dwell with thee, thou dread consuming fire? A sense of the glory of the Lord and of the holiness which becomes his house, his service, and his attendants, excites the humble mind to ask the solemn question before us. Where angels bow with veiled faces, how shall man be able to worship at all? The unthinking many imagine it to be a very easy matter to approach the Most High, and when professedly engaged in his worship they have no questionings of heart as to their fitness for it; but truly humbled souls often shrink under a sense of utter unworthiness, and would not dare to approach the throne of the God of holiness if it were not for him, our Lord, our Advocate, who can abide in the heavenly temple, because his righteousness endureth for ever. "*Who shall abide in thy tabernacle?*" Who shall be admitted to be one of the household of God, to sojourn under his roof and enjoy communion with himself? "*Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?*" Who shall be a citizen of Zion, and an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem? The question is raised, because it is a question. All men have not this privilege, nay, even among professors there are aliens from the commonwealth, who have no secret intercourse with God. On the grounds of law no mere man can dwell with God, for there is not one upon earth who answers to the just requirements mentioned in the succeeding verses. The questions in the text are asked of the *Lord*, as if none but the Infinite Mind could answer them so as to satisfy the unquiet conscience. We must know from the Lord of the tabernacle what are the qualifications for his service, and when we have been taught of him, we shall clearly see that only our spotless Lord Jesus, and those who are conformed unto his image, can ever stand with acceptance before the Majesty on high.

Impertinent curiosity frequently desires to know who and how many shall be saved; if those who thus ask the question, "Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" would make it a soul-searching enquiry in reference to themselves they would act much more wisely. Members of the visible church, which is God's tabernacle

of worship, and hill of eminence, should diligently see to it, that they have the preparation of heart which fits them to be inmates of the house of God. Without the wedding-dress of righteousness in Christ Jesus, we have no right to sit at the banquet of communion. Without uprightness of walk we are not fit for the imperfect church on earth, and certainly we must not hope to enter the perfect church above.

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the LORD. *He that* sweareth to *his own* hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

2.—THE ANSWER. The Lord in answer to the question informs us by his Holy Spirit of the character of the man who alone can dwell in his holy hill. In perfection this holiness is found only in the Man of Sorrows, but in a measure it is wrought in all his people by the Holy Ghost. Faith and the graces of the Spirit are not mentioned, because this is a description of outward character, and where fruits are found the root may not be seen, but it is surely there. Observe the accepted man's *walk, work, and word.* "*He that walketh uprightly,*" he keeps himself erect as those do who traverse high ropes; if they lean on one side over they must go, or as those who carry precious but fragile ware in baskets on their heads, who lose all if they lose their perpendicular. True believers do not cringe as flatterers, wriggle as serpents, bend double as earth-grubbers, or crook on one side as those who have sinister aims; they have the strong backbone of the vital principle of grace within, and being themselves upright, they are able to walk uprightly. Walking is of far more importance than talking. He only is right who is *up*right in walk and *down*right in honesty. "*And worketh righteousness.*" His faith shows itself by good works, and therefore is no dead faith. God's house is a hive for workers, not a nest for drones. Those who rejoice that everything is done for them by another, even the Lord Jesus, and therefore hate legality, are the best doers in the world upon gospel principles. If we are not positively serving the Lord, and doing his holy will to the best of our power, we may seriously debate our interest in divine things, for trees which bear no fruit must be hewn down and cast into the fire. "*And speaketh the truth in his heart.*" The fool in the last psalm spoke falsely in his heart; observe both here and elsewhere in the two psalms, the striking contrast. Saints not only desire to love and speak truth with their lips, but they seek to be true within; they will not lie even in the closet of their hearts, for God is there to listen; they scorn double meanings, evasions, equivocations, white lies, flatteries, and deceptions. Though truths, like roses, have thorns about them, good men wear them in their bosoms. Our heart must be the sanctuary and refuge of truth, should it be banished from all the world beside, and hunted from among men; at all risk we must entertain the angel of truth, for truth is God's daughter. We must be careful that the heart is really fixed and settled in principle, for tenderness of conscience towards truthfulness, like the bloom on a peach, needs gentle handling, and once lost it were hard to regain it. Jesus was the mirror of sincerity and holiness. Oh, to be more and more fashioned after his similitude!

3. After the positive comes the negative. "*He that backbiteth not with his tongue.*" There is a sinful way of backbiting with the heart when we think too hardly of a neighbour, but it is the tongue which does the mischief. Some men's tongues bite more than their teeth. The tongue is not steel, but it cuts, and its

wounds are very hard to heal; its worst wounds are not with its edge to our face, but with its back when our head is turned. Under the law, a night hawk was an unclean bird, and its human image is abominable everywhere. All slanderers are the devil's bellows to blow up contention, but those are the worst which blow at the back of the fire. "*Nor doeth evil to his neighbour.*" He who bridles his tongue will not give a licence to his hand. Loving our neighbour as ourselves will make us jealous of his good name, careful not to injure his estate, or by ill example to corrupt his character. "*Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.*" He is a fool if not a knave who picks up stolen goods and harbours them; in slander as well as robbery, the receiver is as bad as the thief. If there were no gratified hearers of ill reports, there would be an end of the trade of spreading them. Trapp says, that "the tale-bearer carrieth the devil in his tongue, and the tale-hearer carries the devil in his ear." The original may be translated, "endureth;" implying that it is a sin to endure or tolerate tale-bearers. "Show that man out!" we should say of a drunkard, yet it is very questionable if his unmannerly behaviour will do us so much mischief as the tale-bearer's insinuating story. "Call for a policeman!" we say if we see a thief at his business; ought we to feel no indignation when we hear a gossip at her work? Mad dog! Mad dog!! is a terrible hue and cry, but there are few curs whose bite is so dangerous as a busybody's tongue. Fire! fire!! is an alarming note, but the tale-bearer's tongue is set on fire of hell, and those who indulge it had better mend their manners, or they may find that there is fire in hell for unbridled tongues. Our Lord spake evil of no man, but breathed a prayer for his foes; we must be like him, or we shall never be with him.

4. "*In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.*" We must be as honest in paying respect as in paying our bills. Honour to whom honour is due. To all good men we owe a debt of honour, and we have no right to hand over what is their due to vile persons who happen to be in high places. When bad men are in office, it is our duty to respect the office, but we cannot so violate our consciences as to do otherwise than contemn the men; and on the other hand, when true saints are in poverty and distress, we must sympathize with their afflictions and honour the men none the less. We may honour the roughest cabinet for the sake of the jewels, but we must not prize false gems because of their setting. A sinner in a gold chain and silken robes is no more to be compared with a saint in rags than a rushlight in a silver candlestick with the sun behind a cloud. The proverb says, that "ugly women, finely dressed, are the uglier for it," and so mean men in high estate are the more mean because of it. "*He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*" Scriptural saints under the New Testament rule "swear not at all," but their word is as good as an oath: those men of God who think it right to swear, are careful and prayerful lest they should even seem to overshoot the mark. When engagements have been entered into which turn out to be unprofitable, "the saints are men of honour still." Our blessed Surety swore to his own hurt, but how gloriously he stood to his suretiship! what a comfort to us that he changeth not, and what an example to us to be scrupulously and precisely exact in fulfilling our covenants with others! The most far-seeing trader may enter into engagements which turn out to be serious losses, but whatever else he loses, if he keeps his honour, his losses will be bearable; if that be lost all is lost.

5. "*He that putteth not out his money to usury.*" *Usury* was and is hateful both to God and man. That a lender should share with the borrower in gains made by his money is most fitting and proper; but that the man of property should eat up the poor wretch who unfortunately obtained a loan of him is abominable. Those who grind poor tradesmen, needy widows, and such like, by charging them interest at intolerable rates, will find that their gold and their silver are cankered. The man who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord must shake off this sin as Paul shook the viper into the fire. "*Nor taketh reward against the innocent.*" Bribery is a sin both in the giver and the receiver. It was frequently practised in Eastern courts of justice; that form of it is now

under our excellent judges almost an unheard-of thing; yet the sin survives in various forms, which the reader needs not that we should mention; and under every shape it is loathsome to the true man of God. He remembers that Jesus instead of taking reward against the innocent died for the guilty.

"*He that doeth these things shall never be moved.*" No storm shall tear him from his foundations, drag him from his anchorage, or uproot him from his place. Like the Lord Jesus, whose dominion is everlasting, the true Christian shall never lose his crown. He shall not only be *on* Zion, but *like* Zion, fixed and firm. He shall dwell in the tabernacle of the Most High, and neither death nor judgment shall remove him from his place of privilege and blessedness.

Let us betake ourselves to prayer and self-examination, for this psalm is as fire for the gold, and as a furnace for silver. Can we endure its testing power?

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 3.—*Backbiteth.* The word here used comes from a root signifying *foot*, and denotes a person who goes about from house to house, speaking things he should not (1 Tim. v. 13); and a word from this root signifies *spies;* and the phrase here may point at persons who creep into houses, pry into the secrets of families, divulge them, and oftentimes represent them in a false light. Such are ranked among the worst of men, and are very unfit to be in the society of saints, or in a church of Christ. See Rom. i. 30.—*Dr. Gill.*

Verse 5.—*Whole Psalm.* The holy soul is the love of God, the joy of angels; her eyes dare look upon the glorious Judge whom she knows to be her Saviour. Her heart is courageous; she dares stand the thunder; and when guilty minds creep into corners, she is confident in Him that He will defend her. She challengeth the whole world to accuse her of injustice, and fears not the subornation of false witnesses, because she knows the testimony of her own conscience. Her language is free and bold, without the guiltiness of broken stops. Her forehead is clear and smooth, as the brow of Heaven. Her knees are ever bent to the throne of grace; her feet travelling toward Jerusalem; her hands weaving the web of righteousness. Good men bless her; good angels guard her; the Son of God doth kiss her; and when all the world shall be turned to a burning pile, she shall be brought safe to the mountain of joy, and set in a throne of blessedness for ever.—*Thomas Adams.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Qualifications for Church membership on earth and in heaven. A subject for self-examination.

Verse 1.—I. *Comparison of the Church to the Tabernacle.* God's presence manifested, sacrifice offered, and vessels of grace preserved in it; mean externally, glorious within. II. *Comparison of its double position to that of the Tabernacle.* Moving in the wilderness and fixed on the hill. III. Enquire into qualifications for admittance into church and tabernacle. Parallel with the Priests, &c.

Verse 1.—The great question. Asked by idle curiosity, despair, godly fear, earnest enquirer, soul troubled by falls of others, holy faith. Give answer to each.

Verse 2.—"*He that walketh uprightly.*" I. What he must be? He must be upright in heart. A man himself bent double cannot walk uprightly. II. How he must act. Neither from impulse, ambition, gain, fear, or flattery. He must not be warped in any direction, but stand perpendicularly. III. What he must expect. Snares, &c. to trip him. IV. Where he must walk. Path of duty, the only one in which he can walk uprightly. V. Where he must look. Up, right-up, and then he will be upright.

Verse 2.—"Speaketh the truth in his heart." Subject:—Heart falsehood and heart truth.

Verse 3.—The evils of detraction. It affects three persons here mentioned. The backbiter, the suffering neighbour, and the taker-up of the reproach.

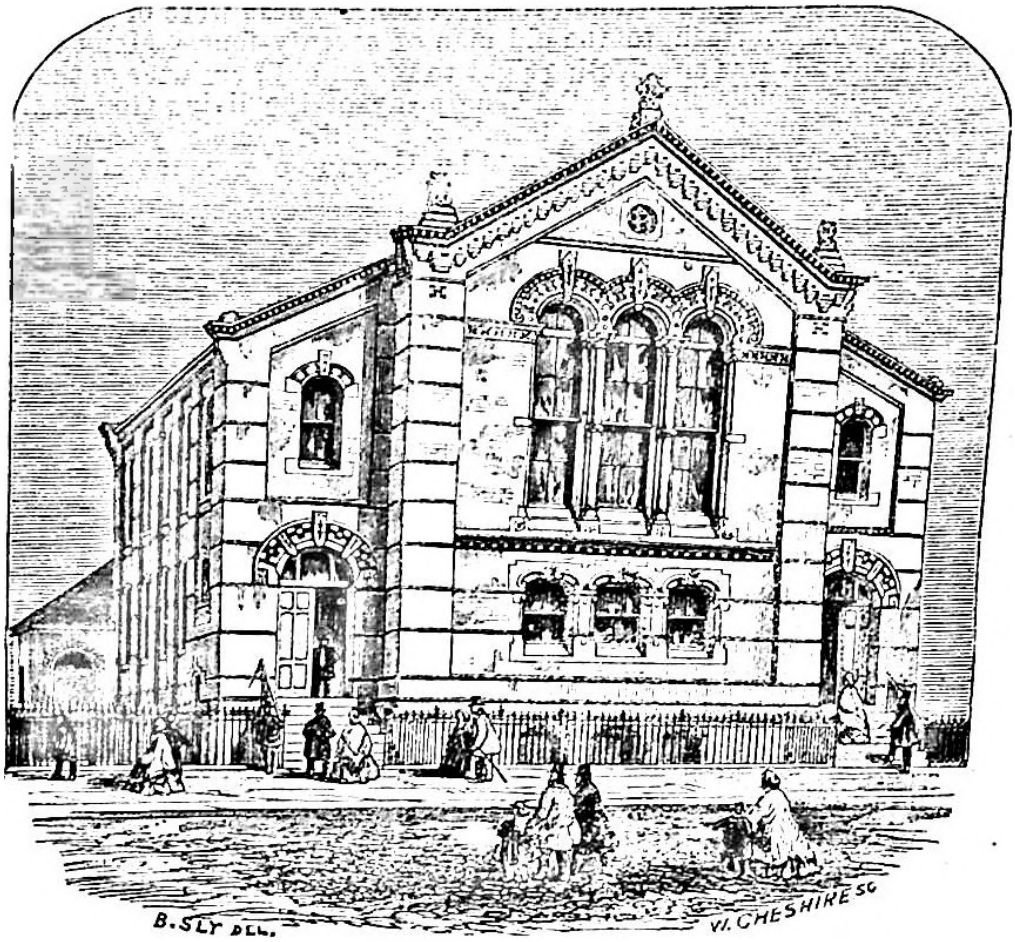
Verse 4.—The duty of practically honouring those who fear the Lord. Commendation, deference, assistance, imitation, &c.

Verse 4.—Last clause. The Lord Jesus as our unchanging Surety, his oath and his hurt.

Verse 5.—The evidences and privileges of godly men.

Verse 5.—Last clause. The fixedness and safety of the godly.

New Chapels.



NEW CHAPEL, CHELSEA.

WHEN Barnabas had come to Antioch and seen how many were turned unto the Lord through the preaching of the disciples, we read, "he was glad." To hear of souls being brought to Jesus must ever gladden the hearts of God's people, irrespective of the particular instrumentality employed; whilst nothing is so calculated to provoke their zeal and stir them to personal service for Christ. No doubt our readers were refreshed last month by the graphic account of Mr. Carter's work amongst the "roughs" at the Victoria Theatre, and elsewhere. This month we insert a short sketch of the Lord's work in connection with the Church at Chelsea, where our brother Mr. Frank White is labouring.

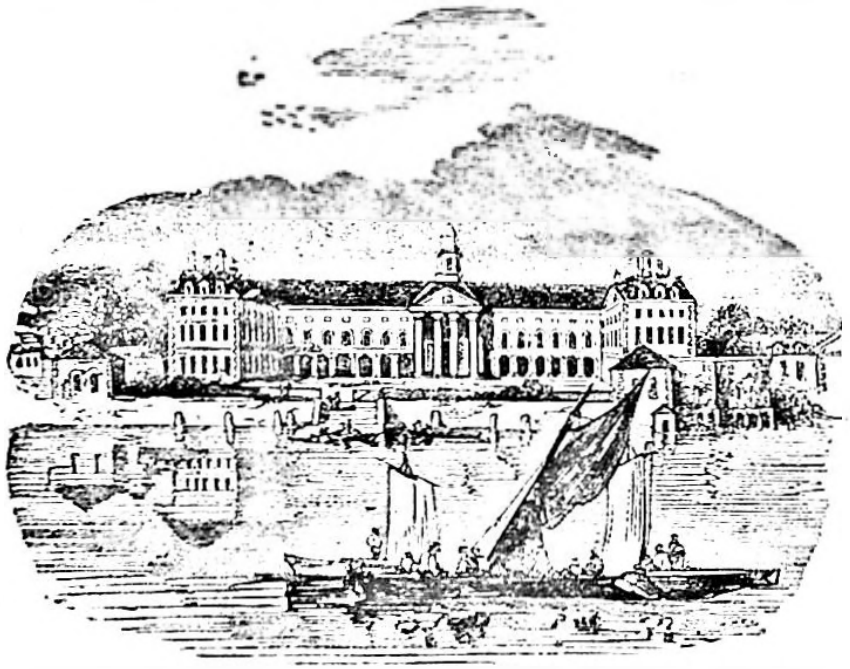
Our friends left the old meeting-house, Paradise-walk, in February last, and commenced services in the new school-room, Lower Sloane-street. Here they were much encouraged; several who have since been baptized date their first impressions to those meetings. On Sunday, April 30th, 1865, the new chapel was opened, Mr. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, preaching in the morning; and in the evening, Mr. Vince, of Birmingham. These services were followed by a special prayer meeting on the Monday, and an address by Mr. John Offord. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached two sermons on the Tuesday. On Wednesday, special addresses were given by the Hon. Mr. Baptist Noel and Mr. Blackwood, whilst a public meeting was held on the Monday, at which Sir Morton Peto presided, and Mr. Brock, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. Bigwood, and Mr. Varley took part. Since the opening, large and attentive congregations have assembled from time to time to listen to the simple preaching of the cross, nor has the Word been in vain: many have been brought to Christ, and about fifty added

to the Church; thirty of these were baptized by the pastor. Mr. W. writes:—"We had special cause for rejoicing a few Sundays since when ten believers gave the answer of a good conscience in the waters of baptism, and confessed their union with Jesus in death and resurrection. These were of various ages, from the youth of fourteen to the old man of seventy-four. Many wept that night, and indeed it was an affecting sight to see an old pensioner of the Queen, boldly professing soldiership in the 'one army of the living God.' He calls himself 'a brand plucked from the burning,' and the simplicity of his trust in Jesus is truly refreshing. 'I hope,' said he, 'soon to change my cocked hat for a crown.' Praying parents were that night encouraged to trust in a faithful covenant-keeping God, as they saw the children of many prayers openly declaring themselves on the Lord's side; whilst we have reason to hope others were led to decide for Christ who had long been halting between two opinions."

Amongst other agencies employed in these days to reach the classes not easily got at by ordinary means, "free teas," followed by addresses of an earnest and simple character have been found very useful. In this way, the brethren at Chelsea were enabled some time since to bring together about two hundred navvies (employed on the New Victoria Railway Bridge). They were addressed by a colporteur, who was formerly one of themselves, and their excellent missionary, Mr. Storey. On another occasion, a number of Chelsea pensioners were collected together in the same way, and "a very blessed sight" it was to see the old warriors listening to the story of the cross as the different speakers addressed them concerning him who by his death spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it.

"He hell in hell laid low
Made sin, he sin o'erthrew;
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death, by dying, slew."

Through the kindness of our kind friend and their employers, a third meeting of a similar character was held for the carpenters, masons, labourers, &c., who were engaged in building the chapel. Nor was this effort unblessed; an earnest soul is now in communion with the Church as the fruit of the Word spoken on that occasion. Such agencies are well worthy of support; could not some of our friends put it in Mr. White's power to employ them more frequently?



It may interest our readers to have a sketch of the grand old building called, "The Royal Hospital, or Chelsea College." It furnishes a comfortable home

for about six hundred aged military pensioners. On a portion of its site once stood "King James' College," an institution projected by a Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, in the seventh year of the reign of King James the First, and originally intended for a college for the study of Polemical Divinity. The King was one of its best patrons, and laid the first stone of the new edifice, May 8, 1609, and in the original charter of incorporation ordered that it should go under the name of "King James' College, Chelsey." During the reign of Cromwell it was converted into a prison, and afterwards, it is said, was used as a stable. The present hospital was built by Sir Christopher Wren after the Restoration, and the first stone laid by Charles the Second, February 16, 1682.*

In addition to a Sunday-school, a female Bible-class has been established, with an average attendance of twenty-five to thirty. The numbers are increasing, and souls are being blessed through its instrumentality; also a Young Men's class, which gives promise of much usefulness. A colportage work has also been commenced. The colporteur, a young man, who from love to Christ has willingly given himself to this work, goes daily from house to house, selling Bibles or religious works, and giving tracts; thus the gospel is carried to the very doors of the people. This is a work which calls for much faith and endurance, but one by which much good has been effected in our own country as well as in other lands. The good one book may do, blessed by God, was never perhaps more shown than in the single tract brought in a pedlar's pack to the door of Richard Baxter's father. It was the means of the conversion of the preacher of Kidderminster. Baxter wrote the "Saints' Rest," which was blessed to the conversion of Doddridge. Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress," which was blessed to the conversion of Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote his "Practical View of Christianity," which was blessed to the conversion of Legh Richmond, who wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been translated into more than fifty languages, and been blessed to the conversion of hundreds, perhaps thousands of souls. What Christian may not be a winner of souls? Who would not encourage every agency by which there is so much as a possibility of bringing men into the kingdom of peace and purity?

Mr. White is a man of peculiarly earnest spirit, and one who lovingly cares for the souls of men. Beyond his strength he labours; wearing himself out in warning and entreating with tearful agony of heart. He has the blessed habit of watching for opportunities of personal conversation with his hearers, and commends himself to every man's conscience by his overwhelming earnestness. He who pens these lines is far from wishing to eulogize any man, but his heart is knit to his friend, and he estimates him at no mean price. The Church at Chelsea has been highly favoured to have as its pastor one whose meat and drink it is to do his Father's will, who tarried with them when far more lucrative posts were within his reach, and by his faithful prayer and stedfast hope prevailed with God for them, and began for them a new career of usefulness and happiness. All love and sympathy to the man whom the King delighteth to honour. He makes no pretence to greatness, but is content to be greatly blessed as a wooer of souls for Jesus. May years of health and happiness await him!

The new chapel at Chelsea has sittings for nine hundred and sixty, and two hundred more could be accommodated. There is a capital school-room underneath, capable of holding six or seven hundred adults. The cost of the entire building, with architect's fees, legal expenses, furniture, &c., was £4,500; towards this, Sir Morton Peto and Lady have subscribed £2,000. Mr. Spurgeon and the Church at Chelsea have raised £1,500, leaving £1,000 still to be obtained, and inviting the willing offering of any of the Lord's people who may be led to contribute. Donations, however small, will be thankfully received by the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel," or by the pastor, 13, Hemus-terrace, who takes this opportunity of thanking kind friends for all the help they have already sent. We might add, the chapel is situated in an admirable situation for

* Faulkner's History of Chelsea, 1824.

evangelistic effort, standing in the main thoroughfare (near to the new Barracks for the Guards) leading to Battersea Park, over the New Chelsea Suspension Bridge, a view of which we are able to present to our readers.



Revival of the Lord's Work in 1866.

TO MY BELOVED CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

MY brethren, the Deacons and Elders unite with me in an intense desire to promote your spiritual good. As a rule, the love and zeal of the members of the Church is most cheering to witness; we desire to meet the earnest workers, and tell them how heartily our souls are one with them in all their efforts. Your children lie very near your hearts, and we would unite with you in importunate prayer that all our little ones may be the Lord's. There are some who flag in the heavenly race, for whom we solemnly fear that they have a name to live and are dead; we must plead for such, that they may yet be delivered from impending destruction. Our great house is crowded Sabbath after Sabbath by a vast host of immortals; we would excite your increasing compassion by reminding you of their sad state by nature, and their terrible doom unless the grace of God shall pluck them as brands from the burning. We have need of renewed intercessions. It is by mighty prayer that the cause of God has been maintained in its vigour among us so long, and only by the same vehement pleading will the Divine blessing be retained. He who worketh all our works in us first teaches us to pray, and then grants us the desire of our hearts. With the view of raising the glow of our fervour to a greater heat, and in the hope that the Lord Jesus will work through our humble means, we have arranged the following meetings, and hope to receive your most cordial co-operation in carrying them out, so far as you feel that in any one or all of them you can be of service. May the Holy Spirit, without whom we can do nothing, assure our beloved Church, and the great congregation among whom we labour, of his abiding presence among us, by giving gracious tokens of his power.

Yours for Christ's sake,

C. H. SPURGEON.

LIST OF MEETINGS.

Lord's-day, February 4th.—The Pastor will endeavour to preach upon some subject, having a direct tendency, by God's grace, to arouse the slumbering, whether saints or sinners. Come up to worship with much prayer for a blessing.

Monday, February 5th.—The Church Officers will meet at five, to seek a blessing upon their own souls, that they may be prepared for the shower of mercy which they trust is coming.

At seven, we shall hold a prayer-meeting, at which we trust you will make a point of being present yourself, and it will greatly cheer us if you will bring a party of friends with you. It would be a hopeful beginning if the house could be filled at this meeting by ourselves, just as on former occasions it has been filled by the United Churches. As perhaps your friends will be more willing to come if assured of getting in, we shall issue tickets, which you can obtain on application at the close of the usual services.

Tuesday, February 6th.—The Deacons and Elders invite the unconverted of the congregation to meet them at seven. Whether under concern of soul or not, we pray you come, and let us talk to you of the things which make for your peace.

Wednesday, February 7th.—The Pastor and Officers invite the young people of the congregation to tea at five o'clock, that they may afterwards hear a loving invitation to look to the Lord Jesus, that they may be saved. This is a meeting not for young members, but for the unsaved! Tickets will be distributed by the elders and deacons at their discretion. To them application can be made by parents and friends interested in the rising race.

Lord's Day, February 11th.—Deputations from the Church Officers desire to visit in the afternoon the class conducted by our friend, Mrs. Bartlett, and those classes presided over by Mr. Dransfield, and Mr. Croker. The Lord has given prosperity to these works of love, and we trust a good word may be attended with a blessing.

Monday, February 12th.—The Church will meet for thanksgiving, breaking of bread, and prayer, in the area of the Tabernacle at seven o'clock: and the congregation who are the objects of our anxious care are invited to fill the galleries. We desire, as a Church, to let our united and importunate cry go up to heaven. Should members of other Churches desire to commune with us on that occasion they can correspond with our friend Mr. Thomas Cook, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S. The members will kindly show their Communion cards.

Tuesday, February 13th.—The Deacons and Elders a second time invite the unconverted, that they may again uplift the Lord Jesus Christ before them. This meeting will commence at seven o'clock.

Wednesday, February 14th.—The Pastor and Officers invite the Sunday School Teachers to tea, including in the invitation not only the Teachers at Tabernacle and New Park Street, but *all Members of the Church* who are *at present* engaged in Sabbath school or Ragged school work. Tea ready at half-past five o'clock. Meeting afterwards for fellowship in prayer and exhortation. Tickets from Messrs. Thomas Olney and William Olney, Tabernacle.

Friday, February 16th.—At five o'clock, the Pastors and Officers will meet the Tutors and Students of the College to tea, hoping that the Ministers who were once Students and are now labouring in or near London, will also join them. Much prayer is requested that this important class of labourers may receive good from our visit.

Lord's Day, February 18th.—Deputation from the Elders will meet with the class conducted by our friend Mr. Hanks, and with the senior classes of the Sunday school.

Monday, February 19th.—Prayer meeting at seven, for the unconverted, with brief exhortations by the Pastor, Deacons, and Elders.

Tuesday, February 20th.—Tea at half-past five for Tract Distributors, Evangelists, Missionaries, Bible women, and other workers, who are members of the

Church, not included in the meeting on the 14th. Tickets to be had of Mr. Cook, Tabernacle.

Wednesday, February 21st.—Prayer meetings at the various houses of the members, which will be open for the occasion at seven. Lists will be issued of all the houses so soon as we have received the names. Meanwhile, we ask those friends who have rooms large enough for meetings of twenty or more, and are willing to open them for the evening, to write to Mr. W. Olney, Tabernacle, who will prepare the lists and answer enquiries. We pant for a great blessing on these household assemblies.

The series will close on *Monday, February 26th*, with a meeting for praise, for mercies which faith now anticipates, but which will then be actually received. O Lord, send now prosperity.

This notice is published in "The Sword and the Trowel" as a request for the prayers of believers everywhere, and with the design of suggesting to others to follow similar plans.

Our Morning Readings.

WE have had our new work entitled, "MORNING BY MORNING" most elegantly bound that it may be attractive, and we have issued it at a price so low that the booksellers in the "Row" complain of its being too cheap, our desire being to do good among many rather than to make a profit for ourselves. We beg to call the attention of our readers to the following kind notice from the pen of Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College:—

"*Morning by Morning: or, Daily Readings for the Family or the Closet.* By C. H. SPURGEON. 3s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

"'It augurs for us a day of grace when we begin betimes with God: the sanctifying influence of the season spent upon the mount operates upon each succeeding hour. Morning devotion anchors the soul so that it will not very readily drift far away from God during the day; it perfumes the heart so that it smells fragrant with piety until nightfall; it girds up the soul's garments so that it is less apt to stumble, and feeds all its powers so that it is not permitted to faint. The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship, is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armour.'

"Such are the weighty words with which the Author of these Readings defends morning devotion—Reading, Prayer, and Praise. Nor is there a thoughtful Christian who will scruple to say Amen to them all.

> 'True hearts spread and heave
> Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
> Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
> Him company all day, and in him sleep.'

"Those who have learnt the value of morning devotion will highly prize these helps. The volume contains three hundred and sixty-six Morning Readings, each founded on a verse of sacred Scripture. The texts are striking and suggestive; the comments pithy and varied. The writer evidently holds that duty without doctrine is like morality without principle, unstable and valueless; and that doctrine without duty is practical antinomianism. He, therefore, gives us both, and enforces both with sympathies ever quick and strong for God's truth, and for human weakness. It is in short the old-fashioned Puritan teaching, which must be *in substance* the teaching of all who would do Christ's work on earth, however the form or language may change.

"Appended to the Readings are short three-verse hymns for week days and Sundays. The *Prayers* are wisely left to the promptings of devout hearts, and of that blessed Spirit who is ever ready to help our infirmities.

"All who love a full-orbed gospel, vigorous, varied thought, and a racy style, will appreciate this volume, which is to be followed, we are glad to see, by a similar one for *Evening Reading*. May God speed them both!

"J. Angus."

The Bazaar.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." This is the text which is uppermost in our mind. Goods poured in for the bazaar from every quarter, and when the stalls were all arranged in the School-room and Lecture Hall, such a sight was presented to the beholder as is seldom seen. The area of the stalls was so immense as to be equal, at least, to four or five very respectable bazaars, such as we have seen elsewhere. Good and useful things, at moderate prices, found customers all the week; and at the end so much was left, that the sale was continued in the Lecture Hall only for another week. During the whole time we saw nothing of which the most fastidious should complain. The grand total of money taken amounted to £1,860, from which, however, very considerable expenses must be deducted. We hope next month to announce the net proceeds. The sum is large, very large, but when compared with London's needs, it is so little as to be a mere drop of the bucket. Thanks a thousand times to friends, ours and our Master's. The Lord reward them all. Into their own bosoms may the blessing return most richly. As we spend the money in houses of prayer for London, we will report progress.

Reviews.

Nichol's Series of Commentaries. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet and Co. Dublin: G. Herbert.

These volumes, of which six have already appeared, deserve a more extended notice than our limits will allow. We may, however, express our admiration of them in few words; and this we do most cordially. All that tends to bring the vast stores of the good old Puritan theology within the reach of men of ordinary means, comes so closely home to us who take special interest in students for the Christian ministry, that it has our hearty concurrence and co-operation. We hail all who are making their best efforts for this purpose as fellow-helpers with us in our College-work. There is little amongst all the theological productions of modern times that we can put into the hands of students when they leave the College as stores of thought, examples of pointed illustration, or incitements to devotional fervour, for future use. We are glad, therefore, to be able to give them access to the more ancient fountains. Never perhaps could it be more significantly said than in recent times, "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Where are they? They are in their writings, we reply, and in these they do live for ever. Modern interpreters have not superseded them, nor will they be altogether superseded to the end of time. Every age has its own peculiarities in relation to theological as well as other pursuits. The Puritan age was one of great erudition, unwearied application, deep-felt experience, and unbounded veneration for the authority of the Divine Word. It wanted the generalizations and diffusiveness of modern times; and wanted them, simply because the opportunities were denied. But if they without us could not be made perfect, much less could we without them. Without them, we lose in depth what we gain in breadth; with them, we shall have both breadth and depth, and our

theology, however much extended, will still be the deep, deep, sea.

Commentaries may be used too much, but they may also be used too little. Many speak against the commentaries of others merely to recommend their own. What are sermons but commentaries? At least, they ought so to be. To understand the Bible thoroughly, we must thoroughly understand each book at a time. The close, critical, exhaustive investigation of one part best qualifies for a similar examination of another; and thus the labour is continually diminishing, and the pleasure continually increasing. To a young minister such a course of study is indispensable; and in this the commentaries before us provide him with the most valuable help and stimulus. We regret to say so little upon a subject on which volumes might be written.

Puseyism the School of the Infidels, or "Broad Church" the offspring of "High Church," with a few Words to the Evangelicals. By A LAYMAN of the Established Church. One Shilling. A. Miall, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

THIS pamphlet is from one within the Church of England, who knows and loves the truth, and at the same time clings to the venerable ecclesiastical Mother with the sincere affection of a child. We are rejoiced to read such frank, daring, and clear utterances as these from an Episcopalian. There is hope among the laity that honest Protestantism will still live in England. Dissenters could not do better than distribute this treatise, for it may do noble service in clerical circles where Nonconforming writers would not win a hearing. Our battle is not against, but *for* all true Evangelicals in the Church; and when we speak severely of their inconsistent position, it is that they may be nerved to leave it, or roused to demand alterations, which will make it honestly tenable. The spirit of the pamphlet before us may be gathered from the following extract:—

"I love the Church of England as she is by law established, not as I see her commonly now in practice. I entered her as the Tractarians would say, 'at the font,' have well-nigh traversed the nave of life, and hope to rest under her shadow at last; but if she or her Prayer-book, or any other thing becomes her watchword instead of Christ, that thing becomes a hindrance and not a help towards God, and ought to be pulled down and called 'Nehushtan,' 'a mere little bit of brass,' or 'a mere little book of man's making,' or any other mere man's arrangement, which can never claim to have a place beside that which is Divine."

Spiritual Songs from the Canticles, from the German of Gustav Jahn. Translated by ANNA M. MAY. Morgan and Chase.

BOOKS which truly breathe the spirit of the Song of Loves we never criticise, but pray over them, and thank the Bridegroom that virgin souls still love him. We are grateful for every warbling note which reminds us of him, and earnestly pray that by souls enamoured of our Beloved the voice of the turtle may be heard in our land by means of this beautiful little volume.

Old Jonathan. W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.

FEW periodicals are better adapted to the times. It is suitable in every respect for the reading populace. The benevolent who are able would do well to purchase it for circulation amongst their poorer neighbours.

Old Merry's Annual. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

FOR attractiveness of art and composition, of instruction and entertainment combined, and of external appearance, this may rank among the foremost of the Annuals for 1866. It is too romantic for our taste, but we commend it for the end it has in view.

The British Workman. 9, Paternoster Row.

THE Annual Part of this periodical for 1865 is very attractive. Its engravings show the wonderful improvements in that art in modern times. Both in sentiment and good writing it is highly commendable. In its annual form it is fit for the tables of the rich as well as of the poor.

Band of Hope Review. J. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

This is similar in its character and decorations to the two former. The Annual Part for 1865 is a suitable companion to either of the above. Though the professed advocate of teetotalism, it is not its only theme, nor does it regard it in any degree as a substitute for the gospel.

The Gospel Treasury and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists. Compiled by Robert Mimpriss. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

This work first appeared about ten years ago, and is now republished in an enlarged and amended form. Although we have vast stores of Biblical instruction in the researches of both ancient and modern times, yet the mine continues inexhaustible. New veins of the precious ore are continually being discovered, and new treasures supplied. There was ample room for this "Gospel Treasury." There is enough both in matter and arrangement to give it all the originality that could be desired. It combines all the advantages of a critical analysis, an improved translation, and a practical exposition. The improvement in the translation consists in the greater conformity of the received version to the original by an ingenious system of notation in the division of words. The more this book is studied, the more it will be valued by all Bible-readers, and will become a biblical library in itself to those who officially or otherwise undertake to explain the Scriptures to others.

Notices.

Glasgow.—North Frederick Street Baptist Church. T. W. Medhurst, pastor. During the year 1865, we have enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity. 37 have been baptized, being the same number as in 1864. 15 have been added by letter, making a total of 52 additions during the year. 179 persons have been baptized by Mr. Medhurst since November, 1862. The present number of members on the Church-roll is 346. Mr. M. has baptized, since he went forth from the College, 471 professed believers, and has preached in all on 2,482 occasions, besides conducting Bible-classes, and delivering addresses at prayer-meetings. To God alone be all the glory!

Mr. M'Dougall, after supplying for a time the Baptist Church at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, with much acceptance, has entered upon a more extensive field of usefulness at Rothsay, in the island of Bute. The sequel to his paper on "The Lord's Day," in our last number, is unavoidably deferred to next month.

Mr. Barnard, of Highgate, we regret to state, has been compelled by indisposition to suspend his ministrations; and is on his way to America for the benefit of his health. An affectionate and flourishing Church hopefully and prayerfully look for his return.

A New-Year's tea-meeting was held at Upton Chapel, Lambeth, on Tuesday, December 9th. About 350 were present. A public meeting was afterwards convened in the Chapel, at which the attendance was nearly doubled. Mr. Evans, the pastor, presided, from whose statement it appeared that 320 members are now in communion, 87 of whom had been added during the last year. Of these 59 had been by baptism, and 28 by dismissal from other Churches. 141 members had been received since the opening of the new Chapel, 16 of whom had been from the Sunday-school. The congregation, too, had steadily increased. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, Mr. Malliott, of New Cross, Mr. Cole, of Peckham, Mr. Lesty, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Cox. The meeting on the whole was very encouraging to the Pastor and his flock.

On Tuesday, December 5th, the Metropolitan Tabernacle Band of Hope held a tea and public meeting. At five o'clock about 600 members and friends partook of an excellent tea. At half-past six the Lecture-hall was crowded, and many had to be refused admission.

The meeting was presided over by Judge Payne. After singing and prayer addresses were delivered by the Revds. R. Seddon, and G. W. McCree; Messrs. Shirley, Haynes, and Selway. The speeches were most appropriate; and it was delightful to see the attention manifested by the juveniles. Some recitations were then delivered by the male members of the Band of Hope, amongst whom were Masters Charles and Thomas Spurgeon. The former recited "Onward and Upward," and the latter, "Little Deeds of Kindness." They were delivered in a clear and admirable manner, and were audible to all. The usual votes having been accorded, the Rev. J. H. Wilson concluded the proceedings with earnest prayer. The meeting closed about nine o'clock.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1865, to January 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
H. J. W.	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Gaius, Matt. vi. 3	1	0	0
A Christmas Gift	2	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore	20	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore's Quarterly Subscription	2	0	0
Mr. Spurgeon, Maldon	1	0	0
Mr. J. Inglis	0	6	0
A Friend, Walthamstow	0	2	6
W. T., Birmingham	0	5	0
Mr. Dransfield	3	3	0
The Misses Dransfield	3	3	0
A Young Friend	0	10	6
Elizabeth Stacey	0	10	6
Elizabeth Tiffin	0	5	0
Charlotte Ware	0	2	0
Mr. R. R. Calvert	5	0	0
Miss F.	20	0	0
Mr. Simpson	5	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mrs. Bremner	1	0	0
A Churchman and his Wife	1	10	0
Mrs. Wimbush	1	0	0
First Fruits	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
E. F. and L. S. P.	1	0	0
A Brother in Creetown	0	5	0
Collected by Master Ward	0	13	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Mr. Cook's Bill, per Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Billborough	1	0	0
Mr. Hearn	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Muskett	2	2	0
Mr. S. Goodhead	0	5	0
A Friend, Southampton	0	5	0
Mr. M. Fulks	1	0	0
Mr. Maddox	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott	1	0	0
A. V., Buckingham	0	12	0
Mr. C. Webb	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Friend, Warrington	0	5	0
Mr. R. A. Bellman	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's Wedding Gift	70	0	0
Mr. H. Hobson	5	0	0
Lizzie and Willie's Box	5	0	0
T. N.	5	0	0
The Baptist Church, Aylsham	1	12	0
S. W. L.	12	6	4
Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0
Redruth	0	2	6
Friends at Glossop	0	15	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Amy	0	5	0
Mr. Sherrin	10	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. W. Salmond, jun.	20	0	0
Mr. Flood	1	0	0
Mrs. Biggs	1	1	0
Deeds, not Words. Edinburgh	1	0	0
Miss Barker	0	5	6
Mr. R. Bate	1	0	0
Miss Scott, Perth	0	5	0
Mrs. Manor	1	10	0
Sale of Mrs. Spurgeon's Bracelet	2	0	0
Sale of Patchwork Quilt	4	4	0
Mrs. G.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. C. Wilkes	5	0	0
Mr. D. Seary	1	0	0
Mr. Harrison, Taxworth	0	5	0
Miss Hayward	1	1	0
Mrs. Best, Helston	1	0	0
Mr. J. Best, Helston	0	10	0
Maria Bolton	0	4	0
Mrs. S. Davies	1	10	0
C. F.	0	2	0
Quartus	0	10	0
Mr. J. Craddock	0	4	0
A Thankoffering to the Lord, T. M. E.	2	2	0
Baptist Church, Coleraine	5	0	0
Mr. A. Tessier	4	10	0
Proceeds of Tea-meeting at Tabernacle	94	3	4
Miss Perrett	1	0	0
Mr. Hanks' Class, Half-yearly Contribution	15	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Dec. 24	25	0	9
" " " Dec. 31	01	1	0
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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1866.

Bells for the Horses.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." Zechariah xiv. 20.



"BELLS on the horses! Unnecessary! Very unnecessary, indeed," says my neighbour, Dr. Dull; "very needless, trivial, and absurd. Horses do not derive a particle of strength from wearing a set of jingling nuisances which can be of no possible service, and only spoil the quiet, so sweet to melancholy." Well, well, most judicious doctor, we will not dispute with you, for it is very much a matter of taste, and therefore, not to be quarrelled over; as saith the old rule, *De gustibus non est disputandum.* You delight in comfortable misery, and I delight in overflowing joy. Your portion is quite safe

from my envy, and if you do not care for mine, you have only to let me enjoy it, and we shall agree right well. Nevertheless, I am most decidedly for bells as well as horses, for the bells *ring* in my ears, and do not jingle on my tympanum as they do on yours. I hear their sweet silvery notes with far too much satisfaction to think them a nuisance, or to wish to silence their busy tongues. You shall do as you please with *your* hacks; I have an appointment under the great King, and I am bound to see to it that the royal horses shall not lack for bells. So, here, according to my ability, I seek to hang his Majesty's own bells about the necks of those goodly steeds who draw his chariot.

Cheerfulness, that compound of many excellencies, comparable unto "the powders of the merchant," may scarcely claim to be called a virtue; but it is the friend and helper of all good graces, and the absence of it is certainly a vice. If cheerfulness be not health, assuredly melancholy is disease. Practically, cheerfulness occupies a very high position, and without it the Christian labourer is destitute of a very considerable element of strength. All wise workers for the Lord Jesus desire to preserve their tools in the best condition; their common sense teaches them that the tool-chest within themselves must not be left uncared for, since holy working with depressed spirits and gloomy views is as difficult as for the artist to paint with worn-out brushes, or the sculptor to fashion his marble with broken chisels. Cheerfulness sharpens the edge, and removes the rust from the mind. A joyous heart supplies oil to our inward machinery, and makes the whole of our powers work with ease and efficiency; hence it is of the utmost importance that we maintain a contented, cheerful, genial disposition. The longer I am engaged in my Master's service, the more am I confident that the joy of the Lord is and must be our strength, and that discontent and moroseness are fatal to usefulness. With all my heart would I say to my fellow-servants, "rejoice in the Lord always," not only for your own sakes, but for the sake of the work which is so dear to you. Whoever may advocate dreary dulness, I cannot and dare not do other than impeach it as an enemy of true religion. The deadening gloom and murderous chilliness of certain religionists is guilty of the blood of souls, and is to be avoided as men shun the death-damps of malarious swamps. The Puritans were never accused of too much hilarity, but they were, as a rule, happy men; and one of them shall speak from the grave in support of the duty which I am now urging upon you. Ho, Master Thomas Watson, let us hear thy voice from thy sepulchre! These are the words which my ear drinks in from him who discoursed so sweetly upon "Divine Contentment:" "Cheerfulness honours religion; it proclaims to the world that we serve a good Master; cheerfulness is a friend to grace; it puts the heart in tune to serve God. Uncheerful Christians, like the spies, bring an evil report on the good land; others suspect there is something unpleasant in religion, that they who profess it hang their harps upon the willows, and walk so dejectedly. Be serious, yet cheerful. Rejoice in the Lord alway." Well said, Master Watson, may we all have grace to practise thy good counsel!

Among professed Christians there lurks an undefined and unexpressed idea, that cheerfulness, if not absolutely sinful in itself, is very dangerous, and to be kept like gunpowder in small quantities only, and always

under lock and key, for fear of mischief. Mr. Timbs might have included in his list of "Popular Errors," the tradition that true piety lives at the sign of the long face, and he might have added to his "Things not generally known," the fact that holiness and happiness are blood relations. I have remarked that many apparently good people put certain lively and sparkling Saxon words under a ban, because of their expressive joyousness; as for instance, that innocent and even scriptural word, "merry." Sundry of my friends were just going to wish me "A Merry Christmas," but they suddenly stopped, like a spiritless huntsman at a five-barred gate, and backed out of it. They even looked solemnly penitent, as if they had committed the beginning of a sin, and felt that their feet had well nigh slipped. I looked them full in the face, and said, "Why don't you out with it? Why should I not be merry at Christmas, and all the year round beside?" God says of himself as the great Father, and of his holy angels as his friends and neighbours, "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again." "They began to be *merry*," is the Holy Ghost's own expression of Christian joy over converted sinners, and if you will use it in a holy sense, there is not a more gracious and blessed word in all our language than that word "*merry*." We do not seek worldly merriment, but we do love such holy mirth as James alludes to, when he says, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms," James v. 13. Solomon sent away the people at the opening of the temple "glad and merry in heart, for all the goodness that the Lord had shewed unto David, and to Solomon, and to Israel his people," 2 Chronicles vii. 10; and he tells us that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," Proverbs xvii. 22. I decline, therefore, to be robbed of such a rich, bell-ringing, festive word as that "merry," which so shocks a spurious propriety. I have heard of being merry and wise, and I believe in being merry and holy. The bells must be holiness unto the Lord, but they must be bells, and we cannot afford to have them melted down and turned into coffin-plates. Working Christians should, as far as possible, be cheerful of countenance, happy in manner, and merry in heart; and there are several reasons why I think so.

They should be happy, BECAUSE THEY SERVE A HAPPY GOD.

It enters into the essential idea of God that he is superlatively blessed. We cannot conceive of a God who should be infinitely miserable. Our written rule and guide speaks of him whom we adore as "God over all, *blessed for ever*." Good Mr. Knibb used to employ, instead of the term "the blessed God," what, I believe, is an equally accurate translation, "the *happy* God." As it is true that "God is love," so is it equally true that *God is happiness*. Now it would be an exceedingly strange thing if, in proportion as we became like a happy God, we grew more and more miserable. It would be a singular and unaccountable thing indeed if, by acting like the Giver of all good, whose bliss is perfect, we should increase in wretchedness. The livery of kings should be bright and lavish with gold lace, and the livery of the King of kings, the Lord of blessedness, must not be of sombre hue. If a black ray should cry, "I come from the sun," who would believe it? and who will credit our credentials as coming from heaven if we look like souls fore-doomed to hell? Congruity is to be studied everywhere, and it seems not meet that

the ambassadors of the Prince of light should wear a perpetual shadow over their faces. The priests of old were not to sully themselves with sorrow when they performed their functions, and saints who are of a higher priesthood should show forth delight in their approaches to their God. Angels sing, and why not God's other servants who are a little lower and yet far higher? David danced before the ark, which was but a symbol of Divinity; what ails us that our heart so seldom dances before the Lord himself? The old creation has its sunshine and flowers; its lowing herds and bleating flocks; its heaven-mounting larks and warbling nightingales; its rivers laughing, and its seas clapping hands; is the new creation of grace to render less happy worship to God our exceeding joy? Nay, rather let us come into his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. Most of the English versions alter the Old Hundredth Psalm into "Him serve with fear;" but for my part, by God's grace, I mean to sing it as it used to be, and still is sung in Scotland—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve WITH MIRTH, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice."

I know you will tell me that the gold must be thrust into the fire, that believers must pass through much tribulation. I answer, Truly it must be so, but when the gold knows why and wherefore it is in the fire, when it understands who placed it there, who watches it while amid the coals, who is sworn to bring it out unhurt, and in what matchless purity it will soon appear, the gold, if it be gold indeed, will thank the Refiner for putting it into the crucible, and will find a sweet satisfaction even in the flames. "And not only so, but we glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds." God himself in our worst condition is an unfailing source of joy.

"A Deity believed is joy begun;
A Deity adored is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved is joy matured,
Each branch of piety delight inspires."

Heaven is happiness, and it is scarcely conceivable that those who possess the "earnest of the inheritance," can find that "earnest" to be unlike the "inheritance" itself. "An earnest" is a part of the possession; the earnest of heaven must, surely, be joyful and blissful like heaven, of which it is the foretaste.

Furthermore, (as preachers say,) IS NOT THE GOSPEL CALCULATED TO MAKE MEN HAPPY WHEN IT IS REALLY UNDERSTOOD, BELIEVED, AND ENJOYED? You believe that Jesus Christ is man in our nature; that the Word was made flesh. Did not this grand truth set all heaven on a blaze with splendour on the night of the nativity, while angels chanted midnight chorales; and should it not also set your heart a-glow with sacred joy every night and every day, while all your powers and passions sing with gratitude?

You believe that Jesus died for sinners. The doctrine of the atone-

ment is earth's heaven-given light, by which the dark despair of humanity is chased away. Do you believe yourself to be forgiven and washed in the precious blood, and does your heart never say,

"I will praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away"?

Do you derive no comfort "from the bleeding sacrifice"? Shall the praises of Jesus never be your pleasant song? It seems to me that if one had to conceive beforehand, without observation, what state of mind that heart would be in which had thoroughly received the gospel of peace, one would be constrained to mention, together with other sacred effects, *happiness* as a most prominent result. Surely, I should say, a soul elect of God, bought with blood, called by the Spirit, made a partaker of heavenly banquets, and ordained unto eternal life, must have a new song put into its mouth. We have fellowship with a Saviour whose joys were as deep though not so apparent as his agonies; and we may find peace where he found his, namely, in a contemplation of the glory which the Father receives in the work of his dear Son.

"Christ had his joys, but they were not
The joys the son of pleasure boasts—
O, no! 'twas when his spirit sought
Thy will, thy glory, God of Hosts!

"Christ had his joys, and so hath he
Who feels the Spirit in his heart;
Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art."

Moreover, rest assured, dear friends, that, AS A WORKER, CHEERFULNESS WILL BE ONE OF THE VERY BEST ASSISTANTS YOU CAN HAVE. That grim sage, Thomas Carlyle, hits this nail on the head, when he says, "Give us, oh give us the man that sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of all sunshine —graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright." Cheerfulness readily carries burdens which despondency dares not touch. "A merry heart goes all the day, a sad heart tires in a mile." Despondency whispers, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" But cheerfulness points to the risen Saviour, and the stone already moved. Despondency scarcely entertains as possible the plan which cheerfulness readily works out. Despondency gives up the work at the very first discouragement; but cheerfulness sings of success yet to come. Despondency is broken-hearted, because of the hardness of men's hearts; but cheerfulness remembers the might of the eternal hammer which can break the rock in pieces. A sad heart goes mourning to its loneliness, sullenly murmuring at its hard lot, but the stout heart repairs to the throne of grace, and opens its mouth wide that God may

fill it. You can work for God at a great rate when you can praise him whilst you are working for him. Have you never noticed in the morning how much the aspect of the day will depend upon the spirit and temper in which you leave your bed? Suppose yourself tortured with headache; then all nature has the headache too, and the streets and houses are throbbing with it. To a poor soul troubled with indigestion a wet morning is horrible, the roads are rivers of malicious mud, the heartless rain-drops come pattering down most cruelly, every one of them bitterly chilling your marrow and spitefully shivering your bones, while the grim clouds are piled one upon the other as though some celestial upholsterer, of most diabolical disposition, were furnishing an unlimited supply of funeral palls to be placed over the coffins of your joys. "All these things are against me!" say you, as you look to the threatening heavens above and to the slushy earth beneath. But how very different it is when your heart is glad! "Here come," say you, "the silver drops from heaven again; those blessed clouds of God are still bounteously bestowing the soil-enriching rain! God intends a blessing on the earth in all this, and I will rejoice in the rain-drops as so many sparkling love-tokens from the hand of my Father, who forgets not to moisten the earth when it needs it." So you walk along cheerfully to your work, splashing up stars from the pavement and hearing the rain playing on your umbrella almost as sweet a tune as if it were the music of the spheres, a music to which your heart keeps tune as you go on marching through Immanuel's ground to fairer worlds on high. Everything depends on how you keep the inward man; if the immortal tenant be happy, the surroundings of his house are of very small account. Monarchs have been miserable in palaces, and peasants have been happy in cottages. I am sure that I am right in saying that the happiest Christians are able to work the best for their Lord. Sorrow doubtless tends to sharpen the soul, as the hard grindstone does the knife; but no cutler sends home the knife till he has used the polishing leather, and so should we shine with a bright polish of thankful joy, even though we have felt the hard grindstone of affliction.

The main reason why I advocate cheerfulness is, that IT ALWAYS RECOMMENDS THE TRUTH TO THOSE WHOM YOU WISH TO IMPRESS WITH IT.

If you stand up and say, with a miserable face and a whining voice, it is a most blessed thing to be in Christ Jesus, observers will form their judgment rather by your face than by your words; and after you have been commending the religion of Jesus, they will mentally make this note—"And a blessed specimen of it you are! From what we see in you, its ways are not the ways of pleasantness, and its paths are not the paths of peace." The story goes, that two naughty youngsters were warned by their mother that they would never go to heaven if they continued to be such bad boys; whereupon the saucy young sinners replied that they did not want to go to heaven at all. When their mother very sadly wanted to know why they did not wish to go to heaven, they said—"Ma, won't grandpa go to heaven?" "Yes, dears; your dear grandpapa is a very holy man." "Then, please, we don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is to be there; for he would begin to

scold us, and say—'There's those horrid boys again,'" I will be bound to say that such a grandpa's teaching would not be very effective with his grandchildren; but when a kind, cheerful grandpapa—and there are many such—takes the little one on his knee, and begins to talk of Jesus in gentle words and with loving glances, Master Johnny never forgets it. The gospel tunnels its way into the heart with kindness as its boring rod. No matter what good truths you have to teach, no one will thank you if you do not speak kindly. Mrs. Prosser's parable of the east wind sets this forth admirably; I must tell it you. "Why do you shrink from me?" said the east wind, angrily, to the flowers. The primrose, for answer, crept under its leaves; the snowdrop, bending lower, laid her head sadly on the earth; the opening buds closed again, and the young and tender green leaves curled up, looking dry and withered. "Why do you fly from me?" said the east wind, reproachfully, to the birds. For answer, the chaffinch fluttered into a bush; the warblers kept close to their half-made nests; the robin hid under the window-sill; and the sparrows huddled into their holes. "Ungrateful!" howled the east wind. "Do I not fill the sails of treasure-ships, that bring balmy spices, shining merchandize, and all the precious gifts of far-off lands? The gold, the silver, the gems of earth and of ocean, are they not wafted by me to these shores? Yet love never greets me. I find a barren land and a reproachful silence wherever I come." "Ah, my stern brother," replied the sun, struggling for a moment through a leaden sky, "read aright the reason of your reception. Who brings the piercing blast and destructive blight? who hides the azure of the heavens, and dims the beauty of the earth? who tries to veil me with impenetrable gloom, so that I can no longer bid the world rejoice? Is not this your work? Riches you may bring, but the gifts of your hand cannot atone for your harsh voice and unloving nature. Your presence inspires terror and spreads unhappiness, and where fear is love is never seen."

When you have to distribute your tracts, or visit from house to house, or to teach a class of boys or girls, prefer sugar to vinegar for your breakfast. Vinegar did, according to very doubtful history, soften the rocks for Hannibal, but it will not soften hearts for you. There are more flies caught with honey than with vinegar. Better to go forth with a sweet smile upon your face and with gentleness written across your countenance than to be morose, stern, and uncivil; for if you are the latter, you belie with your face what you say with your tongue. My friend, the late Judge Haliburton, once invited me to visit him, saying in his humorous way, that if my clock was out of order, a few days with the clockmaker might be good for me. Now he is gone from among us, but I shall venture to give a little bit of his Yankee talk to help to set some of your clocks in order. Under the name of Sam Slick he gave us a great deal of very useful truth, in a form perhaps a little too broad, but never lacking in vigour. I must repeat to you very much in Slick's own style the story of the Rev. Joshua Hopewell's apple trees, which nobody ever meddled with, and I shall hardly need to make an application. "The old minister had an orchard of most partikelar good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard stretched right up

blindly and ignorantly, at other times with wilful malice. Sacrilegious hands have either rudely torn, or, upsetting the black ink of prejudice, have bleared and blotted its comely pages. Yet there it has remained. The chains have been tugged at, but still they have bound it fast, and not a link has become broken by the wrenchings of the adversary. During later years, however, there have been found some who, as the pretended friends of God's Truth, have gone to the altar with bended knee and sanctimonious face, to read and consult the Word. Alas, there has been concealed in their sleeve the file of perverse and artful criticism; and under the pretence of obtaining a juster explanation of its truths to give afterwards to the people of their charge, they have insidiously used their keen-edged tool, and little by little the link has been cut, till now at some of the altars it is ready to snap asunder. This has been the combined work of Rationalism, Puseyism, and Romanism. The latter has, perhaps, been more open in its attempts, but the two former have certainly been as artful and insidious foes. While seeking to undervalue the Scriptures, they have maintained that Tradition and the Church possess as great if not greater authority. Compelled to admit that there is some revelation in Scripture, they assert, through one of their leaders in a recent work,* that "The position of the humble and faithful Churchman is undisturbed. The Church gives him his Bible; and he feels it, loves it, knows it in his inmost heart as he hears it. The Church is God's witness to the Bible and its meaning." This language staggers us, coming from the lips of an English Churchman, and he too, alas, the son of a late eminent Nonconformist minister; but strong as it is, a little patience will reveal something stronger still. Hear him again, if indeed your patience will not be too sorely taxed; as he says, "The New Testament is all our own; nevertheless our doctrine, our liturgies, our priesthood, our creeds, all *speak for themselves* as divine; and afterwards they illuminate the letter of Gospels and Epistles, which we *learn to use entirely in the Church's way.* * * * * To possess the autograph of Moses or of Paul could not thrill us so as the Truth itself then does, when, secure from all possible heresy, the eyes have been opened to understand the Scriptures, and behold, as the Church beholds them, the things of Christ." These words supply an insight into the teachings of a party in the Church of England;—that Church which, while professedly one, is really a "house divided against itself," lacking the unity it assumes, and the oneness it teaches. Now a little analysis of language thus plainly used will bring out four doctrines here evidently taught; which, with a remark or two upon each, we would leave to the judgment of our readers.

1. *We have here evidently set forth the divinity of the Church's form of worship.*

We had understood from our childhood that the only inspired volume was the Bible; now, forsooth, a kindred inspiration is claimed for the Prayer Book. From henceforth, then, let none dare to ask for a revision, or question any of its teachings, for the book is verily divine (?). The compilers were endued with such extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost that mistakes were impossible, and every page now gleams with heaven's own effulgence; for the sacred volume of devo-

* The Bible and its Interpreters, by Dr. Irons, p. 160.

tions and services is free from all possible heresy. If this be so, what awful guilt rests upon the soul of the poor Nonconformist without the Church, and the sceptical subscriber within; for, according to this teaching, we oppose the Divine Word by our opposition to liturgies and creeds. Mark how all-embracing are the terms used. "Doctrines, liturgies, priesthood, and creeds" are none of them excluded from infallibility. We would ask a question here. Can one kind of inspiration contradict or supersede another? for, alas, there are many within and without the pale who, unblinded by prejudices, see a vast difference between the teachings of the Scriptures and the Church. Enumeration of passages is needless. The services which may be supposed to contain the doctrines of the Church clash with the words of Christ and his apostles. They both proclaim themselves from the same source, viz., from the mouth of God; for are they not both divine? If so, seeing that inspiration contradicts itself, who can rest his soul upon either testimonies? But is it so? Must not one be right and the other wrong? Verily, one *must* be yielded. For our own part it shall not be the Bible. That book has yielded us richer consolations than ever the inspired volume of the Church's hopes yielded its votaries; and if the Bible shall by its crushing weight sink the formulas of the Church deep in an unfathomable sea, where recovery is past hope, we will not tremble for the true ark of the living God.

But, 2ndly. *We learn here that the Church is the only true expounder of her own creeds.* Retracing our steps we go back to the position maintained, that her forms are divine. Now, when we wish to seek light upon the Divine Word, we bend our knee at the mercy seat and inquire at the holy oracle. God, in answer, then, speaks to our inner soul, not in words, but by his own Spirit, lighting up the page of Inspiration to our hearts. But the teaching here differs essentially from this view of seeking aid from on high. We are to bow; but not in humble faith to the great Teacher who shall "bring all things to our remembrance." We are to look up; but it is to the pulpit rather than to the throne. We are to pay reverence to him whose aid we seek, but it is to an earthly priest instead of the "great High Priest passed into the heavens." Then we suppose, as we find indeed it is declared by some, that there is a hidden covert meaning in the language of creeds, given only to the priesthood to comprehend. They were not made for vulgar, uneducated men. He that runs may *not* read them, for he must stay beneath the roof of one of the Church's noble seminaries of learning before he can comprehend the underlying mystery. In fact, creeds and doctrines thus constituted were made not for the people but for the priests, and a special mission must belong to those who pretend to expound them. The poor humble reader takes his Prayer Book and says, "I have read it, and have made so and so out of it;" when he is hushed by a priestly voice telling him, "You must not put your own explanation upon what the Church has written, but must bow reverently to her meaning of her own most precious words."

3rdly. *Perhaps we are taught still more plainly that in matters of Scriptural interpretation the Church is infallible.* We do not care so much if you rob the poor uneducated man of his Prayer Book, provided you let him keep, read, and expound for himself, as God shall afford him aid, his Bible. But this is denied him, if possible, in stronger language.

There is one question, however, yet unanswered, to which, before proceeding further, we should like to find a reply, viz., "What is the Church" thus taking upon herself this authority? It is true that the author from which we quote informs us that the millions are capable of no other answer than this, "The society commonly received as such." He goes on to remark, "When the Church of Rome set people on putting this question to themselves for controversial purposes, she made religion so far a literary matter for her people, and especially for her converts, who always, therefore, seem unreal. It was an appeal to each man to judge, an appeal known to be impossible, and therefore immoral. It was as fallacious as the sceptical inquiry, *What is the Bible?* and is to be met in the same way. If we cannot treat the Bible as literature, shall we be asked to treat the Church as such? If it were necessary to 'prove the Church' by some little logic of the natural mind, the whole claim of the supernatural is vacated." This shifting of the question leads us back to a former quotation. We are told to "behold, as the Church beholds them, the things of Christ;" but in a few lines before this we are reminded that the creeds, liturgies, &c., "illuminate the letter of gospels and epistles, which we learn to use *entirely in the Church's way*." We must be pardoned for re-quoting, for thus we seem to get a little kindling of light upon the question, "What is the Church?" If the Church is to be the interpreter of Scripture, and yet the creeds are the illuminators of the gospels and epistles, it is made out to us that the Church is her creeds, and that her creeds constitute the Church. At any rate, there is such an identity of interests, and such a marriage of intention and work, that they appear no longer twain, but one. Now then, we have the Church and the Prayer Book as one infallible teacher in things scriptural. Behold the position of the blessed Book! We sang in childhood's days,

> "Holy Bible, Book divine,
> Precious treasure, thou art mine."

We can sing this no longer. The Church, while it should be the conservator of God's truth in its completeness and purity, now subjects it to the Book of Common Prayer; and if we read it we are told that this must be the illuminating power. We have been accustomed to understand old David's song, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," as representing the Bible in its own grand lustre, unaccompanied, and certainly unaided, by other lights, guiding the believer by its heaven-born ray to the Father's house on high. Now, forsooth, the Bible borrows its light from a source of *divine* brilliancy; and whereas it once shone as the sun in its own dazzling splendour, now only be as the moon, bearing a few reflected rays from the greater orb. Alas, for our old battle cry as it dies away upon the air, and "the Church, the Church above the Bible, the religion of Protestants"! supplies its place.

All this leads to another doctrine, which this good mother would teach her children, viz.

4thly. *That private judgment in Biblical matters must defer itself to the Church's decision.* We had recognised this as an article of Romish belief, and had hoped it would spread no further. However, our hopes are blighted; for behold it is here, buttressed by Evangelicalism, and subscribed to by numbers of our clergy. There is little doubt

that the popular method of treating God's Word is beset with difficulties and surrounded with faults. Each standard of opinion will differ when submitted to the test. There will be but little pure gold as each is returned from the crucible, and the weight will be short when weighed in the balances. The reason of this, however, is simply because *we form our opinions of the Bible upon comparatively small portions that we have read, instead of taking it as a whole and studying it in a systematic way.* The right of private judgment has ever been our boast. We deem it one of our brightest inheritances that we are allowed to take the Word of God for ourselves, read it, understand it, and interweave it, as the Spirit unfolds it, with our experiences. But now we must wait until the Church has pronounced its verdict, and suspend all opinion while she reveals its meaning; for, in the sublime testimony of our author, "The Book and its vital meaning, the Bible and the Church, speak to us as never man spake." And again, we are told, "though our very creeds are proved by sure warrant of the written Word, we know this to be so *because the Church has so told us.* By her we prove all things, for she 'has authority in controversies of the faith.'" Can impiety and blasphemy proceed further? Hear a misinterpretation of the words of Paul. "Him whom we ignorantly worship, the Church '*declares* unto us' (Acts xvii. 23) in her creeds, her sacraments, her hierarchy, and in them we feel her power to teach, just as in Holy Scripture we feel that there is a message that concerns us, and which the Church alone has always understood." Did I not say at the commencement "The Church of England and the Church of Rome have lately clasped hands"? Is the assertion supported by the facts? Here, if nowhere else, their doctrines meet in firm embrace, for they both deny the uncultured, unscholarly, uneducated, though intelligent and prayerful man, the right to judge of God's message to his immortal soul. O immaculate constitution, how spotless is thy fame! Dost thou not in thy pure desire for the salvation of the souls of men sell thy livings to the highest bidder in the auction-room, whether the buyer be Christian, Infidel, or Jew? Dost thou not allow drunkards and harlots to sit at the table of thy fellowship, too often without question or rebuke? Dost thou not arrogate to thyself the right of absolving the sinner of the most deadly crimes, while the names of many of thine own priests are uttered with a conscious blush and bated breath at the unholy stigma that rests upon their characters? Nay more, hast thou not upon thy skirts the blood of righteous women and helpless children who, refusing thy worship for a purer and a nobler sort, were denied thy nation's gifts and refused an education in her schools, because they would rather starve than subscribe to thy ministry or obey thy formula? Are these charges unsustained by facts? Nay; rather they are the natural offspring of a system which, while it pretends to build upon the Bible as the great foundation at the base of its superstructure, only hides the book beneath its polished pillars, instead of emblazoning its living truths on every stone of its mighty pile of architecture.

But whence does the Church derive its grand prerogative? How is it that the Bible has become subordinated to its teachings? We have but little time or space to answer. Yet the reply is ready to our hand. There is a constant acknowledgment of the worth of tradition as being,

at least, co-ordinate in its mission to mankind with the Bible. Respecting the sacred Book we are told, "It has a witness to us, though we can ascertain but little of its meaning without the aid of a concurrent tradition, which, again, is all a FACT as undeniable, as unaccountable, as the Bible itself. We have found it absolutely impossible, in reality, to separate the written Word from this transmitted meaning." This transmission is through the medium of the Church; so that she evidently regards tradition as a more simple and comprehensive revelation than the Scriptures, for she brings tradition not only to buttress her own fabric, but also to explain God's Word. Talk no more, then, of commentaries and expositions, whereby the simple-minded child of sorrow may obtain an explanation of his difficulties, and find a solution of his doubts. Search for the Church's traditions, and you obtain an illuminated gospel and a divinely-lighted epistle. (?) The answer of Christ to certain Jerusalem Scribes and Pharisees who asked him, "Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders?" seems applicable to our case, as, despising their vain sophistries, he said, "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God *by* your tradition?" or again, "Making the Word of God of none effect through your tradition which ye have delivered." Here and elsewhere the two testimonies, instead of being concurrent, are in declared opposition; while the apostle Paul warns the Colossians against being *spoiled* "by the traditions of men," and his brother Peter speaks to the saints as redeemed "from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers." Notwithstanding these solemn protestations against ceremonialism in its most fatal guise, the ordinances and services which make the glory of the Church of England are founded upon tradition that sets itself up as the interpreter of God's Word. See how frail, then, is the foundation on which she builds. Christ himself gave it a blow which swayed it from its hold, and the apostles were evermore loosening it from its place in the systems to which their hearers clung; while its final removal, although slowly, shall be surely accomplished.

Notwithstanding the combined attacks made upon the Charter of our glorious privileges, the Book of Everlasting Truth has failed neither in its testimony or the accomplishment of its mission. A system founded upon tradition writes its own doom in sand, and a single wave of the ocean of truth shall sweep every vestige away; but those who take the simple testimony of God's Word and nought beside, shall stand as rocks which bare their heroic breasts to the most bitter storms, and tremble not. Let not the cruel attacks of the learned rob the illiterate and poor of a treasure which his soul has learned to love, because in his home he has found wrought out the sweetness of its truths; instead thereof let him hold it with a tighter grasp nearer to the heart that has so joyfully listened to its music. The enemies have lit the furnace into the midst of which they will cast the Bible, while they hold up "Tradition and the Church" as a better oracle; but the Book written with the Eternal Finger shall start from the midst of the flames, casting forth a brighter glory; while those who dared thus to trifle with God's Word shall, like the men who cast the three holy children into the fire, perish in their own attempt to destroy the undying testimony of Jehovah's will.

Our extremities are the Lord's opportunities. Immediately a keen sense of danger forces an anxious cry from us the ear of Jesus hears, and with him ear and heart go together, and the hand does not long linger. At the last moment we appeal to our Master, but his swift hand makes up for our delays by instant and effectual action. Are we nearly engulphed by the boisterous waters of affliction? let us then lift up our souls unto our Saviour, and we may rest assured that he will not suffer us to perish. When we can do nothing Jesus can do all things; let us enlist his powerful aid upon our side, and all will be well.

C. H. S.

Mrs. Bartlett and her Mission.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IT is a mere truism to say that women have played a distinctive and useful part in the history of the Church. Yet, singularly enough, woman's mission-work has had no history. Subordinated to man's nobler genius, she has modestly participated in the Church's triumphs, and unassumingly shared its sorrows. Her active existence has been blended with the distinguished earnestness of the sterner missionary. She has fired enthusiasts with godly earnestness; has co-operated in all holy duties; has entered into the performance of detail-work with exquisite patience; and has studied the exigencies of the age, and if not produced, yet accelerated the production of new forms of aggression. Like Phœbe, she has succoured the Church; like Priscilla, conveyed accurate gospel-knowledge to zealous but only partially-instructed disciples; like Lydia, she has housed the itinerant ambassadors of the Lord; like Hannah, she has exalted the God of mercy in a jubilant carol, and so has strengthened the feeble faith of less triumphant hearts; or like Miriam, has added her martial chorus to another's pean. Her good works have percolated through the past ages, have blest and purified contemporary lives, and are destined to influence those of posterity. No labour is lost. Motion produces heat, and heat is a mode of motion. Mission-work results in the conversion of sinners; the conversion of sinners results in more mission-work. Activity reacts. Thought is eternal. And though not always in proportion to its deserts, truth maintains its secret power, and prevails over the impregnable casemates of spiritual ignorance. It is necessary that godly women should exercise their prerogatives to succour the needy, visit the sick, and with angels soothe the sorrowing heart. But here she need not always rest. It is given to many, and might be given to more were the reign of faith more general, to pursue a nobler sphere of labour. She may exhort her sex, pray with and for her sisters, watch the buddings of early grace, foster with her loving care the foreshadowings of sincere desire for holiness, and encourage the little faith of godly souls.

As does the lady whose name appears at the head of this paper. She has become the servant of the largest Church in Christendom, and now occupies a unique and most interestiug position in the yet unwritten history of woman's work. I have been invited to trace the growth of this mission, and to afford the reader some idea of how signally the

Controller of Hearts has blessed the exertions of a simple-hearted Christian lady.

In some respects, Mrs. Bartlett is a remarkable woman. Converted with her whole heart to God before arriving at her teens, she early manifested an irrepressible desire to seek the soul-good of others. While engaged at twelve years of age as a Sabbath-school teacher, her infantile exertions were marvellously seconded by God. She was a spiritual mother even then; and many souls were brought by her to the Saviour. Some of these saved ones are in glory now. Having witnessed a good confession here, they are triumphing above; mayhap, if possible, peering over Heaven's battlements, and joyously praising Immanuel's name for other victories won, through their teacher, by the blood of the Lamb. Others are distributed in various parts of this land of ours, and from some Mrs. Bartlett still receives letters of consolation, of love, of encouragement. An acorn will not rest satisfied in its most delicately-chiselled cup, but soon frees itself and seeks an independent and more significant place in the forest; and our young missionary, stimulated by her success in the school, sought to enlarge her sphere of usefulness by journeying from village to village within easy distance of her parents' residence, where she might seek the salvation of never-dying souls. It was tough work to exhort burly farmers and their still more boisterous sons to seek an emancipation from the tyranny of Satan; but is anything too difficult for even a timid damsel, filled with the sufficiency of Jesus Christ? A Christian painter might, as I think, find this a noble scene worthy of the art-skill of a Raphael or a Corregio.

Since the days of her youthful evangelistic labours, this lady has been tutored in the school of affliction, out of which she came as gold well-purified, fit for the Master's service. By that most virulent form of epidemic known as Asiatic cholera, she lost the partner of her life.

> "But though her cup seemed fill'd with gall,
> A something secret sweetened all,"

and this sweetener was in the form of Salvation entering her house. By these and other means, a preparative work was going on, which ultimately brought her to fill that distinctive position which it seems to me, and not to me only, it was Jehovah's will she should occupy.

About six or seven years ago, there was a small class of senior scholars in connection with New Park Street Chapel, Southwark. It may seem strange that, whilst God was so marvellously blessing the ministrations of our beloved Editor in this building, so few senior females were associated together for the purpose of instruction on a Sabbath afternoon; but there were other classes in action, and this one had apparently fallen into the rear. So it was that, when Mr. Thomas Olney, the venerable treasurer of the Church, invited Mrs. Bartlett to conduct the Bible class in question for one afternoon, there were only three persons present. It was with some expressions of fear that she undertook this duty for one month; for it is necessary to state that, in consequence of heart disease, the duration of her life was problematical, even as it unfortunately is now. In dependence on her Master, the duties were accepted; and at the end of the month there were fourteen regular attendants. It was then proposed that Mrs. Bartlett should

become a duly recognised teacher of the school—and to us Calvinists there is always a charm in any sort of election. Her opinion as to that matter was expressed in these characteristic words, "If the Lord has given me strength for one month's labour, He will be sure to give me strength for another month." Being in the happy habit of taking God at His word, she was assured that as her days so would be her strength; and to His praise be it said, all the promises of the Almighty are almighty. The class increased in numbers, so that it became necessary to obtain a larger room in one of the almshouses adjoining the chapel. The spirit of prayer seemed here to animate the little band, and such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit took place that supplication to God for continued and increased blessings became the common practice of all its members. One afternoon, when the teacher called on a sister to engage in prayer, no fewer than eight others followed without intermission!

At the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle five years ago, the class, which then numbered fifty, assembled in one of the many small rooms in the rear of that edifice. A more capacious apartment was, however, soon required, and one holding eighty persons was obtained. Still numbers came. What was to be done? Ordinary Christians would have formed a deputation to perplex the pastor; but the members of the class resorted to all-powerful prayer. And then some timid souls began to question the propriety of extending the bounds of this little kingdom. It might yet prove an ephemeral success; and possibly the case had been over-estimated. "Oh! Mrs. Bartlett is *such* an excitable lady," said the Spirit of Unbelief. The best way to scotch this sceptic is to reply, as did this earnest woman, "It is the Lord's work, and it will go on"—adding, like ladies do to give emphasis to a fact, "I am certain of that." It appears that the Lecture-room, which would contain upwards of nine hundred persons, was at this time in the possession of one of the elders, in his capacity of superintendent of the infant school. Not seeing the Lord's hand in the matter, and fearing for the comfort of his own little flock, this friend declined to vacate the Hall in her favour. Some other elders, with Mrs. Bartlett, laid the case before that High Authority with whom obstructives and non-obstructives are as one. The answer soon came, for next Sabbath the Bible class occupied the Lecture-hall. At the end of a few months, there were three hundred attendants; at the end of twelve, five hundred. Since that time —two years ago—it has increased its numbers, until the average attendance has now become seven hundred, which sometimes swells to an additional hundred or so. The major portion consists of women between the ages of thirty and seventy, and indeed many of Mrs. Bartlett's spiritual children are considerably older than herself. Before referring to the precise nature of the mission, it may be well to state here, as a proof of the practical piety of the class, that during one year upwards of £200 was contributed to the Pastor's College for training ministers. How much of zeal, love, and self-denial this large sum represents, the Great Lord of all hearts only knows, but nothing ever cheers the pastor's heart more than the thought of this liberality.* Some members of the

* This sentence is not worded at all too strongly. We thank God at every remembrance of this work.—C. H. S.

class are in respectable stations in life; others are of the Lord's poor. But these latter are carefully looked after by their sisters, and their wants are as far as may be supplied according to their varied necessities. It must not be supposed that none but those who compose Mr. Spurgeon's congregation belong to this unique band. Many come from and some are associated with other Churches, both Nonconformist and Episcopalian. Of course the class is increased by each person bringing friends and others.

A visitor would probably be struck with those peculiar characteristics of the Sabbath afternoon service which render the scene so impressive if not touching. An earnest woman's address to her sex whose spiritual good she sincerely seeks, cannot fail to produce some emotional feelings in the breasts of even those accustomed to scenes of excitement. On a recent visit to the class, it seemed to me that there was an undefined something in the prayer alone which robbed one of that calmness of mind so requisite in joining in a public supplication, but filled the soul at the same time with a holy exhilaration and devout expectation which fully compensated for loss of calm. It was a simple, tender, earnest, powerful and prevailing address to a real present Father. If woman can thus approach the Lord in supplication, how much do we not lose, my male friends, by not occasionally hearing her voice? The address—it was by no means a sermon, and Mrs. Bartlett is anxious that the public should not be possessed with the idea that she preaches—was characteristic of the speaker and of the audience. It was an exhortation to press onward in the Divine life, in all works of womanly devotion to the Master's cause, and in the maintenance of a continual communication with Heaven. It was experimental—a woman's vivid fancy calling up scenes of spiritual conflict and cares, coloured with life and beauty. It was doctrinal—founded on the eternal verities of the great I AM. It was chiefly exhortative—recalling God's performances in bygone times of Christian experience, specifying the many sacred privileges of the present, painting bright pictures of coming joys and communions to be realised by faith in the far-stretched future. Better still—it was savoury, full of Jesus. Peculiarly tender and eloquent was her appeal to the unconverted. Convince a sinner of your real anxiety for his eternal welfare, and you have opened a channel in his heart for further communications. Few could resist admiring the exuberant and passionate utterances of this Bible-teacher. Such earnestness, coupled as it is with an unwavering faith in God's word, can hardly fail to bring down Heaven's blessings. If you ask me what is the secret of this good woman's success, I reply, an implicit reliance upon God's promises, and a strong assurance that He will do all that she believingly asks of Him. I may add that the service is conducted by Mrs. Bartlett almost always without assistance; occasionally, however, elders of the Church look in upon the interesting assembly.

It seems to be no unusual circumstance to see persons deeply affected; and even elderly Christians, who have attended the meetings out of curiosity, have confessed that the scene is at times quite overpowering. The conductor is accustomed to comment upon the hymns selected for

singing. Numbers have traced their conversion to the expositions she has given of those revivalistic lines—

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

And the caution not to sing such emphatic words unless accompanied by a sincere heart, has led many to reflect upon their careless mode of life. Somewhere about thirty or forty persons have also traced their first convictions to the observations made prior to singing that beautiful confession of entire dependence on the Saviour—

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

Some idea of the results which have followed Mrs. Bartlett's mission may be realised from the fact that upwards of six hundred of its members have joined the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church during the past six years. Indeed nearly one hundred were received into the Church last year from the class. Then there are those who, either from convenience or in the order of God's providence, join other churches; so that the aggregate results are truly glorious. A large number of the converts are distributed throughout the country; some are in foreign lands; many are engaged in mission-work, either adopting the same method as that followed out by their instructress, or going from house to house ministering the Word of Truth. As in other missions, it is noteworthy that the worst characters make the brightest saints. That great sinners exist among the "respectable" classes of womankind need not here be proved. Suffice it to say that, fortunately for society, deception hides crimes against God and humanity which no amount of plain-speaking will permit the preacher to faithfully describe. Out of these disciples of iniquity, many have been brought with sorrowful confession to Jesus' feet; and, forgiven much, they much love.

In a class of so many women, it must be expected that some remnants of that great female sin—the love of dress—should remain even after conversion. It may seriously be doubted whether our ministers are faithful enough in denouncing—not the habit of well or artistically dressing—but that love of perpetually seeking after new forms of attire which I hesitate not to affirm to be a sad error of Christian women. There are those who sail into our places of worship every Sabbath morn with some new and frequently glaringly-conspicuous article of dress; and even those whose circumscribed means will not permit them to indulge in every new fashionable whim, fall into the same bad principle of weekly changing—for the mere love of gaining attention—their personal adornments. Against these follies Mrs. Bartlett heads a crusade amongst her followers. She is determined that her example shall not be the excuse for any of her class who may adopt this weakness. And herein she sets a most commendable pattern for imitation.* Every

* Many godly women who have devoted their lives to missionary work have set the same example. Chrysostom especially commends Olympias for her disregard of personal adornment, although that deaconess fell into the ascetic habit of wearing coarse attire.

In an old volume lying upon my desk—the *Gospel Magazine* for 1776, edited by good Toplady—occurs a description of a wealthy Christian woman's habits of dress, which

evangelist who has laboured amongst the middle and lower classes of society will affirm that the love of dress is one of the strongest inducements to sin and one of the greatest hindrances to the reception of the gospel. Over the mouth of Gehenna may be seen, inscribed I fear by many a lost soul, the doleful warning words, "FOR FASHION HINDERED US."

The Bible class has now grown to such proportions that the work of attending to it requires Mrs. Bartlett's undivided attention. This is given in many ways. On Tuesday night the class meets at the Tabernacle for prayer and exhortation; and on Friday evening for prayer only. These services have produced lasting benefits on those who have attended them. Then, again, Mrs. Bartlett's house is open during the week for enquirers, and for such only. Mr. Spurgeon has very fittingly described this house as the "house of mercy," for indeed many souls have found mercy there. Not a few have passed from death unto life whilst sitting weeping on a couch which, if one believed in the holiness of material things, might be held as sacred.

There have been some most remarkable instances of the display of Almighty grace in those who have belonged to this class. I will mention a few out of a number of others. On one occasion, Mrs. Bartlett informs me, after prayer, a feeling seemed to possess her that souls would be saved that afternoon. Six were converted. On another afternoon, the speaker expressed her conviction that there was a sinner present, and she consequently appealed directly to her; the appeal was owned of God to the salvation of an adult who, indeed, was a sinner, and in whose heart the hot words of exhortation entered and lodged there to the praise and glory of God's grace. A young girl, who was a sad blasphemer, is now a Bible-woman in Northamptonshire, where, it is hoped, her better language may be abundantly blessed. Six girls from one house of business dropped in the room one afternoon, their object being, it appears, to ridicule the whole proceedings. Four out of the six were converted; one is now a devoted missionary. A person belonging to the theatrical profession was induced to attend the class. The service did not approve itself to her taste. On her third visit, however, the Lord was pleased to trouble her soul, and her anguish of mind was exceedingly great. She felt she was condemned already, and she cried out in great distress, "Lost, lost, lost." While Mrs. Bartlett was engaged in prayer at her own house on behalf of this convicted sinner, the clouds of despair rolled away, and the bright beamings of Divine love possessed the distressed soul. She found peace on her knees. This same person persuaded her sister to go to the class; and as she had heard sufficient to convince her that a continued attendance upon the means of grace could not harmonise with her devotedness to the theatre and the ball-room, she declined to give up the former that the amusements might be more readily enjoyed. Mrs. Bartlett saw this young woman one Sabbath afternoon about to enter through the chapel gates,

will bear quoting here:—"Her dress is neat, is clean; but withal homely and cheap. She thinks the less she spends the more she has for the poor, whom she delights to serve and attend upon. You do not see Miranda disgrace the profession she makes by an immoderate love of dress on the one hand, nor a neglect of that care in it, which the gospel, her grand rule of life, allows, and insists upon, on the other. Of Miranda it may be truly said, 'She uses dress as not abusing it.'"

and she thereupon prayed that God would give her that soul before the afternoon had passed. He did so, for whilst the speaker was relating the case of a giddy girl who had died during the week while dancing, she was led to confess her sins, ask for pardon, and by believing on the Son of God this weary soul found rest. Perhaps the following case is one of the most singular ever met with in the annals of startling conversions. An elderly person, who had listened to Mr. Spurgeon's voice for two years without being led to the Saviour, was entering the room when Mrs. Bartlett looked round and said, without intending the words for the late comer in question, "Flee from the wrath to come, my sister; flee from the wrath to come." These words, so appropriately spoken, were the means of her instantaneous conversion. A girl fresh from the country, wandering by the Tabernacle one afternoon, went into the room just as Mrs. Bartlett was appealing to case-hardened sinners. She was pathetically asking them, "Can you perish, will you perish, my sister?" and in doing so provoked the silent but effectual reply of the stranger, who was saved on the spot. A very singular case once occurred, and may here be mentioned as displaying the discriminating grace of that God who "will have mercy on whom He will have mercy." A friend recently introduced an anxious enquirer to Mrs. Bartlett at her house. It was for this seeking soul's especial benefit that Mrs. Bartlett was pointing out the way of salvation and the only method whereby Christ could be found. Whilst speaking of that simple trust in Christ which brings peace to the troubled soul, the young woman who had accompanied the enquirer exclaimed, "Is that all, Mrs. Bartlett? Only trusting Christ? Then I am saved;" and such was indeed the indisputable fact, for though the enquirer went away sorrowful for a time, the woman who had not visited Mrs. Bartlett with any expectancy of salvation obtained it to her surprise and joy.

The thoughtful reader will not need being reminded of the great importance of this mission. Who can estimate the influence of one converted woman upon the world? Where does not her power extend? How many souls can trace their first serious thoughts to a mother's teachings? Godly mothers, I have somewhere had occasion to remark, are God's best teachers. Mrs. Bartlett's converts will carry into either present or future homes many of the truths which they have received in the Bible class. Converted women make good wives—or tush for your godliness, my poor lady. Many a good wife has made a good husband, and has brought him to the Saviour; and her words of warning have been treasured up for years, even when the Bible and the preacher have had no power. This sacred labour of Mrs. Bartlett's is not excelled even by a minister's most earnest work.

A parting word with you, my unsaved reader. I think I see each of these converted women beckoning you to the same Saviour who washed away their sins. These words of mine, however roughly chosen, would fulfil the same kind office. Some godly women have, as I understand, specially supplicated God's throne that these lines may be the means of YOUR conversion. Why not? Printed letters have wooed many souls. May these woo you! For verily there shall be joy in heaven over one repentant sinner brought to Christ by even the most improbable means.

Preaching Christ Crucified.

BY CHRISTMAS EVANS.*

THE ministers who do not strive to dive into the mysteries of Christ and his cross, and the all-sufficiency of his finished work to justify the ungodly, are not like Paul in the flowings of their zeal. That is not an honourable zeal which makes some urge the practice of moral virtues on their hearers, and a kind of holiness that sustains no relation to the blood of Christ. If our zeal be for dry moralities, while it does not kindle in view of the cross of Christ, we are not worthy of the title of "ministers of the gospel." From this Philalethes, the writer of the strictures, imagines that I contend for preaching only the priesthood of the Redeemer, though my letter refers to much connected with all the offices of Christ. But it was from heart-felt sorrow, and jealousy for the preaching of Christ crucified as the central mark of the ministry, that I was induced to make the statements in my letter; because I had been convinced, and that thoroughly, that there is nothing really beneficial for man, nor sufficiently tormenting for devils, but the preaching of the cross. I had remarked with grief that Satan had succeeded, to a great extent; so much as to cause some to preach a whole sermon without a single reference to the blood of Christ, or the work of the Spirit as the fruit of his mediation, and without showing the glory and grandeur of the law in its claims, and how necessary it is that the sinner should have a corresponding righteousness. They do not exhort to the fulfilment of Christian duties from the motives made use of by the apostle, "that we that live should no more live unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us." "Put on the Lord Jesus." "The love of Christ constraineth us." "Add to your faith virtue." "Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God." "As ye have received Christ, so walk ye in him." Seeing Christ and the covenant of grace, the life of the whole Bible, ignominiously thrust out of the pulpit, I grew jealous, for I had seen that this had been the constant aim of Satan in every age. Though we have heard many things that are true in themselves, yet, as they had not the truth as it is in Jesus for their heart, and centre, and life, they became in my most simple sight altogether useless and lifeless. As Dr. Owen says, "The Jews of the present day read the whole of the Old Testament, and have it expounded in their synagogues, yet the whole is lifeless. Why? Because they acknowledge not Christ, who is the heart and life of the Old and New Testaments." Again, looking at the Scriptures, I heard Paul, the greatest preacher except Christ, confessing that he took not on him to know anything but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and gloried only in the cross, whence he obtained wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification. By seeing the gospel system of preaching so greatly neglected in some places, I, like the watchman of old, was compelled to cry an alarm, according to the light the Lord had given me, and this has induced Philalethes to reply to me. I fear that he is rather scant on the precious Saviour whom the gospel reveals;

* Meeting with an old Welsh pamphlet the other day, containing this extraordinary preacher's defence of an Association letter, written by him against an attack made upon it by an anonymous writer, a portion of it is translated for the perusal of the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel."—E. M. CREWE.

but if he and others are not guilty in this I am glad. I trust that my assertion of the necessity for preaching Christ was good, and that there is no cause for any of the brethren to be offended with this poor grain of dust for esteeming Christ all in all in a sinner's salvation; for the peculiar trait that distinguishes the Christian from every other religion that was ever known in the world, both before and after the fall, is the righteousness of God being given as the condition of life to man in his sight. "Therein is the righteousness of God revealed." God's image was borne by man of old, but never was there anything like this known before in heaven or earth—that God should array himself in flesh, and live and die to procure such a righteousness that man might dwell in it in his own presence. Oh, I groan for seeing more of the spiritual glory of this righteousness; it is full of God! I believe if I could see its essential and divine glory, and its purity as it is, I should be perfectly happy. My faith in this is my justification, and this is my only adornment before God, and all my holiness. I do not expect more for ever than to love this righteousness, grow like it, and admire all the perfections of Deity as they here shine forth. In this place the face of God and his law appear in glory. By being transformed into the image and spirit of the righteousness of Christ, I bear the nature and image of the first law given to man. Let us thank God for the Spirit, who is able to engrave these things on the minds of sinful men!

Through the light of the Scriptures, I was brought to see Christ as everything, after being for many years in profession too much a stranger to him; and, indeed, the reading of other books was the means of urging me to put but small price on anything that had not Christ in it. I received many spiritual impressions in this respect by reading "A Glimpse of the Kingdom of Christ," by William Williams, which proves that Christ is in a special and spiritual sense everything in the justification, sanctification, and glorification of man. Many excellent fragments also came to my hand in the "Evangelical Magazine," maintaining the necessity for preaching Christ. The following statements made by Andrew Fuller are deeply impressed on my mind: "If preaching the grace of God through Jesus Christ, as the only means of salvation, be not the chief subject of our ministry, we had better be anything than preachers. Woe to us if we preach not the gospel! The minister who, under colour of enforcing the duties of religion, neglects the doctrine of the cross, labours in the fire. He may urge duties till they freeze on his lips, but neither he nor his hearers will reverence them much."

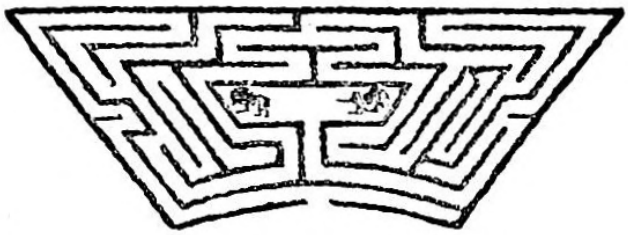
The statements in the letter were of much the same import as this, which has sunk so deeply in my heart; but never did I think, neither did Fuller, of laying aside the counsels, warnings, and invitations of the Word. The evangelical preacher points his hearers to the portal of faith in Christ, at the head of the way, though Worldly Wiseman may direct him to other duties. If the blood freeze and fail to circulate through the body, the consequence will be death, notwithstanding the hands and feet. The feet will not walk, nor the hands labour, when the blood becomes cold; so congregations die in godliness and spiritual life, when the covenant of grace is expelled from the pulpit. If justification by faith be revered, the law is at the same time revered, for the

law is established by faith (Rom. iii. 31). Since the fall the heart of man has known no true morality except through loving Christ; as Young puts it,—

"O thou bleeding Lamb,
The grand morality is love to thee."

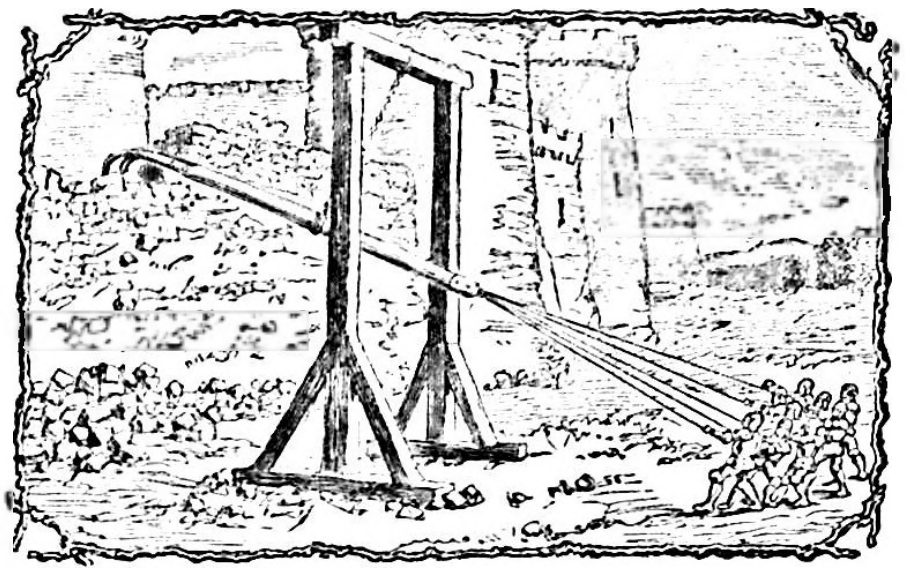
It is true the condition of our hearers differs, some are believers, others unbelievers; yet is not the truth as it is in Jesus the most appropriate means for building up the one in faith and love, that they might grow up in all things into Him who is the Head, and also to convince unbelievers and bring them to the faith?

The simple, yet Divine and omnipotent testimony concerning Christ and the promise of life through faith in him, wielded by the Spirit, was an effective instrument to enlighten, convert, and subdue the three thousand on the day of Pentecost. We must consider that there is not one of our hearers but needs Christ in some of the blessings of his mediation, and nothing else can supply the place of these blessings. We behold a Divine loveliness in the diversity of ministerial endowments, but in the ministry all must be "teachers in Christ;" and as ligatures and conduits, carrying nourishment, vigour, and sustenance from the glorious Head to the body of Christ; and such the counsels, warnings, exhortations and gospel promises prove, under the sanction and blessing of the Holy Spirit. As there was a vessel of pure frankincense put on each row of the twelve loaves of shewbread, so we must have Christ to perfume the provisions of the ministry; he is the tree that sweetens all the waters, the ordinances, doctrines, and precepts of the Word. It is possible to preach the denunciations of the law (and I am not opposed to that in a legitimate way so as to serve the gospel), without any one being spiritually enlightened concerning his danger; but how often when the doctrine of the cross is preached are men slain and made alive! Mr. David Brainerd, of America, makes this remarkable statement: "I was astonished some time since in reading the sermon of Peter in the house of Cornelius, that he so soon introduced Christ into his sermon, and stopped to talk of him through the whole of the sermon, noticing that in this place he differed much from modern preachers; but of late this has not appeared so strange, because it has become so evident to me that Christ is the substance and centre of the gospel, in which the unnumbered lines of Divine Revelation meet." My views exactly coincide with these. I am not for urging my brethren to refrain from preaching the "unnumbered lines" of Biblical truth, but exhort them to follow every line right up to the centre, to Christ crucified; who is the great fountain of life, fire, and force. There is an abundant necessity for preaching every one of Christ's offices, and the whole of the Scriptures; but the priesthood is the foundation and pole, upon which the other offices rest; for if Christ had not offered up a perfect sacrifice for sin, he would have no good news to proclaim as a prophet; nor as a king would he have any strength, protection, shelter, or gifts to offer, nor the laws of love and peace to republish to mankind. The covenant is not only the door for all the blessings to pass through, but it is that which by its virtue and merits has purchased them for us.



LIFE is frequently called a maze, and rightly so. Its many twistings, windings, changes, and mysteries, entitle it to be classed among the most complicated of labyrinths. To find the centre of true bliss is the object of every man, but few are happy enough to enter it. They journey for a little season in a way which seems to be right, and on a sudden they are brought to a dead halt, and are sorrowfully compelled to retrace their steps. Thousands waste all their lives in useless wanderings, and die disappointed men, to be for ever shut out from bliss, and shut in with misery and despair. There is a clue, a sure and simple clue, but the most of men despise it and run on, proudly relying on their own wit to lead them aright; while those who regard it, though their way is full of windings, yet obtain a sure entrance into the place of their desires. Reader, do you know the clue? God himself has spoken the great secret. It is one word, "FAITH,"—faith in Jesus for pardon, faith in the Father for providential provision, faith in the Holy Spirit for all grace. In ordinary pathways men walk by sight; but in the way of life, if we would prosper, we must walk by faith. God is unseen, but he is ever near to those who trust him. His promises are sure, and he is ever ready to fulfil them. He hears and answers the prayers of believing souls. There is reality in his presence, and true support in his comforts. In sorrow for sin, though no priest is heard and no cleansing blood is seen, yet Jesus is at the right hand of all who rest their souls upon him, and he gives complete remission and perfect peace. In times of great distress, no arm is visible to the eye of the body, but the mighty hand of God is certainly present working out deliverance for his own people. It is hard for flesh and blood to trust in an unseen God; so hard, that it is impossible, until God the Holy Spirit works true faith in us; but where the soul in simplicity believes in God, as he has revealed himself in the Word, joy, peace, safety, and eternal happiness, are the sure results. God's being unseen is no cause for doubt, for the greatest powers in nature, such as gravity and electricity, are equally unseen. Men believe in multitudes of mysteries, about which eye and ear give us no information. Faith in God is, however, most consistent with the soundest reason. In whom should we trust so readily as in the Judge of all the earth, who must do right? Where should a creature be so safe as under its Creator's care? Where so happy as resting in his love? Where so accepted as in God's own righteousness? Reader, as a little child, follow the clue of faith without leaning to thine own understanding, and thou shalt thread the maze of life, and reach the centre of supreme delight.

No. 23.—From C. H. SPURGEON'S "Sword and Trowel," published monthly price 3d.—Tracts, 6d. per 100; Post free 8 stamps.—Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



PAUL tells us that *the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.* He probably had in his mind's eye the corvus, which the Romans employed in destroying fortifications, and certainly it aptly sets forth the work of Christians when attacking the citadels of error. We must sharply grapple the false doctrine, driving the sharp hook of truth between its joints; we must clearly understand the error, and study the Word of God, so as to be able to controvert it. The great corvus of Scripture is a mighty puller down. Then unitedly with earnest tug of prayer and faithful testimony, we must throw down piece by piece the mischievous system of falsehood, be it never so great or high. Stone by stone the wall comes down; it is long and arduous work to destroy error; many hands and hearts must unite, and then with perseverance all must labour and wait. Tracts, sermons, lectures, speeches, prayers, all must be ropes with which to drag the bulwarks down. God's blessing rests on the faithful endeavours of those who overturn the castles of error, and though their work may not speedily succeed, the great result is sure. A Reformation is as much needed now as in Luther's day, and by God's grace we shall have it, if we trust in him and publish his truth. The cry is, "Overturn, overturn, overturn, till He shall come whose right it is."

Reader, are you doing service in the Lord's war, which he is now waging? You know the errors of Rome, are you doing anything to withstand them? You see the Popery and iniquity of the National Establishment, are you in your measure exposing it? Infidelity is still mighty, do you contend for God and for his Word? Sin still reigns over millions, do you seek their salvation? If not, why not? Are you yourself on the Lord's side? Oh may the grace of God lead you to trust in the great bloodshedding of Jesus, by which he has put away sin; and then may his love constrain you to aid in dragging down the ramparts of evil.

No. 24.—From C. H. SPURGEON's "Sword and Trowel," published monthly price 3d.—Tracts, 6d. per 100; Post free 8 stamps.—Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XVI.

TITLE.—MICHTAM OF DAVID. *This is usually understood to mean* THE GOLDEN PSALM, *and such a title is most appropriate, for the matter is as the most fine gold. Ainsworth calls it "David's jewel, or notable song." Dr. Hawker, who is always alive to passages full of savour, devoutly cries, "Some have rendered it* precious, *others* golden, *and others,* precious jewel; *and as the Holy Ghost, by the apostles Peter and Paul, hath shown us that it is all about the Lord Jesus Christ, what is here said of him is precious, is golden, is a jewel indeed!" We have not met with the term* Michtam *before, but if spared to write upon Psalms* lvi., lvii., lviii., lix. *and* lx., *we shall see it again, and shall observe that like the present these psalms although they begin with prayer, and imply trouble, abound in holy confidence and close with songs of assurance as to ultimate safety and joy. Dr. Alexander, whose notes are peculiarly valuable, thinks that the word is most probably a simple derivative of a word signifying to* hide, *and signifies a secret or mystery, and indicates the depth of doctrinal and spiritual import in these sacred compositions. If this be the true interpretation it well accords with the other, and when the two are put together, they make up a name which every reader will remember, and which will bring the precious subject at once to mind.* THE PSALM OF THE PRECIOUS SECRET.

SUBJECT. *We are not left to human interpreters for the key to this golden mystery, for, speaking by the Holy Ghost, Peter tells us, "David speaketh concerning* HIM." (Acts ii. 25.) *Further on in his memorable sermon he said, "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day. Therefore being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne; he seeing this before* spake of the resurrection of Christ, *that his soul was not left in hell, neither his flesh did see corruption."* (Acts ii. 29—31.) *Nor is this our only guide, for the apostle Paul, led by the same infallible inspiration, quotes from this psalm, and testifies that David wrote of the man through whom is preached unto us the forgiveness of sins.* (Acts xiii. 35—38.) *It has been the usual plan of commentators to apply the psalm both to David, to the saints, and to the Lord Jesus, but we will venture to believe that in it* "Christ is all;" *since in the ninth and tenth verses, like the apostles on the mount, we can see "no man but Jesus only."*

DIVISION.—*The whole is so compact that it is difficult to draw sharp lines of division. It may suffice to note our Lord's prayer of faith, verse* 1, *avowal of faith in Jehovah alone,* 2, 3, 4, 5, *the contentment of his faith in the present,* 6, 7, *and the joyous confidence of his faith for the future* (8, 11.)

EXPOSITION.

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

"*Preserve me,*" *keep, or save me,* or as Horsley thinks, "*guard me,*" even as body-guards surround their monarch, or as shepherds protect their flocks. Tempted in all points like as we are, the manhood of Jesus needed to be preserved from the power of evil; and though in itself pure, the Lord Jesus did not confide in that purity of nature, but as an example to his followers, looked to the Lord, his God, for preservation. One of the great names of God is "the Preserver of men," (Job vii. 20,) and this gracious office the Father exercised towards our Mediator and Representative. It had been promised to the Lord Jesus in express words, that he should be preserved, Isa. xlix. 7, 8. "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel and his Holy One, to him whom man despiseth, to him whom the nation abhorreth, I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people." This promise was to the letter fulfilled, both by providential deliverance and sustaining power, in the case of our Lord. Being preserved himself, he is able to restore the preserved of Israel, for we are "preserved in Christ Jesus and called." As one with him, the elect were preserved in his

preservation, and we may view this mediatorial supplication as the petition of the Great High Priest for all those who are in him. The intercession recorded in John xvii. is but an amplification of this cry, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we *are*." When he says "preserve me," he means his members, his mystical body, himself, and all in him. But while we rejoice in the fact that the Lord Jesus used this prayer for his members, we must not forget that he employed it most surely for himself; he had so emptied himself, and so truly taken upon him the form of a servant, that as man he needed divine keeping even as we do, and often cried unto the strong for strength. Frequently on the mountain-top he breathed forth this desire, and on one occasion in almost the same words, he publicly prayed, "Father, save me from this hour." (John xii. 27.) If Jesus looked out of himself for protection, how much more must we, his erring followers, do so!

"*O God.*" The word for God here used is EL, by which name the Lord Jesus, when under a sense of great weakness, as for instance when upon the cross, was wont to address the Mighty God, the Omnipotent Helper of his people. We, too, may turn to *El*, the Omnipotent One, in all hours of peril, with the confidence that he who heard the strong cryings and tears of our faithful High Priest, is both able and willing to bless us in him. It is well to study the name and character of God, so that in our straits we may know how and by what title to address our Father who is in heaven.

"*For in thee do I put my trust*," or, *I have taken shelter in thee*. As chickens run beneath the hen, so do I betake myself to thee. Thou art my great overshadowing Protector, and I have taken refuge beneath thy strength. This is a potent argument in pleading, and our Lord knew not only how to *use* it with God, but how to yield to its power when wielded by others upon himself. "According to thy faith be it done unto thee," is a great rule of heaven in dispensing favour, and when we can sincerely declare that we exercise faith in the Mighty God with regard to the mercy which we seek, we may rest assured that our plea will prevail. Faith, like the sword of Saul, never returns empty; it overcomes heaven when held in the hand of prayer. As the Saviour prayed, so let us pray, and as he became more than a conqueror, so shall we also through him; let us when buffeted by storms right bravely cry to the Lord as he did, "in thee do I put my trust."

2 *O my soul*, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou *art* my Lord:
my goodness *extendeth* not to thee:

3 *But* to the saints that *are* in the earth, and *to* the excellent, in
whom *is* all my delight.

4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied *that* hasten *after* another
god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their
names into my lips.

5 The LORD *is* the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:
thou maintainest my lot.

"*O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord.*" In his inmost heart the Lord Jesus bowed himself to do service to his Heavenly Father, and before the throne of Jehovah his soul vowed allegiance to the Lord for our sakes. We are like him when our soul, truly and constantly in the presence of the heart-searching God, declares her full consent to the rule and government of the Infinite Jehovah, saying, "Thou art my Lord." To avow this with the lip is little, but for *the soul* to say it, especially in times of trial, is a gracious evidence of spiritual health; to profess it before men is a small matter, but to declare it before Jehovah himself is of far more consequence. This sentence may also be viewed as the utterance of appropriating faith, laying hold upon the Lord by personal covenant and enjoyment; in this sense may it be our daily song in the house of our pilgrimage.

"*My goodness extendeth not to thee.*" The work of our Lord Jesus was not needful on account of any necessity in the Divine Being. Jehovah would have been inconceivably glorious had the human race perished, and had no atonement been offered. Although the life-work and death-agony of the Son did reflect unparalleled lustre upon every attribute of God, yet the Most Blessed and Infinitely Happy God stood in no need of the obedience and death of his Son; it was for our sakes that the work of redemption was undertaken, and not because of any lack or want on the part of the Most High. How modestly does the Saviour here estimate his own goodness! What overwhelming reasons have we for imitating his humility! "If thou be righteous, what givest thou him? or what receiveth he of thine hand?" (Job xxxv. 7.)

"*But to the saints that are in the earth.*" These sanctified ones, although still upon the earth, partake of the results of Jesus' mediatorial work, and by his goodness are made what they are. The peculiar people, zealous for good works, and hallowed to sacred service, are arrayed in the Saviour's righteousness and washed in his blood, and so receive of the goodness treasured up in him; these are the persons who are profited by the work of the man Christ Jesus; but that work added nothing to the nature, virtue, or happiness of God, who is blessed for evermore. How much more forcibly is this true of us, poor unworthy servants, not fit to be mentioned in comparison with the faithful Son of God! Our hope must ever be that haply some poor child of God may be served by us, for the Great Father can never need our aid. Well may we sing the verses of Dr. Watts:

"Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know."

Poor believers are God's receivers, and have a warrant from the Crown to receive the revenue of our offerings in the King's name. Saints departed we cannot bless; even prayer for them is of no service; but while they are here we should practically prove our love to them, even as our Master did, for they are *the excellent of the earth.* Despite their infirmities, their Lord thinks highly of them, and reckons them to be as nobles among men. The title of "His Excellency" more properly belongs to the meanest saint than to the greatest governor. The true aristocracy are believers in Jesus. They are the only Right Honourables. Stars and garters are poor distinctions compared with the graces of the Spirit. He who knows them best says of them, "*in whom is all my delight.*" They are his Hephzibah and his land Beulah, and before all worlds his delights were with these chosen sons of men. Their own opinion of themselves is far other than their Beloved's opinion of them; they count themselves to be less than nothing, yet he makes much of them, and sets his heart towards them. What wonders the eyes of Divine Love can see where the hands of Infinite Power have been graciously at work. It was this quicksighted affection which led Jesus to see in us a recompense for all his agony, and sustained him under all his sufferings by the joy of redeeming us from going down into the pit.

The same loving heart which opens towards the chosen people is fast closed against those who continue in their rebellion against God. Jesus hates all wickedness, and especially the high crime of idolatry. The text while it shows our Lord's abhorrence of sin, shows also the sinner's greediness after it. Professed believers are often slow towards the true Lord, but sinners "*hasten after another god.*" They run like madmen where we creep like snails. Let their zeal rebuke our tardiness. Yet theirs is a case in which the more they haste the worse they speed, for *their sorrows are multiplied* by their diligence in multiplying their sins. Matthew Henry pithily says, "They that multiply gods multiply griefs to themselves; for whosoever thinks one god too little, will find two too many, and yet

hundreds not enough." The cruelties and hardships which men endure for their false gods is wonderful to contemplate; our missionary reports are a noteworthy comment on this passage; but perhaps our own experience is an equally vivid exposition; for when we have given our heart to idols, sooner or later we have had to smart for it. Near the roots of our self-love all our sorrows lie, and when that idol is overthrown, the sting is gone from grief. Moses broke the golden calf and ground it to powder, and cast it into the water of which he made Israel to drink, and so shall our cherished idols become bitter portions for us, unless we at once forsake them. Our Lord had no selfishness; he served but one Lord, and served him only. As for those who turn aside from Jehovah, he was separate from them, bearing their reproach without the camp. Sin and the Saviour had no communion. He came to destroy, not to patronize or be allied with the works of the devil. Hence he refused the testimony of unclean spirits as to his divinity, for in nothing would he have fellowship with darkness. We should be careful above measure not to connect ourselves in the remotest degree with falsehood in religion; even the most solemn of Popish rites we must abhor. "*Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer.*" The old proverb says, "It is not safe to eat at the devil's mess, though the spoon be never so long." The mere mentioning of ill names it were well to avoid,—"*nor take up their names into my lips.*" If we allow poison upon the lip, it may ere long penetrate to the inwards, and it is well to keep out of the mouth that which we would shut out from the heart. If the Church would enjoy union with Christ, she must break all the bonds of impiety, and keep herself pure from all the pollutions of carnal will-worship, which now pollute the service of God. Some professors are guilty of great sin in remaining in the communion of Popish churches, where God is as much dishonoured as in Rome herself, only in a more crafty manner.

"*The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup.*" With what confidence and bounding joy does Jesus turn to Jehovah, whom his soul possessed and delighted in! Content beyond measure with his portion in the Lord his God, he had not a single desire with which to hunt after other gods; his cup was full, and his heart was full too; even in his sorest sorrows he still laid hold with both his hands upon his Father, crying, "My God, my God;" he had not so much as a thought of falling down to worship the prince of this world, although tempted with an "all these will I give thee." We, too, can make our boast in the Lord; he is the meat and the drink of our souls. He is our portion, supplying all our necessities, and our cup yielding royal luxuries; our cup in this life, and our inheritance in the life to come. As children of the Father who is in heaven, we inherit, by virtue of our joint heirship with Jesus, all the riches of the covenant of grace; and the portion which falls to us sets upon our table the bread of heaven and the new wine of the kingdom. Who would not be satisfied with such dainty diet? Our shallow cup of sorrow we may well drain with resignation, since the deep cup of love stands side by side with it, and will never be empty. "*Thou maintainest my lot.*" Some tenants have a covenant in their leases that they themselves shall maintain and uphold, but in our case Jehovah himself maintains our lot. Our Lord Jesus delighted in this truth, that the Father was on his side, and would maintain his right against all the wrongs of men. He knew that his elect would be reserved for him, and that almighty power would preserve them as his lot and reward for ever. Let us also be glad, because the Judge of all the earth will vindicate our righteous cause.

6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant *places*; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

7 I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

Jesus found the way of obedience to lead into "*pleasant places.*" Notwithstanding all the sorrows which marred his countenance, he exclaimed, "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." It may seem strange, but while

no other man was ever so thoroughly acquainted with grief, it is our belief that no other man ever experienced so much joy and delight in service, for no other served so faithfully and with such great results in view as his recompense of reward. The joy which was set before him must have sent some of its beams of splendour a-down the rugged places where he endured the cross, despising the shame, and must have made them in some respects pleasant places to the generous heart of the Redeemer. At any rate, we know that Jesus was well content with the blood-bought portion which the lines of electing love marked off as his spoil with the strong and his portion with the great. Therein he solaced himself on earth, and delights himself in heaven; and he asks no more "GOODLY HERITAGE" than that his own beloved may be with him where he is and behold his glory. All the saints can use the language of this verse, and the more thoroughly they can enter into its contented, grateful, joyful spirit the better for themselves, and the more glorious to their God. Our Lord was poorer than we are, for he had not where to lay his head, and yet when he mentioned his poverty he never used a word of murmuring; discontented spirits are as unlike Jesus as the croaking raven is unlike the cooing dove. Martyrs have been happy in dungeons. "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison the Italian martyr dated his letter, and the presence of God made the gridiron of Laurence pleasant to him." Mr. Greenham was bold enough to say, "They never felt God's love, or tasted forgiveness of sins, who are discontented." Some divines think that discontent was the first sin, the rock which wrecked our race in paradise; certainly there can be no paradise where this evil spirit has power, its slime will poison all the flowers of the garden.

"*I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel.*" Praise as well as prayer was presented to the Father by our Lord Jesus, and we are not truly his followers unless our resolve be, "I will bless the Lord." Jesus is called Wonderful, Counsellor, but as man he spake not of himself, but as his Father had taught him. Read in confirmation of this, John vii. 16; viii. 28; and xii. 49, 50; and the prophecy concerning him in Isaiah xi. 2, 3. It was our Redeemer's wont to repair to his Father for direction, and having received it, he blessed him for giving him counsel. It would be well for us if we would follow his example of lowliness, cease from trusting in our own understanding, and seek to be guided by the Spirit of God. "*My reins also instruct me in the night seasons.*" By the reins understand the inner man, the affections and feelings. The communion of the soul with God brings to it an inner spiritual wisdom which in still seasons is revealed to itself. Our Redeemer spent many nights alone upon the mountain, and we may readily conceive that together with his fellowship with heaven, he carried on a profitable commerce with himself; reviewing his experience, forecasting his work, and considering his position. Great generals fight their battles in their own mind long before the trumpet sounds, and so did our Lord win our battle on his knees before he gained it on the cross. It is a gracious habit after taking counsel from above to take counsel within. Wise men see more with their eyes shut by night than fools can see by day with their eyes open. He who learns from God and so gets the seed, will soon find wisdom within himself growing in the garden of his soul; "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left." The night season which the sinner chooses for his sins is the hallowed hour of quiet when believers hear the soft still voices of heaven, and of the heavenly life within themselves.

8 I have set the LORD always before me: because *he is* at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11 Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence *is* fulness of joy; at thy right hand *there are* pleasures for evermore.

The fear of death at one time cast its dark shadow over the soul of the Redeemer, and we read that "he was heard in that he feared." There appeared unto him an angel, strengthening him; perhaps the heavenly messenger reassured him of his glorious resurrection as his people's surety, and of the eternal joy into which he should admit the flock redeemed by blood. Then hope shone full upon our Lord's soul, and, as recorded in these verses, he surveyed the future with holy confidence because he had a continued eye to Jehovah, and enjoyed his perpetual presence. He felt that thus sustained, he could never be driven from his life's grand design; nor was he, for he stayed not his hand till he could say, "It is finished." What an infinite mercy was this for us! In this immoveableness, caused by simple faith in the divine help, Jesus is to be viewed as our exemplar; to recognize the presence of the Lord is the duty of every believer; "*I have set the Lord always before me;*" and to *trust* the Lord as our champion and guard is the privilege of every saint; "*because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*" The apostle translates this passage, "I foresaw the Lord always before my face;" Acts ii. 25: the eye of Jesus' faith could discern beforehand the continuance of divine support to his suffering Son, in such a degree that he should never be moved from the accomplishment of his purpose of redeeming his people. By the power of God at his right hand he foresaw that he should smite through all who rose up against him, and on that power he placed the firmest reliance. He clearly foresaw that he must die, for he speaks of his flesh resting, and of his soul in the abode of separate spirits; death was full before his face, or he would not have mentioned corruption; but such was his devout reliance upon his God, that he sang over the tomb, and rejoiced in vision of the sepulchre. He knew that the visit of his soul to Sheol, or the invisible world of disembodied spirits, would be a very short one, and that his body in a very brief space would leave the grave, uninjured by its sojourn there; all this made him say, "*my heart is glad,*" and moved his tongue, the *glory* of his frame, to *rejoice* in God, the strength of his salvation. Oh for such holy faith in the prospect of trial and of death! It is the work of faith, not merely to create a peace which passeth all understanding, but to fill the heart full of gladness until the tongue, which, as the organ of an intelligent creature, is our glory, bursts forth in notes of harmonious praise. Faith gives us living joy, and bestows dying rest. "*My flesh also shall rest in hope.*"

Our Lord Jesus was not disappointed in his hope. He declared his Father's faithfulness in the words, "*thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,*" and that faithfulness was proven on the resurrection morning. Among the departed and disembodied Jesus was not left; he had believed in the resurrection, and he received it on the third day, when his body rose in glorious life, according as he had said in joyous confidence, "*neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*" Into the outer prison of the grave his body might go, but into the inner prison of corruption he could not enter. He who in soul and body was pre-eminently God's "Holy One," was loosed from the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it. This is noble encouragement to all the saints; die they must, but rise they shall, and though in their case they shall see corruption, yet they shall rise to everlasting life. Christ's resurrection is the cause, the earnest, the guarantee, and the emblem of the rising of all his people. Let them, therefore, go to their graves as to their beds, resting their flesh among the clods as they now do upon their couches.

"Since Jesus is mine, I'll not fear undressing,
But gladly put off these garments of clay;
To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing,
Since Jesus to glory through death led the way."

Wretched will that man be who, when the Philistines of death invade his soul, shall find that, like Saul, he is forsaken of God; but blessed is he who has

the Lord at his right hand, for he shall fear no ill, but shall look forward to an eternity of bliss.

"*Thou wilt shew me the path of life.*" To Jesus first this way was shown, for he is the first-begotten from the dead, the first-born of every creature. He himself opened up the way through his own flesh, and then trod it as the forerunner of his own redeemed. The thought of being made the path of life to his people, gladdened the soul of Jesus. "*In thy presence is fulness of joy.*" Christ being raised from the dead ascended into glory, to dwell in constant nearness to God, where joy is at its full for ever; the foresight of this urged him onward in his glorious but grievous toil. To bring his chosen to eternal happiness was the high ambition which inspired him, and made him wade through a sea of blood. O God, when the worldling's mirth has all expired, for ever with Jesus may we dwell "*at thy right hand,*" where "*there are pleasures for evermore,*" and meanwhile, may we have an earnest by tasting thy love below. Trapp's note on the heavenly verse which closes the psalm is a sweet morsel, which may serve for a contemplation, and yield a foretaste of our inheritance. He writes, "Here is as much said as can be, but words are too weak to utter it. For *quality* there is in heaven joy and pleasures; for *quantity*, a fulness, a torrent whereat they drink without let or loathing; for *constancy*, it is at God's right hand, who is stronger than all, neither can any take us out of his hand: it is a constant happiness without intermission, and for *perpetuity* it is for evermore. Heaven's joys are without measure, mixture, or end."

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 2.—As Christ is the head of man so is God the head of Christ (1 Cor. xi. 3); and as man is subject unto Christ, so is Christ subject to God; not in regard of the divine nature, wherein there is an equality, and consequently no dominion of jurisdiction; nor only in his human nature, but in the economy of a Redeemer, considered as one designed, and consenting to be incarnate, and take our flesh; so that after this agreement, God had a sovereign right to dispose of him according to the articles consented to. In regard of his undertaking and the advantage he was to bring to the elect of God upon earth, he calls God by the solemn title of "his Lord." "O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee; but to the saints that are in the earth." It seems to be the speech of Christ in heaven, mentioning the saints on earth as at a distance from him. I can add nothing to the glory of thy majesty, but the whole fruit of my mediation and suffering will redound to the saints on earth.—*Charnock.*

Verse 3 *(last clause.)*—A sin rolled under the tongue becomes soft and supple, and the throat is so short and slippery a passage, that insensibly it may slide down from the mouth into the stomach; and contemplative wantonness quickly turns into practical uncleanness.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Verse 4.—*Drink offerings of blood.* The Gentiles used to offer, and sometimes to drink part of the blood of their sacrifices, whether of beasts or of men, as either of them were sacrificed.—*Poole.*

Verses 5, 6.—Take notice not only of the mercies of God, but of God in the mercies. Mercies are never so savoury as when they savour of a Saviour.—*Ralph Venning.*

Verse 7.—*My reins.* Common experience shows that the workings of the mind, particularly the passions of joy, grief, and fear, have a very remarkable effect on the reins or kidneys, and from their retired situation in the body, and their being hid in fat, they are often used in Scripture to denote the most secret working of the soul and affections.—*Parkhurst.*

Verse 10.—*In hell. Sheol* here, as *hades* in the New Testament, signifies the state of the dead, the separate state of souls after death, the invisible world of souls, where Christ's soul was, though it did not remain there, but on the third day returned to its body again. It seems best of all to interpret this word of the grave as it is rendered. (Gen. xlii. 38; Isa. xxxviii. 18.)—*Gill.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Michtam of David. Under the title of "the Golden Psalm," Mr. Canon Dale has published a small volume, which is valuable as a series of good simple discourses, but ought hardly to have been styled "an exposition." We have thought it right to give

the headings of the chapters into which his volume is divided, for there is much showiness, and may be some solidity in the suggestions.

Verse 1.—*The seeking of the gold.* The believer conscious of danger trusting in God only for deliverance.

Verses 2 *&* 3.—*The possessing of the gold.*—The believer looking for justification to the righteousness of God alone, while maintaining personal holiness by companionship with the saints.

Verses 4 *&* 5.—*The testing of the gold.*—The believer finding his present portion, and expecting his eternal inheritance in the Lord.

Verse 6.—*The prizing or valuing of the gold.*—The believer congratulating himself on the pleasantness of his dwelling and the goodness of his heritage.

Verses 7 *&* 8.—*The occupying of the gold.*—The believer seeking instruction from the counsels of the Lord by night, and realising his promise by day.

Verses 9 *&* 10.—*The summing or reckoning of the gold.*—The believer rejoicing and praising God for the promise of a rest in hope and resurrection into glory.

Verse 11.—*The perfecting of the gold.*—The believer realising at God's right hand the fulness of joy and the *pleasures* for evermore.

Upon this remarkably suggestive Psalm we offer the following few hints out of many:—

Verse 1.—The prayer and the plea. The preserver and the truster. The dangers of the saints and the place of their confidence.

Verse 2.—"*Thou art my Lord.*" The soul's appropriation, allegiance, assurance, and avowal.

Verses 2 *&* 3.—The influence and sphere of goodness. No profit to God, or departed saints or sinners, but *to living men.* Need of promptness, &c.

Verses 2 *&* 3.—Evidences of true faith. I. Allegiance to Divine authority. II. Rejection of self-righteousness. III. Doing good to the saints. IV. Appreciation of saintly excellence. V. Delight in their society.

Excellent of the earth. May be translated noble, wonderful, magnificent. They are so in their new birth, nature, clothing, attendance, heritage, &c. &c.

"*In whom is all my delight.*" Why Christians should be objects of our delight. Why we do not delight in them more. Why they do not delight in us. How to make our fellowship more delightful.

Verse 3.—Collection sermon for poor believers. I. Saints. II. Saints on the earth. III. These are excellent. IV. We must delight in them. V. We must extend our goodness to them.—*Matthew Henry.*

Verse 4.—Sorrows of idolatry illustrated in heathens and ourselves.

(*Second clause.*) The duty of complete separation from sinners in life and lip.

Verse 5.—Future inheritance and present cup found in God. (See Exposition.)

Last clause. What our lot is. What danger it is in. Who defends it.

Verse 6.—I. *Pleasant places.* Bethlehem, Calvary, Olivet, Tabor, Zion, Paradise, &c. II. *Pleasant purposes,* which made these lines fall to me. III. *Pleasant praises.* By service, sacrifice, and song.

Verse 6. *(second clause.)*—I. A heritage. II. A goodly heritage. III. I have it. IV. Yea, or the Spirit's witness.

Verse 6.—*A goodly heritage.*—That which makes our portion good is—I. The favour of God with it. II. That it is from a Father's hand. III. That it comes through the covenant of grace. IV. That it is the purchase of Christ's blood. V. That it is an answer to prayer, and a blessing from above upon honest endeavours.

Verse 7.—*Taking counsel's opinion.*—Of whom? Upon what? Why? When? How? What then?

Verse 7.—Upward and inward, or two schools of instruction.

Verses 8 *&* 9.—A sense of the Divine presence our best support. It yields, I. Good confidence concerning things without. "I shall not be moved." II. Good cheer within. "My heart is glad." III. Good music for the living tongue, "My glory rejoiceth." IV. Good hope for the dying body. "My flesh also," &c.

Verse 9 *(last clause.)* I. The saint's Sabbath (*rest*). II. His sarcophagus (*in hope*). III. His salvation (for which he *hopes*).

Verses 9 *&* 10.—Jesus cheered in prospect of death by the safety of his soul and body: our consolation in him as to the same.

Verse 10.—Jesus dead, the place of his soul and his body. A difficult but interesting topic.

Verse 11.—A sweet picture of heaven. (See the Exposition above.)

The Living Speeches of Dying Christians.

BY SAMUEL WARD.

EDWARD VI., King of England: "Bring me into thy kingdom; free this kingdom from Antichrist, and keep thine elect in it."

Cranmer, Archbishop, thrusting his hand into the fire: "Thou unworthy hand," saith he, "shalt first burn; I will be revenged of thee for subscribing for fear of death to that damned scroll."

Latimer, Bishop, to one that tempted him to recant, and would not tell him his name: "Well," saith he, "Christ hath named thee in that saying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" And being urged to abjure, "I will," saith he, "good people: I once said in a sermon, in King Edward's time, confidently, that Antichrist was for ever expelled England, but God hath shewed me it was but carnal confidence."

To Bishop Ridley, going before him to the stake; "Have after as fast as I can follow. We shall light such a candle, by God's grace, in England this day, as I trust shall never be put out again."

To whom Bishop Ridley: "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

Bishop Hooper, to one that tendered a pardon upon recantation: "If you love my soul, away with it; if you love my soul, away with it." One of the commissioners prayed him to consider that life is sweet and death is bitter: "True," saith he, "but the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. O Lord Christ, I am hell, thou art heaven, draw me to thee of thy mercy."

John Rogers, to one that told him he would change his note at the fire: "If I should trust in myself, I should so do, but I have determined to die, and God is able to enable me."

Being awakened and bidden to make haste to execution: "Then (saith he) shall I not need to tie my points."

John Philpot: "I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield."

Thomas Bilney: "I know by sense and philosophy that fire is hot and burning painful, but by faith I know it shall only waste the stubble of my body, and purge my spirit of its corruption."

Glover to Augustine Brenner: "He is come, he is come," meaning the Comforter, God's Spirit.

John Bradford, embracing the reeds and faggots said, "Strait is the way, and narrow is the gate, and few that find it." And speaking to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night; if there be any way to heaven on horseback or in fiery chariots, this is it."

Lawrence Saunders: "I was in prison till I got into prison, and now (says he, kissing the stake), welcome the cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life. My Saviour began to me in a bitter cup, and shall I not pledge him?"

John Lambert: "None but Christ, none but Christ."

Baynam: "Behold, you papists that look for miracles, I feel no more pain in the fire than if I were in a bed of down; it is as sweet to me as a bed of roses."

Hugh Laverocke, comforting John-a-Price, his fellow-martyr, said unto him: "Be of good comfort, my brother, for my Lord of London is our good physician, he will cure thee of all thy blindness, and me of my lameness this day."

William Hunter to his mother: "For a momentary pain I shall have a crown of life, and may not you be glad of that?" To whom she answered: "I count myself happy that bare such a champion for Christ, and thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare."

Adam Damlip, to his fellow-prisoners wondering at his cheerful supping and

behaviour after the message of his execution: "Why (quoth he) think you I have been so long in the Marshalsea, and have not learned to die?" And when they told him his quarters should be hanged up: "Then (said he) shall I need take no thought for my burial."

Priest's wife, to one offering her money: "I am going to a country where money bears no mastery." When sentence was read: "Now have I gotten that which many a day I have sought for."

Kirby, to Master Wingfield pitying him: "Be at my burning and you shall see and say, There is a soldier of Christ. I know fire, water, and sword are in his hands, that will not suffer them to separate me from him."

Doctor Taylor: "I shall this day deceive the worms in Hadley churchyard;" and fetching a leap or two when he came within two miles of Hadley, "Now (saith he) lack I but two stiles, and I am even at my Father's house."

Walter Mill, urged to recant at the stake: "I am no chaff, but corn; I will abide wind and flail by God's grace."

Bishop Farrar, to a knight's son bemoaning his death: "If you see me stir in the fire, trust not my doctrine." And so he stood holding up his stumps till one Garvell struck him down with a staff.

Rawlings to the bishops: "Rawlings you left me, Rawlings you find me, and so by God's grace I will die."

John Ardeley: "If every hair of my head were a man, it should suffer death in the faith I now stand in." The like Agnes Stanley and William Sparrow.

Thomas Hawkes, being desired to give a sign whether the fire was tolerable to be borne, promised it to his friends; and, after all expectation was past, he lift up his hands half burned, and being on a light fire, with great rejoicing striketh them three times together."

Lawrence Guest, to his wife meeting him with seven children on her hand: "Be not a block to me in the way, now I am in a good course and near the mark."

The Lady Jane Grey, requested by the lieutenant of the Tower to write her symbol in his book before her beheading, wrote this: "Let the glassy condition of this life never deceive thee. There is a time to be born, a time to die; but the day of death is better than the day of birth."

Alice Driver, when the chain was about her neck: "Here is a goodly neckerchief, God be blessed for it."

John Noyes, kissing the stake: "Blessed be the time that ever I was born for this day." To his fellow-martyrs: "We shall not lose our lives in this fire, but change them for a better, and for coals have pearls," &c.

Julius Pelmer: "To them that have the mind linked to the body, as a thief's foot to a pair of stocks, it is hard to die indeed; but if one be able to separate soul and body, then by the help of God's Spirit it is no more mastery for such a one than for me to drink this cup."

Elizabeth Folkes, embracing the stake: "Farewell all the world, farewell faith, farewell hope, and welcome love."

Roger Bernard, being threatened whipping, stocking, burning, answered: "I am no better than my Master Christ, and the Prophets which your fathers served after such sort, and I for his name's sake am content to suffer the like at your hands." So immedintely he was condemned, and carried to the fire.

Thomas Sampal, offered a pardon in the midst of the fire: "Oh! now I am thus far on my journey, hinder me not to finish my race."

Latimer, Bishop, when they were about to set fire to him and Bishop Ridley, with an amiable countenance, said these words: "God is faithful, who doth not suffer us to be tempted above our strength."

Bishop Ridley, to Mrs. Irish, the keeper's wife, and other friends at supper: "I pray you be at my wedding to-morrow;" at which words they weeping, "I perceive you are not so much my friends as I took you to be."

Tankerfield, when he had put one leg in the fire: "The flesh shrinks and says, Thou fool, wilt thou burn and needest not? The spirit says, Hell fire

is sharper, and wilt thou adventure that? The flesh says, Wilt thou leave thy friends? The spirit answers, Christ and his saints' society is better. The flesh says, Wilt thou shorten thy life? The spirit says, It is nothing to an eternal life."

Joyce Lewis: "When I behold the uglesome* face of death, I am afraid; but when I consider Christ's amiable countenance, I take heart again."

John Huss, to a countryman, who threw a faggot at his head: "O holy simplicity, God send thee better light! You roast the goose now, but a swan shall come after me, and he shall escape your fire." Huss, a goose in the Bohemian language, and Luther a swan.

Jerome of Prague: "Make the fire in my sight; for if I had feared it, I had never come hither." While it was making, he sung two psalms.

Anonimus, on his deathbed: "Now, phlegm, do thy duty, and stop thou my vital artery. Now, death, do me that friendly office to rid me of pain, and hasten me to happiness." To a friend of his that willed him to have his thoughts on heaven: "I am there already."

Claudius Monerius being cavilled at by the friars for eating a breakfast before his execution: "This I do that the flesh may answer the readiness of the spirit."

Michaela Caignoela, a noble matron, seeing her judges look out of the windows, said to her fellow-martyrs: "These stay to suffer the torment of their consciences, and are reserved to judgment; but we are going to glory and happiness." And to certain poor women weeping and crying, "O madam! we shall never now have more alms:" "Yes; hold you," saith she, "yet once more;" and plucked off her slippers, and such other of her apparel as she could with modesty spare from the fire.

James Delos, to monks that called him proud heretic: "Alas! here I get nothing but shame; I expect indeed preferment hereafter."

Madame la Glee, to one Chavique, that upbraided her for denying the faith: "Your cursed faith is not worthy the name of faith." She put on her bracelets: "For I go (said she) to my Spouse."

Marlorat, to friends that called him deceiver: "If I have seduced any, God hath seduced me, who cannot lie."

Castilia Rupea: "Though you throw my body down off this steep hill, yet will my soul mount upwards again. Your blasphemies more offend my mind, than your torments do my body."

Christopher Marshall of Antwerp: "I was from eternal a sheep destined to the slaughter, and now I go to the shambles: gold must be tried in the fire."

Vidus Bressius: "If God's Spirit saith true, I shall straight rest from my labours: my soul is even taking her wings to fly to her resting-place."

The Duke of Wittemberg and Luneburg: "Many have been mine errors and defects in government; Lord, pardon and cover all in Christ!"

Picus Merandula: "If Christ's death and our own were ever in eye, how could we sin? Death is welcome, not as an end of trouble, but of sin."

Martin Luther: "Thee, O Christ, have I taught, thee have I trusted, thee have I loved; into thine hands I commend my spirit."

Œcolampadius, to one asking if the light offended him not: "I have light enough here," laying his hand on his breast. And to the ministers about him: "Let the light of your lives shine as well as your doctrine."

Francisco Varlute: "Paul and Peter were more honourable members of Christ than I, but I am a member; they had more store of grace than I, but I have my measure, and therefore sure of my glory."

Peter Berger: "I see the heavens open to receive my spirit." And beholding the multitudes at the stake: "Great is the harvest; Lord, send labourers!"

(To be continued.)

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* That is, "ugly."—Ed.

Work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

HAVING in our January Number spoken of the Pastor's College in general terms, we proceed to specify what may be regarded as its principal features. These will be found in some respects to harmonise with other institutions of a similar tendency, and in other respects to be essentially different from them.

1. Its object is not to make scholars, but preachers of the gospel. Literary attainments are not undervalued, nor discouraged, but opportunities and means are furnished for their acquirement. Instead, however, of being regarded as the chief object of ambition, they are pursued as means to an infinitely higher end. They are not considered even to be indispensable. The great end as a rule may be better secured with them; but in some instances, without them. We have illustrations of both these in the earliest history of the Church, and in all subsequent ages. The present age we consider to be one that demands earnest and faithful preachers of the gospel, irrespective of literary titles and qualifications.

2. The instruction and maintenance of the students while in the College, with very few exceptions, is gratuitously supplied. Lodgings are provided in families approved for that purpose.

3. The selection of candidates for admission is principally determined by evidences of eminent piety, of adaptation for public teaching, of great zeal for the salvation of souls, and of instances of actual usefulness, so far as upon the best accredited testimony can be ascertained. As many of the applicants are from the Church at the Tabernacle, greater facilities in these instances are afforded for this purpose.

4. The course of study, as a general rule, is limited to two years. In some cases, where favourable openings for usefulness occur, and suitable qualifications are possessed, this term is shortened; in others, in which studious habits predominate, it is prolonged. The recess from study during each year is less than at other colleges, so that the difference in the period of training is not so great as it appears. The method of instruction too accomplishes more within a given time. There are advantages in a much longer course of study, but it has also its disadvantages; and the latter tend so powerfully to cool the first ardour for ministerial usefulness and to substitute human learning for Christianity, that they often far outweigh the former.

5. The course of studies is greatly diversified. This will afterwards be described. We mention the fact here as one of the peculiarities of this College. There is scarcely any department of theology, of literature, or of science, that is not more or less brought under notice. Should it be thought that the acquirements upon all these subjects must of necessity, on this account, be very elementary, we hesitate not to say that facts prove it to be otherwise. A larger amount of information may be taken in within a given time, with less fatigue, and with an agreeable variety than without it. It best harmonises with the laws of the human mind, which in their first operation tend to generalisation rather than abstraction. The habit of concentrating its powers may be too early formed. It has to expand with knowledge before it is contracted and compressed into one long and limited pursuit; or it may never afterwards regain its proper elasticity and breadth. One great evil of collegiate education has been to require an abstracted attention for a long period to one particular subject, before the mind, by general knowledge and the free exercise of thought, has acquired its proper elasticity and force. The consequence has often been, eminence in one department of learning and ignorance in every other. There has been too an incapacity and disinclination, from the effect of premature exhaustion, for every other mental pursuit. Such a mental training enfeebles and disheartens the young minister at the very time that he most needs to be strengthened and animated for his work. The highest scholarly attainments were never intended to be reached in youth. It is enough if the foundation be laid for their acquire-

ment in after years. The mind like the tree is formed to put forth its branches before it is ladened with fruit; like the bird to learn to fold and unfold its wings, to soar higher and higher, and by degrees to sustain itself long at its highest flight; and like the race-horse to try all its paces on different ground and not in one unvaried course. Let minds be trained for great things at college rather than accomplish them. Let them be inured to all paces for after pursuits, and all uses of the wing for after flight. Let their powers be chiefly exercised and become pliant in that which is to be the chief study of after life, and to which all other studies should be subservient. Let theology, in a word, be the principal study of the professed teacher of theology, and all other sources of information and mental improvement as may become subservient to this, placed within their reach. Thus much we have said, and much more we think might be added, to vindicate the course of studies adopted at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College from its supposed disadvantages in comparison with that which is time-honoured in institutions of a similar kind. We appeal not to reason merely, but to facts in relation to the practical working of the two systems. We have become daily more and more impressed with the conviction that theology should be the principal subject for instruction in a Theological College, and that a diversified course of all other studies prepares the young minister to enter upon his office in the full vigour of his mental powers, and with a capacity for continuing his research into all subjects that may at any time contribute to his own principal design.

6. Calvinistic theology is dogmatically taught. We mean not dogmatic in the offensive sense of that term; but as the undoubted teaching of the Word of God. "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness." We hold to the Calvinism of the Bible. Extreme views on either side are repudiated by us. The cross is the centre of our system. "To this I hold, and by this I am upheld," is our motto. This is our stand-point from which we judge all things. We have no sympathy with any modern concealment or perversion of great gospel truths. We prefer the Puritan to modern divinity. From our inmost souls we loathe all mystic and rationalistic obscurations of the plain and full-orbed doctrines of grace, and foremost of all of justification by the righteousness of Christ and atonement by his blood. We say to every man, "Is thy heart right in this matter as my heart? If it be, give me thine hand." We think it right to be informed of the ground and tactics of the adversaries of these main truths, in order to defend them when it may be absolutely required, but not to be diverted from them. We believe one of the secrets of the success that has hitherto attended the students from this College to be the doctrines they teach, and the manner in which they enunciate them, as though they believed what they say and wished others to believe them too.

7. The manner of tuition is not formal and dictatorial, but familiar and fraternal. The dry syllabus, technical phraseology, laborious writing from dictation, and the necessity of consulting numerous authors upon each subject in hand are avoided. Lectures are delivered in a popular and illustrative, rather than in a scholastic form. Encouragement is given to free inquiry; and discussion within reasonable bounds is permitted. In preparation for the classical and mathematical classes, some close study in private is demanded; but beyond these no severe efforts are required, except such as may be needful for special and individual exercises in the College, or for continued preaching engagements. It is quite possible, we believe, to convey the truths of religion, of literature, and of science, in all their fulness, in their most delicate shades of meaning, in their controversial aspect, and in all their practical bearings, in a lively and agreeable manner, and this, to say the least, is our aim.

8. Extemporaneous speaking is encouraged and required. Great efforts are made and opportunities are furnished for the improvement of this faculty. It is often called into exercise in the College training, and in public services. Many stations are provided in the vicinity for this purpose. The reading of sermons is denounced. When Paul said to Timothy, "give attendance to reading," we

do not suppose him to refer to reading sermons. We incline rather to the opinion that they only who preach the Gospel in a free and extemporaneous manner should live of the Gospel. The most natural method of public speaking is that which nature teaches in conversation, in the harangues of savages, in the senate and at the bar. That which is least artificial is surely the most natural; and the proper use of art is to improve, not to violate nature. Subjects require to be studied as much and even more for extemporaneous delivery, only less mechanical labour and less verbal accuracy are needed. We do not want sermons to be books, nor books to be sermons. Greater freedom of speech is allowable from the lips than the pen, and is more desirable too. Extemporaneous speaking with ease and correctness may be acquired by most men with study and practice. For this there is naturally a greater aptitude in some, which is one important pre-requisite for the Christian ministry. We confess we shall willingly resign to others the palm of scholastic attainments and classic elegance, if we can but outvie them in extemporaneous preaching.

9. The Students have access to a large and a well-selected library of both ancient and modern books; and are frequently directed to those which best supply the information they require. Facilities are afforded of laying a good foundation for libraries of their own at a cheap rate; and loan parcels of such books as are adapted to their work, are periodically provided for them in the stations they occupy.

10. The connection of Students with the College after they have left it, and with each other is preserved, as far as circumstances will allow. A College Union embracing all who are and have been its accredited Students has been formed for this purpose; and periodical communications have been established between them. By these means a home feeling with the College is ever afterwards retained, and sympathy, counsel, and hope, in seasons of great difficulty and trial are secured.

11. A devotional spirit is carefully cherished, and many opportunities are afforded for its exercise. The engagements of each day are commenced and concluded with prayer. A Prayer-meeting is held one afternoon in the week, in which particular cases of Students in the College and of those who have left it are specially noticed. To the element of devotion we are much indebted for the internal prosperity of the College, and for the support it derives from those who are without. It is our chief defence from disagreements, from envy and jealousy, from the evil effects of adverse criticism, and from that levity of spirit and conduct which has often embittered the recollections of College life in others.

12. The relation of the College to a large and active Church, by which it is principally sustained, and which takes a lively interest in its welfare, is one special means of its prosperity. The intercourse of the Students with the Members of the Church contributes much to their social and their spiritual welfare. The officers of the Church cheer them by their kindness and aid them by their counsel. A familiarity with Church discipline is acquired, and with all the appliances by which a flourishing Church is sustained and enlarged, which is treasured up for future use, and supplies what has hitherto often proved to be a serious deficiency in a College education for the pastoral office.

13. To the superintendence of the Pastor, who is also the President of the College, with whom it originated and upon whose responsibility it is sustained, the prosperity of the College, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, is mainly to be attributed. Much as he has been honoured in other respects, he looks upon this as his greatest work. It has demanded his greatest faith and most earnest prayers, and they have been amply repaid. The care of its maintenance and direction of its honour and usefulness sometimes presses heavily upon him, but as his trials on its account abound, his consolation abounds also. He sees in it his commission to win souls to Christ extended far beyond his own personal ministry, or the influence of his printed discourses. His counsels and example are a continual stimulus to activity and zeal both to the Students and

Tutors. He is the personal and familiar friend of each one. No dissension between Tutors and Students or principals and dependents is known. No deference is required by any that is not spontaneously given. From the highest to the lowest all are ruled by love.

These are the principal features of our College. We shall next, as opportunity occurs, give some account of the course of studies that is regularly pursued.

G. R.

Spurgeonism.

A MR. M. COIT TYLER writes to the *New York Independent* as follows:—

"One word about Spurgeonism in general. Silently, but rapidly, within the pale of this great Baptist sect in England, and covering all the land with its *network* of moral power, there is being formed a distinct body of Spurgeonite preachers,—energetic young men trained in Spurgeon's college, imbued with Spurgeon's intense spirit, copying with an unconscious but ludicrous fidelity even the minutiæ of Spurgeon's manner of speech, proud of their connection with Spurgeon's name, and in constant communication with the 'Head Centre' in London. More and more is Spurgeon separating himself from the general organisation of the religious world, and even of the Baptist denomination, and concentrating his work upon his immense Church, his College, and the Churches throughout the kingdom that have taken his pupils for pastors. If this goes on another twenty years, Spurgeonism will be a vast organic and wondrously vitalised body; and, should circumstances warrant, this body may, as many intelligent Baptist ministers think probable, assume the name of its founder, and Spurgeon follow the example of Wesley, by founding a sect. He is certainly showing much of Wesley's executive and organising capacity."

The paragraph shows how little Mr. Tyler knows of us, and how greatly "many intelligent Baptist ministers" defame us. There is no word in the world so hateful to our heart as that word Spurgeonism, and no thought further from our soul than that of forming a new sect. Our course has been, and we hope ever will be, an independent one; but to charge us with separating from the general organisation of the religious world, and even of the Baptist denomination, is to perpetrate an unfounded libel. We preach no new gospel, we desire no new objects, and follow them in no novel spirit. We love Christ better than a sect, and truth better than a party, and so far are not denominational, but we are in open union with the Baptists for the very reason that we cannot endure isolation. He who searches all hearts knows that our aim and object is not to gather a band around self, but to unite a company around the Saviour. "Let my name perish, but let Christ's name last for ever," said George Whitfield, and so has Charles Spurgeon said a hundred times. We aid and assist the Baptist Churches to the full extent of our power, although we do not restrict our energies to them alone, and in this those Churches are far enough from blaming us. Our joy and rejoicing is great in the fellowship of all believers, and the forming of a fresh sect is work which we leave to the devil, whom it befits far more than ourselves. It is true that it has long been in our power to commence a new denomination, but it is not true that it has ever been contemplated by us or our friends. We desire as much as possible to work with the existing agencies, and when we commence new ones our friends must believe that it is with no idea of organising a fresh community.

Reviews.

Bible Hours, or Leaves from the Note-Book of the late Mary B. Duncan. Nisbet and Co.

Happy Ettrick to have had such a woman dwelling in it as Mrs. Duncan. She is gone to her rest, but her voice is not silent. Her Note-Book is a treasure indeed, and the leaves here given to the world are precious beyond all price. She read the Bible, and not books about the Bible, and hence her thoughts are fresh and sparkling with the dew of heaven. We are not unfamiliar with books of eminent suggestiveness, but we should be puzzled to mention one which, for its size, contains more bullion thought upon the Word of God. Gold leaf you may buy anywhere, but ingots are scarce, and therefore these bars of refined metal are the more singularly valuable. Our praise will not be able to impress the reader in favour of this volume one half so much as he will be by a specimen of the meditations which it contains, one of which we have selected. We have no remark of criticism to offer except that we wish the book had been ten times as large; even then we should have been tempted to devour it all at a sitting, though the whole night had worn away in the enjoyment of the feast. Of course we do not believe in the infant baptismal allusions, but these by no means spoil the flavour of the dish, which for the most part is savoury meat such as our soul loveth.

"WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?"

"And Moses answered and said, But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee. And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod. And he said, Cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. And the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand, and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand."—Exodus iv. 1—4.

Moses doubted. He felt his own weakness and inability for the work assigned him, and did not rest in the strength of the Lord. God therefore gives him a lesson. "What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod." A rod—a common thing—a valueless thing in itself—a dead, powerless thing.

So when God sends us forth to any work, and we feel our inability to do it, he asks us, "What is that in thine hand?" What abilities are already thine? Use them. What opportunities are thine? Seize them. What mean we by asking for, and seeking *other* endowments, *other* circumstances? He who made us, and placed us where we are, is he who sends us to the work; and he wills that we use what is *in our hand.*

"A rod," said Moses. What power in *that?* It might serve to guide sheep, but not to direct the hearts of Israel. True—*in itself.* But God works by the feeblest instruments. He bids us use the talent we have, and pledges himself both to bless that, and to give us more abundantly.

A rod, in the hand, used according to the commandment of God, may be of more power than a sceptre.

Ver. 3. "And He said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent, and Moses fled before it."

God gave his rod *life.* Yea, so great and terrible an effect did God work by Moses' rod, used in simple obedience, that he cannot recognise his rod, but "fled before it." Many whom God has used to bring about some great revival work used but the rod in their hand—the humble abilities they had, and, like him, looked for no such great results. Perhaps, could they have foreseen the in many cases fearful accompaniments of the work, they would have shrunk from it—would, like Moses, have been inclined to flee; forgetting who has wrought it, who has permitted it all, who has power to restrain. Let such not fear, but, like Moses, simply trust and obey.

Ver. 4. "And he put forth his hand, and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand."

Moses had got his lesson. He had learnt that God required him to use just

what abilities and circumstances he had *in his hand*. He had learned, too, that not these alone would do the work, but that these blessed, changed, sanctified by God, would do wonders that he knew not of. And now he is led back to the beginning, that he may remember that it was God, not he, that did it. "It became a rod again in his hand." We are so apt to glorify ourselves when used in great things, that it is needful and salutary to be thus reminded of our weakness.

So we find those who have been employed to do a great work for God, cease to produce the effects they once did. The rod in their hand, when God's use for its life was done, has become again a dry and lifeless branch—useful in its own way still, but not fitted, as before, for a great and terrible work. It is good for it to be so, that we and others may believe that the Lord God did the work, that all may glorify him—that no flesh should glory in his presence. (1 Cor. i. 27—31.)

The Augustine Hymn-book. Compiled by DAVID THOMAS, D.D. F. Pitman.

DR. THOMAS having accepted the *dictum* of Augustine, that "a hymn must be *praise*—praise *to* God—and this in the form of *song*,"—has very properly endeavoured to carry the rule into practice. It must be confessed that too many so-called hymns are more fitted for groaning than singing, and ought never to be offered for the use of an assembly of believers, although they may be very well suited to individual cases of mournful experience; but the rule of Augustine is without scriptural authority, as we have hinted in our exposition of Psalm xiv.; and if carried out to the full, works more harm than good. Some of the noblest of our hymns are taken from us, and others horribly mauled by Dr. Thomas; but we do not know that he could have done otherwise after having surrendered himself to the dogma from which the book derives its name. We like to see a man carry out his views to the full, for if no other service comes of it but the *reductio ad absurdum*, benefit is bestowed by the warning to the rest of mankind; while others who accept the same principle have the means of obeying it, and of escaping from the bondage of violating their belief, a bondage far more hurtful than some imagine. We do not agree with Dr. Thomas in his views, but those who do ought to thank him heartily for being bold enough to carry them out. If any number of men believed it to be their duty to ascend into the clouds to pray, we would not for a moment quarrel with the projectors of balloon oratories, and would sooner that men ran the risk of breaking their necks, than continued to tamper with their convictions. We are not troubled with Dr. Thomas' scruples about hymns; but if others are, they cannot do better than use his hymnal, for with all its faults, it is thoroughly true to its principle.

Diamond Dust. By ELIZA COOK. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, E.C.

ELIZA COOK has been surpassed by few popular writers of her own sex, in her own times. She is best known as a poet, but her "Public Journal," which was continued for many years during her most vigorous period, displayed an almost equal capacity for writing in prose. "Diamond Dust" formed part of that Journal. It consisted of a selection of sayings of great practical wisdom, and others which were entirely original. These have been revised and compiled in the present elegant volume. Our admiration of the Author's genius and taste, both in poetry and prose, is greatly modified by the regret that it never rises to the most exalted themes.

Kings of Society. By the Rev. W. ANDERSON. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE title of this book dimly foreshadows its design. "By Kings of Society," says the author in the Preface, "I mean those truly great men whose dominions are the heads and the hearts of the people." The object is very clear, and a vast field for contemplation is spread before us. After a glimpse of the character of the great model man, Christ Jesus, we have Luther, as the hero of the Reformation, Cromwell, as the champion of Puritanism, Raikes, as the founder of Sunday-schools, Carey, as the pioneer of missions, and

Pounds, as the originator of Ragged-schools; these are sketched, and their influence upon the Church and the world powerfully delineated and applauded. The careful and prayerful perusal of this book is well calculated to awaken and sustain in others the spirit of holy zeal by which such men were actuated.

Jehovah's Jewels. By the Rev. JOHN LEECHMAN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS book is attractive in appearance and in its style of writing, but most of all in its theme. It is a long, but well-sustained comment upon those words of Scripture, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." It is full of comfort, as might be expected, to the people of God; of the comfort that makes duty a privilege, which in religious emotions always distinguishes the precious from the vile. Much of the good old Puritan divinity is here presented in a new form, and in new attire. Though the beauty of jewels lies almost entirely in themselves, yet something may be gained in the setting. To this, even with respect to Jehovah's jewels, the work before us may have some claim. Can Jehovah's most precious jewels be found among men? This book says, "Come and see."

Slavery, Captivity, Adoption, and Redemption. By JOHN GADSBY. Alfred Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street.

MR. GADSBY is well known by his Lectures upon Oriental Manners and his two volumes of "Wanderings in the East," and deserves in both these capacities to be still more extensively known. No speaker or writer gives so much Scripture illustration in so short a space. None are more apt at perceiving the peculiar idioms and illustrations which the Book of books derives from the scenes and circumstances in which it was revealed by God to man; and none have had a better opportunity of exercising that peculiar gift. By long observation and practice, he is able to look upon the whole Bible from an Eastern point of view. His style of writing is colloquial and wholly unpretentious, and the best of all for one who wishes to concentrate the whole attention of his listeners upon the facts he brings before them. In the volume before us much light is thrown upon the subjects announced, in the author's usual manner. The want of connection here, however, which in the relation of travels is not expected, impairs the effect as a whole. The value of this book is greatly increased by the autobiography that is blended with it, which is so deeply experimental and undisguised as to compel every godly man to look upon Mr. Gadsby as a friend and a brother.

The Skeleton: a Friendly Word to the Christians in England. E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane.

WE hardly know whether we should call this a critique or a satire upon the Christians in this country. It affects to be the result of the observations of one who looks down from a region of spirituality which few are permitted to attain. There is nothing however in the reasoning or the use of Scripture to convince Christians in general that the voice comes from above them, or even from one who is upon a level with themselves. It savours of a certain party who think more of themselves than others think of them. We would not question the sincerity of the writer, but we do think he is greatly wanting in the one grace without which all others profit nothing.

Ten Sermons on the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. T. LOMAS. Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a neat volume of discourses, the perusal of which cannot fail, we think, to deepen the good impressions which must have been produced by their delivery. For devotional and practical purposes they will be more valued by readers in general, than for originality of thought and beauties of illustration. They have, however, those primary elements of evangelical truth which are dear both to the minds and hearts of all true Christians.

The Pulpit Analyst. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS is the first issue of a monthly magazine designed for preachers, students, and teachers. "Blessed are they that expect

nothing, for they shall never be disappointed" is a proverb of long standing, and likely to remain for many a year to come. Under its calm and sombre shadow this periodical takes its rise. Not that in itself it is without form and void, even if it may yet be said there is darkness upon the face of the deep. We mean that it promises nothing; it says not what "our intentions are;" it commits itself to no doctrinal views; it gives us no guarantee for its particular character and design. If it be asked what it is intended to teach, it replies, "Come and see." It points for an explanation of its views to its first articles. From these we gather that it assumes to be highly critical, to be morally and spiritually discriminating, to admire intellectuality wherever it may be found, to do good service to philosophical, and perhaps to evangelical Christianity. We say *perhaps*, because other premises are wanting before we can come directly to that conclusion. We shall be glad to hail it as a help to students for the ministry if it shall really prove so. We shall not condemn it because it followeth not us. Let it follow Christ faithfully and fully, and we shall rejoice in its success.

Notices.

DURING the first week of last month a spacious and elegant Chapel, named Peniel Tabernacle, was opened in Chalk Farm Road, near Camden Town. This place has been the result of the preaching and active efforts of Mr. R. Swann, one of the students at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. On the Monday a special prayer meeting was held, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, at which Mr. J. Spurgeon presided, assisted by Mr. W. Brock, jun. On Wednesday afternoon a sermon was preached by Mr. W. Brock, sen. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which H. Tritton, jun., Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Swann, the pastor; Mr. Stott, of St. John's Wood; Mr. Brock, jun.; a retired Independent minister in the neighbourhood; and one of Mr. Landel's deacons. On Thursday a public tea meeting was held, after which T. Harvey, Esq., presided. A handsome Bible was then presented to Mr. Baker, who was both the architect and builder of the place, and one also to Mr. C. Parey, the secretary. A Bible was also given to each of the labourers. Addresses were then given by Mr. Varley, of Notting Hill; Mr. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; Mr. Stott; Dr. Angus, Mr. Olney, and Mr. Cook, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. On the morning and evening of the following Sabbath Mr. Spurgeon, sen., of Cranbrook, preached, and Mr. Landels in the afternoon. The amount collected and promised on these occasions amounted to about £100. As the whole movement has been the result of open air services in a much neglected district, the people have made great efforts to raise about £400, and much deserve, as they greatly need, help from those who are charitably disposed towards such efforts for the extension of the kingdom of their Lord.

The meetings of the Association at Bloomsbury Chapel were very happy and useful, and full of hope for future holy union. Mr. W. Brock was very cordially elected president for the year, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon proposing, Mr. B. W. Noel seconding, and Mr. W. Landels supporting the motion for his election. We hope work will soon commence. Sir S. M. Peto was elected treasurer, and Mr. W. G. Lewis, secretary.

Mr. Charles Hill, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, who has been supplying the Baptist Church at Dunfermline, in Scotland, has received and accepted the unanimous invitation of the Church to the pastorate. He was publicly recognised on Tuesday evening, January 30th. Mr. Hill's prospects are very encouraging. Already the congregations have largely increased, and a spirit of unanimity prevails.

On Wednesday, January 17th, the annual public tea meeting was held in the school-rooms of Union Chapel, Aldeburgh. At the meeting held in January, last year, a proposition was made to enlarge the Chapel for the increased congregation, and to build a new Vestry and School-room, in order to meet the demand for week-evening ser-

vices and the Sabbath school. The proposal was readily seconded and carried by the whole meeting. Contracts were entered into and accepted for £495. The present meeting witnessed the completion of this design, and £300 raised towards it during the twelve months. It seems a marvel how the money has been raised, as the people are poor. It is a remarkable instance of what can be effected by prayer, faith, and personal effort. Towards the remaining £200 the friends at the meeting made promises of further help, amounting to nearly £60. A visit of Mr. Spurgeon is in prospect, when, with an offer of £10 from himself, it is hoped the whole will be liquidated. Mr. Bridge, from the Tabernacle College, is labouring here with much acceptance.

On Wednesday, January 31st, Mr. R. Speed, late a student at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor over the Baptist Church, assembling at Mill Street, Bedford. Mr. W. Alliott, of Howard Chapel, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. G. Rogers, Theological Tutor of the Metropolitan College, gave an affectionate charge to the pastor. Mr. J. Jukes, senior pastor of Bunyan Meeting, commended both pastor and people to the care of the great Shepherd. Mr. H. J. Betts, of Trinity Chapel, Bradford, Mr. Speed's former pastor, preached a sermon to the Church. At five o'clock upwards of five hundred persons assembled at the Bedford Rooms, where an excellent tea was provided by the ladies of the congregation. In the evening a public meeting was held in the same place, when Mr. R. Speed gave a brief and interesting sketch of his religious history. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Wooster, Mr. J. Brown, B.A., co-pastor with Mr. J. Jukes, Mr. G. Rogers, Mr. H. J. Betts, and other ministers. The whole services were appropriate and very encouraging, both to the new pastor and his flock. Intimations were thrown out, and some promises made, in reference to the erection of a new Chapel, which is much needed in order that the Baptist denomination may be fairly represented in Bedford.

The clear proceeds of the Bazaar at the Tabernacle amounted to £1,717. A thousand thanks to all contributors.

The Special Services at the Tabernacle are not quite concluded at our time of going to press, but they have been so marvellously blest that a full account cannot but cheer our readers when we give it next month.

The annual meeting of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle was held on Wednesday evening, the 24th of January. About 1,500 assembled to tea in the Lecture Hall and School-room. At the meeting in the Tabernacle which followed, there was a large addition of members. Mr. G. Moore prayed, and Mr. Spurgeon then gave an address. Mr. T. Olney, jun., read the accounts of the past year. Besides providing for the current expenses of the Tabernacle, and for several alterations and repairs, amounting in the gross to £3,333, the Church had contributed to the Fund for Poor Ministers, £100; to the Poor, £705 19s. 7d.; to the Jamaica Mission, £302; to Portsmouth Chapel, £22; to the Irish and Home Mission, £88 8s. 7d.; to the Paris Baptist Church, £50; to the Foreign Mission, £92 13s. 9d.: to Bermondsey Chapel, £150; to the Hamburgh Mission. £80; to a Bible woman, £50; to a City Missionary, £50; to Richmond Street Ragged School, £35; besides sustaining to their utmost the great College and Building schemes of the pastor, their schools, and the usual apparatus of religious and benevolent societies. These accounts had been audited, and the venerable treasurer, Mr. T. Olney, was heartily thanked for their correctness and order. Mr. W. Olney and Mr. J. Brown next addressed the meeting. The statistics of the Church were then read, which showed that there had been 438 baptized during the year, that after deducting deaths and removals there had been a clear increase of 356 to the Church, that 37 had been dismissed to other Churches above what had been received from them, and that the number of members in communion at the close of the year was 3,258.

We have great pleasure in informing our readers that Mr. Cother has arrived safely at St. Helena; that he has been well received; and that some indications have already been given of a religious revival through his instrumentality in that island.

Pastor's College Account

Dr. *For the Year* 1865. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	2	18	5	By Salaries	812	4	8
,, Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle ..	1,597	3	7	,, Students' Board and Lodging 3,187 12 8			
,, Proceeds of Tea Meetings	306	6	3	,, Less Amount Contributed by friends .. 65 5 6			
,, Donations	2,135	7	0		3,122	7	2
,, Collections after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon .. 398 19 4				,, Books 430 10 6			
,, Less Travelling Expns. 47 8 6				,, Less Purchases by Students 152 15 8			
	351	10	10		283	14	10
,, Collections by former Students ..	71	11	0	,, Preaching Stations	33	5	10
				,, Medical Attendance on Students..	11	1	6
				,, Clothing	101	4	0
				,, Sundry Payments	97	9	4
				,, Balance in hand December 31st ..	6	9	9
	£4,467	17	1		£4,467	17	1

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the Vouchers and found correct, leaving a Balance in hand of six pounds, nine shillings, and ninepence.

R. ROWTON, } *Auditors.*
WM. PAYNE, }

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, to February 16th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Russell	0	10	0	Mrs. Bousfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0	Mr. Gold	1	0	0
Mr. Phillips	10	0	0	Mr. G. Brown, jun.	1	0	0
Colonel Morrison	5	0	0	A Mother's Thank-offering	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	10	0	0	Collection at Baptist Chapel, Stantonbury, by Mr. Minett	1	5	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons..	1	0	0	Mr. W. Pollock	0	5	0
A Birthday Offering	5	0	0	Mrs. Scott	1	0	0
The Elders' Bible-class	5	0	0	X. X. X.	0	10	0
Collection at Montacute, after Sermon by Mr. Ness	6	12	6	W. E., Port Glasgow	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mower; second contribution	0	11	8	Mr. B. Cotton	5	0	0
Mr. Diack and Friends	1	4	1	The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. Everett	0	2	6	Elizabeth Stacey	0	5	0
R.	0	3	0	Elizabeth Tiffin	0	2	6
Collection at Glasgow, after Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon	38	1	10	A Thank-offering	2	2	0
Collection at Paisley, after Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon	39	13	0	L. B. A., Edinburgh	0	10	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Perth, by Mr. Spurgeon	34	3	0	Mrs. L., Dundee	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Dundee, by Mr. Spurgeon	34	14	1	Mr. J. Melens	1	0	0
Mr. R. Puller, Perth	2	0	0	Mr. S. Allport, Padstow	2	0	0
Mr. Baxter, Dundee	1	0	0	Mrs. Almond	5	0	0
A Lady, Dundee	2	0	0	Mr. Reginald Radcliff	5	0	0
A Lady, Dundee	1	0	0	Mr. Cannon, Canterbury..	5	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0	Mr. Andreae	10	10	0
Mr McArthur	5	0	0	Amy	0	5	0
S. W...	0	5	0	Collection at Stepney Green Tabernacle, by Mr. Ness	8	0	0
Horny Hand	0	5	0	Collection at Baptist Chapel, Roud, Isle of Wight, by Mr. Cooke	1	17	0
A Friend at Lantwit Major	0	3	0	Mr. R. Stevens	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. A. Stewart	0	5	6	Redruth	0	2	6
Mr. T. Mobbs	0	5	0	Mr. Fowler	10	0	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan. 22	28	7	8
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The Bartholomew Massacre at Paris, anno 1572. From an etching by Luiken.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1866.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

NOT until the day of universal restitution will the infamous atrocity perpetrated on the eve of St. Bartholomew, 1572, by the Roman Catholics on the unoffending Huguenots or Protestants of France, cease to be remembered with the most intense horror. The coolness of the proceedings which instigated such a carnage, and the devilish passions which led Catholic nobles and statesmen to burst the bounds of humanity by heading the massacre, make the event unparalleled in the history of gigantic crimes. There is no shadow of doubt as to who the originators of the plot were. The Roman Catholics had conceived the bitterest hatred to the Huguenots, and were determined that the land should be rid of them. Catherine de Medicis, whose furious enmity to Protestantism made her an admirable mover in the dreadful design, controlled her son, Charles IX. sufficiently to make him a mere puppet in her hands. Admiral Coligny, one of the most prominent advisers of the King of Navarre, who was then at the head of the Huguenots, was invited to attend the Parisian court. Coligny was the especial object of the Catholics' resentment, and an unsuccessful attempt was therefore made upon his life. The Queen-mother, finding that this part of her scheme had failed, represented to the king that the Huguenots were clamorous for revenge upon the nobles of the court for the attack upon Coligny. These representations had the effect of frightening the weak-minded king, who at once authorized the massacre of the offending Protestants.

Our illustration represents the first attack of the murderous Catholics in the streets of Paris. Charles IX. is in the act of giving the first signal by firing a gun from the window of his palace. Coligny with his household was murdered, and his body thrown out to the mob. Everywhere the cry was heard, "Kill every man of them! Kill the Huguenots!" The streets were reeking with the blood of men, women, and children. Not an individual suspected of a leaning towards the Reformed religion was suffered to escape. While this scene was going

on, the Protestants of Lyons, Rouen, and other cities, fell victims to the savage fury of the Catholics. The massacre was carefully planned so as to break out at the same hour in various cities and in their suburbs. By some it is supposed that at least 100,000 persons suffered death. The estimate given by Sully at 70,000, has, however, been adopted. It is pretty certain that at least 10,000 were destroyed in Paris alone, and this estimate does not include the 500 who belonged to the higher orders. It is said that "the roads were rendered almost impassable from the corpses of men, women, and children,—a new and appalling barricade."

The monstrous deed received the high approval of the Pope and his Cardinals, and thanks were impiously made to Heaven for the distinguished favour that had been rendered to the Church. The then head of the English Church by law established (Queen Elizabeth) seemed to take the matter equally well; for we find her immediately afterwards receiving the French Ambassador, and accepting thankfully a love-letter from the Duke of Alençon; and, in a few months, standing at the font as godmother to the child of the murderous King of France.

By the side of these facts we ought to place a few computations which will show that the unexampled outrage on St. Bartholomew's Eve is only a part of a line of policy which the Church on the Seven Hills has carried out during the twelve hundred years of its existence. Mr. D. A. Doudney, the incumbent of Bedminster, near Bristol, recently mentioned at a public meeting that at least fifty millions have been put to death by the Romish Church. That estimate gives us the number of martyrs *annually* at 40,000, or more than 100 a day for the last twelve hundred years. Spain especially has had her share in the responsibility of this iniquity, for under forty-five Inquisition trials, between the years 1481 and 1808, 31,658 were burnt alive, 18,049 were burnt in effigy, and 225,214 were condemned to galleys or imprisonment. It must not be supposed that in consequence of the respectable appearance which Catholicism is now necessitated to put on that the nature of Popery is changed. It is, and from its organization must continue to be, ambitious of supremacy. Even the *Times*, which looks upon the proselytising schemes of the Romanists with cynical indifference, believes that it is impossible not to recognise in the recent complaints of English priests and dignitaries "something of that perverse ambition which has always been the bane of Roman Catholicism. A purely religious power the Roman Catholic Church never has been, is not now, and it seems to have made up its mind that it never will be. Though it still embraces half Europe in its spiritual sway, it laments the loss of a few petty provinces in Italy with a bitterness far keener than that of the exiled dukes." That this ever-increasing ambition will not rest satisfied until England shall bow before the Beast may be readily believed; and that all the efforts now being put forth to weaken the progress of Protestantism in this country have as their central object the humiliation of a liberty-loving people is too plain a fact to withstand. To obtain its ends Popery would not despise the most atrocious and abominable means. If our Saviour's words, "By their fruits shall ye know them," have any significance whatever, they may be appropriately used in reference to this insidious Church. What have been the fruits of this

fearful heresy during the period of its almost unlimited sway, but spiritual and political oppression as well as persecution in its grossest and most multifarious forms? Looking at the atrocities of this Church, one would feel tempted to question whether its character of being "Drunken with the blood of the saints" is not too mildly drawn. The only defence of God's true Church is in God. By the constant preaching of his Word, and by the uplifting of the cross, we hope the day will come when no invectives will be required to denounce the gross imposture which has for so long a time "made the people to sin."

The Apostle of the North.

IT is a long and weary day's ride from Glasgow to London, but a good book has a marvellous power of shortening the journey. Our genial and generous host, Mr. Turnbull, of Huntingtower, put into our portmanteau the life of Dr. M'Donald, the Apostle of the North,* and we blessed him many times on the road home from Scotland for furnishing us with spiritual refreshment so enjoyable and strengthening. We have not the time to prepare the readers of the "Sword and Trowel," a cut and dried review after the regular orthodox fashion; but we feel that it would be a wickedly selfish eating of our morsel alone if we did not give our friends some slices from the goodly dish by cutting out a few of the anecdotes in the memoir. On the other side the Tweed we suppose everybody has read the volume, but in England we may do good service by bringing it before our constituents.

In the dark days of the Moderates, Dr. M'Donald's father was one of the living in Zion who were faithful among the faithless found. Acting as a catechist in the parish where he lived, he taught the gospel as much by his actions as by his words. His outward deportment was after our own heart. "He was a cheerful Christian. Whatever his own state of feeling might be, none saw a frown upon his face. His desire ever was to commend Christ to others, and to exhibit the beauty of godliness. Often has he told to some that it was his prayer to heaven to be enabled to keep a cheerful face over a heavy heart. Many could testify that as he asked, so it was given to him; and verily this was the means of increasing his usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord. An affectation of seriousness—the grim face, and the querulous, heartless groan—he never could endure. He could distinguish between the fragrance of a broken heart and its counterfeit, and those who savoured of it were always dear to him. Clear was his discernment of a work of grace, and of the difference between death and life; but he was always charitable in his judgments, leaving it to Him to whom alone it appertains to make a perfect separation between the precious and the vile. He never loved to winnow with too strong a wind, lest wheat might be scattered with the chaff. He preferred to leave some chaff among the wheat rather than to send the seed away with the husk."

As a Presbyterian, James M'Donald of course sought to have his child baptized, and the method of the youngster's receiving the rite was somewhat amusing and not a little prophetic. "On a cold December

* By Rev. J. Kennedy. T. Nelson & Sons.

day the parents went to the manse. On reaching it they found that the parson was from home; he had started in the morning on a shooting excursion, and was not expected to return before sunset. Instead of waiting for the reverend sportsman, they started across the moor on their way home again. They had not gone far when the minister, in his shooting attire, met them, and at once decided to make short work of it by baptizing the infant on the spot. They were standing beside a frozen pool, and after muttering a few words of prayer, the minister broke the ice with the butt end of his gun, and fetching water from the opening, sprinkled it on the face of the infant as he repeated the solemn words of consecration. Such a baptism, if an early earnest of the treatment awaiting the Apostle of the North at the hands of the Moderates, seems now a presage of his future work as the great field preacher of his day."

The youngster, John Macdonald, who was thus summarily introduced into ministerial society, very early in life had other dealings with the religion or irreligion of Moderatism. He became a right clever lad, and was, on entering into his teens, frequently employed in making up annual accounts for the neighbouring farmers, and with a quick eye for the ludicrous he did not fail to observe the follies of the would-be religious. "Being asked to make up the accounts of a farmer in a distant part of the parish, he was under the necessity of remaining for several days in his employer's house. The farmer had always kept up a form of family worship, though well known to be fonder of pence than of prayers, but he had never ventured, when on his knees, beyond repeating the words of the Lord's Prayer, on any former occasion. Thinking it necessary to get up something *extra* when the catechist's son was present, as he knew him to be a sharp youth who would be sure to mark the difference between his prayer and what he was accustomed to hear at home, he resolved to paraphrase the form which had stood him in such good stead before, that it might be decently long at any rate. Beginning with the invocation, he added to it the words, 'and also on the earth,' and an eke to each of the first three petitions; but having repeated the fourth, 'give us this day our daily bread,' there was a long pause. He evidently seemed to feel that this was but a very scanty allowance to ask, so, with an earnestness in which he let out the deepest desire of his heart, he added, 'but if Thou wilt give us more, we are quite ready to receive it.'" Very different praying was this from that of John's grandfather, who was called *the man who would fight only on his knees.* The following incident explains this singular title:—"A misunderstanding arose between him and Mr. Gunn or M'Homish, his landlord, who not only threatened to eject him from his croft, but actually laid violent hands on his person. John Macdonald quietly bore his landlord's blows, and said good humouredly, 'I will not fight with you standing, but come and I will try you on my knees.' Hearing this, Gunn went away in a great rage, conceiving himself to be highly insulted. Meeting another of his tenants, he complained to him of the insult John had offered him by proposing to fight him on his knees. 'He will do it too,' the tenant said, 'and I fear you will have the worst of it.' 'How so?' asked M'Homish. 'John Macdonald,' he replied, 'has much to say with Heaven, and he usually gets whatever

he asks from the Almighty. It was in this way he proposed to encounter you on his knees, and if he does so, you will be sure to lose the day.' On hearing this the landlord took fright, never rested till he had asked forgiveness from John Macdonald, and was very kind to him ever after."

At College, John was of "the first three," in all his classes, and what was better far was called by divine grace into the fellowship of the gospel. His first sermons, although little remarkable in themselves, were especially good for the time. "Having preached in the parish of Glenelg, the minister, a genuine Highland Moderate, said to him after the service was over, 'That was a very good sermon, I suppose, but it was quite unsuitable here; for you spoke all day to sinners, and I know only one in all my parish.'"

In after years his ministry was so warm, so genial, so full of truth, unction and savour, that he became the Apostle of the North of Scotland, and wandered far and wide to win souls. "His own parish of Urquhart could spare a portion of its pastor's labours to other places. That congregation could bear the trial of its minister's frequent absence without being scattered or disaffected. Often, indeed, did their minister thus try them. Sometimes when they heard him not once in six weeks, they would murmur, and resolve to remonstrate with him on his return. An opportunity of doing so they would not get before the Sabbath; and during his preaching then their fit of fretfulness would pass away, and his cheerful greeting of them, when they met, would secure a smiling reception in return. A stranger, from a parish whose minister was a Moderate, once met an Urquhart man during one of his minister's long tours. 'How is your minister?' he inquired. 'I can't tell you,' was the reply, 'we have neither heard nor seen him for six weeks. It is really too bad,' he added, 'that he should be so long away from his own parish.' 'Indeed it is,' rejoined the other, 'but I can suggest to you a plan by which you can have your minister every Sabbath.' 'And what is it?' 'Exchange your minister for mine, and I'll engage that he will be left with you for all the Sabbaths of the year.' 'Oh, if that's your plan we will rather stick to what we have.' 'If you won't adopt my suggestion,' the stranger said, 'let me hear no more complaints about your minister's frequent absence. Be thankful that you have a minister of whose services all are anxious to have a share.'"

The ministers around him were for the most part shameless hypocrites, who frequently made up to their people for the fasting in the church by feasting them in the manse, and were ringleaders in worldliness, frivolity, and worse; among such Upas trees it was well that Providence sent one who was both a John the Baptist, with bold heart and sharp axe, and a Paul, with fulness of doctrine and grace. Great revivals attended his preaching, and multitudes were led to the Saviour, and therefore opposition dogged his heels. "Some churches were locked against him, and against all whom the people were most anxious to hear; and many a wistful look he would cast at these churches as he was obliged to pass them by. In not a few instances he succeeded in opening the church for himself by calling on the minister, and by his genial and pleasant manner making him ashamed to refuse his offer of preaching to his people. By opening the minister's heart, he opened his church, with

the strong key of kindliness. But some stern men were proof against all such influence. No power could move them to admit 'the wild man of Ferintosh' into their pulpits. But he would not be baulked. On the nearest spot to the forbidden ground on which he had licence to preach, he would assemble the people of the recusant parson, and preach to them *en passant*, on one of his evangelistic tours."

Nor on the main land alone was he a mighty hunter before the Lord; his zeal carried him to St. Kilda's lonely rock, where among about hundred persons who made up the whole population, he did not disdain to labour with loving zeal. In certain Gaelic stanzas he expressed his feelings towards the poor islanders. These verses when translated run thus:—"Thinking of the island, so remote and lonely, care and sorrow awoke within me, as I remembered the danger of the people. They are as sheep without a shepherd to lead and pasture them; or as a rudderless ship, tossed on the rough billows of the ocean; who can tell what her course may be, or if she may not be dashed on the rocks? Most dismal is their case! To endless torment they are exposed, without any to help them or to show them the way to Christ. Are we guiltless if these people perish before us, and we preach not to them the gospel of peace which shows the only way of life? Hard as flint is the heart that melts not in pity over their sad case. Oh, for the wings of a dove to carry me to them at once! Hunger and hardship would I bear, and the dangers of sea and storms would I brave, that I might see the people, and preach to them the gospel of peace."

The style of his teaching charms us. Happy are we that we have been led into the very same line of testimony. He writes of one of his services thus, "We met this morning at the usual hour. I read and lectured on Rom. viii. 1—18, a precious portion of Scripture, and I trust the season was comfortable, at least it was a sweet one to me. In the evening I preached from John vi. 32, 'My Father giveth you the true bread,' &c.; from which I endeavoured to represent that free exhibition of Christ in the Gospel to sinners, and the warrant thereby afforded them for accepting of him, a doctrine which seemed somehow to strike them with astonishment, and in which there seemed to be something new to them. For the sinner naturally riveted to a covenant of works ever conceives that the warrant to close with Christ must be found in himself and not in the gospel. Hence he labours with all his might, when he takes any concern about the matter, to prepare himself, as he is pleased to call it, for Christ, and even seeks after convictions of sin not so much to prompt him to flee to Christ as a ruined creature, as to afford him some reason to hope that Christ will more readily receive him, and that he is more entitled to his regards than if he had not sought such convictions. I meet with this legal disposition in St. Kilda, as well as elsewhere. The Lord grant, however, that we who preach the gospel may not be the means of subverting it by clogging its free calls with conditions to be performed on the part of the sinner, which strip the gospel of the glory of its grace, and involve the distressed soul in a labyrinth of perplexity."

On another occasion he records:—"Yesterday morning I read in course and made observations on Rom. ix. Although this chapter presents rather strong meat than milk for such babes as were before

me, yet I did not think it safe to conceal from my hearers the important subject of which it treats. The sovereignty of God in the method of grace lies at the very foundation of the Gospel, and is a doctrine much calculated to humble the proud sinner in the dust. 'Oh, I delight (says one somewhere) in the idea of bowing to the divine sovereignty.'"

We cannot resist a third note. "At our morning exercise this day I read and gave some illustration of Rom. xii., which afforded me an opportunity of stating the connection between faith and practice, and that the doctrines of grace are doctrines according to godliness, and lead to holiness in heart and life. This I deemed necessary, as from the high ground I had occupied for some days past, I was afraid the people might veer towards Antinomianism (an extreme as dangerous if not more so than Arminianism").

Our mighty Gaelic Apostle traversed Ireland, preaching the Word, and met with a very happy reception. One anecdote connected with that journey is thoroughly Irish in its keen appreciation of character. "While expounding the parable of the good Samaritan, and referring to the conduct of the priest, he said, 'I am not to enquire at present why the priest passed the poor man by.' At once, a man rose up in the congregation and said, "Plase your Riverence, I can tell you why the priest passed him.' 'I shall be glad to hear,' the preacher said, 'if you can tell.' 'And that I can,' he said, 'it was because he knew that the thieves had left no money in his pocket.'"

When fagged and ill, more preaching appears to have been our hero's best cure; on the homœopathic principle we suppose. "Having caught cold on one of his journeys, and refusing rest in order to employ some means of cure, he became at last seriously ill. The pores of his skin so closed that the usual means of producing perspiration entirely failed, and to procure this was deemed essential to his recovery. Hector Holm heard of his illness, and went to visit him. After conversation with him, and discovering what was required in order to his cure, he went about among the houses around the manse, and asked the inmates to assemble to hear a lecture from the minister. The people immediately gathered. All this was done unknown to Mr. Macdonald. When the kitchen of the manse was full, Hector went to the bedroom, and told the minister that the people were assembled and were expecting a lecture. 'I cannot rise to speak to them,' he said. 'But will it not be hard,' Hector asked, 'to send them away without a word?' 'But how can I manage to speak to them in my present state?' Hector, seeing that he had begun to consider how this opportunity could be used, suggested that he should sit up in bed, wrapped in blankets, the people sitting in the passage outside the room, and that he should read and expound a passage of Scripture. To this he at once agreed; and so the people came, and the minister began to address them. Becoming interested in his subject, his usual fervour warmed him up; and before the lecture was concluded he was wet with copious perspiration. He then lay down, slept quietly all night, and awoke quite well in the morning. Hector used to say that he was the best physician Mr. Macdonald ever had. A dose of preaching was the only prescription he gave. This his patient had often found to be a delight to his heart, but on this occasion it was a cure to his body also."

Notes in his diary gave us specimens of his labours and success. "*8th.*—On Sabbath, I preached in the forenoon from Rom. iv. 6—8, and in the evening from Isaiah lv. 1. Mr. Burns in the afternoon from Heb. iii. 7, 8. The appearance of the congregation during the whole day was deeply interesting. It was a melting scene—no audible crying, but much silent weeping. After coming out of church in the evening, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred men, women, and children stood around me anxiously wishing to hear something more from me. I addressed them for about forty minutes, concluding with singing and prayer, and dismissed them, still reluctant to go. The scene of weeping, the stillness of night, and the canopy of the sky, conspired to make this extra and outdoor service a solemn one indeed.

"*Monday, 9th.*—Conversed during the day with several individuals in deep distress—the manse crowded with such, the whole day from ten to five. Mr. Burns and I had each our hands full of this pleasant work. Some of those we conversed with have got comfort, others are still under conviction. In the evening preached to a large congregation in church. Much melting, but no crying. When returning, numbers gathered round me with tears in their eyes, evidently wishing to hear more of Christ. I addressed them for about twenty minutes, prayed with them and dismissed them. All this in the open air, and under silence of night."

He was a man of energy in all respects, and gave his whole soul to whatever he undertook. "During a communion season at Resolis he and Mr. Forbes, owing to a large number of visitors in the manse, occupied the same bedroom. Mr. Forbes, who seldom enjoyed a good night's rest, and who feared that this one would to him be a sleepless night, wished to employ one of its long hours in conversation with his bedfellow. Addressing him after they lay down, he was answered by a snore; pushing him awake, he made a second attempt to engage him in a crack, but failed as before. 'I go to bed to sleep,' his companion said, 'and I must sleep from a sense of duty,' and then resumed his snoring. After many vain attempts to follow his friend's example, Mr. Forbes was early astir. Meeting James Thomson, the catechist, on going out in the morning, he said to him, 'The minister of Ferintosh is the most extraordinary man I ever met. He sleeps better, and he preaches better, than all others.'"

He did not escape without severe trials, and his character was most violently assailed by the envenomed tongue of slander; he took a bold stand at the disruption with his brethren who formed the Free Church, and for this he suffered reproach; but he outlived all, and died in a good old age covered with honours, April 18th, 1849. What is said by his biographers concerning his doctrinal teaching, we in closing commend to the careful perusal of all students for the ministry, as we do the entire volume. Would to God that all our pulpits gave forth such a testimony to a full-orbed gospel!

"While never losing sight of God's sovereignty in dispensing his grace, he never hesitated to proclaim his good will to all. He believed on the same authority the electiveness of God's covenant purposes, and the indiscriminateness of his gospel calls. No preacher was more careful not to fetter the sovereignty of God on the one hand, and on the

other, not to limit the overtures of his grace. It is strange that those who believe the doctrine of election and who preach it, and who also believe, and in their teaching insist on, the necessity of regeneration in order to faith, should be deemed incapable of honestly, heartily, and hopefully inviting sinners, in the Lord's name, to Christ. Surely it is the man who has made his election sure, and who, in the light of that doctrine, sees his salvation secured by the immutable purpose of Jehovah, who feels himself, above all others, under obligation to declare the will of God, whatever it may be; who, above all others, regards salvation as worth the offering and worth the having; and whose heart, as it came into closer contact with the fountain of God's love, is fullest fraught with its bountifulness, and readiest to overflow, if it may, in declarations of God's good will to all. He makes much more than others of God's will. To its sovereign exercise he has traced up his salvation as to its spring; and he is more likely, just on that account, to take it, as it is revealed, as his only rule in dealing for God with men. He has been in the habit too of thinking of God's will in its most unaccountable volitions. He is therefore quite prepared to find mysteriousness investing it; and its incomprehensiblenes is to him but an evidence of its divinity. He cannot reconcile the good will declared to all, with the saving love confined to the elect; but he takes the revealed will of God as it is given to him. He would have others, he would have all, to come in; for the salvation he himself has found is both sure and free—sure as the covenant secures it, free as the gospel offers it. In Scripture light he sees the will of God, in its relation to the chosen, and in its bearing upon all. The one melts his heart, the other enlarges it. By the one love enters into the very depths of his soul and surcharges it; and the other marks the channel, in which it may be discharged in fervent declarations of God's good will to all.

"He stands consciously between souls who are impotent because dead, hostile because sinful, and in bondage because enslaved, and God, who alone hath 'the excellency of the power,' and who uses that power as he who will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and who hardeneth whom he will. Can he stand there but 'in weakness and fear and much trembling'? But may he not, in such a position, have hope of success? Must he ignore the utter depravity of the sinner and the sovereignty of God in order that he may not despair of fruit from his work? There are who judge that he must, and there are preachers who act accordingly. They rest the result of their preaching entirely on the hearer's will, and they ply him with all their power of persuasiveness in order to bend him to an acquiescence in their views. They usually keep out of sight all except the free deliverance from wrath which is revealed and offered in the gospel. Of the ideal safety which they thus propose, the carnal mind, urged by the fear of death, has no objection to accept, when it is presented apart from the person and the cross of Christ and from the way of holiness. The results may prove that there is power in such preaching. Converts may indeed be multiplied indefinitely under it. In respect of mere temporary influence —mere seeming present success—it has an immense advantage. It affords effective help to the operation of the natural conscience, and at the same time meets the sinner's selfish desire for peace. It avoids

what is offensive to the unrenewed mind, easily allays a nascent anxiety, and may therefore seem to accomplish great things. But of what eternal avail are its results? Dr. Macdonald's preaching was not such as this, issuing only in the result of a mere ephemeral excitement."

Richard Weaver, the People's Apostle.

I.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

"CAN yer tell me where Richard Waver is to prach?" inquired a country-looking navvy of the writer, as he was perplexedly threading his way some few months ago, on a wet sloughy night, through a neighbourhood redolent of insalubrious smells, anxiously expecting to alight on the desired haven, and diving down various unlit streets and passages which terminated to his grief in warehouses that might have passed for a side-view of New Park-street Chapel, Southwark. "I am endeavouring to ascertain for myself," was the somewhat curt reply. "It's somewhere down here," said the navvy. "Possibly," replied I, "but let us see"—a cruel joke, for seeing through darkness in the propinquity of railway arches was not easy. In mutual companionship, my rough friend and myself pierced our way through the murky labyrinth, and at length patience was crowned—as it proverbially is—with success. Entering a crowded building on a wretched night, with scarcely standing room, might damp the fervour of the most zealous. But fortunately—such is the remarkable courtesy of working men, a courtesy one invariably meets with in their company—a seat was offered, accepted, and the half of a penny hymn-book tendered. Later on, though densely packed, a lady was invited into our pew, and by some of the men sitting askew, this feat of chivalry was settled, and met with the smiling approval of all concerned. I never before saw a great crowd so wedged and welded together, and yet so comparatively comfortable. The historical twenty-four blackbirds were not better accommodated under their crusted dome than were the worshippers of that evening. It was a curious sight—that miscellaneous, heterogeneous multitude of bone-boilers, curriers, navvies, sweeps, coalheavers, market-gardeners, costermongers, and warehouse-porters, sprinkled here and there with happy-faced, cotton-dressed, and, in some cases, gaily-turbaned women. An occasional attendant on similar gatherings, our olfactory nerves have been somewhat indoctrinated into the nature of the odours arising from onions, tobacco, and soiled fustians, which it is to be feared even incense could not quench, but aggravate; but on the present occasion our good humour was severely tested. Some women brought their babies, who lustily continued the chorus long after the assembly had concluded their legitimate portion. The babies, however, intensely interested the preacher. "Bring 'em up here, mother," said he; "the more the merrier; they'll put me in mind of being at home"—an invitation which naturally touched every mother's heart. It is doubtful whether they ever listened more attentively to a preacher than they did that night. Many times has Weaver been the means of converting

mothers and fathers by tender allusions to their children. A hymn was sung. To hear Richard Weaver sing, a twelve miles' walk would not be too arduous, and to escape from hearing it would be worth another similar performance. With one hand clutching hold of the hymn-book, and the other fortifying one side of his mouth, out roll the loud sounds, some notes rushing pell-mell upon each other, and others striving to outequal those preceding. Such free rendering of a very common ditty inspired the artisan-audience. The enthusiasm became depressing. The men—not irreverently, for their behaviour was excellent—permitted their feet to accompany the quick strains, until New Park-street Chapel seemed turned into a music-hall. Did Mr. Weaver expostulate? No, sir; nor would I. These rude sons of toil were in earnest; they felt the words they were singing; they did, as they always do when their hearts accompany their actions, exert themselves to make themselves happy, and happy indeed they were. A few cheerful nonsensical hits were made before the serious portion of the service commenced. He (Weaver) had hired the chapel to set up "an opposition shop to Spurgeon;" he thought of getting the building, having some elders and deacons, put them in good working order, fill the chapel, raise up the expectations of the solemn functionaries who would sit at the helm of affairs, and then——"cut it." "It was a pity to see so fine a building empty on the Sabbath, wasn't it?"—a query that brought forth an emphatic "yes" from several hundreds. After this and other slightly rompish talk was over, nothing but a serious and earnest feeling seemed to prevail over both speaker and auditors. The sermon, or rather address, was delivered with gravity. To represent in language Weaver's most characteristic and unusual style of oratory is impossible. His text was Matt. xxv. 46: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." He most graphically pictured the woes which wicked men brought on themselves and on others, most unmercifully lashed the vices of the lascivious, and almost murdered the future contentment of those present who were addicted to dram-drinking. He recognised the real devils which the working classes have to fight against, levelled his blows most savagely at them, and seemed to triumph in the luxuriousness of his own declamation. Rant there was none, brutal coarseness was *non est*; and little, if anything, that might disgust the sensitive mind. His volubility was extraordinary. Words and thoughts flashed forth, sentences leaping over each other, as though the speaker were in a desperate hurry to get rid of them,—sometimes creating amusing involutions, half-kaleidoscopic, half-unfinished, yet always full of force, and uttered with dramatic energy. Some dozen of cases were called up of sinners who ardently cherish different forms of vice, and to each was applied the solemn words, "And these shall go away." Few can listen to Weaver without acknowledging the masculine strength of his oratorical power. He understands how to wield it with effect, how to strike terror in the hardest hearts, and how to draw forth the soft tear from the roughest characters that ever congregate together. His anecdotes are simple in character, always true, and invariably culled from his own experience and observation. Weaver seldom preaches without referring to his sainted mother, his wife and children; and all his personal allusions are far removed from rodomontade.

Such is the remarkable man whose usefulness has been thus eulogised by no mean judge :* "I would not mind asking the whole world to find a Master of Arts now living who has brought more souls to Christ Jesus than Richard Weaver. If the whole bench of bishops have done a tenth as much in the way of soul-winning as that one man, it is more than most of us can give them credit for. Let us give to our God all the glory, but still let us not deny that this sinner saved with the brogue of the collier still about him, fresh from the coal-pit, tells the story of the cross, by God's grace, in such a way that Right Reverend Fathers in God might humbly sit at his feet to learn the way to reach the heart and melt the stubborn souk" These are strong words, my masters; let us ascertain how far they can be justified by facts.

Richard Weaver was born at Asterby, in Shropshire, in 1827, and is consequently five and thirty years of age. Some very excellent portraits of him have been issued at various times, so that it is a work of supererogation to attempt to paint his features by words. His father was a drunken, stupid fellow, who never did a reasonable thing in his life, except marrying a good woman. His mother was a great sufferer from the brutality of her husband, and even of her children. Here were two contending forces striving to exercise a mastery over Richard's heart—a godly example and a depraved influence. Cases are very rare where, in boys, a father's bad instruction does not more than counterbalance a mother's fond endeavours. At home, he saw a drunken, blasphemous, murderous father, who threatened to cleave his mother's head in twain for reading the Bible; abroad he was subjected to a variety of temptations which unregenerate nature seldom resists. The colliers are a demoralised race, and when Weaver was a restive lad were far worse than they are now, thanks to the missionary enterprises of the Methodists, who have completely revolutionised the disgraceful social habits of the colliery districts of the North.† They were rough, uncivilised, drunken, pugilistic fellows, fond of cuddy-races, tap-room excitements, strikes, cock-fights, and practical joking of all kinds. Add to these a sort of inherited love for bloody noses and well-battered faces, and you have a type of collierism, to perpetuate which Richard Weaver soon manifested his anxiety. He commenced his career of sin with an oath which partly shocked his youthful heart while giving it utterance. Then followed drunken revelry, and its concomitant sins of lasciviousness and fighting. He tells us that he has spent fourteen pounds on one spree, and frequently returned home with a bruised and bleeding face. After returning from one of these saturnalias, he on arriving at daybreak at the door of his home, overheard his mother praying for him. When he knocked, the good woman rushed to the door—and oh, what a sight for the mother who had given him birth! As she washed his disfigured face, she prayed for his soul, he all the time threatening to murder her, and fouling her ear with curses. She followed him to bed with her prayers, and he, devil as he was, grasped her grey hairs, and again cursed her to her face with words which one

* Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, No. 666. 1865.

† Read Smiles's Life of George Stephenson, chap. i., and Sunday Magazine, vol. i., p. 78.

would have thought were hardly to be found in hell's dictionary. "I will never give thee up" was the only answer of this godly woman. "It's hard work, my lad, to see thee threatening to murder me for praying for thee, but, O Lord, though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." Ah! noble woman, when a father's patience is exhausted thine is not. Weaver's conscience would not permit him to continue this idiotic revelry at home. The mother's prayers were always ringing in his ears. So he travelled into another county—Staffordshire,—where he wasted his manly energies in riotous living. Here he ripened fast for Hades. He nearly murdered a drunken woman in a brothel; he was on the point of committing suicide twice; he almost killed himself in the pit. "I know the temptation of the razor and the river," said he, on one occasion at a gathering of harlots. "Once I would have taken the life of one like you if I could."

In May, 1852, while preparing for a pugilistic encounter, he overheard some religious conversation which for a time had a great influence upon him. The die was cast. Thoughts of hell, whither he was tending, seemed to arrest him. Remorse, which eats as a canker at the heart, gat hold of him. He took to drink, he took to boxing, but mercy took to him. He dreamt of everlasting punishment, of God's righteous indignation. He heard a voice saying, "Depart, ye cursed." He imagined that the door of hell was opened, and himself thrown into the infernal pit, "and as I dropped among the flames," said he, "there was such a yell as I had never heard before; and all the devils with their eyes of fire, and every damned soul, chased me through the caverns of hell, some biting me, some kicking me, and others crying out, 'What made you come to torment us in these flames?' Oh how I declared if the Lord would deliver me from that place I would do anything to save others from it! But no; 'Too late,' rung in my ears; and again I thought a host of the infernal followed me through the blue flames, and overtook me and held me with their blazing hands. Then I thought they cut my breast open, and began to pour a burning fluid into my heart." Such convictions were enough to turn the most stubborn will; but they turned not Weaver. Some weeks after, while sparring one night with a negro, he planted his heavy iron hand on his assailant's face, bringing forth streams of blood. Instantly the words occurred to him, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He returned to his lodgings in great bitterness of spirit, prayed for four hours for Divine forgiveness, and—O glorious grace!—obtained it. Since that night, Weaver and the Devil have been sworn foes.

Here was a man of strong emotions, of daring energy—"Undaunted Dick" he was called—of untiring zeal, filled with the love of Christ, anxious to be as enthusiastic in his Saviour's service as before he was devoted to that of Satan. Whenever extraordinary work has to be performed, some unusual implements are used. To fit ordinary timber for heavy sea works, where those curious little insects known as the *teredo navalis* and *limnoria terebrans* abound, and attack and destroy with their penetrating powers the toughest wood, a severe process of pitching, kyanising or creosoting, is resorted to. And it is not too much to say that that fearful experience of the most defiling sins which seemed at one time to exude from the very pores of Weaver's soul and body, has

added greatly to his gigantic power in heroically resisting the attacks of the powers of darkness. Certainly, those stern, if not awful, convictions, which were as powerful as "adamantine chains and penal fire," acted as mighty preparatives for the hardiest service in the building of that fair temple which at some future day shall be crowned with the most magnificent topstone that human eyes have ever beheld. All God's saints, my reader, cannot be polished stones, even as a building cannot be all ornament and beauty. In the noble work of the ministry there must be some rude stuff. Let it therefore be remembered, when complaints are made of the erratic sayings and equally erratic conduct of this ex-pugilist, that his sphere of duty and the methods of fulfilling it faithfully are not to be judged by ordinary standards. Of all people in the world, educated Christians should excuse an illiterate man's defiant allusions to "Billy Shakespeare" and "Bobby Burns." If Weaver had had educational opportunities in his earlier days, it seems probable that he would have shone greatly intellectually. Even since the day of his conversion he has improved his mind in elementary knowledge, and of late years has mastered the Greek language sufficiently to confound some who have professed great attachment to their Greek Testaments.* Had he, however, gathered from learning's page every scrap of knowledge, it is doubtful whether his usefulness would have been so great among the classes who so willingly accept his teachings. On a recent occasion in mentioning, *inter alia,* his opinion as to the proper translation of a certain passage, which I now forget, he gave the original Greek in true professorial style—which I observed caused many of his rough audience to "tip the wink" to each other, for of all gratifications, none are to working men so delightful as one of their own order baffling a superior.

Possessing a rare gift of word-painting, it is not strange to find Weaver soon exhibiting a desire to instruct his fellow sinners. He had married a godly woman, who had encouraged him in the ways of holiness. In a Derbyshire village he first preached a sermon on the words, "I am the Way." Some of the conversions which were effected through him by most extraordinary methods will be given in our next article. One however is so characteristic of the man as regenerated, and so opposed to his former habits, that the temptation to give it here is too great to be resisted. While engaged one day in colliery operations, he was appealed to by a youth to assist him in preventing a collier unfairly seizing Weaver's wagon or tub, the loss of which would have been a matter of some shillings. Weaver thought that God did not tell him to let another man rob him, and so he told his mate. The answer he received was accompanied with the usual orthodox oaths of colliers, and with a threat that he would push the tub over him. "Nay," said Weaver, "but the Lord will not allow thee," which was but a mild form of expostulation. However, the mate was angered at Richard's piety and calmness, and swore again that he would push the wagon over him, —"thou Methody devil." And so he did, Weaver pushing too, singing the while "Jesus the name high over all," &c., and the collier threaten-

* Only recently in quibbling with an Unitarian respecting the 1st verse of chap. i. of St. John's Gospel, he silenced his opponent with an elaborate analysis of the meaning of the word λόγος.

ing to smack Weaver on his face. He was told he could do it, and the man accepted the invitation. Richard, instead of returning the heavy compliment, turned to him the other cheek, not by way of change, but to fulfil the memorable peace-policy of the Master. Six blows either tired the collier or exasperated him; for he retired from so unequal a contest, leaving Weaver battered and bruised, praying, "Lord forgive him, for thou knowest I do; Lord save him." The next time he saw his assailant, which was in the coal-pit, he wept and asked for forgiveness. Weaver gladly granted it as before, and both knelt down in that strange place, and before they ascended the shaft another soul was added to the redeemed on earth. This indeed was a marvellous conversion.

Richard Weaver then took charge of a Bible stall at leisure hours, and while thus engaged he attracted the attention of "the Liverpool lawyer," Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, whose missionary efforts have been so strikingly blessed by God. He was urged to devote himself to the Lord's service, but demurred. One day however he took up his Bible, determining if the verse he first read directed him to become an evangelist, he would do so. He alighted on that passage, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." He thereupon entered upon his evangelistic labours. He preached in Liverpool with great acceptance. The vilest and most forlorn outcasts were blessed. At this time, his theological views were grossly conflicting; but this happily has been changed, for his usefulness in the conversion of sinners is far from being cramped in consequence of adopting more Scriptural views of the Gospel. His course of labours now became extensive. He preached to thousands on the occasion of the execution of William Palmer in 1857. He confronted infidels, sceptics, and that class of inflated idiots who are always displaying their conceitedness before street preachers, and invariably he met with success. In some places he was severely handled, and was almost murdered at Wolverhampton. He became a town missionary at Prescot, where he was greatly persecuted, especially by the Papists, who I need hardly remind the reader are pretty strong numerically in certain parts of the North of England. He was not, however, destined to remain here nor anywhere for a long period. He journeyed from one place to another—first in Yorkshire, then in London, then in Dublin, and then in Scotland, until he has become a restless wanderer—everywhere scattering the pearls of Divine truth, everywhere being blessed with conversions, and seldom if ever meeting with unsuccess. His first address in London was delivered at a sweeps' meeting, held by Mr. Carter in the Euston Road. He was then prevailed upon to preach to the roughest of the roughs who live in that most delightful town Sheffield. Monster meetings were held in the theatre and circus, and hundreds were converted. In London, his most striking powers of oratory gained considerable attention. "A man of rough speech," observes his biographer,* "using hard words, not toning down the everlasting realities of life and death, heaven and hell, to please the ear;

* "The Life of Richard Weaver, the Converted Collier. By R. C. Morgan. London: Morgan and Chase." This firm has published various biographies of Weaver, a number of his sermons, and a host of his leaflets, &c.

but describing the terrors of hell and the torments of the damned, with an imagery gathered from the dense darkness of the coal-pit, the flames of the fire damp, and the suffocating vapour of the choke damp. He had seen men killed at his side, had often marvellously escaped himself, and knew that in the great majority of cases, accidents by which individuals or multitudes were suddenly destroyed were the effects of negligence, indifference, or carelessness. Moreover, he had, as we have said, stood by hundreds of dying beds, and heard the death-howl of the lost as they sank into the everlasting burning, and it could not be but that out of a college such as this should issue a prophet after the pattern of Elijah or John, a man of the desert, clad in a rough garment, feeding on wilderness fare, and crying, 'The Lord that answereth by fire, let him be God.'"

Mr. Weaver, or, as he still persists in being styled, "Richard," was about two years ago half-inclined to settle in London. Though presenting some advantages, this step did not appear of such an imperative and wise character as to justify him in taking it. His most valued and intimate friends counselled him to the contrary, and that wisely. Still it was thought that the great masses which in the metropolis never listen to any preacher, might be induced to hear in a suitable and large building, a man who had all the peculiarities and feelings of their class. The matter was submitted to the Lord; and however answered, the determination of our evangelist is now fixed. He will not sacrifice the pleasure of preaching to his countrymen of all parts of Great Britain to gain a quiet home and a stated sphere of labour. His excessive labours are astonishing. He seems ever to keep in remembrance the counsel of Abd-ur-Rahman, one of the greatest of the Affghan poets:—

> "If thou hast any object to attain, be quick, for time is short;
> Flatter not thyself on the performance of this brief existence."

"I mean to preach," said Weaver a few months ago, "everywhere I can. I have had great inducements to remain in one place; but I won't accept them." And this fact he turns to account in this way:—"Why should I leave my dear wife and children so many miles away, and travel about to preach? Do you think I would do it for money? No; why a man offered me the title deeds of a nice house some time ago, and I would not have them, because he was an unconverted man. And what do you think? Why the next day a man presented me with the deeds of two houses, which if I hadn't accepted, would have gone to the Pope; and I thought they were better in my pocket than in the Pope's, and so I had them. No, bless the Lord, I won't be tied down to any place. I mean your good—every man's good. I have a gospel for you all, and I mean to preach it to you all. That is why I leave the comforts of home; it's for your sakes."

It may be added that Weaver was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon about two years ago. Originally, he was a Primitive Methodist; now he may be claimed as a Baptist, though it would be almost a pity to rob him of his own title "Jesus Christ's man."

Jesus by the Sea of Tiberias.

BY G. W. HUMPHRIES, B.A., WELLINGTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

"Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No." John xxi. 5.

THIS third appearance of our Lord to the disciples seems to rise higher in significance as it was more prolonged than either of the preceding manifestations. It had been foretold; and this of itself shows something of the great importance which the Saviour attached to his going before them "into Galilee." The place was hallowed by the Lord having called thence the men to whom he now appears as their *risen* Lord. It was rendered sacred, too, through association with some of his most precious discourses and most glorious works. "He seeks them again in the scene of his acts and discourses, in the place of his most dear resort;" "on that sea where everything reminded them immediately of Jesus; the smiling bank of which, and even its dark waves, had borne his holy footsteps." The company of disciples to which the Lord showed himself was made up by the divine hand, whose workings have always a wise and gracious end. Read through the list given in the second verse, and think for a minute or two what the gospels tell us about each of these five known disciples, and you will feel that all the names "are introduced with a definite reason." The conversation related in verses 15—17 will explain why Peter was chosen to be among those to whom Christ appeared at the Sea of Tiberias. The next name given is that of "Thomas, called Didymus." Respecting his being of the number we only need to turn to chapter xx. 24—29, to know why he should be present on this occasion. There is Nathaniel without "guile," of Cana in Galilee, where the first miracle was wrought, and the two sons of Zebedee are there, who had been called from their father and his occupation, that they might become fishers of men. These five formed the greater part of that company to which "Jesus shewed himself," and to them he gave that wondrous interview so abundant in instruction, so rich in comfort, and so clearly indicating his relationship to his redeemed people, and his will concerning them even to the end of time. After the seven had toiled all night and "caught nothing," in the morning *Jesus stood on the shore*, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. They knew him not from the same cause that Mary Magdalene did not at first recognise him in the one who asked her (xx. 15), "Woman, why weepest thou?" and from the same cause that the disciples journeying to Emmaus did not discover who it was that talked with them and opened to them the Scriptures. And even after he spoke they did not discern who had addressed them. It was only when they found that by obeying his command their net was filled with fish that one of their number could say, "It is the Lord."

I. Let us consider the question, "*Children, have ye any meat?*"

1. The question shows *our Lord's love and care for his chosen ones.* The very name by which he addressed them, "Children," has in it an expression of his tender feelings. It is not the name which a stranger would use. It is only appropriate when addressed to very dear objects of love. There is deepest affection in that word "child." It tells of the strongest and purest attachment of which a human heart is susceptible,

and the use of the name awakens in the one to whom it is addressed an exquisitely delightful responsive feeling. There is no relation in life so near as that of child—there is no name indicating so numerous, deep laid, and strong bonds of attachment.

And then, arising out of this love is Christ's care for those whom he addresses as "Children." These seven disciples thought that Jesus was almost lost to them, and on that gloomy evening when their wants pressed upon them, they resolved to "go a fishing." It was not simply from a desire for something to do, nor from love to their old calling, that they took up their nets again. They needed food. And because they lacked faith in the sufficiency and care of him who had been crucified, but was still with them though unseen, they decided to go a fishing. Jesus by asking the question, "Children, have ye any meat?" showed that he did care most minutely and fully for the supply even of their bodily wants. This question, as well as the fire of coals with fish laid thereon, and bread, "was intended to assure them that they who fear the Lord shall not want any good thing." He is still "the good Shepherd," and even after giving his life for the sheep, he can care for them with a tender all-sufficient love. But we must not interpret this question as enquiring merely or mainly about food for the body. Our Lord's love and care take in the far higher wants of the soul. He himself is the bread of life. He gives the water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again; it is the hunger and thirst of the soul for which Christ chiefly provides. To meet that he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. His "flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed," and "he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him." This is our Saviour's great concern, that those who have been made partakers of him should daily live by faith in the Son of God. He has abundantly provided the food that is needful, and his invitation is, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

2. The question was intended to impress on the disciples the sense of their own need and helplessness, and that they must *tell* their wants in order to have them supplied. Jesus did not ask the question for his own information. He knew perfectly well from the first that they had toiled in vain, and had no food. He saw them when they conversed together the evening before, and heard them say in response to Peter's resolve that he would go a fishing, that they would go with him. He knew their purpose from before it found expression, and designed that which took place. The object Christ had in view in asking them if they had any meat was to draw from them the acknowledgment that they had nothing; "for in small things as well as great, in natural as well as spiritual, it is well that there should go first the confession of man's poverty before there come the riches of God's grace and bounty." Their hunger and weariness made them painfully conscious of the fact that they had not caught anything; but our Lord would deepen the feeling of their own inability to satisfy their own wants, and would

draw from them the confession of that inability. We cannot have too intense a conviction of our own helplessness and entire dependence on the grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The more we see and realise our own nothingness and misery, the better it will be for ourselves. It was when the disciples were made conscious of the weakness of their faith that they cried out, "Lord, increase our faith." And in order to awaken the painful but salutary consciousness of our own insufficiency, Jesus puts to us probing questions as to the disciples on the Sea of Tiberias, or he causes us to pass through circumstances which tend to give us abasing views of our poverty, and the futility of out best unblessed efforts. It is good beyond all power of calculation for us to see that apart from Jesus we have nought, and that without him we can do nothing. And this we can only learn from Jesus himself, and this lesson when learnt Jesus must repeat and bring home to our hearts. We are apt to forget it. Our pride rebels against this humbling truth; and on this account our Redeemer has again and again to make us confess, "All my springs are in thee."

3. Our Lord put the question, "Children, have ye any meat?" to remind them of himself and to restore them from their incipient backsliding. It was from lack of faith that they had gone a fishing. Their faith wavered, and so they went back to their old occupation. Though they had received convincing proof that Christ was risen from the dead, yet they felt that they were *somehow* separated from him. They had not learnt as yet, because the Holy Spirit had not been given, that Jesus would evermore be present with them, and in a more spiritual sense than previous to his crucifixion. And in consequence of this tottering of faith, they returned for a short time to ply their craft on the Sea of Galilee.

Further, they had lost sight of his Word when he first called them, and said, "I will make you fishers of men:" they showed too in returning to the Sea of Galilee and their nets, how little they had caught of the meaning of what he had said to them but a few hours before, "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you." In this wavering of faith in the Lord's infinite power and readiness to bless them with all blessings, and in this obliviousness of the high vocation wherewith they had been called, the disciples were guilty of a partial backsliding from Christ. His question was perfectly adapted to recover them from this state of weak faith, and relapse into a worldly calling. By putting this enquiry the Lord revived their faith, and called back their energies to the sphere of spiritual labour to which he had designated them.

4. The question taught the disciples that all the fruit of their labour belonged to Christ. This important lesson runs through all the interview on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias. It is embodied in the enquiry, it was brought home to the minds of the disciples in every command and act of our Lord, subsequently to the question being put. The command given in verse 10, to "Bring of the fish which they had caught when fish had been already miraculously provided in abundance, shows that all belongs to Christ. He did not need the natural fish which he had caused their net to enclose, for already the fire of coals was kindled, "and fish laid thereon and bread;" but he commands the fish to be taken out of the net and brought, to teach them more plainly, what

and the use of the name awakens in the one to whom it is addressed an exquisitely delightful responsive feeling. There is no relation in life so near as that of child—there is no name indicating so numerous, deep laid, and strong bonds of attachment.

And then, arising out of this love is Christ's care for those whom he addresses as "Children." These seven disciples thought that Jesus was almost lost to them, and on that gloomy evening when their wants pressed upon them, they resolved to "go a fishing." It was not simply from a desire for something to do, nor from love to their old calling, that they took up their nets again. They needed food. And because they lacked faith in the sufficiency and care of him who had been crucified, but was still with them though unseen, they decided to go a fishing. Jesus by asking the question, "Children, have ye any meat?" showed that he did care most minutely and fully for the supply even of their bodily wants. This question, as well as the fire of coals with fish laid thereon, and bread, "was intended to assure them that they who fear the Lord shall not want any good thing." He is still "the good Shepherd," and even after giving his life for the sheep, he can care for them with a tender all-sufficient love. But we must not interpret this question as enquiring merely or mainly about food for the body. Our Lord's love and care take in the far higher wants of the soul. He himself is the bread of life. He gives the water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again; it is the hunger and thirst of the soul for which Christ chiefly provides. To meet that he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. His "flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed," and "he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him." This is our Saviour's great concern, that those who have been made partakers of him should daily live by faith in the Son of God. He has abundantly provided the food that is needful, and his invitation is, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

2. The question was intended to impress on the disciples the sense of their own need and helplessness, and that they must *tell* their wants in order to have them supplied. Jesus did not ask the question for his own information. He knew perfectly well from the first that they had toiled in vain, and had no food. He saw them when they conversed together the evening before, and heard them say in response to Peter's resolve that he would go a fishing, that they would go with him. He knew their purpose from before it found expression, and designed that which took place. The object Christ had in view in asking them if they had any meat was to draw from them the acknowledgment that they had nothing; "for in small things as well as great, in natural as well as spiritual, it is well that there should go first the confession of man's poverty before there come the riches of God's grace and bounty." Their hunger and weariness made them painfully conscious of the fact that they had not caught anything; but our Lord would deepen the feeling of their own inability to satisfy their own wants, and would

draw from them the confession of that inability. We cannot have too intense a conviction of our own helplessness and entire dependence on the grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The more we see and realise our own nothingness and misery, the better it will be for ourselves. It was when the disciples were made conscious of the weakness of their faith that they cried out, "Lord, increase our faith." And in order to awaken the painful but salutary consciousness of our own insufficiency, Jesus puts to us probing questions as to the disciples on the Sea of Tiberias, or he causes us to pass through circumstances which tend to give us abasing views of our poverty, and the futility of out best unblessed efforts. It is good beyond all power of calculation for us to see that apart from Jesus we have nought, and that without him we can do nothing. And this we can only learn from Jesus himself, and this lesson when learnt Jesus must repeat and bring home to our hearts. We are apt to forget it. Our pride rebels against this humbling truth; and on this account our Redeemer has again and again to make us confess, "All my springs are in thee."

3. Our Lord put the question, "Children, have ye any meat?" to remind them of himself and to restore them from their incipient backsliding. It was from lack of faith that they had gone a fishing. Their faith wavered, and so they went back to their old occupation. Though they had received convincing proof that Christ was risen from the dead, yet they felt that they were *somehow* separated from him. They had not learnt as yet, because the Holy Spirit had not been given, that Jesus would evermore be present with them, and in a more spiritual sense than previous to his crucifixion. And in consequence of this tottering of faith, they returned for a short time to ply their craft on the Sea of Galilee.

Further, they had lost sight of his Word when he first called them, and said, "I will make you fishers of men:" they showed too in returning to the Sea of Galilee and their nets, how little they had caught of the meaning of what he had said to them but a few hours before, "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you." In this wavering of faith in the Lord's infinite power and readiness to bless them with all blessings, and in this obliviousness of the high vocation wherewith they had been called, the disciples were guilty of a partial backsliding from Christ. His question was perfectly adapted to recover them from this state of weak faith, and relapse into a worldly calling. By putting this enquiry the Lord revived their faith, and called back their energies to the sphere of spiritual labour to which he had designated them.

4. The question taught the disciples that all the fruit of their labour belonged to Christ. This important lesson runs through all the interview on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias. It is embodied in the enquiry, it was brought home to the minds of the disciples in every command and act of our Lord, subsequently to the question being put. The command given in verse 10, to "Bring of the fish which they had caught when fish had been already miraculously provided in abundance, shows that all belongs to Christ. He did not need the natural fish which he had caused their net to enclose, for already the fire of coals was kindled, "and fish laid thereon and bread;" but he commands the fish to be taken out of the net and brought, to teach them more plainly, what

was indeed embodied in his question, that he hungered for the souls, which as fishers of men they were to be instrumental in bringing to him. We are not our own, we have been bought with a price, therefore we should glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are God's. Those who have been made partakers of Christ, are his in all their faculties, and in all their property. They have been called to labour for Christ, and to witness for him. They are only stewards of the manifold grace of God. Let us then apply this question of the Lord to ourselves, as teaching us that Christ alone has a right to all that we are, to all we have, and all which he has enabled us to do.

II. Let us consider the answer which the apostles gave. "They answered him, No." The reply was brief and abrupt.

1. It indicated on their part weariness, vexation, and disappointment. That night's toil had exhausted all their strength and spirit. They were much cast down in entering upon their work the previous evening. They were more depressed now after many hours of hard fruitless labour. They were grieved and disappointed, and their answer partakes of the character of their feelings. It was then that Jesus appeared. The moment of their deepest depression was the most favourable for the manifestation of his love and care. It is at such times that the Saviour appears to his people. When our efforts and hopes have proved vain, Jesus reveals the sufficiency of his grace. When we confess despondingly that we have nothing he gives what we need, and banishes all our gloomy forebodings. Those disciples little thought how near and abundant were the fish, for which they had sought in vain, and how it only needed one word from him, of whom they often thought during that night, but whom they had no hope of seeing in the morning, to bring into their net a multitude of fish. The desponding "No" must first be uttered, and then they should have. As that word was forced from them, they were in no very pleased mood with the stranger, who compelled them to utter it. But he in mercy compelled them to speak it, that he might unfold his heart toward them in bestowing temporal, but above all spiritual blessings. Oh blessed compulsion that forces us to acknowledge our poverty, that makes us tell our needs when we would fain hide them! And even yet more blessed the fulness provided out of which the reluctantly confessed want is met. In Jesus is all. Let us never shrink from his questions, they may try us, but then they always prepare us for a more rich participation of the joy of his salvation.

2. The reply teaches us that Christ's disciples should endeavour to *realise* their need, and freely confess that need. These two duties have been hinted at already, and so I will only urge them upon the attention of all who have been renewed by the Holy Spirit. Do not be afraid either to search out your poverty or to tell it to Christ, for in him there is a fulness out of which you may receive, and grace for grace. He loves you to ask—he has promised that those who do so in faith shall receive. Through his servant he says to you, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XVII.

TITLE and SUBJECT.—A Prayer of David. *David would not have been a man after God's own heart, if he had not been a man of prayer. He was a master in the sacred art of supplication. He flies to prayer in all times of need, as a pilot speeds to the harbour in the stress of tempest. So frequent were David's prayers that they could not all be dated and entitled; and hence this simply bears the author's name, and nothing more. The smell of the furnace is upon the present psalm, but there is evidence in the last verse that he who wrote it came unharmed out of the flame. We have in the present plaintive song,* AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN *from the persecutions of earth. A spiritual eye may see Jesus here.*

DIVISIONS.—*There are no very clear lines of demarcation between the parts; but we prefer the division adopted by that precious old commentator, David Dickson. In verses* 1—4, *David craves justice in the controversy between him and his oppressors. In verses* 5 *and* 6, *he requests of the Lord grace to act rightly while under the trial. From verse* 7—12, *he seeks protection from his foes, whom he graphically describes; and in verses* 13 *and* 14, *pleads that they may be disappointed; closing the whole in the most comfortable confidence that all would certainly be well with himself at the last.*

EXPOSITION.

HEAR the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, *that goeth* not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited *me* in the night; thou hast tried me, *and* shalt find nothing; I am purposed *that* my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept *me from* the paths of the destroyer.

1. "*Hear the right, O Lord.*" He that has the worst cause makes the most noise; hence the oppressed soul is apprehensive that its voice may be drowned, and therefore pleads in this one verse for a hearing no less than three times. The troubled heart craves for the ear of the great Judge, persuaded that with him to hear is to redress. If our God could not or would not hear us, our state would be deplorable indeed; and yet some professors set such small store by the mercy-seat, that God does not hear them for the simple reason that they neglect to plead. As well have no house if we persist like gipsies in living in the lanes and commons; as well have no mercy-seat as be always defending our own cause and never going to God. There is more fear that *we* will not hear the Lord than that the Lord will not hear us. "*Hear the right;*" it is well if our case is good in itself and can be urged as a right one, for right shall never be wronged by our righteous Judge; but if our suit be marred by our infirmities, it is a great privilege that we may make mention of the righteousness of our Lord Jesus, which is ever prevalent on high. *Right* has a voice which Jehovah always hears; and if my wrongs clamour against me with great force and fury, I will pray the Lord to hear that still louder and mightier voice of the right, and the rights of his dear Son. "Hear, O God, the just One;" *i.e.*, "hear the Messiah," is a rendering adopted by Jerome, and admired by Bishop Horsley, whether correct or not as a translation, it is proper enough as a plea. Let the reader plead it at the throne of the righteous God, even when all other arguments are unavailing.

"*Attend unto my cry.*" This shows the vehemence and earnestness of the petitioner; he is no mere talker, he weeps and laments. Who can resist a cry? A real hearty, bitter, piteous cry, might almost melt a rock, there can be no fear of its prevalence with our heavenly Father. A cry is our earliest utterance, and

in many ways the most natural of human sounds; if our prayer should like the infant's cry be more natural than intelligent, and more earnest than elegant, it will be none the less eloquent with God. There is a mighty power in a child's cry to prevail with a parent's heart. "*Give ear unto my prayer.*" Some repetitions are not vain. The reduplication here used is neither superstition nor tautology, but is like the repeated blow of a hammer hitting the same nail on the head to fix it the more effectually, or the continued knocking of a beggar at the gate who cannot be denied an alms. "*That goeth not out of feigned lips.*" Sincerity is a *sine quâ non* in prayer. Lips of deceit are detestable to man and much more to God. In intercourse so hallowed as that of prayer, hypocrisy even in the remotest degree is as fatal as it is foolish. Hypocritical piety is double iniquity. He who would feign and flatter had better try his craft with a fool like himself, for to deceive the all-seeing One is as impossible as to take the moon in a net, or to lead the sun into a snare. He who would deceive God is himself already most grossly deceived. Our sincerity in prayer has no merit in it, any more than the earnestness of a mendicant in the street; but at the same time the Lord has regard to it, through Jesus, and will not long refuse his ear to an honest and fervent petitioner.

2. "*Let my sentence come forth from thy presence.*" The psalmist has now grown bold by the strengthening influence of prayer, and he now entreats the Judge of all the earth to give sentence upon his case. He had been libelled, basely and maliciously libelled; and having brought his action before the highest court, he, like an innocent man, has no desire to escape the enquiry, but even invites and sues for judgment. He does not ask for secresy, but would have the result come forth to the world. He would have sentence pronounced and executed forthwith. In some matters we may venture to be as bold as this; but except we can plead something better than our own supposed innocence, it were terrible presumption thus to challenge the judgment of a sin-hating God. With Jesus as our complete and all-glorious righteousness we need not fear, though the day of judgment should commence at once, and hell open her mouth at our feet, but might joyfully prove the truth of our hymn writer's holy boast—

> "Bold shall I stand in that great day;
> For who aught to my charge shall lay?
> While, through thy blood, absolved I am
> From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

"*Let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.*" Believers do not desire any other judge than God, or to be excused from judgment, or even to be judged on principles of partiality. No; our hope does not lie in the prospect of favouritism from God, and the consequent suspension of his law; we expect to be judged on the same principles as other men, and through the blood and righteousness of our Redeemer we shall pass the ordeal unscathed. The Lord will weigh us in the scales of justice fairly and justly; he will not use false weights to permit us to escape, but with the sternest equity those balances will be used upon us as well as upon others; and with our blessed Lord Jesus as our all in all we tremble not, for we shall not be found wanting. In David's case, he felt his cause to be so right that he simply desired the Divine eyes to rest upon the matter, and he was confident that equity would give him all that he needed.

3. "*Thou hast proved mine heart.*" Like Peter, David uses the argument, "Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." It is a most assuring thing to be able to appeal at once to the Lord, and call upon our Judge to be a witness for our defence. "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God." "*Thou hast visited me in the night.*" As if he had said, "Lord, thou hast entered my house at all hours; and thou hast seen me when no one else was nigh; thou hast come upon me unawares and marked my unrestrained actions, and thou knowest whether or no I am guilty of the crimes laid at my door." Happy man who can thus remember the omniscient eye, and the omnipresent visitor, and find comfort in the remembrance. We hope we have had our midnight visits from our Lord, and truly they are sweet; so sweet

that the recollection of them sets us longing for more of such condescending communings. Lord, if, indeed, we had been hypocrites, should we have had such fellowship, or feel such hungerings after a renewal of it? "*Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing.*" Surely the Psalmist means nothing hypocritical or wicked in the sense in which his slanderers accused him; for if the Lord should put the best of his people into the crucible, the dross would be a fearful sight, and would make penitence open her sluices wide. Assayers very soon detect the presence of alloy, and when the chief of all assayers shall, at the last, say of us that he has found nothing, it will be a glorious hour indeed—"They are without fault before the throne of God." Even here, as viewed in our covenant Head, the Lord sees no sin in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel; even the all-detecting glance of Omniscience can see no flaw where the great Substitute covers all with beauty and perfection. "*I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.*" Oh those sad lips of ours! we had need purpose to purpose if we would keep them from exceeding their bounds. The number of diseases of the tongue is as many as the diseases of all the rest of the man put together, and they are more inveterate. Hands and feet one may bind, but who can fetter the lips? iron bands may hold a madman, but what chains can restrain the tongue? It needs more than a purpose to keep this nimble offender within its proper range. Lion-taming and serpent-charming are not to be mentioned in the same day as tongue-taming, for the tongue can no man tame. Those who have to smart from the falsehoods of others should be the more jealous over themselves; perhaps this led the Psalmist to register this holy resolution; and, moreover, he intended thereby to aver that if he had said too much in his own defence, it was not intentional, for he desired in all respects to tune his lips to the sweet and simple music of truth. Notwithstanding all this David was slandered, as if to show us that the purest innocence will be bemired by malice. There is no sunshine without a shadow, no ripe fruit unpecked by the birds.

4. "*Concerning the works of men.*" While we are in the midst of men we shall have their works thrust under our notice, and we shall be compelled to keep a corner in our diary headed "concerning the works of men." To be quite clear from the dead works of carnal humanity is the devout desire of souls who are quickened by the Holy Spirit. "*By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.*" He had kept the highway of Scripture, and not chosen the bye-paths of malice. We should soon imitate the example of the worst of men if the grace of God did not use the Word of God as the great preservative from evil. The paths of the destroyer have often tempted us; we have been prompted to become destroyers too, when we have been sorely provoked, and resentment has grown warm; but we have remembered the example of our Lord, who would not call fire from heaven upon his enemies, but meekly prayed, 'Father, forgive them." All the ways of sin are the paths of Satan,—the Apollyon or Abaddon, both of which words signify the destroyer. Foolish indeed are those who give their hearts to the old murderer, because for the time he panders to their evil desires. That heavenly Book which lies neglected on many a shelf is the only guide for those who would avoid the enticing and entangling mazes of sin; and it is the best means of preserving the youthful pilgrim from ever treading those dangerous ways. We must follow the one or the other; the Book of Life, or the way of death; the word of the Holy Spirit, or the suggestion of the Evil Spirit. David could urge as the proof of his sincerity that he had no part or lot with the ungodly in their ruinous ways. How can we venture to plead our cause with God, unless we also can wash our hands clean of all connection with the enemies of the Great King?

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, *that* my footsteps slip not.
6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, *and hear* my speech.

5. Under trial it is not easy to behave ourselves aright; a candle is not easily kept alight when many envious mouths are puffing at it. In evil times prayer is

peculiarly needful, and wise men resort to it at once. Plato said to one of his disciples, "When men speak ill of thee, live so that no one will believe them;" good enough advice, but he did not tell us how to carry it out. We have a precept here incorporated in an example; if we would be preserved, we must cry to the Preserver, and enlist divine support upon our side. "*Hold up my goings*"—as a careful driver holds up his horse when going down hill. We have all sorts of paces, both fast and slow, and the road is never long of one sort, but with God to hold up our goings, nothing in the pace or in the road can cast down. He who has been down once and cut his knees sadly, even to the bone, had need redouble his zeal when using this prayer; and all of us, since we are so weak on our legs through Adam's fall, had need use it every hour of the day. If a perfect father fell, how shall an imperfect son dare to boast? "*In thy paths.*" Forsaking Satan's paths, he prayed to be upheld in God's paths. We cannot keep *from* evil without keeping *to* good. If the bushel be not full of wheat, it may soon be once more full of chaff. In all the appointed ordinances and duties of our most holy faith, may the Lord enable us to run through his upholding grace! "*That my footsteps slip not.*" What! slip in God's ways? Yes, the road is good, but our feet are evil, and therefore slip, even on the King's highway. Who wonders if carnal men slide and fall in ways of their own choosing, which, like the vale of Siddim, are full of deadly slime-pits? One may trip over an ordinance as well as over a temptation. Jesus Christ himself is a stumbling-block to some, and the doctrines of grace have been the occasion of offence to many. Grace alone can hold up our goings in the paths of truth.

6. "*I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God.*" Thou hast always heard me, O my Lord, and therefore I have the utmost confidence in again approaching thine altar. Experience is a blessed teacher. He who has tried the faithfulness of God in hours of need, has great boldness in laying his case before the throne. The well of Bethlehem, from which we drew such cooling draughts in years gone by, our souls long for still; nor will we leave it for the broken cisterns of earth. "*Incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.*" Stoop out of heaven and put thine ear to my mouth; give me thine ear all to myself, as men do when they lean over to catch every word from their friend. The Psalmist here comes back to his first prayer, and thus sets us an example of pressing our suit again and again, until we have a full assurance that we have succeeded.

7 Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust *in thee* from those that rise up *against them.*

8 Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

9 From the wicked that oppress me, *from* my deadly enemies, *who* compass me about.

10 They are inclosed in their own fat: with their mouth they speak proudly.

11 They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth;

12 Like as a lion *that* is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.

7. "*Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness.*" Marvellous in its antiquity, its distinguishing character, its faithfulness, its immutability, and above all, marvellous in the wonders which it works. That marvellous grace which has redeemed us with the precious blood of God's only begotten, is here invoked to come to the rescue. That grace is sometimes hidden; the text says, "Shew it." Present enjoyments of divine love are matchless cordials to support fainting hearts.

Believer, what a prayer is this! Consider it well. O Lord, shew thy marvellous lovingkindness; shew it to my intellect, and remove my ignorance; shew it to my heart, and revive my gratitude; shew it to my faith, and renew my confidence; shew it to my experience, and deliver me from all my fears. The original word here used is the same which in Psalm iv. 3 is rendered *set apart*, and it has the force of, Distinguish thy mercies, set them out, and set apart the choicest to be bestowed upon me in this hour of my severest affliction. "*O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.*" The title here given to our gracious God is eminently consolatory. He is the God of salvation; it is his present and perpetual habit to save believers; he puts forth his best and most glorious strength, using his right hand of wisdom and might, to save all those, of whatsoever rank or class, who trust themselves with him. Happy faith thus to secure the omnipotent protection of heaven! Blessed God, to be thus gracious to unworthy mortals, when they have but grace to rely upon thee! The right hand of God is interposed between the saints and all harm; God is never at a loss for means; his own bare hand is enough. He works without tools as well as with them.

8. "*Keep me as the apple of the eye.*" No part of the body more precious, more tender, and more carefully guarded than the eye; and of the eye, no portion more peculiarly to be protected than the central apple, the pupil, or, as the Hebrew calls it, "the daughter of the eye." The all-wise Creator has placed the eye in a well-protected position; it stands surrounded by projecting bones like Jerusalem encircled by mountains. Moreover, its great Author has surrounded it with many tunics of inward covering, besides the hedge of the eyebrows, the curtain of the eyelids, and the fence of the eyelashes; and, in addition to this, he has given to every man so high a value for his eyes, and so quick an apprehension of danger, that no member of the body is more faithfully cared for than the organ of sight. Thus, Lord, keep thou me, for I trust I am one with Jesus, and so a member of his mystical body. "*Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.*" Even as the parent bird completely shields her brood from evil, and meanwhile cherishes them with the warmth of her own heart, by covering them with her wings, so do thou with me, most condescending God, for I am thine offspring, and thou hast a parent's love in perfection. This last clause is in the Hebrew in the future tense, as if to show that what the writer had asked for but a moment before he was now sure would be granted to him. Confident expectation should keep pace with earnest supplication.

9. "*From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.*" The foes from whom David sought to be rescued were *wicked* men. It is hopeful for us when our enemies are God's enemies. They were *deadly enemies*, whom nothing but his death would satisfy. The foes of a believer's soul are mortal foes most emphatically, for they who war against our faith aim at the very life of our life. Deadly sins are deadly enemies, and what sin is there which hath not death in its bowels? These foes *oppressed* David, they laid his spirit waste, as invading armies ravage a country, or as wild beasts desolate a land. He likens himself to a besieged city, and complains that his foes *compass him about*. It may well quicken our business upward, when all around us, every road, is blockaded by deadly foes. This is our daily position, for all around us dangers and sins are lurking. O God, do thou protect us from them all.

10. "*They are inclosed in their own fat.*" Luxury and gluttony beget vainglorious fatness of heart, which shuts up its gates against all compassionate emotions and reasonable judgments. The old proverb says that full bellies make empty skulls, and it is yet more true that they frequently make empty hearts. The rankest weeds grow out of the fattest soil. Riches and self-indulgence are the fuel upon which some sins feed their flames. Pride and fulness of bread were Sodom's twin sins. (Ezek. xvi. 49.) Fed hawks forget their masters; and the moon at its fullest is furthest from the sun. Eglon was a notable instance that a well-fed corporation is no security to life, when a sharp message comes from God, addressed to the inward vitals of the body. "*With*

their mouth they speak proudly." He who adores himself will have no heart to adore the Lord. Full of selfish pleasure within his heart, the wicked man fills his mouth with boastful and arrogant expressions. Prosperity and vanity often lodge together. Woe to the fed ox when it bellows at its owner, the poleaxe is not far off.

11. "*They have now compassed us in our steps.*" The fury of the ungodly is aimed not at one believer alone, but at all the band; they have compassed *us*. All the race of the Jews were but a morsel for Haman's hungry revenge, and all because of one Mordecai. The prince of darkness hates all the saints for their Master's sake. The Lord Jesus is one of the *us*, and herein is our hope. He is the Breaker, and will clear a way for us through the hosts which environ us. The hatred of the powers of evil is continuous and energetic, for they watch every *step*, hoping that the time may come when they shall catch us by surprise. If our spiritual adversaries thus compass every step, how anxiously should we guard all our movements, lest by any means we should be betrayed into evil! "*They have set their eyes bowing down to the earth.*" Trapp wittily explains this metaphor by an allusion to a bull when about to run at his victim; he lowers his head, looks downward, and then concentrates all his force in the dash which he makes. It most probably denotes the malicious jealousy with which the enemy watches the steps of the righteous; as if they studied the ground on which they trod, and searched after some wrong footmark to accuse them for the past, or some stumbling-stone to cast in their future path to trip them in days to come.

12. Lions are not more greedy, nor their ways more cunning than are Satan and his helpers when engaged against the children of God. The blood of souls the adversary thirsts after, and all his strength and craft are exercised to the utmost to satisfy his detestable appetite. We are weak and foolish like sheep; but we have a shepherd wise and strong, who knows the old lion's wiles, and is more than a match for his force; therefore will we not fear, but rest in safety in the fold. Let us beware, however, of our lurking foe; and in those parts of the road where we feel most secure, let us look about us lest, peradventure, our foe should leap upon us.

13 Arise, O LORD, disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, *which is* thy sword:

14 From men *which are* thy hand, O LORD, from men of the world, *which have* their portion in *this* life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid *treasure:* they are full of children, and leave the rest of their *substance* to their babes.

13. "*Arise, O Lord.*" The more furious the attack, the more fervent the Psalmist's prayer. His eye rests singly upon the Almighty, and he feels that God has but to rise from the seat of his patience, and the work will be performed at once. Let the lion spring upon us, if Jehovah steps between we need no better defence. When God meets our foe face to face in battle, the conflict will soon be over. "*Disappoint him.*" Be beforehand with him, outwit and outrun him. Appoint it otherwise than he has appointed, and so disappoint him. "*Cast him down.*" Prostrate him. Make him sink upon his knees. Make him bow as the conquered bows before the conqueror. What a glorious sight will it be to behold Satan prostrate beneath the foot of our glorious Lord! Haste, glorious day! "*Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword.*" He recognizes the most profane and oppressive as being under the providential rule of the King of kings, and used as a sword in the divine hand. What can a sword do unless it be wielded by a hand? No more could the wicked annoy us, unless the Lord permitted them so to do. Most translators are, however, agreed that this is not the correct reading, but that it should be as Calvin puts it, "Deliver my soul from the ungodly man by thy sword." Thus David contrasts the sword of the Lord with human aids and reliefs, and rests assured that he is safe enough under the patronage of heaven.

14. Almost every word of this verse has furnished matter for discussion to

scholars, for it is very obscure. We will, therefore, rest content with the common version, rather than distract the reader with divers translations. "*From men which are thy hand.*" Having styled the ungodly a sword in his Father's hand, he now likens them to that hand itself, to set forth his conviction that God could as easily remove their violence as a man moves his own hand. He will never slay his child with his own hand. "*From men of the world,*" mere earthworms; not men of the world to come, but mere dwellers in this narrow sphere of mortality; having no hopes or wishes beyond the ground on which they tread. "*Which have their portion in this life.*" Like the prodigal, they have their portion, and are not content to wait their Father's time. Like Passion in the "Pilgrim's Progress," they have their best things first, and revel during their little hour. Luther was always afraid lest he should have his portion here, and therefore frequently gave away sums of money which had been presented to him. We cannot have earth and heaven too for our choice and portion; wise men choose that which will last the longest. "*Whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure.*" Their sensual appetite gets the gain which it craved for. God gives to these swine the husks which they hunger for. A generous man does not deny dogs their bones; and our generous God gives even his enemies enough to fill them, if they were not so unreasonable as never to be content. Gold and silver which are locked up in the dark treasuries of the earth are given to the wicked liberally, and they therefore roll in all manner of carnal delights. Every dog has his day, and they have theirs, and a bright summer's day it seems; but ah! how soon it ends in night! "*They are full of children.*" This was their fondest hope, that a race from their loins would prolong their names far down the page of history, and God has granted them this also; so that they have all that heart can wish. What enviable creatures they seem, but it is only seeming! "*They are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.*" They were fat housekeepers, and yet leave no lean wills. Living and dying they lacked for nothing but grace, and alas! that lack spoils everything. They had a fair portion within the little circle of time, but eternity entered not into their calculations. They were penny wise, but pound foolish; they remembered the present, and forgot the future; they fought for the shell, and lost the kernel. How fine a description have we here of many a successful merchant, or popular statesman; and it is, at first sight, very showy and tempting, but in contrast with the glories of the world to come, what are these paltry molehill joys. Self, self, self, all these joys begin and end in basest selfishness; but oh, our God, how rich are those who begin and end in thee! From all the contamination and injury which association with worldly men is sure to bring us, deliver thou us, O God!

15 As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

15. "*As for me.*" "I neither envy nor covet these men's happiness, but partly have and partly hope for a far better." To behold God's face and to be changed by that vision into his image, so as to partake in his righteousness, this is my noble ambition; and in the prospect of this I cheerfully waive all my present enjoyments. My satisfaction is to come; I do not look for it as yet. I shall sleep awhile, but I shall wake at the sound of the trumpet; wake to everlasting joy, because I arise in thy likeness, O my God and King! Glimpses of glory good men have here below to stay their sacred hunger, but the full feast awaits them in the upper skies. Compared with this deep, ineffable, eternal fulness of delight, the joys of the worldling are as a glowworm to the sun, or the drop of a bucket to the ocean.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 8.—Does it not appear to thee to be a work of Providence, that considering the weakness of the eye, he has protected it with eyelids, as with doors, which whenever there is occasion to use it are opened, and are again closed in sleep? And that it may not receive injury from the winds, he has planted on it eyelashes like a strainer; and over the eyes has disposed the eyebrows like a penthouse, so that the sweat from the head may do no mischief.—*Socrates in Xenophon.*

Verse 15.—Howe's well-known treatise, "The Blessedness of the Righteous," has this verse for its text. Its opening chapter contains an excellent comment upon the later verses of the psalm.

Verse 15.—There is a sleep of deadness of spirit, out of which the shining of God's loving countenance doth awake a believer and revive the spirit of the contrite ones; and there is a sleep of death bodily, out of which the lovingkindness of the Lord shall awake all his own in the day of the resurrection, when he shall so change them into the similitude of his own holiness and glorious felicity that they shall be fully contented for ever: and this first and second delivery out of all trouble may every believer expect and promise to himself. I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.—*David Dickson.*

Verse 6.—I have called upon thee formerly, therefore, Lord, hear me now. It will be a great comfort to us if trouble when it comes finds the wheels of prayer a going, for then may we come with the more boldness to the throne of grace. Tradesmen are willing to oblige those that have been long their customers.—*Matthew Henry.*

Verse 15.—"*I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.*" The saints in heaven have not yet awaked in God's likeness. The bodies of the righteous still sleep, but they are to be satisfied on the resurrection morn, when they awake. When a Roman conqueror had been at war, and won great victories, he would return to Rome with his soldiers, enter privately into his house, and enjoy himself till the next day, when he would go out of the city to re-enter it publicly in triumph. Now, the saints, as it were, enter privately into heaven without their bodies; but on the last day, when their bodies wake up, they will enter in their triumphal chariots. Methinks I see that grand procession, when Jesus Christ first of all, with many crowns on his head, with his bright, glorious, immortal body, shall lead the way. Behind him come the saints, each of them clapping their hands, or pouring sweet melody from their golden harps; all entering in triumph. And when they come to heaven's gates, and the doors are opened wide to let the King of glory in, how will the angels crowd at the windows and on the housetops, like the inhabitants in the Roman triumphs, to watch the pompous procession, and scatter heaven's roses and lilies upon them, crying, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." "I shall be satisfied" in that glorious day when all the angels of God shall come to see the triumphs of Jesus, and when his people shall be victorious with him.—*Spurgeon's Sermons.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The voice of Jesus,—our Righteousness, and our own voice. Work out the thought of both coming up to the ear of heaven, noting the qualities of our prayer as indicated by the Psalmist's language, such as earnestness, perseverance, sincerity, &c.

Verse 2.—"*Let my sentence come forth from thy presence.*" I. When it will come. II. Who dare meet it *now?* III. How to be among them.

Verse 3.—"*Thou hast proved mine heart.*" The metal, the furnace, the refiner, &c.

Verse 3 *(last sentence).*—Transgressions of the lip, and how to avoid them.

Verse 3.—"*Thou hast visited me in the night.*" I. Glorious visitor. II. Favoured individual. III. Peculiar season. IV. Refreshing remembrance. V. Practical result.

Verse 4.—The highway and the bye-paths. *The world* and *sin.* "*The paths of the destroyer*"—a significant name for transgression.

Verse 5.—"*Hold up.*" I. Who? God. II. What? "*My goings.*" III. When? Present tense. IV. Where? "*In thy paths.*" V. Why? "*That my footsteps slip not.*"

Verse 6.—*Two words*, both great, though little, "call" and "hear." *Two persons*, one little and the other great, "I," "Thee, O God." *Two tenses:* past, "I have," future, "thou wilt." *Two wonders*, that we do not call more, and that God hears such unworthy prayers.

Verse 7.—*First sentence.* See Exposition. A view of divine lovingkindness desired.

Verse 7.—"*O thou,*" *&c.* God, the Saviour of believers.

Verse 8.—Two most suggestive emblems of tenderness and care. Involving in the one case *living unity*, as the eye with the body, and in the other, *loving relationship*, as the bird and its young.

Verse 14.—"*Men of the world, which have their portion in this life.*" Who they are? What they have? Where they have it? What next?

Verse 14.—"*Men which are thy hand.*" Providential control and use of wicked men.

Verse 15.—See Park Street Pulpit, No. 25. Title, "The Hope of Future Bliss." Divisions. I. The Spirit of this utterance. II. The matter of it. III. The contrast implied in it.

Verse 15.—To see God an to be like him, the believer's desire.—*J. Fawcett.*

The Living Speeches of Dying Christians.

BY SAMUEL WARD.

(Concluded from page 134.)

JOHN MALLOT, a soldier: "Often have we hazarded our lives for the emperor Charles the Fifth, and shall we now shrink to die for the King of kings? Let us follow our Captain."

John Fillula, to his fellows: "By these ladders we ascend the heavens. Now begin we to trample under feet sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Thomas Calberg, to the friars, willing him to repent at the last hour: "I believe that I am one of those workmen in Christ's vineyard, and shall presently receive my penny."

Robert Ogner's son, to his father and mother at the stake with him: "Behold millions of angels about us, and the heavens open to receive us." To a friar that railed: "Thy cursings are blessings." And to a nobleman, that offered him life and promotion: "Do you think me such a fool, that I would change eternal things for temporary?" To the people: "We suffer as Christians, not as thieves or murderers."

Constantine, being carried with other martyrs in a dungcart to the place of execution: "Well (saith he), yet are we a precious odour, and sweet savour to God in Christ."

Fran. Sanromanus, a Spaniard: "Work your pleasures on my body, which you have in chains, your captive; but my soul is even already in heaven, through faith and hope; and upon that Cæsar himself hath no power."

Joan, the marshal's wife of France, to her husband at the stake with her: "Be of good cheer, our wedding was but a shadow, an earnest and contract, of that solemn and blessed marriage which the Lamb will now consummate."

Anne Audebert of Orleans: "Blessed be God for this wedding girdle (meaning the chain). My first marriage was on the Lord's day; and now my second, to my Spouse and Lord Christ, shall be on the same."

John Bruger, to a friar offering him a wooden cross at the stake: "No (saith he); I have another true cross, imposed by Christ on me, which now I will take up. I worship not the work of man's hands, but the Son of God. I am content with him for my only advocate."

Martin Hyperius: "Oh! what a difference there is betwixt this and eternal fire! who would shun this to leap into that?"

Augustine of Hannovia, to a nobleman persuading him to have a care of his soul: "So I will (saith he), for I presently will lay down my body to save my conscience whole."

Faninus, an Italian, kissed the apparitor that brought him word of his execution. To one reminding him of his children: "I have left them to an able and faithful Guardian." To his friends weeping: "That is well done, that you weep for joy with me." And to one objecting Christ's agony and sadness to his cheerfulness: "Yea (saith he), Christ was sad that I might be merry. He had my sins, and I have his merit and righteousness." And to the friars offering him a wooden crucifix: "Christ needs not the help of this piece to imprint him in my mind and heart, where he hath his habitation."

George Carpenter: "All Bavaria is not so dear to me as my wife and children, yet for Christ's sake I will forsake them cheerfully."

Adam Wallace, a Scot, to a tempting friar: "If an angel should say that which thou dost, I would not listen to him. Is the fire ready? I am ready. Let no man be offended, no disciple is greater than his master."

John Burgon, to his judges asking him if he would appeal to the high court: "Is it not enough that your hands are polluted with our blood, but you will make more guilty of it?"

Frederick Anvill of Berne, to the friars that willed him to call on the Virgin Mary, three times repeated: "Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom, thine is the

power and glory, for ever and ever. Let's fight, let's fight! Avaunt, Satan, avaunt!"

Godfrey Varall of Piedmont: "Hangman, do thine office; my death will be fruitful to myself and others."

Hallewine of Antwerp, and Harman of Amsterdam, to the margrave of Antwerp, offering mitigation of torments upon abjuration: "We are resolved these momentary afflictions are not worthy that exceeding weight of glory that shall be revealed." Peter and Nicholas Thiesseu, brethren, used the like speech.

Annas Burgius, in the midst of his torments: "Lord, forsake me not, lest I forsake thee!"

Peter Clarke, with the root of his tongue plucked out, pronounced audibly (to show that none ever wanted a tongue to praise God): "Blessed be the name of God;" as of old Romanus the martyr, mentioned in Prudentius.

Godfrey de Hammele, to one that called him heretic: "No heretic, but an unprofitable servant, yet willing to die for his Lord, and reckoning this death no death, but a life."

Bucer: "No man by talk shall withdraw my mind from Christ crucified, from heaven, and my speedy departure, upon which my soul is fixed." When one advised him to arm himself against Satan's temptation: "He has nothing to do with me. God forbid, but now my soul should be sure of sweet consolation."

Tremelius, a Christian Jew: "Let Christ live, and Barabbas perish."

Ferdinand, emperor: "If mine ancestors and predecessors had not died, how should I have been emperor? I must, that other may succeed me."

Frederick the Third, Elector Palatine, to his friends about him, wishing him recovery: "I have lived enough to you, let me now live to myself, and with my Lord Christ."

Leonard Cæsar: "O Lord, do thou suffer with me; Lord, support me and save me."

Windelmuta, to one that told her she had not yet tasted how bitter death was: "No (said she), neither ever shall I, for so much hath Christ promised to all that keep his word; neither will I forsake him for sweet life, or bitter death."

Henry Voes: "If I had ten heads, they should all off for Christ. God forbid I should rejoice in anything save in his cross."

The minister of Brisgo: "This skin, which scarce cleaves to my bones, I must shortly have laid off by necessity; how much more willingly now, for my Saviour Christ."

Adolphus Clarebachius: "I believe there is not a merrier heart in the world at this instant, than mine is. Behold, you shall see me die by that faith I have lived in."

Alexander Cane, when a fool's cap was put on his head: "Can I have a greater honour done me, than to be served as my Lord Christ before Herod? Lord, seeing my persecutors have no mercy, have thou mercy on me, and receive my soul."

Almondus a Via: "My body dies, my spirit lives. God's kingdom abides ever. God hath now given me the accomplishment of all my desires."

Giles Tilman, urged to know what he believed of purgatory: "Purgatory and hell I leave to you, but my hope is directly to go into Paradise. Neither fear I this great pile of wood, whereof some might have been spared to warm the poor; but will pass through it purged for my Saviour."

Peter Bruce; "I thank God my broken leg suffered me not to fly this martyrdom."

Marion, the wife of Adrian, seeing the coffin hooped with iron, wherein she was to be buried alive: "Have you provided this pasty-crust to bake my flesh in?"

Lewis Paschalis: "It's a small matter to die once for Christ; if it might be, I could wish I might die a thousand deaths for him."

John Buisson: "I shall now have a double gaol-delivery; one out of my sinful flesh, another from the loathsome dungeon I have long lain in."

Hugh Stallour to John Pike, his fellow-martyr: "Yet a little while, and we shall see one another before the throne and face of God."

Levine de Blehere, to his friends that offered to rescue him by tumult: "Hinder not the magistrates' work, nor my happiness. Father, thou foresawest this sacrifice from eternal: now accept of it, I pray thee."

Christopher Fabrianus: "First bitter, then sweet; first battle, the victory when I am dead; every drop of my blood shall preach Christ and set forth his praise."

Francis Soet: "You deprive me of this life, and promote me to a better, which is, as if you should rob me of counters, and furnish me with gold."

Guy de Bres: "The ringing of my chain hath been sweet music in mine ears, my prison an excellent school, wherein God's Spirit hath been my teacher. All my former discourses were as a blind man's of colours in comparison of my present feeling. Oh, what a precious comforter is a good conscience!"

Dionysius Peloquine, to the inquisitor telling him his life was now in his own hands: "Then (said he) it were in an ill keeping. Christ's school hath taught me to save it by losing it, and not, by the gain of a few days or years, to lose eternity."

Lewis Marsake, knight, seeing his other brethren go with halters about their necks, which they offered not him because of his dignity: "Why, I pray you (quoth he), deny me not the badge and ornament of so excellent an order. Is not my cause the same with theirs?" Which obtaining, he marched valiantly to the stake with them.

Simon Lalœus, to one Silvester, his executioner: "Never saw I a man in all my life whose coming was more welcome to me than thine." So cheerful was his death, that Silvester, amazed at it, left his office, became a convert and a Christian himself, went to Geneva for further instruction in the gospel.

Kilian, a Dutch schoolmaster, to such as asked him if he loved not his wife and children: "Yes (said he); if all the world were gold, and were mine to dispose of, I would give it to live with them, though it were but in prison. Yet my soul and Christ are dearer to me than all."

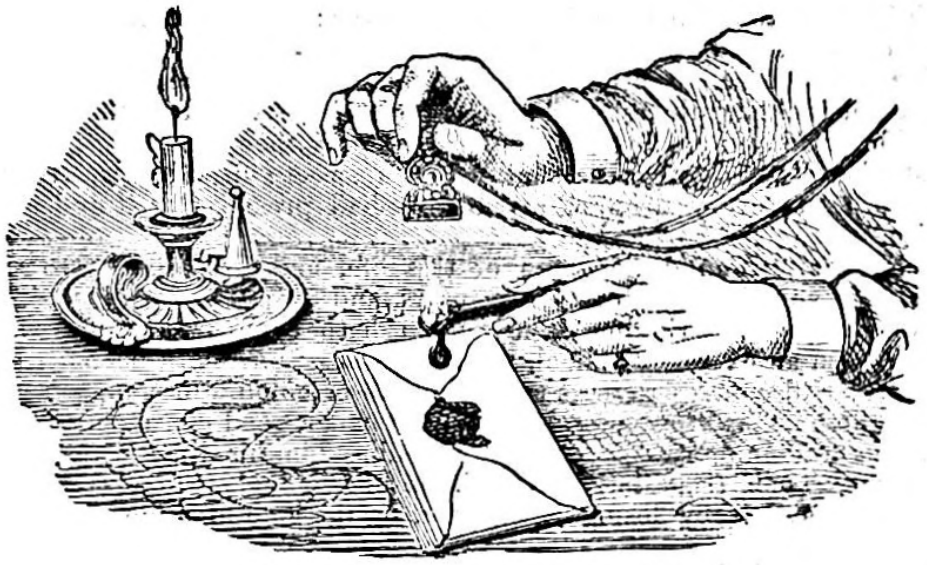
Giles Verdict: "Out of my ashes shall rise innumerable Christians." Which prophecy God so verified by the effect, that it grew a byword after his death that his ashes flew abroad all the country.

Antony Verdict, brother to the former, condemned to be eaten with beasts, to prevent the like proverb, said to his father: "O father, how hath God enabled you to have two sons honoured with martyrdom!"

John Barbevill, to friars that called him ignorant ass: "Well, admit I were so, yet shall my blood witness against such Balaams as you be."

Francisce Colver, to his two sons, massacred together with himself: "Sheep we are for the slaughter. This is no new thing. Let us follow millions of martyrs through temporal death to eternal life."

By all these, which are but a handful of Christ's camp royal, it sufficiently appears they had their faith fresh and lively in the face of this grand enemy, and, by virtue of their faith, their spirits, wits, and tongues untroubled, undismayed, insomuch that an ancient witnesses of the Christian bishops, that they did more ambitiously desire the glory of martyrdom than others did prelacies and preferments; and a late mortal enemy of theirs bade a vengeance on them, for he thought they took delight in burning. What, then, shall we gain by them? I remember Mr. Rough, a minister, coming from the burning of one Austo in Smithfield, being asked by Mr. Farrar of Halifax where he had been, made answer, There where I would not but have been for one of my eyes, and would you know where? Forsooth, I have been to learn the way; which soon after he made good, by following him in the same place, in the same kind of death. Now, if one president made him so good a scholar, what dullards and non-proficients are we if such a cloud of examples work not in us a cheerful ability to expect and encounter the same adversary, so often foiled before our eyes?



QUICK must be the hand if an impression is to be made upon the wax. Once let the wax cool and you will press the seal in vain. Cold and hard it will be in a few moments, therefore let the work be quickly done. When men's hearts are melted under the preaching of the Word, or by sickness, or the loss of friends, believers should be very eager to stamp the truth upon the prepared mind. Such opportunities are to be seized with holy eagerness. Reader, do you know of such? If you be a lover of the Lord Jesus hasten with the seal before the wax is cold. Perhaps, dear reader, you are yourself unsaved; then look at the woodcut, and remember that such is your life. It is like the flame upon the stick of wax, and your soul is like the wax which drops upon the envelope, capable of receiving an impression while you are alive, but soon hardened and made unalterable by the cold breath of death. If the stamp of eternal life is to be set upon your soul it must be *now*, for when once this life is over change is impossible.

TO-DAY—THERE IS HOPE.

The divine hand can even now set the seal of sacred love upon your heart; but your breath is in your nostrils, and to-morrow may find you where the stamp of grace can never be impressed.

TO-MORROW—YOU MAY BE IN HELL.

No acts of pardon are ever passed on the other side of the grave, but pardons are plentiful on earth. Jesus suffered for the sins of all who trust him; so suffered that they can never be condemned, since Jesus was punished in their stead. He that believeth on Jesus hath set to his seal that God is true, and he shall receive God's seal, setting him apart as a choice and chosen spirit. Oh that the seal would fall upon you now, and impress the image of Jesus upon your heart for ever!

No. 25.—From C. H. SPURGEON'S "Sword and Trowel," published monthly, price 3d.; post free, 4d. Tracts, 6d. per 100; Post free 8 stamps.—Passmore & Alabaster, 28, Paternoster Row.

Original Scripture Illustrations,

From the "Tabernacle Teacher's Manuscript Magazine."

"Ye must be born again."—John iii. 7.

A RAW countryman having brought his gun to the gunsmith for repairs, the latter is reported to have examined it, and finding it to be almost too far gone for repairing, said, "Your gun is in a very worn-out, ruinous, good-for-nothing condition; what sort of repairing do you want?" "Well," said the countryman, "I don't see as I can do with anything short of a new stock, lock and barrel; that ought to set it up again." "Why," said the smith, "you had better have a new gun altogether." "Ah!" was the reply, "I never thought of that; and it strikes me that's just what I do want. A new stock, lock and barrel; why that's about equal to a new gun altogether, and that's what we'll have."

Just the sort of repairing that man's nature requires. The old nature cast aside as a complete wreck and good for nothing, and a *new* one imparted.

"Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."—John v. 40.

We are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out of sight of land on to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering over the masts on weary wings as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion, a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled through sheer weariness to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warmth of the hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it, burying his little cold feet in his feathers, and looking about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he had been cast amongst good kind people whom he had no occasion to be so backward in trusting.

A touching picture of the soul who is aroused by the Spirit of God and blown out of its own reckoning by the winds of conviction, and the warm reception which the weary little bird received at the hands of the passengers conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will greet the worn-out, sin-sick souls who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.

"And the door was shut."—Matt. xxv. 10.

Several years ago we heard an old minister relate the following incident:—He had preached the Word for many a year in a wood hard by a beautiful village in the Inverness-shire Highlands, and it was his invariable custom, on dismissing his own congregation, to repair to the Baptist Chapel in this village to partake of the Lord's Supper with his people assembled there. It was then usual to shut the gates during this service, in order that communicants might not be exposed to any disturbance through persons going out or coming in. On one occasion the burden of the Lord pressed upon his servant with more than ordinary severity, but anxious to deliver it and clear his soul, he detained his hearers a little beyond the time, and consequently had to hurry to the chapel. As he drew near he noticed the doorkeeper retire from the

outer gate, after having shut it. He called to him, quickening his pace at the same time, but his cry was not heard, the attendant retreated inside and the minister came up "just" in time to see the door put to and hear it fastened from within. He walked round the chapel looking up at the windows, but could gain no admittance; there was only one door, and that door was shut. He listened and heard the singing, and thought how happy God's people were inside, while he himself was shut out. The circumstance made an impression upon him at the time which he could never afterwards forget, and he was led to ask himself the question, "Shall it be so at the last? Shall I come up to the gate of heaven only in time to be too late, to find the last ransomed one admitted, and the door everlastingly shut?"

The Asiatics of London.

BY MR. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS.

CHANG WOO GOW, the giant of Fuchau, and his diminutive companion, Ching Maw, of Shanghae, have now been residents in the English metropolis for several months, and their extremes of stature have attracted the admiration of Englishmen from royalty to the wonder-seeking plebeian of our streets. The curiosities of the world from the savage to the sage, be they presented to us in the grotesque character of the New Zealand chiefs or the more pleasing queen from the Pacific, the cunning Chinese jugglers, or the manufactured savages, supposed to be imported from the island of Formosa, all find a long line of wondering admirers, and a ready market in this far-famed city. The curious may find in them a rich treat, and the ethnologist, who never travelled farther from his native land than I have, may regard them with higher motives and greater advantages; but the Christian man, though he may share largely in the feelings of all these, soars infinitely above them, and looks at the representatives of the human race in the light that comes from the cross of Calvary. Few, however, of the thousands who pay to visit these singular brethren from the antipodes, or see them elsewhere under more or less favourable circumstances, are ever influenced by a thought about their spiritual state. The monstrous errors by which the prince of this world binds the heathen down to darkness and death are numerous indeed; and some of these strange visitors, were our sympathies in that direction, and the colloquial medium at our disposal, would not only supply us with apt specimens of the heathen class, from which they are drawn, but would also suggest powerful motives for prayer and liberality, that the gospel may be introduced among the nations of the earth to which they belong.

The individuals noticed above are but a few prominent characters who come to view, floating, as it were, on the surface of society; and though as objects of attraction they may be regarded as scarce, yet as types of the families of mankind, and representatives of deluding systems of religion moving about in our mighty metropolis, they are by no means scarce. And the reflection is forced upon us that if London were only so evangelized as to make its spiritual influence tell upon the foreign population so largely existing in our midst, in what part of the world would not its sacred influence be felt? There is not a continent, and scarcely an island, that would not more or less be brought in contact with the powerful energy of our faith, and with such a power at home, what success might we not expect from the faithful labours of our brethren abroad?

The design of this paper is to secure the reader's sympathy and prayer on behalf of a class of people moving in our midst in heathen darkness, and almost unknown; living, some of them, in those several localities in London which are well nigh as destitute of religion as the idolatrous towns from which they came, and whose opinions of our religion and morals must mostly be gleaned from what they observe in the vicinity where they dwell. They are, however, not left alone; the writer has had the pleasure of searching them out and speaking to them of the gospel of Christ; but against the fearful odds with which the work has to contend, there is ample need of far greater faith and zeal. It is pleasing, however, and wonderful to reflect what a world-wide influence for good may be secured by choosing London as the centre of action, and working upon the foreign element which commerce, enterprise, and speculation here place within our reach. During the last few years, by the circulation of the Word of God, religious tracts, and *viva voce*, it has been my happiness to teach the doctrine of the cross to persons from most of the nations of the east. Visitors from the Celestial Empire, worshippers of images of Buddha, and the followers of Confucius have been largely in our midst. From Burmah and the various provinces of Hindostan extending from Bokhara to Ceylon, the Sikh opposing Dádá Nának and the Granth to the Saviour and the gospel; and the Hindoo also from the haughty Brahmin to the humble Sudra attempting to elevate the Puranas and the Shasters above the Word of God, and the abominable acts connected with the various incarnations of Vishnu and Sheva above the life of the Redeemer; and the stubborn Mohammedan, the ancient conqueror of the land professing faith in the Koran and Mohammed. All these within a short period have partaken of the hospitality of the Christian, and have sat down to eat, drink, and smoke the hooka of peace; and I should also add, to talk over the gospel of peace in our own metropolis. What may appear a singular item of this work carried on in the centre of Christian light is the great proportion among this class of foreigners who had never before heard of the Saviour. This never applies to Mohammedans, except they come from Java, or some parts of Africa, when most probably they would know as little about Mohammedanism as Christianity, and might regard the whole matter as a question about eating pork and taking a Christian name. Sometimes, indeed, we are visited by foreigners whose language has never yet been reduced to order. Two such came from the islands of the Pacific known as the Kingsmill Group, situated under the equator, but noticed on few maps. Should any brother feel his heart drawn out for the spiritual welfare of this savage race, he may be encouraged to action by hearing that they are not cannibals; nor does even an organised system of priesthood exist to break down. Itivini, and her three associates in divine honours are worshipped by them. Irabuna, one of the natives, says, if any one would go from England to his island and tell them the things he had heard in London, they would make him very welcome.

May I tempt the reader to follow me in a few cases of visitation? Here are two Sikhs. All the Sikhs I have met with have Singh as a compound of their name. The word in Punjabee, the language of the Sikhs, means a lion, and their lion-like character has been well sustained for centuries in India, not even omitting the dreadful period of the mutiny. Our two friends are about to partake of their evening meal, but they ask us in freely, and beg us to be seated. They are squatting in a circle about twenty-one feet in circumference. This circle is made of cow-dung and clay, and it would be a great insult to enter it. The utensils may not be touched by any of another faith, and are therefore kept within the circle or out of sight. If they cannot kill their own animal food they live on vegetables. They love nothing that the Christian makes, nothing, but his brandy and his wine, and strange to say, in taking these even to excess, they do not think they endanger their caste. "Well, brother, you have made ample provision for the body, what have you done for the soul?" "Why, Padre" (for this is the name by which I am known, it is an Italian word, meaning father, introduced, I presume, by Romanising mis-

sionaries). "We eat nothing defiled, we attend to the instructions of the Granth, and Dádá Nának is our teacher and saviour." "But how can Dádá Nának be your saviour?" Our Punjabee friends go on to tell us that their teacher gave them instruction in morals, forms of prayer, and religious ceremonies, which, if properly observed, will secure God's approbation and eternal happiness, adding that God gave Nának for a saviour to the Sikhs, Mohammed for a saviour to the Mussulmans, and Jesus Christ for the European; assuring us at the same time that the sacred books of the three are different versions of the same thing. We proceed to show our friends that this must be impossible, for God is one, and truth and holiness are essential to his character, but the Koran and the Granth differ on fundamental doctrines, and suggest opposite roads for attaining eternal happiness, while the Word of God declares that Christ takes away the sin of the *world*, and that there is *none other name* given *among men* whereby we must be saved. Our friends try to show us that each faith may be true, and finally declare that if that be the language of the gospel, no Sikh will ever become a Christian. We reply that we have a Christian prince, the descendant of the famous Runjeet Singh, living among us, naturalised and adorning the Christian faith, and we have also residing among us a Punjabee lady belonging to the Church of Christ, and who has given us no small pleasure in hearing her voice raised on behalf of Jesus.

This is but one of many such scenes to which the reader might be introduced in London. There are not many of the Sikh persuasion, however, to be found in England. Asiatic foreigners consist mostly of the Mohammedan, and some of the Hindoo faith, but all are alike glad to receive a Christian visit, and are to be found in various parts of the metropolis; sometimes in the docks, and always in the Home for Asiatics at Limehouse. Each of these localities has afforded a very interesting sphere of labour, and some moral and spiritual good has resulted from them all. The Lord of the harvest has been pleased to put the stamp of his approbation upon the work. Oriental gambling rooms, opium smoking rooms, and dens of other vices for the Asiatic have been broken up; but even these were, perhaps, not the worst forms of evil that beset the stranger in London. The medium of interpretation in judicial cases was among the greatest causes of evil, and did most to populate our streets, unions, and prisons with this unhappy class. It was my desire to destroy this baneful system, and I was very successful, but in so doing brought about an event that will scarcely ever be effaced from my mind. The author of so much evil finding his traffic destroyed was reduced to privation, and terminated his wretched life one Sabbath evening by discharging the contents of a pistol in his mouth. It is painful to stand so closely connected with such a tragedy, but I presume it was the legitimate wages of sin, for "the wages of sin is death."

The reminiscences of my prison work pass in happy vista before me. Some I have attended there in their last illness, and have had the pleasure to point them to the precious blood of Jesus in their own vernacular; and with no other instructions than those I have given them they have entered the eternal state, not altogether without hope that they will participate in the resurrection of the just. Even in health it often occurs that the serious hours of prison life dispose the inmates to think on spiritual things more than at other times. "You tell me of a Saviour and heaven," said one a few days before he breathed his last. "I am in London, I cannot be taken to the Ganges to die there like my father did. Will your Saviour have me? Can *I* be happy in the way you say?" I told him that the Saviour died for sin, and showed him in what state he must be to take the advantages of His death, and he asked me to pray for him and to instruct him how to pray. There was hope in his death.

In speaking of prison life Sádiq is generally present to my mind, and I will here record the event:—He was one of a crew, and had he served his time in prison would have lost his ship and become destitute in London; but I happened to visit the prison in time to help him. Before the ship left dock I had the pleasure to present his release from the Secretary of State to the Governor

of the prison. "Sádiq," I said, "I am come to take you to your ship; you must change your prison clothes and come with me." "I must stay here another week," he answered, "and then my ship will be gone." "But I am come for you; be quick and come with me." "Sahib, they will not let me go." "But I have brought an order from the Queen of England's Wazeer to release you." "What! The Grand Wazeer of the Sahib log trouble himself about a Lascar? No, padre, I must stay here another week." "Well," I urged, "go with this man and change your clothes and he will bring you back to me, and then I will show you." Sádiq obeyed, and though his own clothes were sadly inferior to the prison dress, yet he looked more like himself. "Now, Sádiq, follow me!" said I, earnestly. "But I cannot; they will not let me," he said, anxiously. "Hámáre sáth áo (Come with me)," I again said, using a stronger form of the verb and taking him by the hand, and he essayed to move, looking doubtfully at the jailors. But the bolts drew back—the massive gates opened—and finally the outer gates closed behind us. In a few minutes Sádiq was on the top of an omnibus, amidst the din of wheels and the mass of moving humanity, in Holborn. "Padre," said he, "Am I out of prison? Am I going to my ship?" as though he had just woke up to the reality of his position. "You are," I answered; "and your ship will leave London at high tide to-day." "May the padre's name spread all over India! May the padre live for ever! May the padre be rich and wise! May the padre have seven sons and seven daughters!!" I thanked Sádiq for his good wishes, but felt in no hurry, however, to possess all the blessings he had so generously named; but reminded him that there was another prison from which he had yet to escape, and from which none but Christ could free him. His position made him comprehend my meaning with ease, and I trust the impression was not readily lost. We had a joyful meeting on board the ship. Three of the crew I had saved from imprisonment by being present at their examination, and five others I had visited in their sickness on board the Dreadnought hospital ship. Sádiq told his own tale, much of course to the padre's honour. Others said, "The padre saved me from imprisonment, and got me sent back to my ship." And some said, "He came to see us when we were sick, and he read out of the good Book." Here was a fine opportunity to speak of the sacrifice and love of Christ.

Before concluding my remarks, let me call attention to a few individuals still staying among us and residing at the Asiatic home. Here is a Mohammedan Coolie, who having spent eleven years in Trinidad, has arrived in London with a large amount of his savings. The handsome string of beads he holds in his hands are to aid him in calling over the one hundred names by which God is called. He has resolved to spend what money he has in a journey to Mecca, to prostrate himself in the celebrated Kaaba and drink of the holy water from the well from which Ishmael is said to have drunk. In short he means to be a pilgrim, and thus earn the honourable title of Hajee, to be then added to his name. I need scarcely add he has been invited to a better pilgrimage and to the water of life. Here is a young Brahmin, also, who values the degrading rites of Kálee and Krishna more than the life of Christ, though it is impossible that the lives of the former can be compared with the latter, except by contrast, as light with darkness. A Zulu Kafir, too, who wishes to be a Christian, but knows no more of Christ than he has heard at the Asiatic home. Here are several Catholic Christians, too, who, like most Papists coming from the East, do not know a single event in the life of Christ. And, amongst others, an educated native Christian from Santa Cruz. Native Christians passing through London belong to every evangelical section of the Church, and it is no small pleasure to welcome these in the metropolis of Christendom in their Master's name. Not unfrequently we hear again from our Asiatic brethren after they leave us. One writing from Marsovan in Asia Minor, after describing the fearful state of Constantinople during the plague of the past summer, through which he had to pass, says—"Your love and benevolence are very dear to me; I shall never forget it. It is constant and unchangeable in my heart. May the Lord Jesus

Christ reward you and be ever with you. Amen." A Bengalee Christian and a Hindu, writing for themselves and others, say—"We are very thankful for your kindness, especially to two of us. We all tender our best respects to you. We all intreat you to pray for us at the throne of the Almighty. The books and the tracts you gave us we all promise to read the whole voyage, and we always pray the Almighty for your health and prosperity." I frequently hear from the good old priest Yohannan, of the ancient Chaldean Church, and Yusef his companion—the two Nestorians who received such a tangible proof of Christian sympathy some few years since at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Dr. Perkins, writing from Oroomiah last October, tells us that Yusef is a door-keeper in the house of God, and gives much satisfaction by his Christian walk. Yohannan is still labouring as an evangelist among the Armenians at Chamakia, the place of his birth, and with much success. Yohannan himself wrote a letter in modern Syriac, which was translated by Dr. Perkins before it left Persia. He says, "My dear brother, faithful in the Lord Jesus Christ, my love is great to you. I can never forget a brother so dear in the Lord. I am always conversing about you. How happy those days were which we passed together, with pleasure I think upon them—with tenderness and with tears I think of the love of the brethren with whom we passed our time. It has left a void in my heart which the world cannot fill. May the God of all consolation give you grace to guide the flock for which he gave himself!" Here follows a list of salutations to old friends, and among them—"Salute Hannah, a sister in the Lord; also our honoured guide, Mr. Spurgeon, the leader of the Church, and his family beloved in the Lord; in a word, all the brethren of the Church faithful in the Lord. Accept the salutation of your brother Yusef; accept the salutation of his wife, who says, 'Though I have not seen you in the body, I am near you in the Spirit of our Lord.'"

These are a few scattered items hastily gathered from the labour of nine years in London. From this centre the Word of Truth has been conveyed to the distant parts of the earth, and it may be hoped that some of the precepts of Jesus have been deposited in the heart and carried abroad also. But when we think of the Zulu Kafir, the Maori, the Chinese, the Arab, and the Malay congregated in one town and seated under one roof, listening to the Gospel of Jesus, the Christian mind instinctively flies forward to the happy period when all the trophies of grace shall be gathered together in one from the islands of the sea—from the banks of the Ganges—from the plains of Oroomiah and Hindustan—from the busy cities of Europe and China—and from the untutored tribes of the frigid and torrid zones, a glorious company, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who shall stand before the throne of God, singing the new song, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;" and shall concentrate all their sanctified and purified energies in rapturous adoration, "Saying, with a loud voice, Blessing and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb for ever."

Meetings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE meetings announced in a recent number for the month of February were of sufficient interest, and were attended with so large a blessing as to justify a notice of them in these columns. Briefly, then, we may state that on Lord's Day, February 4th, Mr. Spurgeon sought, by a stirring discourse on Psalm lxxxix. 13, "Thou hast a mighty arm," to urge the brethren to a firm and earnest reliance on God's almighty strength. Vigorously assisted by the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to set forth the substantial truth of "Christ everything; man nothing;" which in all genuine revivals has formed the basis of success. This sermon was an admirable preparation for the services which

followed. On Monday afternoon, the pastor and officers of the Church met for prayer, and enjoyed a season of very earnest wrestling with God for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit on the meeting of the evening. By seven o'clock between five and six thousand persons occupied the Tabernacle. The house was honoured by the Holy Ghost's presence and peculiar blessing. The prayers, more especially those of the pastor, were fervent, pointed, and solemn in character. The central wish, around which all others seemed to revolve in holy harmony, was for the conversion of sinners. At the close of the meeting an invitation was given to all unconverted members of the congregation to be present on the following evening, when the elders and deacons would gladly converse with them on the salvation of their souls. The officers of the Church were gratified to find no fewer than three hundred souls present on that more than usually solemn occasion. Prayers were offered and exhortations given, after which between fifty and sixty remained for still further conversation, and many were led to decide for God. On Wednesday, the young people of the congregation, to the number of six or seven hundred, partook of tea with the pastor and officers, and in the course of the evening earnest, tender, and loving appeals were made on the importance of an early surrender of the heart to the Lord. It is cheering to find, as the results of this service, that not only many consciences were awakened, but nearly twenty persons declared themselves truly converted.

The services of the following Sabbath were somewhat of a special character. Interesting meetings were held in that wonderful class—we had almost said congregation—over which Mrs. Bartlett presides, and also in Mr. Dransfield's and Mr. Croker's classes; and two elders spent the afternoon in prayer and exhortation in connection with these well-matured efforts of the Church. On Monday evening, above fifteen hundred sat down at the Lord's table, and with some, should memory be ever so strained to its utmost tension, the fellowship enjoyed on that occasion will hardly be forgotten. Mr. Spurgeon did not forget to make an appeal to the one thousand spectators who in the galleries had—some we know with longing eyes and aching hearts—watched the proceedings in the area. On the following evening about two hundred anxious enquirers met the officers of the Church, several of whom used words of earnest entreaty and prayed with great fervency. Sixty persons remained after the meeting, and there is every reason to believe many were saved by the blood of Christ applied to their consciences. On Wednesday, the 14th, about three hundred Sunday and Ragged school teachers, members of the Church, took tea with the pastor and officers, after which some powerful addresses were given, urging a renewed consecration to the Lord's work. The tutors and students of the college, to the number of eighty or ninety, assembled on Friday, and having partaken of tea, were addressed by elders Dransfield, J. Olney, Brown, and Field. The burden of these exhortations was the absolute necessity of a full and entire dedication to the work of the ministry whereunto they were called, and courageous reliance upon the Holy Spirit's help. This meeting was felt to be an important one, and several students expressed a hope that the work of grace might be revived in their own hearts, and that earnestness of purpose and zeal for the Lord of hosts might render them more valiant in fighting the Lord's battles.

On Sunday, February 18th, deputations from the elders met with Mr. Hanks' class, and also with the senior classes of the Sunday-school, urging on each and all the importance of early and immediate decision for Christ. These visits were heartily welcomed in all the classes, and it is believed great good will be the result. On Monday evening, February 19th, Elders Cook, Perkins, Field, and W. Olney, were requested by our pastor to deliver brief exhortations to the unconverted among the congregation. The addresses were remarkably brief, pointed, earnest, and useful; in fact, just such as the Spirit of God usually blesses. This novelty was felt to be acceptable, and it is hoped that many were led to the Saviour. The following evening, Tuesday, February 20th, about 200

of the Tract distributors, evangelists, missionaries, Bible women, and other workers, who are members of the Church, met for tea, and were afterwards addressed by several of the elders, with a view to their encouragement and increased consecration to the work of the Lord. Very interesting details of the usefulness of Tract distribution were given by some of the visitors, and by our Br. Dunn, the City Missionary, connected with Richmond Street, Walworth Ragged Schools, and this meeting was felt by all to be a valuable one in the earnest spirit that was stimulated and felt. On Wednesday, February 21st, fifty-five of the members of the Church opened their houses for prayer, from seven to nine in the evening. The subjects of prayer at all the houses were fourfold. 1. The Pastor. 2. The Conversion of our Families. 3. A Blessing on all the Institutions connected with the Church. 4. The Salvation of Sinners. The attendance at most of these meetings was very good, averaging from 40 to 60 persons, and a very abundant spirit of prayer was poured out on all the gatherings, which were felt to be very beneficial. Park Chapel, Brixton, where our pastor presided, was crowded to excess. The last of the meetings was a most delightful one for praise and thanksgiving, on Monday, February 26th, when a large number of the Church and congregation met in the Tabernacle, and six friends representing the aged, the middle aged, and the young, all joined their hearty thanksgivings together, for the mercies that had been received during the meetings, and from the abundant promise of still greater blessings in the future.

Among the results of the meetings already realized are the following:—1st. That very many of the children of the deacons, elders, and members of the Church have been aroused to a sense of their danger and need of salvation, and many of them who had been long halting between two opinions have been led to decide for Christ.

2nd. The ladies of the Tabernacle have established a monthly meeting for prayer especially for the conversion of their children. Two of these Mothers' Meetings have been already held, and have been very blessed seasons to all who attended.

3rd. The number of enquirers on Wednesday evenings has largely increased. In the course of the last week in February no less than forty received cards to see our pastor with a view to joining the Church.

4th. The churchwardens generally have felt a renewal of their spiritual grace and love, and it is hoped that this spiritual life will be more and more manifest every day. To God be all the glory. Amen.

Popery.

YE Protestants of England
Bestir yourselves to prayer,
Go search the Scriptures, and you'll find
The *true* religion there.

No orders, unction, penance, mass,
For sin can e'er atone,
But faith in the Redeemer's blood,
And faith in that alone.

No priestly witchcraft can absolve
A sin however small,
But to the Saviour we must go,
His blood can cleanse from all.

How weak to think that paltry gold
Can stay this fleeting breath,
Or that a touch of holy oil
Can save from second death.

Our creed requires not any man
To live a single life,
But he may love and cherish well,
That precious gift, a wife.

The Scripture tells us Jesus reigns,
And reigns supreme alone,
No virgin saints or idol god
May vault into his throne.

Will English freedom, Englishmen,
Be ruled by Popish word?
Shall England's civil rights be sway'd
By Rome's proud Papal lord?

Let superstition dark and vain
Be banish'd from *our* home,
And those who will such folly have,
Go search for it at *Rome*.

My fellow-countrymen, arise,
List to the Saviour's call,
Beware of empty sophistry,
Make Christ your all in all.

Reviews.

Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés, otherwise Valdesso, Spanish Reformer in the Sixteenth Century. By B. B. Wiffen. With a Translation from the Italian of his Hundred and Ten Considerations by John T. Belts. London: Bernard Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly.

We owe many apologies to the publisher for delaying our notice of this wonderful work; the fact being that we have been so profited by its perusal that we desired to offer a lengthened outline of it to our readers. Owing to press of matter this has been postponed, but will be given as soon as possible. Every Book Society should take a copy at once. Valdés was a man of so deeply spiritual a character, that although he remained in the Church of Rome, we feel that we have gained a new friend since we received the information concerning him, which Mr. Wiffen's memoir offers. As for his works, although very frequently differing from his views, we were distinctly conscious of making a blessed advance in the divine life while perusing them. May the like blessing result in every case!

The Hidden Life. A Memoir of Mrs. Sheriff, wife of the Rev. Wm. Sheriff, formerly minister of St. Ninians. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 15, Princes Street.

A memorial of one who, like Caleb, undeterred by sacrifices and difficulties, followed the Lord fully. Scotland has yielded to the Baptist community a band of most illustrious converts, and among the mighties the name of Sheriff stands recorded. To the sisterhood in Christ Jesus especially, this memoir will afford rich instruction and admirable example, while to all who read it, it cannot fail to yield edification. The life here recorded is not one of many and stirring incidents; it contains no account of hair-breadth 'scape by flood and field, no eccentric anecdotes or dangerous travels, and therefore it may not suit the carnal appetite for excitement; but, as the quiet, energetic, holy, *hidden* life of a mother in our Israel, it will commend itself to spiritual minds.

Whispers in the Palms, Hymns, and Meditations. By Anna Shipton. Third Edition. Morgan & Chase.

Poems—charming in style, spiritual in matter, heavenly in tone. Typography, paper, and binding—first-class. Our only other remark—buy it.

The Christian in Complete Armour. By W. Gurnal. With Introduction by J. C. Ryle. Volume II. Blackie and Co., Paternoster Row.

This is the second volume of Mr. Blackie's grand edition of the incomparable Gurnal. The type is fitted for the weakest sight, and the whole getting up is such as to make this issue *the standard library edition of Gurnal.* Gurnal himself needs no commendation from us, he is one of the greatest of the giants of the Puritanic age. Many of our modern theological treatises are so devoid of real substance, that we are reminded of the chicken-broth which the sick husband returned to his wife, with the urgent request that she would coax the chicken to wade through it once more; but when we turn to Gurnal, the old English roast beef loads the board.

The Lord's Law and Day. A Review of Dr. Macleod's Speeches. By the Rev. Geo. Macauley. London: Nisbet & Co.; Glasgow: Thomas Murray. Third Edition.

A most masterly pamphlet. Delivering Luther and Calvin from the Antisabbathites, and giving a condensed defence of the Lord's day, of the utmost value to the controversy. The author gives us much *Better Words* than those of the redoubtable editor of *Good Words* (so called).

The Birthday Scripture Text Book. Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

An excellent idea, and well carried out. A text and a verse for every day of the year occupies the pages on one side, opposite to which space is left for inserting the birthday of friends to be specially prayed for on the occasion.

The Awakening of Italy and the Crisis of Rome. By Dr. WYLIE. Religious Tract Society.

DEEPLY interesting. Every earnest Christian should read it, and then, with devout prayer and generous resolve, remember new-born Italy. *Our* readers will be interested as they note among the translations issued by the Tract Society in Italian, *Sermoni del Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*, (8,) 3,000 each, = 24,000. Ten thousand thanks to a certain modest but noble friend, to whom we are immeasurably indebted, and who has secretly provided means for securing us this opportunity of addressing Italy. The Lord be glorified thereby.

Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations. Revised and enlarged by PROFESSOR PORTER, Belfast. Edinburgh, W. Oliphant and Co.

THIS book is too well known to need any commendation from us. Few writings, if any, in modern times have contributed more to the elucidation of those parts of Scripture which relate to Oriental scenes and customs, and to popularise those biblical illustrations which were known only to the learned. This is a re-issue in monthly parts of that which could be purchased in the entire form only. It will thus become more accessible to the public and to students in general. It is not merely a re-publication, but has all the advantages of an entire revision and much additional information. No Scripture teacher in the Sabbath-school, in the Bible-class, or in the pulpit, should be without it.

Bible Photographs. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE words of Scripture to saints and sinners are here put in contrast. Whether they come with greater force by such an arrangement than in their original connection may be much questioned. Many, if not most of the passages of Scripture viewed out of their connection are apt to mislead. Even when their general tendency is apparent, their particular force is concealed. There are numerous instances, however, in which texts separately used, and in combination with others of a similar kind, or in direct contrast with them, may strike with new force those who were accustomed to overlook them in consecutive reading. In this way the book before us may be of essential service to many.

Pearls from the Golden Stream. Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

THIS is the annual volume of a small periodical. Its pearls lie in a small space, but they are not less precious and attractive. They are beautiful for their lustre and variety, and above all, for the reflection in them of the light of divine truth.

What Jesus is. By O. L. J. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A USEFUL little work to young people, and one that might be profitably extended.

Pædo-Baptist Arguments Examined; being a letter to the Rev. John Guthrie, M.A., on his Baptismal Sermons; together with Strictures on his "Reply." By WM. LANDELS, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel. Price 6d. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

IT was not at all our design in mooting the question of Baptismal Regeneration to raise a conflict upon Infant Baptism, but the friends of the latter doctrine, by some means, became as alarmed as if they felt, "Master, in so saying, thou rebukest us also." Our firm ally in the controversy, Mr. Landels, was especially attacked upon this point by his late neighbour, Mr. John Guthrie; and in this pamphlet he measures swords with him. Mr. Guthrie's pamphlets have been circulated gratis among Baptist ministers, with a hint that none of us were able to reply; we hope he may no longer trouble himself upon that score. Unanswered productions are not, therefore, unanswerable, for here is the answer desired. Mr. Landels has a keen eye for a joint in the harness, and knows how to insert his rapier with precision; moreover, he feels that, whoever may be the antagonist, the conflict is one of most solemn importance, and therefore he gives his vigorous arm full play, not out of illwill to Mr. Guthrie, but for the truth's sake.

Notices.

RECOGNITION services in connection with the settlement of Mr. R. A. Griffin, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as pastor of the Church at Sandhurst, in Kent, were held on the 6th of March. Mr. J. Drew, of Margate, preached in the afternoon. A tea-meeting was held at which about 200 persons were present. At the evening service, Mr. John Spurgeon, of Cranbrook, presided, and read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. Slaughter, one of the deacons, then related the circumstances that led to the choice of the new pastor. Mr. Griffin next gave an address in relation to his Christian experience and his call to the ministry. The charge was delivered by Mr. John Aldis, of Reading, Mr. Griffin's former pastor. An address to the Church was given by Mr. W. Blake, of Brentford, and to the congregation by Mr. W. C. Bunning, of the Tabernacle College. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. Stembridge, of Tenterden, Mr. Kendon, of Goudhurst, Mr. Gill, of Rye, Mr. Drew, of Margate, and Mr. Jackson, of Sevenoaks. Though the weather was unfavourable, the attendance was good, and the whole proceedings were cheering and profitable. Sixteen have recently been added to the Church, and there are many enquirers.

The Free Church of Waldenses in Piedmont, Italy, having recently separated from the Waldensian Church, which, since the sixteenth century, has become a National Church and is paid by the State, is earnestly and prayerfully looking for help from the friends of the voluntary principle and purely spiritual worship in this country. All needful information will be given by Mr. James Mote, 33, Bucklersbury, London, by whom also contributions will be thankfully received.

Services were held in Ardbeg Chapel, Rothsay, on Tuesday, for the purpose of publicly designating Mr. Alexander M'Dougall, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, as pastor of the Baptist Church. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. A. Macleod, of Glasgow, Mr. R. Thomson, of Millport, presided. Mr. Thomson read two portions of Scripture bearing on the necessary qualifications of a pastor, and offered the ordination prayer. Mr. J. Culross, of Stirling, afterwards addressed the pastor in a pointed and practical manner, and was followed by Mr. W. Grant, of Grantown, who gave a spirited address to the Church, when the proceedings terminated. A *soirée* was held in the same place in the evening, when about 350 persons sat down to tea. Colonel Scott presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. M'Dougall, Messrs. W. Grant, of Grantown, J. Culross, of Stirling, T. W. Medhurst, H. H. Bourn, of Glasgow, R. Thomson, of Millport, and J. Crouch, student from Mr. Spurgeon's College. In the course of the evening, John Jackson, Esq., Hillside House, one of the deacons, in the name of the members of the Church, presented to Mr. Thomas Fyfe a handsome writing-desk, as a token of esteem for him as a member and a deacon, on his leaving Rothsay to reside at Ardrishaig, February, 1866.

The Second Conference of the Association of students connected with the Metropolitan College was held in the second week in March. Special prayer-meetings were held on Monday at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven in the evening.

A meeting was held on Tuesday morning at Upton Chapel, Lambeth Road, at half-past ten, at which the minutes of the last meeting were read by Mr. James Spurgeon, the secretary, and new students were admitted as members. Mr. Spurgeon then gave an address. Prayer was offered by Mr. James Spurgeon. The rest of the morning was spent in free and confidential intercourse. Dinner was provided in the school-room at 2 o'clock. In the afternoon the Student's Temperance Society held a meeting.

In the evening a tea-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, after that a public meeting, from which about 400 adjourned to partake of a supper, generously provided by Mr. Phillips of Newman's Court, Cornhill, with his exquisite taste and unrivalled hospitality. It did one's heart good to see that such a Gaius was to be found in the latter days. In the unavoidable absence, through temporary illness, of Sir S. Morton Peto, who

by the way, sent a cheque for £40, Mr. Brock took the chair, and supplication for an outpouring of the divine blessing having been offered by Mr. Varley, of Notting Hill, the chairman in introducing the business of the evening, alluded in warm and friendly terms to the important work in which Mr. Spurgeon was engaged. He had a strong impression, he said, that the pulpit and not the press was the means by which God intended to work in this poor degenerate world, and he believed that the pulpit would not supersede the press, or the press the pulpit. He was therefore gratified to learn of the increasing growth and success of this Church, which he knew would send forth a number of young men who were not afraid of preaching the gospel, or of giving—to use a phrase in vogue in his younger days—full sixteen ounces to the pound.

The President, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, then entered into an interesting statement of the present position and past operations of the College. He remarked that if he could tell the friends all the good that had been done through this institution, they would think that it was second to none in the kingdom. It was growingly dear to his own heart, for he felt that the Lord's special care was over it; and he hoped it would continue to be dear to the saints of God as a work tending to fulfil the Saviour's command, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest." He believed that it had become the centre of a wide-spread influence upon the religious life of the country. In the year 1865, they began with a balance of £2 18s. 5d., and finished the year with a balance of £6 9s. 9d., after having expended over £4,000. They had no roll of subscribers, as it was a principle with him that he should not ask for subscriptions. They had therefore no fixed income, but whatever they had came in spontaneously; for they believed it was God's work, and they looked prayerfully and confidently to him for the means, knowing that when he ceased to send supplies, the time would come for giving up the work. He considered that was the best bank in which to trust, for it had never failed; the funds never having been exhausted, though they were sometimes very low. Mr. Spurgeon read the annual account of the College expenses and receipts, which was given in the last number of the "Sword and Trowel," and explained that they spent the money in the most economical manner possible. They had classes for not only theology, but also science, logic, philosophy, and any young Christian man could get a decent education in the evening for nothing. They bought a large number of useful books for the use of the students, which were obtained at trade price, and in many instances at less than that; and the books were sold at less than cost price, in order to encourage students in forming their own libraries while they were in the College, as afterwards they might not be so well able to afford the money, as many of them became pastors of Churches which could not give them sufficient salaries. Referring to the spirit of prayer which animated the students, Mr. Spurgeon stated that it often occurred that long before the elders and deacons were acquainted with the low state of the funds, the young men would make it a matter of special prayer, and sometimes while the supplications were being offered, the money was on the road. He assured them that that lesson had not been lost either on him or the students. Mr. Spurgeon then proceeded to relate the number of settlements made during the past twelve months, and the Churches formed by labours of students.

Mr. Brock before vacating the chair, as he had to attend a meeting at Exeter Hall, expressed his wonder that Mr. Spurgeon had been able to perform such extraordinary and difficult work; and he rejoiced exceedingly in listening to such a marvellous account. He very much questioned whether such a detailed statement had ever been given to the Church in any part of the earth since the days of the apostles. Mr. Woolley having been called to the post of chairman for the remainder of the evening, called on Mr. Rogers, the theological tutor; and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, vice-president of the College, who both gave animated addresses on the operations of the institution. The latter speaker stated that on referring to the last Baptist Handbook, he found that of the fifty-nine students becoming pastors in

their Churches during the year 1865, no less than twenty-four of the number proceeded from their College. A number of students who had settled as pastors in various Churches then followed, and in a graphic and piquant way, related the rise and progress of the causes which had been committed to their care. Space and the printer's demands prevent our giving any condensation of these statements this month. Possibly on some future occasion, the writer of the account, in our last number, of Mrs. Bartlett's mission-work, may supply our omission. Soon after nine, a sumptuous supper was enjoyed, and it having been announced that Mr. Angus Crole would give £100 to the funds of the College on condition that £1,000 were subscribed in the room, lists were sent round and upwards of £900 collected. The sums actually paid are reported in our monthly account, and the numerous outstanding promises will no doubt be fulfilled in time for the next number. Next month Mr. Spurgeon will, D.V., give a full account of the College-work in this magazine.

On Wednesday morning, the Conference resumed its sittings at Lower Sloane Street Chapel, Chelsea. Mr. Spurgeon presided. Papers were read by Mr. Brown, of Bermondsey, Mr. Genders, Mr. Crouch, Mr. Gracey, and Mr. R. A. Griffin. Mr. James Spurgeon read a portion of Scripture and prayed. Dinner and tea were provided in the school-room of the chapel. A public meeting was held in the evening at which Mr. Spurgeon presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Tubb, Mr. Sawday, Mr. Medhurst, Mr. Bigwood, Mr. May, and Mr. White.

The next meeting of the Conference was held at Stepney Green Tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon presided. Papers were read by Mr. Collins, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Ness. In the afternoon, a meeting was held for conversation on ministerial work, and a paper was read by Mr. B. Davies. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Ness, the pastor of the place, presided. Addresses were given by Mr. R. A. Griffin, Mr. Cuff, Mr. Collins, Mr. M'Dougal, and Mr. B. Davies. Dinner and tea were provided in the school-room.

On Friday morning, the Conference re-assembled in the Lecture-hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon presided. Addresses were given by Mr. Rogers, Mr. James Spurgeon, Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Gracey. The whole proceedings were closed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

The Annual Session of the Baptist Union will be held on Monday, April 23rd. Morning meeting, ten o'clock, at Upton Chapel, Lambeth Road. Evening meeting, six o'clock, at Metropolitan Tabernacle. Dinner and tea provided for delegates. Ministers desiring hospitalities during the week are requested to write at once to Rev. W. G. Lewis, Ladbroke-place West, Notting Hill.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 98.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th, to March 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Moiety of Collection at Exeter, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon (omitted from last account)	16	10	0
Additional from Stepney Green Tabernacle	0	6	0
Returned Money Box	1	12	6
Mr. Westrope	2	0	0
Mr. W. Fuller, Norfolk Tract Society	1	12	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	21	1	0
S. B. P.	1	0	0
Mr. E. Burnett	1	10	0
Collection at Sevenoaks, per Mr. Jackson	5	10	0
Carried over	£51	1	6

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	51	1	6
Mr. H. Amos	0	5	0
Mr. Balls	3	0	0
2 Thes. iii. 1, Bloxham	0	7	6
Mr. D. Porritt	0	8	6
Mr. R. Sturton	1	0	0
Mr. N. Blair	1	0	0
Collection at Buxton, per Mr. May	4	8	6
I. S. M.	0	5	0
Collection at Brabourne, per Mr. Wright	2	5	9
Mr. E. Bacon	2	2	0
A Thank-offering, Mrs. Keys	0	10	0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Carried over	£71	12	6

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	71	12	0
Miss Penston	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Beckett	5	0	0
J. F., Rothesay	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	3	0
Mr. J. Eastty	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	7	0	0
Mrs. Ward	5	0	0
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. Edwards	10	0	0
Mr. J. Grant	5	5	0
Mr. J. Russell	3	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison	2	2	0
Mr. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. J. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. T. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. R. Harris	5	0	0
Sir S. M. Peto, M.P.	40	0	0
Mr. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. Watkins	1	0	0
Mr. Abrahams	5	0	0
Mr. East	5	0	0
J. W. K.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Chillingworth	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Pillow	1	1	0
Mr. Gough	5	0	0
Mr. Saunders	0	10	0
Faith	1	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	0	0
Mr. Goodman	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery	5	0	0
Mr. C. Neville	1	1	0
Mr. Saggers	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6
Mr. D. Voelcker	5	0	0
G. W. B.	0	5	0
Mr. Taylor	3	3	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mills	10	0	0
Mr. Mills, jun.	1	0	0
Mr. Rowton	5	0	0
Mr. C. Bennett	1	1	0
Mr. Luff	1	1	0
Mr. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott	1	11	6
Mr. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. Cox	0	10	0
Mr. Zimmerman	0	10	0
Mr. Pickworth	2	2	0
Mr. Bousfield	10	0	0
Mr. Cox	1	0	0
Mr. Black	0	10	0
C. W. F.	10	0	0
Mr. Stringer	1	1	0
Mrs. Potter	2	0	0
Miss Penny	0	10	0
Mrs. Partridge	0	10	0
C. W.	1	1	0
Mrs. Balchin	0	12	6
W. N.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0
Mr. Causton	1	1	0
Anonymous	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Mr. Linnell	1	1	0
Carried over	£349	12	6

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	349	12	0
Mr. T. Cox	2	2	0
Mr. Page	2	2	0
Mr. Marsh	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Chew	10	0	0
Mr. T. Curme	1	0	0
Mr. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. Miller	3	0	0
Mr. Pope	2	2	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. Owen Hall	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Benham	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haddock	2	2	0
Mr. J. Haddock	1	1	0
Mr. Bransgombe	1	1	0
Mr. G. Cox	1	1	0
Mr. T. Cox	1	1	0
M.	1	1	0
W. B.	1	1	0
H. F. W.	0	10	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	2	18	6
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	6	0	0
Mr. Sawday	2	0	0
Mr. Burton	1	0	0
Mr. Grose	5	0	0
Mary and Amy	2	0	0
Mr. L. Heritage	5	5	0
J. B. C.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Phillips	10	0	0
Mr. J. Bowles	1	1	0
Mr. J. Alexander	5	0	0
Mr. J. Redgate	5	0	0
Mr. E. Redman	3	3	0
Mr. Haycroft	5	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter	1	1	0
Mr. F. Cox	0	10	0
Mr. Hackett	2	2	0
Friends at Limpsfield, per Mr. Cockerton	1	0	0
Mr. Boot	5	0	0
Mr. Croker	1	0	0
J. S.	100	0	0
Mr. Tatnell	5	0	0
Mr. Wrigley	5	5	0
Mr. Dransfield	8	8	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
A Friend, per Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Elizabeth Stacey	0	5	0
Elizabeth Tiffin	0	2	6
A Working Man	0	5	0
Mr. William Rice	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	2	0	0
Mr. Mead	2	0	0
Sale of articles, per Mrs. Spurgeon	9	10	0
Sale of jewellery, per Mrs. Spurgeon	1	8	0
Mr. C. E. West	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Russell	1	1	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	10	0
Mr. A. B. Cowdell	1	1	0
Mr. W. Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Miss Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. Hunt	2	0	0
Mr. Mathews	1	1	0
Mr. Luff	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	10	10	0
Mr. A. Downing	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 19	24	8	0
" " " " 26	25	4	7
" " " Mar. 5	20	13	11
" " " " 12	28	7	8
" " " " 19	14	8	0
	£772	11	2

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

Fig. 1.—Assyrian Bas-relief representing Captives and Slain. (From Layard's Nineveh and Babylon.)

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1866.

The War-Horse.

"His goodly horse in the battle."—Zechariah x. 3.

THE LORD'S description of the war-horse in the book of Job, dwells with unrivalled sublimity upon his fearlessness and eagerness for the fray. "Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword." (Job xxxix. 20—22.) This martial characteristic it were well for the Lord's people to possess in their spiritual conflict with powers of darkness. Dauntless as Elijah, bold as Esaias, courageous as Nehemiah, faithful as Caleb, and valiant as David, should every servant of the Lord seek to be. Feeling that this is not the general character of God's people in these days, we will labour to stir them up to greater daring and more confident courage.

Is not timidity a common vice among Christian workers? Is not the sin so common as to have gained the countenance, or at least the sufferance of Christian society? Do not those ministers miss their mark, who in their love of modesty busy themselves in exalting cowardice into a virtue? Is it not a sin to educate God's people into habits which unfit them for Christian warfare? Are not these such times as to demand a more manly bearing from believers than the most of them as yet exhibit?

From my watchbox I have noticed with much sorrow several tokens of a fearfulness which, so far from praising, I do most heartily condemn. The outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual wickedness I see on every hand, thick as the buds upon the trees in this opening spring. Vain were the attempt to catalogue the whole of these tracks of mischief, but a few may serve our turn. *There is a great alarm amongst many professors at the suggestion of anything new.* A novel method of serving God and winning souls, even though it should commend itself to sound judgment, would yet be discarded by these trembling souls because it might possibly be unsuccessful, and, being new, might involve responsibility and risk, and perhaps graver mischief. They like the old broad-wheeled waggon, and do not know where the world is going to with its screaming steam engines and flashing expresses.

Originality, progress, and zeal are dreaded by these spiritual Tories as most radical, revolutionary principles, to be suppressed by all possible means. The exercise of faith in God in the carrying out of a divine impulse is by them looked upon as recklessness coming to the aid of insanity. Their favourite form of marching for the soldiers of King Jesus is the goose step, in which every foot comes down again upon the same spot from which it was lifted. Admirable petrifactions of humanity, we would cheerfully prepare for you well-deserved niches in the Nobody Corner of Restminster Abbey, where your somnolent obstructiveness should receive its due recompense of reward!

There is abroad among us *a very solemn and silly dread of anything done upon a large scale, or with the faintest show of risk.* A niggardly policy stints our efforts, and pleads as its excuse a prudence which is equally inexcusable. Well might the man of God be angry with Joash for shooting so few of the arrows of the Lord's deliverance, and we should do well to be angry with many Christians for the same timorous mode of action. If King Joash had shot more arrows, Syria would have been quite overcome and cut in pieces; but because he was slack in this, Syria waved her proud banner over captive maids, and sorrowing widows wept in the streets of Samaria. "If the devil can feel a sense of the ludicrous," said a friend of ours the other day, "he must laugh in his sleeve at the timorousness and niggardliness of modern Christians, when contrasted with their professions and avowed beliefs." Slackhanded Christians must be the admiration and the scorn of the princes of the pit. The world laughs audibly at professors now-a-days, because of their satisfaction with small attempts and imperceptible successes. Oh for broader views of our work, larger labours, and a mightier faith! Let us spare no arrows. May we have grace to empty our quiver upon the foe, drawing our bow with our full force. May our trading for heaven be conducted upon the noblest scale of enterprise: may our sowing of truth be carried on in the most ample style of liberality. Let us look for a hundredfold harvest, and we shall see it, for according to our faith it shall be done unto us.

Cowardice shows itself in *a horror of every method of commanding public attention.* The site selected by some persons for the throne of Jesus is the coalhole, because of its delightful quiet and retirement; for our part we would cry "Hosanna" in the streets, and in the temple, and praise Him aloud of whose marvellous death and resurrection it is written, "these things were not done in a corner." Publicity for gospel truth we must not shun but court. Our venerated sires thought that all places of worship ought to be built in undiscoverable courts in the dirtiest parts of the most squalid of back streets; and that they should never be too wide for people to shake hands from the opposite fronts of the galleries. Certain of the sons of these happily glorified saints are unable to grasp the idea of going out into the highways and hedges, or of preaching in the streets; and as to venturing into a theatre to proclaim the gospel, or attempting to build a large meeting-house in a great thoroughfare where the many may come and hear, these excellent timidities feel a cold shiver at the daring dream. Sobriety held up its hands, and prudence prophesied a thousand-and-one mischiefs at the least, when zeal first broached her rash theories and injudicious plans. Alas for us, O sobriety!

when thou art deified, and faith is turned adrift! Worse still is it for the church when craven cowardice and dead formality sit upon it like the old man on Sinbad's back in the nursery story, and burden even unto death the energies of the people of God. Yet these evils are most hospitably entertained among us, and held in high repute. In all Christian churches there are venerable Conservatives who will not permit us to leave the time-honoured rut. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen," might serve them as a motto. The same brethren will venture upon very dubious speculations in business, and will practise inconsistencies in common life, which holy caution would have disallowed; but when they come to deal with God's work, their caution bump attains a marvellous development, and reversing Nehemiah's question, they enquire with fear and trembling, "Should *not* such men as we are flee directly?" For my part I am inclined to answer, "Yes, flee as fast as you like, and get out of the way, that bolder men may fill your places."

This hole-and-corner quality shows itself in certain circles *in a constant excusing and apologising for the gospel.* At one period most sermons were apologies for the existence of Christianity! Ministers modestly essayed to prove that there was a God, and with profound respect for unbelief begged to be permitted to prove the authority of Scripture. Revealed truth was proved so often that nobody believed it. A spice of this traitorous modesty flavours our ministry still, and some palates crave for more of it. We are expected to appear before our hearers with a sweet bashfulness which disclaims all dogmatism, and sues for a hearing as a beggar for an alms. God's ambassadors, forsooth, are to lick the dust, and to deliver their Master's message as though he borrowed leave to be. God forbid that our Great Monarch's honour should so suffer at our hands; we are nothing in ourselves, but our office we will magnify, and claim an audience for our Lord's word, which, with no bated breath, we deliver in his name.

You remind me that modesty is a great virtue; I believe it, but I also believe that there are other virtues equally necessary to a soldier. The modesty which keeps a soldier in the rear in the day of battle will earn him few laurels; and that retiring disposition which makes him retreat when the order is given to advance is called by another name by men of courage. Perhaps the modest guardsman felt himself scarcely competent to obey the command, "To the front;" and was humbly conscious of his unworthiness to be the selected object of the amiable intentions of the gunners on the other side, and therefore he retired with delightful bashfulness among the baggage waggons. Charming modesty! Refreshing humility! How uncharitable the court-martial which will not accept this admirable version of the affair! Inexcusable is the barbarity which exposes so modest a soldier to ignominious degradation.

Among private Christians there exists a *more than sufficient dread of intruding religion into their conversation.* Any other topic is well enough. You may talk about anything else, from the cattle plague to the new island in the Greek Archipelago; and the system of common sewage, Puseyism, the smallpox, or any other disgusting subject may be discussed, but you must not talk about Jesus Christ, or you will be censured for intrusiveness, and I know not what. Colton, in his day,

said that men would wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it: and we may now add, anything but discourse upon it to their friends and acquaintances. May a revival of godliness drive this unhallowed etiquette from all Christian company, and may mouths, so lately gagged, be opened to tell to others the most blessed and interesting of good news. There are some *who never dare to speak to others at all in an earnest and impressive style*, lest they should be thought to be canting and hypocritical. I once thought the birds very silly for being frightened by scarecrows, but what shall we say of those exquisites who are alarmed at being called cants? Men are perishing, and if it be unpolite to tell them so, it can only be so where the devil is the master of the ceremonies. Out upon your soul-destroying politeness; the Lord give us a little honest love to souls, and this superficial gentility will soon vanish.

I could with considerable refreshment to myself pour sarcasm after sarcasm upon religious cowardice. I would cheerfully sharpen my knife and dash it into the heart of this mean vice. There is nothing to be said in its favour. It is not even humble; it is only pride of too beggarly a sort to own itself. Instead, however, of going to war with this miserable, cringing, servile quality, I shall commend the opposite virtue, and offer a few words of encouragement to those who are working for Jesus Christ, aiming to excite in them a spirit of holy boldness and humble confidence.

Holy Boldness *makes work for God a happy exercise.* If I go about a work labouring under the fear of man I shall do it badly, and feel no joy in it; but when I know that I am sent of God, and that he is with me, my soul takes fire, and I work with satisfaction and pleasure. As a landsman, I should be wretched if compelled to steer a steam-boat from Dover to Calais, because, never having handled the helm before, I should feel afraid of landing the passengers rather too suddenly at a point for which they never booked themselves; but I can suppose that the helm's-man, who is always traversing the channel, sings as he stands at the wheel. He is well up to his work; he has his certificate as a pilot; and feels so much in his proper place, that uneasiness and dissatisfaction do not becloud him. Pray make the application. It is well to work happily, for wheels wanting oil make a music which most ears had rather miss, and unhappy hearts do God's work in an equally unpleasant manner. To be happy, however, you must be confident in your call, and this soon makes an end of timidity.

Genuine courage leads people to believe in your sincerity. You may sometimes, if you are very confident, do a great many things which you would not be allowed to do if you were not so bold. I have sometimes seen persons entering into places where they really had no right to be, by coolly marching up to the door as if they were upon business, and feared no interruptions. The man has been so cool, and such a believer in himself, that everybody has believed in him. With a good lump of salt this is also true in God's work, only our courage must not be assumed, or be based upon a mere official dignity. Courage wins respect, and fearfulness invites attack. Begin by excusing yourself, and the person whom you are addressing naturally supposes that there is something which needs to be excused. You apologise, and it is not usual for persons to apologise without some reason; the man,

therefore, perceives that you have something to apologise for. When you talk to him about his soul, you speak with such bated breath that he says, "Oh, I see, he has no very great confidence in the theme himself." But when you speak with that child-like simplicity and courage which marks one who really believes, then you command the respect of men so far as your sincerity can go, and that, mark you, is a long way. It is something to get the person upon whom you are working to believe that you are really sincere. Holy boldness and a holy life are two great arguments in reasoning with men concerning righteousness and judgment to come. When they go together they will seldom be defeated.

Sanctified courage issues a caution to enemies to look at their foe before they set upon him, and thus preserves its owner from many attacks. He who fears men will soon have them like hornets buzzing and stinging all day long; but he who cares nothing for their snarls will soon be let alone. A dauntless bearing is as valuable as a battery of guns, and administers a very instructive hint to the foe to keep his proper distance. Pugnacity is folly, but fortitude is wisdom; wisdom which even a coward may admire, since it prevents many a conflict. The brave man deserves the portrait which a master hand has sketched:—

> "He bore him in the thickest troop,
> As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
> Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs;
> Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
> The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him."

Why should the sacramental host of God's elect be less brave than the legions of Cæsar, or the battalions of Wellington? Pusillanimity is unworthy of the man who serves the King of kings. The rank and file of the Lord's hosts should be Valiant-for-truths and Great-hearts, and the leaders should be Dauntless and Courageous.

Boldness *possesses wonderful influence.* One bold man is like a shield of brass to a host of others who are trembling and afraid.

> "He stopp'd the fliers:
> And, by his rare example, made the coward
> Turn terror into sport; as waves before
> A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
> And fell below his stem."

Do you not feel that well-established and confirmed believers stand like rocks in our midst? The weak and trembling enjoy a sense of safety in their society. It is no terror to meet with cavillers when these warriors are in the camp; we rather rejoice at the coming of the foe, because feats of arms will be witnessed. But why should this be true of a mere handful? Why should *we* not attain to their valour? Why should we not aim at a higher degree of sanctification, that by holy boldness and stability we also may command the same influence in the church as they do? *The world* also bows before the majesty of courage. He never moved the world who suffered the world to move him. You will never make a man believe if you even *seem* to doubt for yourself. The reason why Luther could shake the nations was because all the nations put together could not stir him. Archimedes wanted but a place whereon to set his machinery, and then he declared

that he could lift the universe. Here is the labour and the difficulty, the finding of that solid standpoint; a doctrine of which we feel infallibly and unconquerably assured, which we have tasted, and handled of the good word of life: here and here alone we get the fulcrum for our leverage, and without it we can only like Archimedes talk of what we could do *if*——, and what we hope to accomplish if ——, and there it ends.

Going to work with holy confidence *honours the gospel.* In the olden times, when Oriental despots had things pretty much their own way, they expected all ambassadors from the West to lay their mouths in the dust if permitted to appear before his Celestial Brightness, the Brother of the Sun and the Cousin of the Moon. Certain money-loving traders agreed to all this, and ate dust as readily as reptiles; but, by the bye, when England sent her ambassadors abroad, the daring islanders stood bolt-upright. They were told that they could not be indulged with a vision of the Brother of the Sun and Cousin of the Moon without going down on their hands and knees. "Very well," said the Englishmen, "we will dispense with the luxury; but tell his Celestial Splendour, that it is very likely that his Serenity will hear our cannon at his palace gates before long, and that their booming is not quite so harmless as the cooing of his Sublimity's doves." When it was seen that ambassadors of the British Crown were no cringing petitioners, our empire rose in the respect of Oriental tyrants. It must be just so with the cross of Christ. It strikes me that our cowardice has subjected the gospel to contempt. Jesus was humble, and his servants must not be proud; but Jesus was never mean or cowardly, nor must his servants be. You never find him truckling. There was no braver man than Christ upon earth, and he was brave because he was humble. He could stoop to save a soul, but he would stoop to nothing by which his character might be compromised, or truth and righteousness insulted. So must it be with us. Poverty we would rejoice to endure for Jesus. Meanness and sin are the only things we abominate. To preach the gospel boldly is to deliver it as such a message ought to be delivered. Blush to preach of a dying Saviour? Apologise for talking of the Son of God condescending to be made man, that he might redeem us from all iniquity? *Never!* Oh! by the grace of God let us purpose, with Paul, "to be yet more bold, that the gospel may be yet more fully preached throughout all ranks of mankind."

> "I'll preach Thy Word though kings should hear,
> Nor yield to sinful shame."

Another excellence of holy boldness is this, that *it will be sure to lead us to further attempts for Christ.* It would be almost amusing to observe some of you tract-distributors when first you go out with your tracts. How difficult it seems to you to give anybody that inoffensive piece of paper! It is not a very wonderful thing to distribute tracts—some people do it wholesale, and take a delight in it—but at first it appears to you a Herculean task, needing most extraordinary grace. You must get over this fearfulness. You cannot expect, if you give the tract timidly, that people will receive it joyfully. You who visit a district, think for whom you do it, and in whose

name you do it, and who is with you, and you will have few fears. I can very well understand that there is a court in your district which you have never visited, because you are afraid to go into a place of such ill repute; or a house where you have never called, because the people are so respectable. Now look this in the face and see if your conduct is defensible, as in the light of conscience and duty! That young man who preached the other night was told before he went into the pulpit, that Dr. Classic was in the congregation, and he felt a great flutter of fear as to what the learned gentleman might think. It is to be feared that he thought a great deal more of the doctor than of the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet the doctor was not his master, nor did his opinion matter a straw, while the favour of the Lord Jesus was important in the very highest degree. We must get over all this sort of thing, or we shall be kept back where we might have served the glorious cause. We shall neither in the morning sow our seed, nor in the evening stretch out our hand, if we tarry the pleasure of the sons of men. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." If we fall into the habit of regarding this person and that person; being afraid of this district, and of that house; and of looking suspiciously upon this talkative woman, or that fine gentleman, we shall soon find ourselves poor slaves, miserable cringers, pitiful cowards, and anything but bold soldiers of the cross.

Once more. Holy courage should be cultivated because *it incites others to the fight*. Your determined march forward may lead the whole host. I grant you that those who are hindmost may have a service to perform, as the tribe of Dan had in the wilderness; but the post of honour, and frequently the post of the greatest usefulness, is that which Judah occupied, for Judah's Lion led the way. May God make you lion-like in courage for the Saviour! May you be humble before *him*, but bold before your fellow-creatures! May you lie in the dust when you approach God, saying with Abraham, "I have taken upon me to speak to thee, I who am but dust and ashes;" but when you speak to men, may you hear the voice which saith, "Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. For, behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brasen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land." There is a curse resting upon him who trusts in man, and a present curse torments him who is afraid of man. "Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass?"

Be bold, then, for the Master, for all these reasons, each one of you, and every one of you! Oh that the whole church had more courage! Oh that she were once again clear as the sun, and fair as the moon, and would uplift her standard, and become terrible as an army with banners! Victory and conquest will be ours, when we dare to claim them. Our want of courage alone withholds us from taking the prey from the mighty. Right is with us, and might too, if we have but faith. We are no interlopers in this land; this world is ours, and our Lord's. This Canaan is given to us by lot, and we must drive out these Hivites and Amalekites, who usurp its dominion. We must win it

for our Lord. It is not for Christ's church to be pushed up into a corner, and to pay respect to the Babylonish harlot, and to all manner of idolatries. Be it ours to claim her true place for the Church of God. She is Christ's bride. Imperial blood is in her veins. The crowns of all kingdoms must yet be upon her Husband's head, and upon hers, and when he shall come she shall reign with him. Let her sons feel the coming glory, and let each one ask himself, "Shall such a man as I flee?"

Richard Weaver, the People's Apostle.

II.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

(*Concluded from page* 162.)

IN all ages and among all people, the insignificant origin of the most useful men has excited universal wonderment. "He hath exalted them of low degree!" was Mary's exclamation at the honour to which Jehovah had called her. Horace, in that magnificent ode—the thirty-fourth—declares that "the Deity is able to make an exchange between the highest and lowest, and diminishes the exalted by bringing to light the obscure." Plutarch is struck with admiration at the glorious progress to renown which Dion and Brutus made, especially when he considers "their insignificant beginnings." The exaltation of the unlearned, the socially degraded, and of those whose father's house can never be their boast, to posts of honour, influence and usefulness in God's service is to the world a matter of surprise, if not incredulity. Some have thought that the cause of Christ has suffered from the weakness of its supporters. Chrysostom tells us of a Christian who in a disputation with a Greek asserted the pre-eminence of Paul's learning and oratorical powers over Plato, "but the Greek's argument was," he says, "more cogent. It is no slander," continues this Father, "on the apostles to say they were illiterate, but it is a glory that, being such, they should have outshone the world." Whitfield's mean parentage exalted God's sovereignty. Richard Weaver's former degradation supplies a subject for holy astonishment. Passing by men of intellect, emolument, position and worldly influence, God selected a rude pitman to show forth his praise and make known his saving power in those dark spots where vice and ignorance have shut out the light of divine truth. When Weaver first addressed a London audience, many turned away sickened at the sight of a rough and blatant orator, who did not atone for his vulgarity by a spirit of reverence or a consideration for finer feelings than his own. Undoubtedly there was much to condemn in his first essay on a London platform; and his earlier improprieties were shockingly developed in the climax of his earnestness. For instance, a dear friend who listened to a running discourse on the words, "Awake thou that sleepest!" though not sufficiently awake to prevent the misdeeds of a pickpocket by his side, tells me that he found it impossible

to control his risibility when the ex-pugilist lugged a mechanic by his coat-collar, pretending to shake him vigorously, and with stentorian lungs bidding him "Awake, thou that sleepest!" His tirades against well-dressing were equally unpardonable. To Weaver there was a sign of something specially unregenerate in wearing black cloth and silk dresses. He once commenced a sermon, delivered in Rochdale, thus:—"This congregation is a great deal better than the one last night; but still there are too many fine folks here. I find that many of you are dressed in fine satins and ribbons, and I would rather have more of those with shawls thrown over their heads." No one would certainly complain of Weaver's want of appreciation of the artistic element in this piece of personality; but an uncultivated man must be abashed at his own ignorance of elementary knowledge in the presence of more cultured minds. "If I had known," continued our eccentric friend, "I should not have come to the chapel in my black suit to-night, but my wife persuaded me. * * I do not feel at home in black clothes at all."

These vagaries, however, form a subsidiary part of his discourses. Only a small idea of the wealth of imagery, anecdotal lore and well dove-tailed, apposite illustrations, can be formed from the few selections which are here given. Speaking of the good condition of the highway of glory (Isaiah xxxv. 10) Weaver thus breaks out:—"Proprietors and contractors like to have a good road; waggoners and carters like to have a good road. This is a good highway: 'It shall be called the way of holiness, and the unclean shall not pass over it.' There is always a ditch on each side of a good road. When I used to get drunk I tried to keep in the middle of the highway, or else I soon got into the ditch. You young women of fashion, you young men of fashion, you keep too near the ditch. Get upon the highway. If you go too near the ditch there is danger of getting your heads into the hedges, and the thorns will scratch your faces. The road is marked out by the blood of the Lamb, and if you get upon that highway the lion of hell cannot touch you." There is a well-worn yet suggestive thought in the following excerpt from the same sermon:—"I went to see a poor believing woman who was in trouble; she was in the seventh of Romans; and what I said to her I say to you, troubled souls, this afternoon; make a good Lancashire spring out of the seventh into the eighth—out of 'O wretched man that I am' into 'no condemnation'—out of 'this body of death' into 'Christ Jesus.'" The next is a pleasant, natural, and instructive illustration:—"I remember while the engine was stopping to take in water, seeing a man cross the line with a lamb in his arms, and the old ewe followed baa-ing after him. God has been doing so by you. He took your child away to draw you after him, and you have less respect to your child than the poor dumb sheep for her lamb. God has taken your child to himself, and you don't even give a look heavenward after it."

But Weaver concentrates nearly all his power in the living anecdotes he relates. His earlier addresses consisted, for the most part, of a miscellaneous selection of anecdotes derived from his own personal experience and observation. He is more careful in choosing his racy tales now, and has learnt to give greater prominence to the truths of

the gospel than was his wont. Of the perfect genuineness of his narratives there can be no question; and they are always of a character to captivate the classes to whom they are specially addressed. To obtain the attention of the labouring classes anecdotes must be frequently used.* The illiterate enjoy above all things good anecdotes and bad music, and he who wishes to engage their ears must give a reasonable quantity of the former. A large number of Weaver's anecdotes consist of the recital of conversions effected through his means. This fact alone will be a sufficient apology for my selecting one or two such cases as a type of hundreds with which to conclude this paper; in this way, indeed, I shall best fulfil my proposed intention of recording not only the character of the mission and the peculiarities of the missionary, but the nature of the blessings which our faithful God has bestowed upon the means used.

Selecting them at random, we find a case which has had its parallel in many a minister's experience. It is selected from the address on "The Master's call." "There was a young man in Staffordshire," relates Weaver, "who was employed as a clerk in an office. His wife came to hear me preach, and the Spirit of God came home to her heart. When she went home she began to cry, and her husband seemed much surprised, and he began to curse and swear. He called me bad names, and I went to see him. He told me if I ever preached there again he would come and pull me out of the pulpit. I said to him, 'Whether you pull me out of the pulpit or not, I shall preach there again.' I did preach, and was talking about people coming to Christ, telling them what a Saviour he was; and I said, 'Who will volunteer for Christ?' The young man jumped up in the gallery, and he said, 'I will volunteer for Christ. When I came to the chapel to-night I was determined that I would come and pull you out of the pulpit, but the gospel has come to my heart, and I have found my Saviour.'" The young man's conversion proved to be genuine. Here is another remarkable case:—Weaver was once preaching in Edinburgh, and telling the people that a thief was present, when a young man jumped up and said, "Who told you I was here? I have just had my hand in this lady's pocket and taken her purse; but if it is possible, may the Lord forgive me!" Weaver once preached to fifty female prisoners in Edinburgh gaol: out of the fifty upwards of thirty enquired the way of salvation, and many were converted to God. His readiness to please his outrageously vulgar auditors is remarkable. In the midst of an uproarious assembly, the main point to be considered is how to keep your temper. You have invited a host of the unwashed and unkempt to tea, the provisions are swallowed up with avidity, and you find members leaving the room, and others creating such a disturbance that lungs and

* Thousands are everywhere following a revivalist who has just visited London, and who bears the singular cognomen of "Fiddler Joss." Joss, or Joshua Poole, is almost a second Weaver, and is, I think, likely to become about as useful, if not quite as popular, amongst the lowest dregs of humanity. Next month I hope to give an account of this "miracle of grace," and afford our readers some notion of what God has done for him and is enabling him to do for others. Meanwhile, it may be observed, that the secret of the fiddler's popularity is greatly to be attributed to his wondrous anecdotes, which are told with unusual eloquence—he is a perfect orator by the way—and with transparent truthfulness.

gesticulations are powerless to restore order. The position is a trying one. You beg and entreat and are met with laughter, coarse jokes, hootings, slang-witticisms, and, not unlikely, find the attention of no inconsiderable portion of the assembly concentrated on a sparring match going on in the middle of the room, and where it is exceedingly difficult to get at the combatants to separate them. What can be done? Similarly placed, Weaver, after failing with ordinary methods, ventured on promising to sing a song. Few methods are likely to be more successful, for a song is to roughs the highest creation of immortal wit, and the singing of a song the noblest attribute of manhood. But Weaver found it necessary to take an additional step, so he said, "Now Jim, thee keep Jack quiet. Now, if thee don't be quiet, I'll turn thee out." Weaver then sang "Glory to God on high," amidst the furious plaudits of the assembled sweeps. One song was not sufficient, so two other hymns were sung, and the noisy crowd, having been gratified by the pleasantry and amiability of the speaker, listened to the Word of truth the rest of the evening. The Holy Spirit worked mightily, and, many of these singular characters were manifestly changed. Weaver has the happy knack to perfection of seeking out the lost sheep, and, by means which ministers of refinement and sensibility could not adopt, of bringing them to the heavenly fold. A strange woman accosted him in the streets of Liverpool, as he was going to preach to the labouring classes which crowd that city. Instead of rebuking, he invited her to accompany him. "I am going," he said, "to a dancing-room; will you be my partner?" On reaching the hall, which was already crowded, he, with the girl, pushed his way to the top, and on seeing "the partner" ascend the platform, she seated herself in the body of the room. The word was quickening, the sermon was powerful, and the operations of the Holy Ghost resulted in her entire conversion. Another forlorn girl hearing him address the bystanders in a street, asked "Can Christ save *me?*" He replied that the greatest sinners and the most unclean could be subdued by invincible grace, and on his setting forth the promises of Scripture applicable to her case, the distressed girl dropped on her knees, crying, "O Lord, if thou canst save poor prostitutes save me *here* and save me *now*." That prayer was simple, but oh how direct! It obtained a hearing at heaven's courts, and after a few expressive sighs, groans, and sobs, the immortal work was done—the once abandoned sinner had received heaven's message of pardon. We are informed that this woman is still an earnest Christian, is a wife and mother, and let us hope is useful in seeking to turn sinners to the highway which leadeth to the cross.

More cases, equally striking, might be added; but sufficient has been related to convince the intelligent reader that "the people's apostle" is wonderfully assisted in his endeavours to propagate the good news of salvation. While these lines are being written he is addressing immense crowds in Edinburgh and other large towns in Scotland, and scarcely a day passes without a conversion, if not several, through his labours. May a like blessing attend all the efforts of Immanuel's ambassadors!

Right of Churches to choose their own Pastors.

BY G. ROGERS.

IT has hitherto been an admitted principle of Nonconformist churches that each Church, whether great or small, has its own entire government within itself. It is a voluntary compact for the purpose of observing amongst themselves all the duties and privileges of a Christian Church. This right for a number of individuals to form themselves into such a society is implied in the freedom of their belief, and the ordinary laws of social life. If they are free to embrace and maintain their own Christian principles, they are free to act upon them. If they are free to use them in private and in the family, they are free to exercise them in a more enlarged social community. A man may have a Church in his own house, where no extraneous authority is allowed, and it may be a Church as real and entire as that which numbers its thousands. All agreements among men to form themselves into distinct societies are lawful, provided there be no interference with the rights of others in the objects they have in view, or in the methods by which they are attained. In the case of a number of individuals entering into professed Christian fellowship with each other, no injury is inflicted upon others; no rights of others, social or religious, are infringed; and, consequently, there is no violation of the natural or moral laws of our being. Each voluntary community has its own laws, and each individual who has voluntarily joined that community binds himself to the observance of those laws. The authority to which he is pledged to submit is one, in a measure, of his own choice and his own creating. Such communities may spring up in any numbers and in any place. A Christian Church may rise of itself among any people from the use of the New Testament only. A solitary Christian, without having been an officer or member of any Christian Church, might be instrumental in gaining converts from the heathen, and gathering them into a Church fellowship as genuine and scriptural as any that existed in the times of the apostles. This is the necessary consequence of a religion which gives freedom of belief, and freedom of action according to that belief. It is essential, too, to its unfettered dissemination in the earth.

Such a community, it must be admitted, is a Church so far only as it is conformable to the Church rules and practice of the New Testament, but who is to judge in this case what are the laws of a New Testament Church? Is it competent to take that judgment upon itself? We reply yes! just as competent to think for itself upon this as upon all other doctrines and requirements of Christianity. Let those who deny this inform us why men who are free to believe the Gospel for their own salvation, and free to unite together in Church fellowship, are not equally free to choose their own form of Church government. Why should any foreign aid be required here more than in the previous stages of their faith and practice? Why any pressure from without upon that which is the outgrowth of their own personal and united convictions? If men may be controlled by other men in the exercises of their faith, why not in their faith itself? A Papist who claims the rule of our faith is much more consistent than a Nonconformist who claims dominion over its exercise only.

It is presumed, therefore, from the very spirit and genius of Christianity, and from its whole character and design, that each Church or voluntary society of Christians should have its own government entirely within itself, free from Church control derived from any other man or body of men. This is so accordant with the natural and social laws of our being, that a clear and special revelation must have been made, and special reasons assigned had it been otherwise.

Self-government implies, of course, the selection of its own officers either as deacons or to the pastorate. This is the necessary result of its own voluntary constitution. Others might attempt to impose a Church officer upon them, but he cannot become such until he has been voluntarily received by them. No other law than the will of a considerable majority is recognised by them, and if worthy of the name of a Church, brotherly love will ensure submission to that law. As the authority of each Church is entire within itself, so it has no jurisdiction beyond it. One Church has no more power than another. Each is bound by the same laws. The relation of Churches to each other is moral and spiritual only. As families differ in size and influence, so may Churches; but as no family is less under its own self-discipline on that account, neither are the Churches. What is thus true of Churches is true of their pastors. The head of one family has no authority over the children of another, neither has the pastor of one Church over the members of another. Neither has a convocation of pastors any rule over the Churches. Individually they may form fraternities for their own spiritual and ministerial improvement, and synods as the appointed representatives of Churches; but the Churches are not bound by any laws, however strongly recommended and enforced, that have not been voluntarily adopted by themselves. Pastors, as pastors, cannot take action, except in the names of the Churches over which they preside. Their office is not distinct from their charge. Individually, their power is intellectual, or moral, or spiritual, not official. As Church officers are appointed by Churches, so they may be dismissed by them; and no one who is influenced by right motives would wish to retain office among those who, justly or unjustly, had lost confidence in him. When the office has been conferred upon moral or spiritual grounds, and those grounds are entirely changed, the office has virtually ceased. Any persistence in the outward duties of an office when the only authority upon which it was founded is withdrawn, is subversive of all laws human and divine. The same love and mutual confidence bind the pastor to the people that bind the members of the Church to each other. No voluntary society can be coerced within itself or from without, since any part or the whole may retire at pleasure. The constitution of the Church allows no rule but that of love.

Let us see, now, how far these views coincide with New Testament teaching. If they are in harmony with its spirit, and are the natural fruits of its own principles, they needed not to have been formally stated and logically defended, but simply exhibited in the history of the first formation of Churches. It was not absolutely needful that we should have a declaration to the effect that Churches had the right to elect their own pastors and officers. We should rather have required some positive prohibition of such a natural procedure. Supposing the

apostles to have held the principles we have laid down, would they have acted as they did, and written as they have written? We presume that they were agreed upon Church discipline as well as in doctrine; and that one certain form of Church government was unanimously adopted by them. This is implied when Paul says to the Corinthians, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" again, "The rest will I set in order when I come;" and again, "If any man seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the Churches of God." It is implied when he says to the Colossians, "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith." The same word that Paul here uses for order, Luke applies to Zecharias, executing the priest's office before God in the *order* of his course; showing an order to have been ordained in the Christian as well as in the Jewish Church. It is implied when he says to Titus, "For this cause left I thee in haste, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting." It is implied in the Epistles to the seven Churches in Asia, in which they are censured or commended upon the subject of Church discipline. Had there been no agreement upon this subject amongst the first teachers of Christianity, it could not have been said, "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all Churches of the saints."

Admitting them now to have had a uniformity of belief and of action in the constitution of Churches, at all times and in all places, did their theory correspond with that which we have ventured to propose as most reasonable and just? Upon this supposition how would they have acted? They would not have censured any Church for presuming to choose its own pastors and officers; neither do we meet with any prohibition of the kind. The Church of Corinth is not blamed for allowing its members to exercise their gifts of teaching, but only for the want of order in their ministrations. The Churches of Galatia are not condemned by Paul for admitting teachers among them without his authority, but for the character of the teachers they had chosen. One of the seven Churches hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, another encouraged those who taught their doctrines. Had they both been under one rule this could not have happened, and the Churches themselves would not have been chiefly responsible for this difference between them. If it be said, therefore, that we have no instance in the New Testament of a Church choosing its own officers, it may be fairly replied, Neither have we any instance of one being forced upon them against their own will. Much less have we any injunction to one Church to submit to another, or to the pastor of another; but, on the contrary, each Church is addressed as responsible for its own teachers. "Thou hast them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes" was the fault of the Church of Pergamos, of which it is required to repent. "Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach," is the crime with which the Church at Thyatira is charged. If it did not choose its own teachers, the fault would not have been its own. If it should be said the fault lay with the angel or minister of the Church, it is still apart from foreign agency, and the whole responsibility lies within the Church itself.

Had the apostles admitted the right of Churches to choose their own

pastors, they would not have forced themselves nor other teachers upon them; neither did they act upon this principle. The apostles had an authority peculiar to themselves. They were the standards of Church doctrine and discipline in the first age of the Church in their oral instructions, as they have since become in their writings; and yet even they desired no other than a voluntary hold upon the Churches that had been planted by their own instrumentality. Paul speaks of himself as the servant of all, rather than of all being in servitude to him. He commends the Galations for the manner in which they first received him, and instead of demanding their submission, appeals to the principles and considerations by which he ought to be reinstated in their affections. When he proposes to visit Churches it is not in the spirit of episcopal authority, but of brotherly love. He could, as an apostle, he says, to the Corinthians, have come to them with a rod, but he would rather come to them in love and in the spirit of meekness. He feared lest he had used too much severity, and assumed too much authority in the matter of Church discipline in his first letter to that people, and rejoiced afterwards when he found his admonitions had been favourably received. Nor was he himself above receiving a commission from the Church at Antioch to accompany Barnabas to convey its contributions for the relief of the brethren which dwelt in Judea, and afterwards to go upon a mission to the heathen. This last was by express direction of the Spirit of God. "The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them; and when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." The chief movers in this were certain prophets and teachers in the Church at Antioch, but it not less showed the deference of Paul to the will of others, rather than an absolute authority over them. When he has occasion to send a minister to any particular Church as his representative, he does not command, but solicits for them a friendly reception. "With Titus," he says to the Corinthians, "we have sent,"—*we*, not *I*,—"we have sent with him the brother whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the Churches; and not that only, but who was also chosen of the Churches to travel with us." Here the choice of several Churches uniting in one person as a suitable companion in his travels was greatly valued by Paul. When he sends back Epaphroditus, their own office-bearer, to the Church at Philippi, he entreats them to receive him in the Lord, with all gladness. It was at their option, therefore, though sent by an apostle, either to receive or reject him.

As the apostles did not thrust themselves, neither did they thrust their own sentiments and decrees upon the Churches. Their language is, "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say; "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" "Think of these things;" "Let us, therefore, as many as are perfect be thus minded: and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." Of the council at Jerusalem much has been made in opposition to our views. We humbly conceive it tends to confirm them. The proposal for this council came from the Church at Antioch, which desired some uniformity of belief upon a subject on which their teachers were not agreed. They deputed Paul and Barnabas and certain others to go up

to Jerusalem to consult the apostles and elders upon this matter. They were brought on their way by the Church. The council, therefore, did not originate with the apostles themselves. When they came to Jerusalem, "they were received of the Church and of the apostles and elders;" of the Church first. The discussion of the question—as far as can be gathered from the narrative—was confined to the apostles, but was in the presence of the disciples; as it is said, "Then all the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul." James, as the minister of that Church, and *ex officio* president of its assembly, sums up the evidence and pronounces the final decision. He puts it to the whole assembly, and it is adopted by them. So says the narrative. "Then pleased it the apostles and elders, with the whole Church, to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch, ... and they wrote by them after this manner." Look at that letter, observe its strain! Is it dictatorial? Is it in the form of an imperious decree? Is it anything more, in fact, than friendly advice, or the expression of an opinion upon a subject according to request? It was a Gentile Church, seeking advice from a Jewish Church in relation to Jewish ceremonials, not upon either Christian doctrine or Church government. "It seemed good unto us," "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," is the only authority assumed. This letter was read to the Church at Antioch, and gave great satisfaction. It was expressive of the terms upon which Jewish converts were willing to unite with Gentiles in Christian ordinances; a question peculiar to those times, and forming really no precedent for the after guidance of the Church. It settled no doctrine. It interfered with no form of religious worship. It pretended to no dominion over the faith and conduct of others. There was nothing in the whole proceedings contrary to the Saviour's golden rule, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." How upon this, the only assembly of the kind, the whole fabric of episcopal synods for the regulation of articles of belief and forms of worship could be reared, is known to those only who have other purposes to serve than to bow implicitly to divine truth. A synod so great, even of the apostles themselves to have effected so little, clearly shows that this was not designed to be a governing power in the Church of Christ.

When Peter went to the house of Cornelius, he had, in his own opinion and that of the Jewish converts, acted contrary to Church order, or would have done so if he had not been overruled in the matter by the Spirit of God. He knew that he should be called to account for it by the Church at Jerusalem, and therefore took the six Jewish brethren who had been with him at Cesarea, in order to meet the charges that might be brought against him. "When Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them." They of the circumcision were the Church at Jerusalem, which consisted entirely, it would seem, at that time, of Jewish converts. The same title is given just before to the six brethren who accompanied Peter to the house of Cornelius. Did Peter disavow their authority, and refuse to be accountable to them? Did he appeal to James, the bishop of that Church, or to other elders? No! He "rehearsed the matter from the beginning, and expounded it by order unto them." "When they heard

these things they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Instead of passing any censure upon Peter, they applauded him for what he had done. Supposing now the highest Church rule to have been in the Church itself, would the narrative have been differently worded? We confidently affirm, it would not. If a synod or archbishop bore rule, the whole scene would have been changed. At Antioch, where the Christians had been part Jews and part Gentiles, Peter, after practising open communion, went back to close communion, "fearing them which were of the circumcision." Had he then more authority over the brethren, or the brethren over him? To cite one more instance. When Paul, after great success amongst the Gentiles, went up to Jerusalem, he gave an account of it first to James, and all the elders of the Church. Was this sufficient to secure the approbation and compliance of the Church itself? They at least did not think so. "When they heard it they glorified the Lord," showing that they were perfectly satisfied with his proceedings; but they added, "Thou seest, brother, how many thousands of Jews there are which believe, and they are all zealous of the law; and they are informed of thee," &c. What is it, therefore? the multitude must needs come together; for they will hear that thou art come." They then propose to him a plan by which they hoped he might propitiate them. Does this look as if the chief rule lay with the pastors of Churches, or with the Churches themselves?

Our argument, we conceive, would derive force from an examination of the titles given to Church officers in the New Testament; and especially from those titles being sometimes interchangeably used. Paul styles himself a deacon in the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, and yet at the commencement of both those epistles he styles himself an apostle. He speaks of Titus and certain brethren as the apostles of the Churches, and the term elder is applied both to bishops and deacons. This might be supposed to prove too much, as though there had been no separate offices in the Church. It goes, in fact, just to the extent we require, that distinct officers were recognized by the Church, but they were lovingly blended together. There was no contention about a name as expressive of an authority, which it would have been sacrilege for others to invade.

The theory of their independence would have led the apostles to give directions to Churches for the selection of pastors and other Church officers. Well! How readest thou? Did not the apostle say to the Church at Jerusalem, "Look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business"? Did not the Church then choose its officers? and did not the apostles give their sanction to the choice? Timothy is exhorted "to lay hands suddenly on no man," "to commit the things he had heard to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also," and Titus "to ordain elders in every city;" but all this affirms no more than teaching and ordaining those who have been chosen to the work by others. Why should John say, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world," if the choice of their prophets was with others and not with themselves? Why, too, again we ask, should any

be blamed for admitting false prophets amongst them? When to Timothy Paul says, "The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears," is not the power of the Church to choose teachers of sound or of unsound doctrine implied? This power, too, is most assuredly implied when the Corinthians are said by the apostle to have "set them to judge who are least esteemed in the Church." They are not censured for selecting judges of all matters of Church order, or even of secular disagreement, from among themselves, but for the unwise and partial manner in which that right was exercised. No direction is given to look to other Churches, or other Church authorities of any kind, even when they had abused their own privileges. They are not required to call in foreign aid, but to settle their differences amongst themselves. Had any higher court of appeal existed in Ecclesiastical matters, this would have been an occasion for its aid. Many such tribunals have since been erected, but they were unknown to the apostles. They themselves assumed no such prerogative, and much less conferred it upon others. They could not have said more or less had it been a settled maxim with them, that the Churches had the right of choosing their own pastors. They have written just as persons wishing to have a great moral influence over them, with the most tender regard to their personal and social freedom, would have written. It is surprising that men conscious of so great a superiority over new converts should have touched and trained with so gentle a hand the free-born gifts and graces which, as with a live coal upon their lips, had not long before been kindled into being.

Suppose, now, the apostles to have considered that the Churches had no such power within themselves, but were amenable to some other constituted authority for its pastors and teachers, what course of action and tone of writing would they have adopted? Would they not have clearly stated where that authority resided, and what provision should be made for its continuance? If challenged to produce any passage in the Christian Volume in which the right of the people to choose their own pastors is affirmed, we may safely ask for the production of one in which that power is said to reside elsewhere. Where should we look for this prerogative? If in any one man, his claim must be founded upon apostolic succession, or upon other rules and regulations laid down by the apostles for that purpose. Paul must have nominated a successor, or have instructed the Churches to do it for him. If the power were invested in a synod, the constitution of that synod must have been clearly laid down. If any one Church, on account of its superiority in numbers and qualifications, might exercise a lordly authority over another, we should have required to know the limit beyond which that authority would be generated. The fact is, that the instant you set up a power over Churches, you introduce a higher Church state than that which belongs to a Church properly so called; you erect an intermediate tribunal between each Church and its Lord, and you open an avenue to Ecclesiasticism which has no termination short of the most dominant usurpations of Papal Rome. According to the religion of the New Testament, every man is responsible to God alone for his own belief and practice.

No one has any right to coerce another to the profession of any one truth, or the observance of any one religious ordinance. "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." Superiority of rank, talent, or reputation gives to its possessor nothing more than moral influence over others in the Church of Christ. The poorest and most illiterate has the same liberty of judgment and of action as the most wealthy and most wise. On this principle Churches are formed, and by no other method than having the whole voluntary power within themselves could that principle be preserved. It is not violated by submitting to the decision of a whole, of which each one is a part, and to which he has before been voluntarily pledged. It would be violated if that decision were overruled by the introduction of any other power. Once, as we have said, admit a Church power beyond that of the accountability of each member to the Church, and of the Church to its Lord, and the rights of conscience and of private judgment are assailed, and a door is opened for all the abominations of Rome. There may be dissensions and separations upon the principles we have laid down, and such there were in apostolic times, but there may be, and there have been, far greater upon any other. If a Paul could say, "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy," and a Peter, "Neither being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock," what right have their successors to talk in any other strain? We are amazed and grieved to observe how, while one party that had half emerged from Romanism, is sinking deeper and deeper in its waters, those who had fled from it with horror draw nearer and view it with less dismay. How is it we hear now of the power of pastors in distinction from Churches and even in opposition to them, of the claim for Church rule of fifteen hundred or two thousand accredited pastors, and of the authority of some Churches over others? For moral influence over Churches that exist, and for the formation of others let pastors combine, but let them beware of spying out their liberty which they have in Christ Jesus that they might bring them into bondage. To all our Churches we would say, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

Memoir of John Bradshaw,

LATE A STUDENT IN THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

I WAS walking about Dublin one fine day in the month of September, 1859, when my attention was arrested by the following extraordinary announcement:—"Great Prayer Meeting at Armagh. Special train at 7 in the morning. Return same day. Fares ——." This was a new thing in the land, and indicated the influence which the great Revival was exerting a hundred miles from its centre. A gentleman whom I was visiting, said, with true Hibernian vehemence, "It's miraculous, sir! Shure, ye must go. God is visiting Ireland in mercy!" And I went. In some respects it was the most remarkable journey I had ever taken. There was a subdued feeling visible among the passengers. The conversation was chiefly on the awakening, in its marvellous aspects

and manifestations. At every station on the line there were numerous additions to our numbers. Streams of people came pouring down the hill-sides, singing and making melody in their hearts unto God, and waited with an anxiety, almost amounting to impatience, the arrival of the steam-horse and his monster train. At length, every carriage was so inconveniently crowded that the doors had to be locked. But the people would take no denial; and, at the risk of limb and life, they climbed on to the roofs of the carriages, and even stood on the door-steps. At Portadown junction, there was a delay of nearly an hour, caused by the non-arrival of the train from Belfast. That hour was a truly memorable one. Probably, a thousand persons were present under the spacious covered shed of the station, and a remarkably devout feeling pervaded the whole assembly. There were singing, praying, and exhortation, the exercises being chiefly led by those who are conventionally termed laymen; indeed, there were few aspects of the Revival more remarkable than the earnestness, the eloquence, and the truthfulness with which "unlearned men" proclaimed the gospel of Christ. I must beg the reader to excuse me for not conducting him to the great prayer meeting at Armagh. We must stop at Portadown, and fix our thoughts on one of the principal figures in the stirring events that took place in that locality.

John Bradshaw, a member of the Irish constabulary force, was one of the fruits of the Revival, and very shortly after his conversion began to preach Jesus with great power and acceptance. Whether he found the service of an earthly potentate uncongenial with that which he was anxious to render to "another King," I do not know; but he laid down the policeman's truncheon, and took up the scribe's pen,—an attorney in a neighbouring town having kindly offered him a situation in his office. Bradshaw was now left free to preach the gospel, and the Master was pleased to honour his young servant with marked and lasting success. Though obscure and uneducated, his simplicity and earnestness drew around him a number of anxious enquirers, some of whom he afterwards baptized, and formed into a Church. Last summer I visited the scenes of Bradshaw's earliest efforts, and among the permanent results are two Christian Churches, small at present, but "shining as lights, holding forth the Word of life in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation." These simple-hearted and devout people cherish a grateful recollection of his name and labours. Death crushed the rose before it was in full bloom; but in doing this he seemed to disengage a fragrance that was partly hidden before. It was Bradshaw's wish to consecrate himself to the ministry of the gospel, and in the early part of 1864 he entered as a student in the Pastor's College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It may surprise some good people to be told that the period of study at any of our public institutions is a severe test of a young man's piety. This is not saying that spiritual life generally declines; but the same watchfulness and prayer, the same battling with inward corruptions, the same earnest reaching after those things which are before, are just as necessary to growth in grace in the college as in the counting-house, the shop, or the field. Happily, divine grace maintained its hold on the young student's heart. The following estimate of his Christian character is given by Mr. George

Goldston, at whose house he lodged:—"In February, 1864, John Bradshaw came to reside with us at Walworth. I was from home at the time, and a few days afterwards I received a letter from my wife, in which she describes him somewhat as follows:—'The new student has come; he is a young Irishman, without pretension or polish; but he appears so genuine, and so much like a man in earnest. He has conducted family worship alternately with Mr. Jackson, and I have greatly enjoyed his emphatic reading of the Word, and the earnestness of his supplications.' On the following Saturday I saw him at my home. He was tall and thin, and I told him he was military looking. He replied, 'I am a soldier of the cross.' In private life he was most exact and punctual; an early riser, never late at family worship, and usually the first to start for college in the morning. He felt the value of time, and could not endure gossip or frivolity. He was very frequent in his secret approaches to the throne of grace. When passing his room I have often heard him holding communion with his Heavenly Father, as a man doth with his friend." With personal holiness, our departed friend combined exemplary diligence in his studies, and great zeal in preaching the gospel. Although he regularly filled his place at the Tabernacle, morning and evening, he would find opportunities for proclaiming the Word twice on a Lord's day. He had an intense love for the souls of his benighted countrymen, and a strong desire to return at the end of his college course, and preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. But the Master had purposed otherwise. He employs and honours human instruments, but frequently shows his absolute independence of individuals by removing them at the moment of their entrance on a course of usefulness. Among those who preached the gospel in Jerusalem after the effusion of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, none were better adapted for the work than Stephen; but he was one of the first to fall in the conflict with the enemies of the cross. Some of the most burning and shining lights in every age have gone down while it was yet day. John Bradshaw seemed to be just the man for doing the work of an evangelist in Ireland. Men possessing his power, and force of character, are needed by hundreds in that region of the shadow of death; but the Master required his presence elsewhere. The first decided indication of constitutional weakness appeared early in the summer of 1864, the effect, it was thought, of a cold taken some time before, while digging in Mr. Goldston's garden; but though suffering from great debility, and a distressing cough, it was with much difficulty that he was prevented from preaching in the open air. The Convalescent Institution at Walton-on-the-Thames was tried, but without any satisfactory result; then, a visit to his native land was undertaken. Writing from his home, he says, "I am much better in health than when you saw me, but my cough still continues, though expectoration is somewhat lessened. If the Lord raises me up to my former strength, I hope to return to the Tabernacle on the 1st of September; but if not, the Lord's will be done." The transient improvement in his health enabled him to return to the Pastor's College: but all his hopes as to recovery were illusive. A worm was preying at the root. He got over the winter, and in the spring of 1865 went to Hastings—pleasant, salubrious, beautiful Hastings, where so many fond

hopes are crushed and buried, and so many precious lives are cut off. In the house of the Rev. W. Barker, Bradshaw received all the sympathy and attention which genuine Christian kindness could dictate; but in vain. The fine, military-looking man's days were numbered; and, before he had commenced the ascent of "May-hill," his body lay at the feet of the King of Terrors. His friend, Mr. Goldston, paid a visit to him just as he was waiting on the banks of the river. "On Thursday, April 27th," says Mr. G., "I called at Mr. Barker's house, and was surprised to find Bradshaw in bed. Mrs. B. kindly showed me to his room, where, to my astonishment, he was evidently in a dying state. He just knew me; and, at times, would speak of past seasons of happiness. Mrs. Barker, seeing how unconscious he had become, said, 'the name of Jesus always has aroused him. Speak to him of Jesus.' I said, 'John, do you know me?' He replied, 'Yes, indeed.' 'And do you know one called *Jesus*?' 'Yes, indeed I do; blessed be his name!'" He was on the *Rock*, immovably there, and in the arms of Jesus he died. Miss Barker, writing to Mr. Goldston from Hastings, on the 1st of May, 1865, says:—"In accordance with mamma's promise, I write to inform you that Mr. Bradshaw entered his rest about half-past seven o'clock last evening." "His rest"—the place which the risen Lord went to prepare for his disciples. That rest is in the warm embrace of everlasting love. "Where I am, there ye may be also." Like a youthful warrior who falls in the first battle of a campaign, Bradshaw had scarcely received his commission, and girded on his armour, before he was called away from the arena of spiritual strife, to walk with Christ in white.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its home on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more need fear to die.

C. K.

Baptist Mission House,
2, John Street, Bedford Row.

The World can go on without us.

A BRANCH, broken from the tree by the tempest, rode on the rapid current of the swollen stream.

"See how I lead the waters," he cried to the banks. "See how I command and carry the stream with me," he cried again.

A jutting rocky ridge, over which the torrent dashed, caught the branch, and kept it shattered and imprisoned while the waters flowed on and on.

"Alas!" cried the branch, "how can you hold me thus? Who will govern the stream? how will it prosper without my guidance?"

"Ask the banks," said the rocky ledge. And the banks answered—

"Many, like you, have been carried by the stream, fancying that they carried *it*. And as to the loss you will be to the waters, don't be uneasy. You are already forgotten, as those are who came before you, and as those will soon be who may follow."

Joseph Irons' Sermons.

AS from the length of the Psalm we are obliged to give but half of it this month, we are precluded from giving the village preacher the usual homiletical hints; we have therefore thought it well to offer a few outline sermons by that late holy and useful servant of God, Joseph Irons, of Camberwell, from unpublished MSS. in our possession. The reader will observe that they are usually acrostics, as for instance the first, the first letters of which make the words, "Man, honour God." This was a somewhat artificial device to assist memory, which this preacher always adopted. The morning and evening sermons were usually pairs, as the first and second, and the third and fourth. Should these skeletons be so approved that more are desired, we have a considerable number on hand. They need a little looking into before they will be appreciated, but they strike us as being suggestive.

(1.) "*Beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it.*"—Acts iv. 14.

I.—Miracle Wrought.

Helpless man from his birth.

Obtaining power to *stand*, *walk*, and *leap*.

No remedy used but the name of Jesus.

II.—Association Formed, "*standing with.*"

Offering praise to God.

United in fellowship.

Regarding instruments with affection.

III.—Nonplus of Pharisees.

Grieved and silenced.

Observing grace to do what nature could not.

Demonstrating the difference between conviction and regeneration.

(2.) "*And he that was healed wist not who it was.*"—John v. 13.

Here is a man

I.—Sensible of a Change, "*Healed*"

After long privation.

New life commenced.

Differing from former self.

II.—Ignorant of the Author.

Sacredness of his person.

Essential office he sustains.

Errand on which he came into the world.

III.—Tantalized by Pharisees.

Hating Jesus and his work.

Incapable of coping with Pharisees until Jesus is known.

Manifesting himself to the man in the Temple.

(3.) "*Exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.*"—Acts xi. 23.

godliness maintained.

I.—Doctrinally.

Embracing all the truth.

Xalting the Lord alone.

II.—Experimentally.

Personal intimacy.

Exclusive dependence.

III.—Emulously.

Rivalling each other in spirituality.

Intent upon the closest fellowship.

IV.—Practically.

Evincing decision.

Nonconformity to the world.

Circumspection.

Elevation of character.

(4.) "*He clave to the Lord.*"—2 Kings xviii. 6.

godliness exemplified.

I.—Honour of Hezekiah.

Heavenly courtier.

Ardent devotee.

Pattern of godliness.

II.—Interest of Hezekiah.

Peace in his land and in his conscience.

Increase of spirituality.

Nourishment to all the graces.

III.—Security of Hezekiah.

Enemies vanquished.

Salem, the church saved.

Special grace afforded.

(5.) "*And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature.*"—Luke xix. 3.

I.—Desirable Sight—*Jesus.*
Dignity of his person.
Design of his incarnation.
Development of his relationship.
II.—Dwarfish Spectator. *Little of stature.*
Divers causes of this dwarfishness in birth, growth, crippling, &c.
Deeming himself little. *Humiliation.*
Despised or disregarded by the world.
III.—Difficulties in his way—*the press.*
Diverse world of professors, corruptions, heresies, legal fears.
Distance between.
Desiring to reach an elevation.

(6.) "*Are they Israelites? so am I.*"—2 Cor. xi. 22.

I.—Wonderful People—"*Israelites.*"
Inheritance of Jehovah.
Seed royal of the King of kings.
Redeemed of the Lord.
Attested his by circumcision.
Elect vessels of mercy.
Living souls.
II.—Exulting Claim—"*So am I!*"
Internal evidence.
Tenacious regard to privilege.
Experimental character.
Solemn obligations.

(7.) "*The faith of God's elect.*"—Titus i. 1.

I.—Principle—*Faith.*
Premier of the empire of grace.
Ruling power in the renewed soul.
II.—Unvarying Business.
Immortality is its claim as the Father's gift, the Son's work, the Spirit's ministry.
Nature and providence its fields of operations; reason is governed by it, providence is explained.
III.—Relative Character—the faith of *God's elect.*
Characterizing the chosen family.
Identically the same in every age.
IV.—Exploits.
Putting foes to flight.
Laying hold on God.
Excluding impossibilities.

(8.) "*And the priest shall make an atonement for all the congregation of the children of Israel.*"—Numbers xv. 25.

I.—Official Transaction—"*Atonement.*"
Sacerdotal character—"*the Priest.*"
Actual service—*to make atonement.*
Consequences following.
II.—National Privilege—"*all Israel.*"
Related to a covenant head.
Intimate with God in worship.
Favoured of God above all others.
III.—Experimental Participation.
Implicit confidence in it.
Constant use of it.
Enjoyment of God by it.

(9.) "*A faithful ambassador is health.*"—Proverbs xiii. 17.

I.—Official Character of an Ambassador.
Sent by the king.
Entrusted with important business.
Negotiating in a foreign land.
Taught of him who sent him.
II.—Necessary Qualification—"*Faithful.*"
Open all his monarch's will.
Firm to the interests of his nation and king.
III.—Effect of his Labours—"*Health.*"
Godliness in vigour.
Orthodoxy sound.
Diligence kept up.

(10.) "*He laid his hands on her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God.*"—Luke xiii. 13.

I.—Affecting Case.
Helpless misery.
Averse to God's plan of saving—*Crooked.*
Living in the use of means, "*in the Synagogue.*"
II.—Miracle wrought upon it.
Lord's hand laid upon her, asserting her relationship.
Entire cure, she was made *straight;* doctrine, experience, and practice.
III.—Effect Following, "*The Glorified God.*"
Living faith.
Unreserved devotedness.
IV.—News thereof spread.
Justifying the hopes of others.
Arousing the indignation of Pharisees.
Honouring Jesus' name.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XVIII.

TITLE.—"To the chief Musician, *a Psalm* of David, the servant of the Lord, who spake unto the Lord the words of this song in the day *that* the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul." *We have another form of this Psalm with significant variations* (2 Sam. xxii.), *and this suggests the idea that it was sung by David at different times when he reviewed his own remarkable history, and observed the gracious hand of God in it all. Like Addison's hymn beginning,* "*When all thy mercies, O my God,*" *this Psalm is the song of a grateful heart overwhelmed with a retrospect of the manifold and marvellous mercies of God. We will call it* THE GRATEFUL RETROSPECT. *The title deserves attention. David, although at this time a king, calls himself* "the servant of Jehovah," *but makes no mention of his royalty; hence we gather that he counted it a higher honour to be the Lord's servant than to be Judah's king. Right wisely did he judge. Being possessed of poetic genius, he served the Lord by composing this Psalm for the use of the Lord's house; and it is no mean work to conduct or to improve that delightful part of divine worship, the singing of the Lord's praises. Would that more musical and poetical ability were consecrated, and that our* chief musicians *were fit to be trusted with devout and spiritual psalmody. It should be observed that the words of this song were not composed with the view of gratifying the taste of men, but were* spoken unto Jehovah. *It were well if we had a more single eye to the honour of the Lord in our singing, and in all other hallowed exercises. That praise is little worth which is not directed solely and heartily to the Lord. David might well be thus direct in his gratitude, for he owed all to his God, and in the day of his deliverance he had none to thank but the Lord whose right hand had preserved him. We too should feel that to God and God alone we owe the greatest debt of honour and thanksgiving.*

If it be remembered that the second and the forty-ninth verses are both quoted in the New Testament (Heb. ii. 13; Rom. xv. 9) *as the words of the Lord Jesus, it will be clear that a greater than David is here. Reader, you will not need our aid in this respect; if you know Jesus you will readily find him in his sorrows, deliverance, and triumphs all through this wonderful psalm.*

DIVISION.—*The first three verses are the proem or preface in which the resolve to bless God is declared. Delivering mercy is most poetically extolled from verse* 4 *to verse* 19; *and then the happy songster, from verse* 20 *to* 28, *protests that God had acted righteously in thus favouring him. Filled with grateful joy he again pictures his deliverance, and anticipates future victories from verse* 29—45; *and in closing speaks with evident prophetic foresight of the glorious triumphs of the Messiah, David's seed and the Lord's anointed.*

EXPOSITION.

I WILL love thee, O LORD, my strength.

2 The LORD *is* my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, *and* my high tower.

3 I will call upon the LORD, *who is worthy* to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

1. "*I will love thee, O Lord*" With strong, hearty affection will I cling to thee; as a child to its parent, or a spouse to her husband. The word is intensely forcible, the love is of the deepest kind. "I will love heartily, with my inmost bowels." Here is a fixed resolution to abide in the nearest and most intimate union with the Most High. Our triune God deserves the warmest love of all our hearts. Father, Son and Spirit have each a claim upon our love. The solemn purpose never to cease loving naturally springs from present fervour of affection. It is wrong to make rash resolutions, but this when made in the strength of God is most wise and fitting. "*My strength.*" Our God is the strength of our life,

our graces, our works, our hopes, our conflicts, our victories. This verse is not found in I Sam. xxii., and is a most precious addition, placed above all and after all to form the pinnacle of the temple, the apex of the pyramid. Love is still the crowning grace.

2. "*The Lord is my rock and my fortress.*" Dwelling among the crags and mountain fastnesses of Judea David had escaped the malice of Saul, and here he compares his God to such a place of concealment and security. Believers are often hidden in their God from the strife of tongues and the fury of the storm of trouble. The clefts of the Rock of Ages are safe abodes. "*My deliverer,*" interposing in my hour of peril. When almost captured the Lord's people are rescued from the hand of the mighty by him who is mightier still. This title of "*deliverer*" has many sermons in it, and is well worthy of the study of all experienced saints. "*My God;*" this is all good things in one. There is a boundless wealth in this expression; it means, my perpetual, unchanging, infinite, eternal good. He who can say truly "my God," may well add, "my heaven, my all." "*My strength;*" this word is really "*my rock,*" in the sense of strength and immobility. My sure, unchanging, eternal confidence and support. Thus the word rock occurs twice, but it is no tautology, for the first time it is a rock for concealment, but here a rock for firmness and immutability. "*In whom I will trust.*" Faith must be exercised, or the preciousness of God is not truly known; and God must be the object of faith, or faith is mere presumption. "*My buckler,*" warding off the blows of my enemy, shielding me from arrow or sword. The Lord furnishes his warriors with weapons both offensive and defensive. Our armoury is completely stored so that none need go to battle unarmed. "*The horn of my salvation,*" enabling me to push down my foes, and to triumph over them with holy exultation. "*My high tower,*" a citadel high planted on a rocky eminence beyond the reach of my enemies, from the heights of which I look down upon their fury without alarm, and survey a wide landscape of mercy reaching even unto the goodly land beyond Jordan. Here are many words, but none too many; we might profitably examine each one of them had we leisure, but summing up the whole, we may conclude with Calvin, that David here equips the faithful from head to foot.

3. In this verse the happy poet resolves to invoke the Lord in joyful song, believing that in all future conflicts his God would deal as well with him as in the past. It is well to pray to God as to one who deserves to be praised, for then we plead in a happy and confident manner. If I feel that I can and do bless the Lord for all his past goodness, I am bold to ask great things of him. That word *So* has much in it. To be saved singing is to be saved indeed. Many are saved mourning and doubting; but David had such faith that he could fight singing, and win the battle with a song still upon his lips. How happy a thing to receive fresh mercy with a heart already sensible of mercy enjoyed, and to anticipate new trials with a confidence based upon past experiences of divine love!

> "No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
> We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.'"

4 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

5 The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

6 In my distress I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, *even* into his ears.

7 Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.

8 There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.

9 He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness *was* under his feet.

10 And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

11 He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him *were* dark waters *and* thick clouds of the skies.

12 At the brightness *that was* before him his thick clouds passed, hail *stones* and coals of fire.

13 The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail *stones* and coals of fire.

14 Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

15 Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O LORD, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

16 He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

17 He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.

18 They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the LORD was my stay.

19 He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

In most poetical language the Psalmist now describes his experience of Jehovah's delivering power. Poesy has in all her treasures no gem more lustrous than the sonnet of the following verses; the sorrow, the cry, the descent of the Divine One, and the rescue of the afflicted, are here set to a music worthy of the golden harps. The Messiah our Saviour is evidently, over and beyond David or any other believer, the main and chief subject of this song; and while studying it we have grown more and more sure that every line here has its deepest and profoundest fulfilment in Him; but as we are desirous not to extend our comment beyond moderate bounds, we must leave it with the devout reader to make the very easy application of the passage to our once distressed but now triumphant Lord.

4. "*The sorrows of death compassed me.*" Death like a cruel conqueror seemed to twist round about him the cords of pain. He was environed and hemmed in with threatening deaths of the most appalling sort. He was like a mariner broken by the storm and driven upon the rocks by dreadful breakers, white as the teeth of death. Sad plight for the man after God's own heart, but thus it is that Jehovah dealeth with his sons. "*The floods of ungodly men made me afraid.*" Torrents of ungodliness threatened to swamp all religion, and to hurry away the godly man's hope as a thing to be scorned and despised; so far was this threat fulfilled, that even the hero who slew Goliath began to be afraid. The most seaworthy bark is sometimes hard put to it when the storm fiend is abroad. The most courageous man, who as a rule hopes for the best, may sometimes fear the worst. Beloved reader, he who pens these lines has known better than most men what this verse means, and feels inclined to weep, and yet to sing, while he writes upon a text so descriptive of his own experience. On the night of the lamentable accident at the Surrey Music Hall, the floods of Belial were let loose, and the subsequent remarks of a large portion of the press were exceedingly malicious and wicked; our soul was afraid as we stood encompassed with the sorrows of death and the blasphemies of the cruel. But oh, what mercy was there in it all, and what honey of goodness was extracted

by our Lord out of this lion of affliction! Surely God hath heard me! Art thou in an ill plight? Dear friend, learn thou from our experience to trust in the Lord Jehovah, who forsaketh not his chosen.

5. "*The sorrows of hell compassed me about.*" From all sides the hell-hounds barked furiously. A cordon of devils hemmed in the hunted man of God; every way of escape was closed up. Satan knows how to blockade our coasts with the iron war-ships of sorrow, but, blessed be God, the port of all prayer is still open, and grace can run the blockade bearing messages from earth to heaven, and blessings in return from heaven to earth. "*The snares of death prevented me.*" The old enemy hunts for his prey, not only with the dogs of the infernal kennel, but also with the snares of deadly craft. The nets were drawn closer and closer until the contracted circle completely prevented the escape of the captive:—

"About me cords of hell were wound,
And snares of death my footsteps bound."

Thus hopeless was the case of this good man, as hopeless as a case could be, so utterly desperate that none but an almighty arm could be of any service. According to the four metaphors which he employs, he was bound like a malefactor for execution; overwhelmed like a shipwrecked mariner; surrounded and standing at bay like a hunted stag; and captured in a net like a trembling bird. What more of terror and distress could meet upon one poor defenceless head?

6. "*In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God.*" Prayer is that postern gate which is left open even when the city is straitly besieged by the enemy; it is that way upward from the pit of despair to which the spiritual miner flies at once when the floods from beneath break forth upon him. Observe that he *calls*, and then *cries;* prayer grows in vehemence as it proceeds. Note also that he first invokes his God under the name of Jehovah, and then advances to a more familiar name, "*my God;*" thus faith increases by exercise, and he whom we at first viewed as Lord is soon seen to be our God in covenant. It is never an ill time to pray; no distress should prevent us from using the divine remedy of supplication. Above the noise of the raging billows of death, or the barking dogs of hell, the feeblest cry of a true believer will be heard in heaven. "*He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.*" Far up within the bejewelled walls, and through the gates of pearl, the cry of the suffering suppliant was heard. Music of angels and harmony of seraphs availed not to drown or even to impair the voice of that humble call. The king heard it in his palace of light unsufferable, and lent a willing ear to the cry of his own beloved child. O honoured prayer, to be able thus through Jesus' blood to penetrate the very ears and heart of Deity. The voice and the cry are themselves heard directly by the Lord, and not made to pass through the medium of saints and intercessors; "My cry came before *Him;*" the operation of prayer with God is immediate and personal. We may cry with confident and familiar importunity, while our Father himself listens.

7. There was no great space between the cry and its answer. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, but is swift to rescue his afflicted. David has in his mind's eye the glorious manifestations of God in Egypt, at Sinai, and on different occasions to Joshua and the judges; and he considers that his own case exhibits the same glory of power and goodness, and that, therefore, he may accommodate the descriptions of former displays of the divine majesty into his hymn of praise. "*Then the earth shook and trembled.*" Observe how the most solid and immovable things feel the force of supplication. Prayer has shaken houses, opened prison doors, and made stout hearts to quail. Prayer rings the alarm bell, and the Master of the house arises to the rescue, shaking all things beneath his tread. "*The foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because of his wrath.*" He who fixed the world's pillars can make them rock in their sockets, and can upheave the corner-stones of creation. The huge roots of the towering mountains are torn up when the Lord bestirs himself in anger to smite the enemies of his people. How shall puny man be

able to face it out with God when the very mountains quake with fear? Let not the boaster dream that his present false confidence will support him in the dread day of wrath.

8. "*There went up a smoke out of his nostrils.*" A violent oriental method of expressing fierce wrath. Since the breath from the nostrils is heated by strong emotion, the figure portrays the Almighty Deliverer as pouring forth smoke in the heat of his wrath and the impetuousness of his zeal. Nothing makes God so angry as an injury done to his children. He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye. God is not subject to the passions which govern his creatures, but acting as he does with all the energy and speed of one who is angry, he is here aptly set forth in poetic imagery suitable to human understandings. The opening of his lips is sufficient to destroy his enemies; "*and fire out of his mouth devoured.*" This fire was no temporary one but steady and lasting; "*Coals were kindled by it.*" The whole passage is intended to depict God's descent to the help of his child, attended by earthquake and tempest: at the majesty of his appearing the earth rocks, the clouds gather like smoke, and the lightning as flaming fire devours, setting the world on a blaze. What grandeur of description is here! Bishop Mant very admirably rhymes the verse thus:—

"Smoke from his heated nostrils came,
And from his mouth devouring flame;
Hot burning coals announced his ire,
And flashes of careering fire."

9. Amid the terror of the storm Jehovah the Avenger descended, bending beneath his foot the arch of heaven. "*He bowed the heavens also, and came down.*" He came in haste, and spurned everything which impeded his rapidity. The thickest gloom concealed his splendour, "*and darkness was under his feet;*" he fought within the dense vapours, as a warrior in clouds of smoke and dust, and found out the hearts of his enemies with the sharp falchion of his vengeance. Darkness is no impediment to God; its densest gloom he makes his tent and secret pavilion. See how prayer moves earth and heaven, and raises storms to overthrow in a moment the foes of God's Israel. Things were bad for David before he prayed, but they were much worse for his foes so soon as the petition had gone up to heaven. A trustful heart, by enlisting the divine aid, turns the tables on its enemies. If I must have an enemy let him not be a man of prayer, or he will soon get the better of me by calling in his God into the quarrel.

10. There is inimitable grandeur in this verse. Under the Mosaic system the cherubim are frequently represented as the chariot of God; hence Milton, in "Paradise Lost," writes of the Great Father,—

"He on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos."

Without speculating upon the mysterious and much-disputed subject of the cherubim, it may be enough to remark that angels are doubtless our guards and ministering friends, and all their powers are enlisted to expedite the rescue of the afflicted. "*He rode upon a cherub, and did fly.*" Nature also yields all her agents to be our helpers, and even the powers of the air are subservient: "*yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.*" The Lord comes flying when mercy is his errand, but he lingers long when sinners are being wooed to repent. The flight here pictured is as majestic as it is swift; "flying all abroad" is Sternhold's word, and he is not far from correct. As the eagle soars in easy grandeur with wings outspread, without violent flapping and exertion, so comes the Lord with majesty of omnipotence to aid his own.

11. The storm thickened, and the clouds pouring forth torrents of rain combined to form the secret chamber of the invisible but wonder-working God. "Pavilioned in impervious shade" faith saw him, but no other eye could gaze through the "*thick clouds of the skies.*" Blessed is the darkness which encurtains

my God; if I may not see him, it is sweet to know that he is working in secret for my eternal good. Even fools can believe that God is abroad in the sunshine and the calm, but faith is wise, and discerns him in the terrible darkness and threatening storm.

12. Suddenly the terrible artillery of heaven was discharged; the *brightness* of lightning lit up the clouds as with a glory proceeding from him who was concealed within the cloudy pavilion; and volleys of hailstones and coals of fire were hurled forth upon the enemy. The lightnings seemed to cleave the clouds and kindle them into a blaze, and then hailstones and flakes of fire with flashes of terrific grandeur terrified the sons of men.

13. Over all this splendour of tempest pealed the dread thunder. "*The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice.*" Fit accompaniment for the flames of vengeance. How will men bear to hear it at the last when addressed to them in proclamation of their doom, for even now their hearts are in their mouths if they do but hear it muttering from afar? In all this terror David found a theme for song, and thus every believer finds even in the terrors of God a subject for holy praise. "*Hailstones and coals of fire*" are twice mentioned to show how certainly they are in the divine hand, and are the weapons of Heaven's vengeance. Horne remarks that "every thunderstorm should remind us of that exhibition of power and vengeance, which is hereafter to accompany the general resurrection;" may it not also assure us of the real power of him who is our Father and our friend, and tend to assure us of our safety while he fights our battles for us. The prince of the power of the air is soon dislodged when the cherubic chariot is driven through his dominions; therefore let not the legions of hell cause us dismay. He who is with us is greater than all they that be against us.

14. The lightnings were darted forth as forked arrows upon the hosts of the foe, and speedily "*scattered them.*" Boastful sinners prove to be great cowards when Jehovah enters the lists with them. They despise his words, and are very tongue-valiant, but when it comes to blows they fly apace. The glittering flames, and the fierce bolts of fire "*discomfited them.*" God is never at a loss for weapons. Woe be unto him that contendeth with his Maker! God's arrows never miss their aim; they are feathered with lightning, and barbed with everlasting death. Fly, O sinner, to the rock of refuge before these arrows stick fast in thy soul.

15. So tremendous was the shock of God's assault in arms that the order of nature was changed, and the bottoms of rivers and seas were laid bare. "*The channels of waters were seen;*" and the deep cavernous bowels of the earth were upheaved till "*the foundations of the world were discovered.*" What will not Jehovah's "*rebuke*" do? If "*the blast of the breath of thy nostrils,*" O Lord, be so terrible, what must thine arm be? Vain are the attempts of men to conceal anything from him whose word unbars the deep, and lifts the doors of earth from their hinges! Vain are all hopes of resistance, for a whisper of his voice makes the whole earth quail in abject terror.

16. Now comes the rescue. The Author is divine, "*He sent;*" the work is heavenly, "*from above;*" the deliverance is marvellous, "*He drew me out of many waters.*" Here David was like another Moses, drawn from the water; and thus are all believers like their Lord, whose baptism in many waters of agony and in his own blood has redeemed us from the wrath to come. Torrents of evil shall not drown the man whose God sitteth upon the floods to restrain their fury.

17. When we have been rescued, we must take care to ascribe all the glory to God by confessing our own weakness, and remembering the power of the conquered enemy. God's power derives honour from all the incidents of the conflict. Our great spiritual adversary is a "*strong enemy*" indeed, much too strong for poor, weak creatures like ourselves, but we have been delivered hitherto and shall be even to the end. Our weakness is a reason for divine help; mark the force of the "*for*" in the text.

18. It was an ill day, a day of *calamity*, of which evil foes took cruel advantage

while they used crafty means utterly to ruin him, yet David could say, "*but the Lord is my stay.*" What a blessed *but* which cuts the Gordian knot, and slays the hundred-headed hydra! There is no fear of deliverance when our stay is in Jehovah.

19. "*He brought me forth also into a large place.*" After pining awhile in the prison-house Joseph reached the palace, and from the cave of Adullam David mounted to the throne. Sweet is pleasure after pain. Enlargement is the more delightful after a season of pinching poverty and sorrowful confinement. Besieged souls delight in the broad fields of the promise when God drives off the enemy and sets open the gates of the environed city. The Lord does not leave his work half done, for having routed the foe he leads out the captive into liberty. Large indeed is the possession and place of the believer in Jesus, there need be no limit to his peace, for there is no bound to his privilege. "*He delivered me, because he delighted in me.*" Free grace lies at the foundation. Rest assured, if we go deep enough, sovereign grace is the truth which lies at the bottom of every well of mercy. Deep sea fisheries in the ocean of divine bounty always bring the pearls of electing, discriminating love to light. Why Jehovah should delight in us is an answerless question, and a mystery which angels cannot solve; but that he does delight in his beloved is certain, and is the fruitful root of favours as numerous as they are precious. Believer, sit down, and inwardly digest the instructive sentence now before us, and learn to view the uncaused love of God as the cause of all the lovingkindness of which we are the partakers.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Life's Teachings.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

THE HARP AND THE HAND; A DREAM.

METHOUGHT I saw a beautiful harp beneath the glass of what appeared to be a crystal dome;* when lo, suddenly and silently a fair white hand appeared, the fingers beautifully formed and covered with sparkling rings: with the rapidity of thought, and with a most bewitching and artistic grace, these fingers passed to and fro over the strings of the instrument, thus strangely enclosed before me. I listened, expecting from such an instrument and such a hand to have my heart led captive by some ravishing strain; but strange to say I listened in vain, no solitary note fell upon my attentive ear. Again and again did the agile fingers move with consummate skill, while yet Silence maintained her seat, undisturbed by the educated but futile efforts of the well-taught hand.

When lo, the hand withdrew; and another hand appeared, bronzed by exposure, coarse, hard, and well seamed by the rude friction of daily toil. It touched a *secret spring*, and then moved slowly and awkwardly over the accordant strings. Responsive to their rude touch a strain of melody broke forth leading captive every faculty of the soul, and filling the eyes with tears. Is not the moral plain? In vain the harp is perfect, and no less vain the touch of the well-skilled hand; the *air*, God's breath, must surround its strings ere the soul of melody will spring forth to take the spirit captive by her charms. And thus with the Gospel Harp, heaven's own perfect instrument; in vain men touch its wondrous strings with the fingers of syllogistic lore, and well-selected words, and classic taste merely; the music will not come because it is not promised to these things simply; while in answer to the rudest touch of the toiling illiterate hand where the heart evokes the breath of God's Spirit, its pealing notes come forth to startle the slumbering conscience, and to awe and subdue the seeking heart to rest, obedience, and love.

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* An air-pump.

THE BAR OF RUST.

Here lies what was once a bar of iron, but the joint action of air and water has reduced it to a bar of rust. It has now no strength, and consequently no value. To how many varied and useful purposes it might have been put some years ago, and in its work have found its strength, beauty and preservation; but it is too late now; it will soon be blended with the earth upon which it passively lies, a striking emblem of the man who through sloth and love of ease refuses to face the hammer and anvil of active life and honest work; who flies from the purifying fire of life's adversities, and who will fight no battle for truth and the higher interests of his soul. Gifted often with powers which properly cultivated and employed would have blessed myriads, and opportunities for good which an angel might have envied, he allows the former to run waste and the latter to pass unheeded away, until corroded and worn down by his own inanition he sinks by degrees into that grave of mental and physical imbecility which has swallowed up its myriads, and which is too frequently but the dark passage to a more terrible death.

CAREFUL MANIPULATION.

It is said of one of the landscapes of a celebrated painter, that no single inch of the canvas could be brought under the influence of the most powerful glass, without showing clear and distinct evidence, not only of the artistic genius but of the minute and scrupulous care bestowed upon it; while aiming at unity of sentiment and effect, the smallest details were wrought out as carefully as though to perfect them only was the sole and specific object of the great painter. And thus too it must ever be with those who would have their lives in the smallest degree expressive of the truth, grace and beauty which now display themselves in the life of him who is not only our Saviour but our great example and King. As a rule it is our *little actions* and words which must have the greatest watchfulness, if the *whole* of our life is to reflect the praise of him who hath called us to glory and virtue, and who himself is the perfection of beauty.

To the Subscribers to the Pastor's College.

Beloved Friends,

Accept my very sincere gratitude for the continued assistance rendered to the Lord's work in my hands by your liberal contributions. To the weekly contributors, to the deacons, to the ladies at the bazaar, to Mrs. Bartlett's class, to all the classes, to our generous host Mr. Phillips, and the liberal friends at the College supper, and to many warm friends far and near, I tender loving thanks. I have never paraded the results of the College work before you, much less before the world at large; and now in offering you a very condensed outline of our operations, I desire to be clear of all boasting and vainglory, and only to mention cheering facts, that God may be glorified, faith strengthened, and your continued co-operation ensured. The work is more yours than mine, and far more the Lord's than yours; I shall therefore speak of it boldly. We have had enough to humble us in the many disappointments which we have met with, and in the hourly toil which our enterprise involves; and we have enough to drive us evermore to our God for help in the prospect of yet more trials to come. So large a work is not carried on without much anxiety and even anguish of soul, but the joy of the Lord is a more than sufficient counterpoise. One thing more than ever we are clear about, namely, that the work is of God, and that the principle of prayer and faith excels all others. We have also much, very much to be thankful for. Men have fallen, openings have been closed, success has been denied, and troubles have arisen, but then the many among the students are holding on their way, our honoured tutors are spared to us, our friends are more earnest than ever, spheres of usefulness offer on all sides, and souls are

daily won to the Lord; therefore take we courage and go forward. Our plan in London has been to do little where we could not do much; to open many rooms, and to start many small communities in the hope that some of them would live and become self-supporting churches. We look to see some of these efforts unsuccessful as to permanence, believing that to preach the gospel even temporarily is a blessing, and that if some out of the small slips strike root and become trees, they will well repay us. We try to sow beside all waters; we know not which will prosper, either this or that, or whether all shall be alike good; and, like the old-fashioned farmers, we put three beans into the hole, one for the crow and one for the worm, believing that the one which lives will amply repay us for labour and outlay. Our large donations, given to certain rising interests, are due to a donor whose name we cherish with sincere affection, but all our friends aid us well, and God we trust will raise up more. Our Loan Building Fund is of the greatest possible assistance to our good work. We have been much cheered by our success in London, and hope to sow yet more largely in that fruitful field. Further afield our operations are more limited from want of means, but the Lord has blessed them notwithstanding. How we long to be doing more! Whether we shall enlarge our operations or not must rest with the Lord of providence, and instrumentally with his servants who have wealth entrusted to them. Should we be entrusted with funds intended by the donors for foreign work, we intend by God's grace to send out missionaries, but we leave this matter with the Lord, and shall not stir until the cloud most evidently moves in that direction. Probably, however, our friends will care more for facts than for words, and therefore we shall give details briefly under the heads, the London District, Great Britain, and Abroad.

LONDON DISTRICT.

I.—BAPTIST CHURCHES, WHOSE PRESENT PASTORS WERE, OR ARE, STUDENTS OF OUR COLLEGE.

Lower Edmonton	Mr. D. Russell.
Highgate	Mr. J. H. Barnard.
Old Ford	Mr. R. R. Finch.
Lower Sloane Street, Chelsea	Mr. F. H. White.
Vernon Chapel, Pentonville	Mr. C. B. Sawday.
Kingsland Tabernacle	Mr. D. Patterson.
Kingsgate Street, Holborn	Mr. W. H. Burton.
Shouldham Street	Mr. J. O. Fellowes.
Stepney Green Tabernacle	Mr. T. Ness.
Romney Street, Westminster	Mr. J. S. Morris.
St. Paul's, Lower Kennington Lane	Mr. G. Hearson.
Upton Chapel, Lambeth Road	Mr. G. D. Evans.
Trinity Street, Southwark	Mr. E. J. Silverton.
Unicorn Yard, Tooley Street	Mr. J. Warren.
East Hill, Wandsworth	Mr. J. W. Genders.
Bromley, Kent	Mr. A. G. Brown.
Sevenoaks, Kent	Mr. J. Jackson.
Greenwich, Royal Hill	Mr. B. Davies,
Camden Town, Peniel Tabernacle	Mr. J. Swann.

This list does not include all the churches, as some are mentioned under other heads, and, on the other hand, some here mentioned occur again.

II.—NEW CHURCHES FORMED AND CHAPELS BUILT OR SECURED.

Wandsworth.—This church was formed by Mr. Spurgeon, in the Assembly Rooms of the Spread Eagle Tavern in the early days of our College history. Under the care of Mr. Genders it has flourished greatly, has been all along most completely self-supporting and useful, and has erected a chapel upon a freehold site at the expense of £3,000. Considerable pecuniary aid has been given, and a loan granted of £500 without interest. The debt will, by God's blessing, very speedily be all removed.

Stepney Green, Tabernacle.—This place is due, under God, to the labours of one of the students, who has been succeeded by Mr. Ness. The church is large, earnest, and rapidly increasing, and a loving spirit reigns in it. A noble chapel with large school-rooms has been erected at the cost of £3,500, towards which a considerable donation was given, and a loan voted of £500. The liabilities in this case will very speedily be discharged.

Sloane Street, Chelsea.—The church in Paradise Place was so greatly reduced, that in its present flourishing state it may very properly be regarded as a new creation. Our brother, F. White, has been the instrument of its resurrection, and a chapel has been erected at the cost of £4,500, towards which Sir S. M. Peto has subscribed £2,000. One half of £1,500 has been given from our funds, and one half of the remaining £1,000 we are under promise to supply. This is a work in which we very greatly need the help of those who consecrate their substance to the Lord.

Bromley, Kent.—The beautiful chapel in this town is the result of the work which the Lord has wrought by Mr. A. G. Brown. The church was formed in White Hart Assembly Rooms, and has done nobly hitherto; a bright future we hope awaits it. Considerable assistance has been given, and a loan of £400 from our funds is in course of repayment.

Ealing.—Mr. Fergusson, one of our tutors, was led in the course of Providence to preach in the large room of an inn in Ealing. A church was formed, and by the energetic labours of Mr. John Olney, a good chapel has been built and opened without a penny of debt. The congregations are good, and the church is growing. £100 was given from our funds.

St. Paul's, Vauxhall.—A small church was gathered by Mr. Hearson in this neighbourhood. When the High Church congregation in St. Paul's vacated that large and commodious structure to occupy a more architectural building which they have just erected in the neighbourhood, Mr. Hearson's brother secured the building upon lease, and now a hard-working and growing community occupies the house so long sacred to episcopal ceremonies. God is blessing and will bless this effort.

Redhill.—A few friends met for worship in the Town-hall of this rising town, and now, through the laborious efforts of Mr. Smith, a strong church is formed, and by the assistance of Mr. J. Olney a chapel has been erected at the cost of £1,250, which sum will be wholly met, and there will be no debt except a sum of about £250, which is the cost of the freehold land, and will remain as a mortgage until our friends are strong enough to defray it. £250 was given from our funds, and very great help rendered by our friends.

Drummond Road, Bermondsey.—Students had for some time been working in a school-room in Mill Lane. The friends have now emigrated to the admirably cheap and commodious chapel, which has been built as an entirely missionary effort, the sum of £1,270 having been raised through the friends and the Pastor at the Tabernacle. Mr. Brown labours here under the most encouraging influences.

III.—NEW CHURCHES FORMED—MOSTLY NEEDING CHAPELS.

Lecture Hall, Royal Hill, Greenwich.—This church was formed in the Lecture Hall, and has for some time worshipped in Bridge Street. It would be difficult to find a ministry which has been more useful in the winning of souls than that of our friend Mr. Davies. The unsuitableness of the position in Bridge Street has led the church to return to the hall, and to endeavour to raise funds for a new house in a better situation.

Tabernacle, Kingsland.—D. Patterson. This place is held on a very short lease, and a new place of meeting is much needed.

Deptford Literary Institute.—Several students have laboured in this inconvenient place, and a church has been formed, of which Mr. Beecliff is the pastor. £100 has been collected for a chapel, to which £100 is added from our funds, but this is not sufficient to warrant any immediate attempt at building; we must wait for more help.

Cheam.—In this small town a little church worships in a couple of rooms. Mr. Morgan is the preacher, and about £30 is in hand towards a much-needed chapel. These suburban villages will soon grow into towns, and it will be well to occupy them in time.

Penge.—A most hopeful movement has been inaugurated in this rising suburb, under Mr. Cox; a church has been gathered, and about £100 has been collected for a suitable place of meeting. We have offered £250, and hope the matter will soon be carried to a successful completion.

Camberwell, Claremont Rooms.—A vigorous band of young believers have banded themselves together to form a new interest in this crowded locality, and under the admirable leadership of Mr. Spanswick will, we doubt not, succeed. The church has been properly organised, with all agencies at work, and it is now high time to begin providing a permanent home.

Brentford.—The friends who left Park Chapel have selected Mr. Tredray as their pastor, and as the town is very large, there is room for another house of prayer so soon as means are forthcoming. For earnestness and zeal this church is deserving of all praise.

Shooter's Hill.—For some time our students have been working here, and Mr. Simmonds is at present the pastor. The friends are very earnest, but are scarcely numerous enough to begin a building scheme. They are, however, believingly ready for action when the way is clear.

Between Stratford and Bow.—Mr. Vivian has been preaching in connection with brethren in this locality, who are hoping to build midway between the towns of Bow and Stratford in a new locality. Every sign of success is apparent, and we have offered a considerable sum by way of help for this poor but populous neighbourhood.

Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell.—Mr. Edgley is the pastor of a small church in this densely populous neighbourhood, and good has been effected.

In several other neighbourhoods our men have preached Christ Jesus, but from various circumstances no success has been obtained sufficient to encourage continued labour. We prefer to go from house to house till we find the son of peace, rather than bind ourselves to uncongenial spots. It is a great comfort to know that in the most unsuccessful efforts to form churches persons are converted, who help to strengthen other communities, and so the kingdom of Jesus grows.

IV.—PLACES WHERE PREACHING IS CARRIED ON WITH A VIEW TO FORMING CHURCHES.

Holloway.—Mr. Durban, after first attempting to raise an interest in Barnsbury, has succeeded in gathering together a working community in a hall in Holloway; the best grounds of hope attend his effort.

Streatham.—A congregation has been formed around Mr. Bunning, and a church will soon be organized in the chapel which we have rented in Greyhound Lane. Efforts are commencing for a building upon a more open site.

Hatcham.—A room is here occupied for preaching by Mr. Rudall. This is a mission-work in a destitute region.

Barking.—Several students have supplied in Barking, and Mr. Morgan now preaches regularly, in connection with a zealous band of believers, who are intent upon finding a place more adapted for worship.

Chiswick.—The congregation in the capital Independent chapel in this town having decreased to a mere handful, we have taken the place on lease, and have opened it with every prospect of prosperity. Mr. Musquitta is the preacher.

Buckhurst Hill has been supplied by various students, and the erection of a chapel is under consideration by the friends there.

Hounslow.—A small interest in this town has been of late supplied by the college.

Other spots are under consideration, and we shall be obliged by information and co-operation from believers in destitute neighbourhoods.

V.—CHURCHES REVIVED.

The Church at *Romney Street, Westminster*, now hopefully emerging from depressing desolation, has been aided with pecuniary assistance, and by a draft of members from the Tabernacle. Our friends have been thus enabled to renovate the structure, and to become once more a power for good in that dark and densely-peopled neighbourhood.

Through various causes the interest in *Vernon Chapel, Pentonville*, has declined almost unto death, but under the able ministry of Mr. Sawday, the highest prosperity has been obtained. Sadler's Wells Theatre has been crowded to excess on the past few Sabbaths, while Mr. Sawday has there uplifted the cross.

We forbear to mention other cases of like revival; those who know the places have seen with their own eyes what the Lord has done.

VI.—STUDENTS NOW MINISTERS IN LONDON, BUT NOT BAPTISTS.

Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, sees its deserted floor once more filled with hearers under the ministry of Mr. Boulding, who having changed his views upon the ordinance of Baptism has united with the Independent body.

The Primitive Methodists esteem very highly Mr. D. Sheen, whose lot it is to labour among them with earnest energy.

Brethren Duckett and Sternberg, two brethren of the seed of Abraham, now engaged in connection with the British Society for the promotion of the Gospel among the Jews, received a training with us, for which the Society offered its most courteous acknowledgments.

VII.—EVANGELISTS AT LARGE.

Brethren Blow, Hopkins, and Drysdale, are continually engaged in evangelizing journeys, and have been the means of revival in many places; and our friend, Mr. Hawkins, as colporteur and evangelist, does good service. Many City Missionaries and lay preachers attend certain of our classes, and open-air labourers by scores obtain an education in our evening classes.

OTHER PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

England.

I.—CHURCHES WHOSE PASTORS WERE OR ARE STUDENTS WITH US.

Earl's Colne, Essex.—G. H. Griffin, and A. H. Stote. During the ministry of the first a new and beautiful chapel was erected, towards which our fund lent the sum of £200. Mr. Stote has succeeded Mr. Griffin, with cheering prospects.

Leicester.—W. Tubb has worked here as a missionary, and having gathered a church has been elected the pastor, and a chapel is now in course of erection. We have given £50.

Limpsfield and Payne's Hill, Surrey.—Mr. Cockerton is here maintained by the Surrey Mission, and is greatly blessed.

Space does not admit of our doing much more than mention names of others.

Kington, Hereford . . .	Mr. C. W. Smith.
Wednesbury	Mr. John Turner.
Castle Donnington . . .	Mr. T. Cockerton.
Monmouth	Mr. R. D. Smith.

Portsmouth.—In Landport, Mr. Gange has been favoured with special and memorable success. The church has increased in members, so as to be one of the largest in the denomination; and a noble chapel has been erected capable of containing nearly two thousand persons. We have lent £500, and given some other aid.

Buxton,	Norfolk . . .	Mr. B. May.
Aylsham	,, . . .	Mr. T. Harley.
Carleton Rode	,, . . .	Mr. Mark Noble.
Mundesley	,, . . .	Mr. G. Trapp.

Norwich.—Here an entirely new interest has been raised, under Mr. Willis, in St. Peter's Hall.

Southampton.—Mr. Collins has been favoured with much prosperity in the Carlton Rooms, and the church has now removed to its new and commodious chapel. Help is needed for the debt.

Romsey, Hants	Mr. C. Chambers.
Broughton „	Mr. Compton.
Rotherham, Yorkshire	Mr. Arnold.
Doncaster „	Mr. Bloom.
Bingley „	Mr. Jacob Forth.
Hatfield, Herts	Mr. Joy.
Exeter, Devon	Mr. Field.
Newton Abbott, Devon	Mr. Cannon.
Bury, Lancashire	Mr. Knight.
Blakeney, Gloucestershire	Mr. Webb.
Chipping Campden „	Mr. Shadick.
Stantonbury, Bucks	Mr. Minett.
High Wycombe „	Mr. W. J. Styles.
Fenny Stratford „	Mr. Walker.
Gold Hill „	Mr. Dunn.

Winslow.—Here a new church has been formed, and a new chapel has been erected. Under Mr. Sole's ministry the work goes on most wonderfully. We have given considerable aid, and have granted a loan which is in course of repayment.

Birmingham, Hockley	Mr. Marchant.
„ Yate Street	Mr. Thomason.
Montacute, Somerset	Mr. Kerr.
Spaldwick, Huntingdon	Mr. Grant.
Godmanchester „	Mr. Clarke.
Waterbeach, Cambs.	Mr. E. S. Neale.
Gamlingay, Huntingdon	Mr. Osborne.
Brabourne, Kent	Mr. Wright.
Sandhurst „	Mr. R. Griffin.
Aldborough, Suffolk	Mr. I. Bridge.

This church has enlarged its place of meeting, and a loan of £100 has been allotted.

Bildestone, Suffolk	Mr. A. H. Knell.
Botesdale „	Mr. C. Hewitt.
Woodstock, Oxfordshire	Mr. T. Hughes.
Frome, Somerset	Mr. P. F. Pearce.
Warminster	Mr. H. Perkins.
Westbury Leigh, Wilts	Mr. E. Blewitt.
Buckingham	Mr. Bettesworth.
Stotfold	Mr. Mace.
New Swindon	Mr. J. Murphy.
Minchinhampton, Gloucester	Mr. W. H. James.
Stroud „	Mr. E. P. Barrett.
Wooton, Beds.	Mr. W. J. Inglis.
Bedford „	Mr. R. Speed.
Ridgmount „	Mr. W. Cuff.
Breachwood Green „	Mr. E. H. Emmerson.
Middleton Cheney	Mr. H. Beddow.
Great Chesterford, Essex	Mr. H. Cocks.
Burnham „	Mr. J. Cole.
Oundle, Northampton	Mr. S. A. Akehurst.
South Shields	Mr. W. Hillier.
Grantham	Mr. Bowler.
Dunchurch	Mr. J. Dalton.

II.—PLACES WHERE ATTEMPTS ARE BEING MADE TO ESTABLISH CHURCHES.

Brighton	Mr. S. Honan.
Sittingbourne	Mr. Makin.
Ventnor	Mr. W. C. Jones.

III.—PLACES REGULARLY SUPPLIED WITH MINISTRY.

Pinner	Mr. W. Julyan.
Fleetpond	Mr. Walker.
Loosely Row	Mr. Monk.
Emsworth	Mr. Boulsher.

Several other places are regularly supplied in connection with other workers, and our Evangelists' Society.

Wales.

Pontypool	Mr. Joseph Forth.
Cardiff	Mr. C. Starling.

Scotland.

Glasgow	Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

Our friend, Mr. Medhurst, has for several years been made a great blessing to hundreds.

Rothesay	M. A. M'Dougall.
Aberchirder	Mr. S. Crabbe.
Dunfermline	Mr. C. Hill.
Engaged in mission work, in connection with a railway in the South of Scotland	Mr. M'Arthur.

Lochee.—Church forming in this important part of Dundee, among a warm-hearted and earnest company of brethren. Several students have proclaimed the Word here, and in various other parts of Scotland.

Ireland.

Coleraine	Mr. A. Tessier.
Dublin	Mr. G. Malins.

ABROAD.

Sydney, Australia	Mr. F. Hibberd.
" "	Mr. G. Shepherd.

These brethren are both greatly blessed in gathering churches in Sydney, but are in urgent need of aid for their chapel-building work.

St. Helena	Mr. W. J. Cother.

This friend has already seen a great revival of religion upon the rock, and has sent home the most cheering news.

Rio Janeiro	Mr. W. J. Stevens.

This last brother having gone out upon a mission in the Brazils, we were happy to give him a few months' tuition.

This is but a meagre outline of what the Lord has wrought by the means of the Pastor's College; and we have forborne to enumerate several matters which might have been very fairly mentioned. Eternity alone can reveal the filling up of our sketch: it is a real and not a sham work which we describe. We know that the souls saved are counted by thousands, and that the religious life of believers has been stimulated; unto the Lord be all the glory. All our men have not been equally blessed, some few have even failed to prove their call to the work, but some brethren have been favoured with amazing success. Our best judgment and most anxious solicitude cannot prevent mistakes, but grace overrules and brings good out of evil. Failures and falls there have

been, and always will be, but the Lord's blessing has compensated for all. Therefore we take courage, and in the Lord's name give ourselves afresh to his work. At the same time we earnestly beseech our fellow-workers to be much in prayer for us, for only by divine favour can we prosper. If we are counted faithful, we shall be thankful if funds are intrusted to us to be spent in our efforts; but in any case we hope to have the prayers of all saints. O Lord, send now prosperity, and help us to glorify thy Son Jesus.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Our Missionary in Hamburg.

FROM the Journal of Mr. WINDOLF, supported by the church in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as Missionary in Hamburg, we extract the following cheering news:—

"When the Lord sends a gracious rain upon his inheritance, and softens the hearts of those of mature age, there is great joy among the people of God. But when he begins, after long waiting, to hear the petitions of his people for their own children, and to pour out upon them a spirit of prayer, a holy awe fills our frames at the glorious power and faithfulness of our God, who, in his own gracious time, answers all the petitions which are in accordance with his own gracious will and purpose. Many prayers had ascended to the throne of grace from the teachers of the Sunday-school and the members of the congregation, and yet it seemed as if the heaven of grace were brass and the hearts adamant. But we have to do with a God whose name is Wonderful, and who is wonderful in his dealings, often effecting great things from small beginnings, that all may know that it is he who does them. And so it has been in the present instance. In consequence of the absence of our beloved pastor, and the numerous demands on his time, the writer had to supply his place as teacher of religion at our day-school. For a long time I felt the necessity of doing something more for the children, but knew not how to begin it, until I was stirred up about ten months ago, by an article in the Botshafter, to assemble the children, boys and girls who could spare time, and pray with them. The work began on a very small scale; sometimes very few made their appearance, but after three months the Lord gave us some encouragement. On the 10th August, after speaking to the little girls, one of them began to cry, and in a moment they were all in tears; I again prayed with them, whereupon they prayed themselves, one after the other. Since that time the girls continued praying, though not always with fitting earnestness. At length, however, in the beginning of February last the Lord drew nearer, and the dear children were converted. And now was the appointed time that the kingdom of heaven must suffer violence. Thus it was that, in a prayer meeting in Brother Oncken's little room at the chapel, attended by Brother Freitag, two sisters, W. and A. F., found peace in the blood of the Lamb. It was a touching scene: whilst the younger sang songs of praise, the elder was still supplicating for grace and mercy, till at last they were both able to rejoice in a precious Saviour. This prayer meeting lasted five hours, and the Lord continued to pour forth his blessing. In every successive prayer meeting some believed in the Lord Jesus. In the meantime, likewise, the praying children continued earnestly to entreat the Lord: others were added, and at length, about a fortnight ago, the boys requested permission to take part in the girls' meeting, which was granted. The Lord began likewise amongst those to work on some, and led them to pray, and gave us the assurance of a blessed change in some of them.

"Last Sunday (March 11th) the church had the happiness of hearing from the lips of fourteen young souls who had found mercy, what the Lord had done for them (some of these not having attended the prayer meetings). The prayer meeting is now attended by about forty children, several of whom have applied

for admission to church-fellowship. Let us hope that what has already taken place is only a small beginning of something still greater which our faithful Lord will do here, and in all the ends of the earth.

"We may add that March 18th was an especial day of blessing for the church at Hamburg. Many had longed for this day, but the Lord did more than we expected. On the morning of this precious Lord's day, Brother Oncken read Isaiah xl. 1—11, and Psalm lxxxvii., and after prayer and praise, preached from the latter portion of Scripture. The Lord was with the dear brother, giving him great strength and joy in testifying, and we may hope that the seed sown will bear much fruit. After the sermon, the church had again the happiness of hearing three souls witness a good confession of their faith, whereupon they were admitted to fellowship. At length the time for the evening service arrived. We had expected a numerous attendance, but our expectations were more than answered; as early as half-past four p.m., the chapel was crowded, and many who arrived later had to go away again, as it was quite impossible for them to enter. A little before five p.m. the service began; as soon as the first hymn was sung, the candidates for baptism were admitted right and left, and took their seats near the pool. What an overwhelming sight! They were seventeen in number, among them fifteen children of members, varying in age from ten to twenty. Our dear Brother Oncken delivered a powerful baptismal sermon, and after prayer all the seventeen candidates (two males and fifteen females) were baptized. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!' The new ones were then commended to the Lord by prayer, and laying on of hands of our dear elder, and were then, for the first time, admitted to the Lord's table to show forth his death. The chapel was now so crowded with members that the deacons could scarcely reach the lower end, a proof how necessary a new chapel is. But the festival was not finished. The dear brethren whom the Lord had so richly blessed by granting their children a place in the house of God had invited the whole church, and provided abundant refreshment. The never-to-be-forgotten day was closed by a delightful love-feast. Though time flew rapidly, some of the brethren could not refrain from giving vent to their feelings in words. Many resolutions were formed of entire surrender to the Lord. May he grant grace to fulfil them!

"As to the children's prayer meetings, they continue regularly twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, from five till eight p.m. Everything goes on quietly. The whole time is not employed in prayer, a portion of Scripture being generally read and expounded. The dear children who are inclined, are allowed to praise the Lord; others pray the Lord to be gracious to them; the rest make known their requests to be prayed for. A little flock has again applied for admission to church-fellowship, and we hope our gracious and faithful Lord will let us see greater and more glorious doings. It is our wish that all the churches, and all the members of the same, may partake of the joy which the Lord has granted to some of our brethren. The Lord bless the churches, and all the brethren of London, and the whole of Great Britain.

"H. WINDOLF."

Mr. Cother in St. Helena.

MR. BERTRAM, lately labouring in St. Helena, has favoured us with the perusal of a letter from one of the leading men in that island, from which we have made the following extracts, having reference to the arrival of our late student and esteemed brother, Mr. Cother. May the good work proceed mightily, and may the Lord Jesus be greatly glorified!

"As to the character you give of our young minister, I am rejoiced from my heart to say that you have given a true picture and have made a wise choice. He has now been with us a month, and a happy month it has been. We have good cause to acknowledge your love and care for us in having laid your

hands upon him, and secured him for St. Helena. His reception has been very encouraging, indeed I have seen nothing like it except the time when you first landed on the rock and hoisted the banner. All of the meetings have been crammed with attentive earnest hearers. We ended the old year in the old style, but as it was Lord's day we had the usual services before the watch-night service, but none grew weary. The midnight service was more crowded than all, and I believe we sailed into the New Year with God's blessing. We commenced the year's first week by early prayer meetings at six o'clock in the morning, and these were all well filled throughout the whole week. We have also had open air preaching on the bridge, in front of the market, on Tuesday evenings, attended by all classes, and I was surprised at the order and general good feeling exhibited. Many who are staunch Churchmen have expressed their pleasure and delight at hearing gospel truth sounded out in strains so bold and yet so sweet. Mr. George Pennell, the vicar of St. Paul's, when he called on Mr. Cother, did so as a Christian brother and a good minister, and proposed united prayer before leaving. Last night we had a congregation that would have done your heart good to have seen. It was an anniversary service for the schools. Cother set himself to work with planks and boards, and raised a kind of gallery by the pulpit for the children. They were placed in seven tiers, beginning from the baptistery back to the wall, each seat rising higher than the other, until the last one against the wall was in a line with the pulpit seat. These seats held about 120 children, all looking so neat and pretty that the pulpit seemed surrounded with decorations of the purest kind. The congregation then filled up every corner of the building until there was not standing room for another person, and a large number of people unable to get in congregated outside at the doors and windows. It was one of the old times of refreshing come back again. It is another season of merciful visitation for this generation, and one is almost tempted to take for a text to them, 'Be ye not as your fathers.' For I cannot help thinking as I look at them, how many like them crowded at first to hear you, and how few in proportion were chosen."

Barbarities of the State Church.

HAVING heard of a letter in the *Ripley Advertiser*, of the 24th of March, describing a most disgraceful occurrence in connection with the Church of England, and the death and burial of three infants, born at one birth, in the parish of Pinxton, in the county of Derby, I was anxious to satisfy myself of the truth of so revolting a case, before I gave full credit to all the details. However, I was quite prepared to expect it was true, from the fact of a friend of mine a few years back having had two unchristened children refused the "rites of the Church," (as the funeral service appointed is called) and that not by a stickling Puseyite, but by a very earnest, evangelical clergyman, then ministering in a neighbouring parish. The facts of the present case as given to me by the parents of the children and the nurse are as follow :—

"Byron Oscroft, and Charlotte Oscroft his wife, live in a small decent cottage at Pinxton Wharf, Pinxton, near Alfreton, Derbyshire. The husband is by trade a painter, and works for the principal firm in the parish, four nice children now living testify to parental care. Very early in the morning of the 8th of March, Mrs. Oscroft was safely delivered of three boys, called by the parents Charles, George and James, as in order born, a neighbour, Mrs. North, attending as nurse. The children were in appearance likely to live, until the evening of the same day, when George and James became ill. There is unfortunately no other burying-place at Pinxton than the old churchyard, and Mrs. Oscroft and the nurse, without any superstitious notions of the rite of priestly baptism themselves, yet had other ideas in connection with non-baptism, viz., the possibility of the little ones being denied a decent burial by 'the cure of souls' in their parish.

Accordingly about 8 p.m., Byron Oscroft was despatched to the residence of the curate, with a request that he would come directly as two of the children were ill. He sent word out he would come in the morning. During the night George and James died and Charles also was taken ill, they fearing he would die also. About 9 a.m. next day, the curate came to perform the rite which pretends to make the little babe a '*member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.*' However, delays are dangerous, and through the curate's delay two of the three are denied this popish rite, and if it be true that children so baptized (as saith the Book of Common Prayer, see Private Baptism of Infants) are in this rite 'regenerate with the Holy Spirit, and made partaker of the death of the Son of God,' yea, 'by the laver of regeneration *in baptism* received into the number of the children of God,' &c., then at whose door lies the sad presumable fate of the two, George and James, already dead, having lost these privileges through the delay of the curate? Let him answer the question as best he can. Suffice it to say on being informed of the death of the two he expressed sorrow, and that in future he would come when desired. The living Charles was duly baptized, and being ill the nurse, at the request of the mother, asked the curate if in the event of the death of Charles also, the three might be put into one coffin and buried altogether and alike. He replied, 'Oh yes, there can be no objection to that,' and left. Subsequently the same day, the 9th, Charles also died as was feared. A coffin was ordered for the three, and at the request of many sympathizing neighbours, the mother and three children were photographed. The coffin made and duly brought to the cottage, the three children were placed in it side by side, the parents, nurse, and friends expecting they would so be buried; but no, the ritualistic rector despatched the sexton, who is clerk also to the cottage, with other behests, viz., that only one being baptized, only that one could be buried in due form, adding his orders were imperative, and the fee must be paid and *he* should expect something. Upon being asked how much, he said, 'Three shillings and sixpence is the fee for the one baptized, and he usually had one shilling each for the others, but,' he added, 'as it is a bad job, I will say one shilling for the two, in all four shillings and sixpence.' 'Then how about separating, as the curate promised all might be coffined together and all buried together.' 'Oh,' he said, 'as it is, you may bring them to the church so, and at the church *two must be taken out while the one is buried*, after which the two may be put into the coffin again and all covered up.' The remonstrances and feelings of parents and nurse were unavailing, and on the day of funeral, the nurse and a neighbour proceeded with the coffin containing the three. They were met at the churchyard gates and all proceeded in the usual way, the curate reading into the church. Here commenced in *consecrated precincts the ruthless separation* of the three little ones. The clerk and sexton in one person had provided a basket, and opening the coffin, George and James were separated from consecrated Charles and placed in the basket (the letter says a coal basket). The clerk desiring the nurse to take the basket and two outside, she refused to do so as indecent; he then placed the basket and two on the gallery stairs, where they remained during the service in the church, and at the grave over Charles. This ended, and the curate unrobed and gone, the sexton requested the nurse to fetch the basket, and the two from the church to be put into the coffin at the grave. This also she refused to do, so Mr. Sexton had to take the coffin and the one child out of the grave again into the church, where the two dead victims of clerical superstition were taken from the basket on the stairs and replaced in the coffin again with Charles. This done, they were brought to the grave and covered up. The fees duly paid, the outraged mourners returned home with the mingled feelings of sorrow and disgust at such ruthless and uncivilized barbarities. These feelings are largely shared by the parishioners with few exceptions. I was curious to see the church, churchyard, grave and sexton, as well as to witness the service. I expected to find surpliced youths, crosses, intonings, and other *et ceteras*, congenial to such a Popish act. But no, nor yet evangelical, but simply low, yea very low church,

the service without singing at all, a mere slovenly idle way of getting through an hour in a duly consecrated building. The prayers and sermon both read with a very low unmeaning voice, and the most prominent voice throughout that of the clerk. This ended, I again visited the cottage, and upon asking the mother if she supposed for a moment that baptism or non-baptism made any difference as to the state of the children after death, she speedily responded, 'Oh, dear no! not a bit; I was chiefly concerned as to their being decently buried, without attaching anything to the rite.' I asked the nurse if she was satisfied as to the right one being left in the coffin during the time the service was going on. Of this I found she was satisfied. The thought occurred to me such a mistake was possible. She *seemed to wish such had been done*, adding, he, the curate or rector, would never have known the difference. I left greatly humbled that in 1866 so disgraceful an affair should occur; and with the expressed desire of parents and neighbours that each hamlet and village might in a short time be provided with a place to bury their dead without the interference or control of priestly despots, or surpliced hirelings, who through the Popish dogma of baptismal regeneration are the means of thus disgracing our common humanity. For the foregoing I can vouch, and the statements were voluntary on the part of parents and nurse, corroborated by neighbours, and if it were needed could again be confirmed.

"I remain, for the truth's sake,

"*Nottingham, April 17th.*" "JOHN L. HEIGHTON.

Reviews.

"*Morning by Morning: or, Daily Readings for the Family or the Closet.*" By C. H. SPURGEON. 3s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

OUR esteemed friend, the Rev. W. Landels, has been so kind as to favour us with the following criticism on our new work, and it would be altogether mock modesty to withhold it. We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of its writer, and wish him in return the best of blessings. We are happy to state that nearly seven thousand copies of our book have been sold, and three more thousands are now upon the press.

"A volume from Mr. Spurgeon's pen needs no recommendation to the readers of this magazine. Familiar with his sermons, and with the articles he occasionally contributes to these pages, they know how to appreciate the qualities by which his writings are characterised, and will be ready to hail a work of his so devout and practical in its tendency as the volume before us. Though we have not yet perused it all—for it is not a book to be read hurriedly through in one or two sittings—we finished more than the first month's readings before we laid it down, and have since dipped into, sufficiently to taste, several others; and as the result, we strongly recommend it as admirably adapted to the object at which it aims. If it has not the rush of thought and glow of feeling and imagination which are found in many of his sermons, it presents gospel truth in an more condensed form; and its more subdued and reflective tone renders it perhaps still better fitted for the quiet reading of the closet and the chamber. The author, as he states in his preface, would be the first to lament that any through the use of his book should be led to give less attention to the sacred Volume. But where the time for Bible reading is too limited to admit of close study, the Christian will find in some of these portions suggestions that will prove an invaluable help; and even those who have both leisure and qualifications for more searching investigation, will find openings here by which they may enter with greater facility into the green pastures and still waters where the good Shepherd feeds his flock. Nor will it be useful to these alone. The Sabbath-school teacher, the student who is just commencing his more public work, and the village preacher, who amidst the engagements of the week has often little time to prepare for his important Sabbath duties, may all use this

book with profit. They will not be without a shaft in their quiver, if they can properly avail themselves of some of the apt outlines of thought which are here supplied. After all we have said, it seems superfluous to express the hope that the circulation of the book will be large enough to encourage the author to produce the companion volume of Evening Portions, which he tells us he has now in contemplation. We ought to add that the volume is beautifully got up, and even in these days of cheap books is a marvel of cheapness."

Twelve Lectures to Working Men. By HUGH STOWELL BROWN. Frederick Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

THE fame of these Lectures has covered the land. The very questionable propriety of their being delivered on Sabbath days has contributed not a little to render them notorious. They certainly embrace a class of subjects, and require a certain state of mind for their appreciation, which could not in the experience of Christians, and much less of Christian ministers in general, comport with their associations with the Sabbath. That this feeling has been overcome by other considerations in the case before us must be regarded as exceptional at least, and not as disparaging the rule. Few godly ministers are there of any denomination who would deliver such Lectures as part of the public duties of the Sabbath, and we are thankful for it; but few could if they would. The Lectures themselves, viewed apart from the times of their delivery, are full of good common-sense observations upon matters that come directly home to the social and moral interests of the masses of the people. They evince too a sincere concern for their real welfare that cannot fail to meet with a response in the hearts of thousands who are impervious to any other form of appeal. There is a naturalness, a manliness, an appropriateness seldom exceeded in addresses to the lowest orders of the people.

Spiritualism and other Signs. By E. S. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A MASS of facts upon Spiritualism, Romanism, and other foul spirits which defile the age, gathered from all sorts of sources with most praiseworthy diligence. The authoress feels moved with martial ardour, like Deborah of old, and goes to war with the powers of darkness with a dauntless spirit. The work is largely a compilation, and brings many singular facts before the many whose range of reading is limited; but it is also an earnest and impassioned appeal to believers to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Original Fables and Sketches. By MRS. PROSSER. "Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row.

To create a new parable is an effort worthy of angelic intellect. If we might covet any mental faculty it should be that marvellous power which spies out secret analogies, and by means of them sets truth before the purblind vision of man. Mrs. Prosser is a peeress among parable-makers. We have commended her volume to teachers and preachers whenever we have had opportunity, and we now very heartily bespeak her a welcome among our readers, who will observe one specimen of her parables in the preceding pages of this number, and another in the article entitled "Bells for the Horses."

The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God. By JOHN PULSFORD. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE glory of the Gospel is here shown to lie in its practice rather than in its creed; a sentiment that needs to be qualified lest sanctification should be placed before redemption. There are barren professors who need greatly a work of this kind.

Prayers in Retirement. With introductory remarks upon private devotion. By the Rev. J. E. FREEMAN. Wm. Macintosh.

OUR venerable friend should certainly have a recommendatory word from us if we dared to give it, but we do so thoroughly dislike forms of prayer that even when *he* writes them we cannot say more than *they are good for the sort;* but the whole mess of written prayers are an abomination to us. A man can no more put true prayer into a book, than he can put an angel into a cannon-ball.

The Freeman. A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the interests of the Baptist denomination. Elliot Stock, London.

We have never been the most ardent admirer of this newspaper, for we thought it did more harm than good; but now that it is under an entirely new management, and one in which we have confidence, we wish it God speed. Our able friend and helper, Mr. Leach, whose genial papers so enrich our Magazine, has become the working editor under the direction of Dr. Angus and other honoured members of the Baptist body. Sound principles and honest convictions are here as everywhere essential to success, and our friend has these to our heart's content.

Notices.

A NEW Baptist chapel was opened in Southampton, on Tuesday the 19th of March, when Mr. J. A. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon and evening to crowded congregations. On the following Thursday a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Collins, for whose church and congregation the chapel had been erected, presided. The Rev. T. Skinner offered prayer. After some appropriate statements made by the chairman, the meeting was addressed by Mr. T. Adkins, Mr. C. Williams, Mr. J. March, Mr. T. Sissons, Mr. R. Caven, Mr. G. Gregg, and Mr. T. Skinner. The collections amounted to about £30. The chapel is in an excellent situation, and seats about 700 persons. The present outlay is about £2,200, of which £1,000 remains to be provided, and towards which subscriptions will be thankfully received by the pastor and deacons, or by Mr. Blackshaw, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The church-meeting at Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, of which Mr. Mallins from the Tabernacle College is the pastor, has received a considerable addition to its numbers, and strength from the union with it of the church formerly meeting in Bolton Street, on the recommendation of its late pastor, Mr. Charles Morgan, who has removed to England.

On March the 30th, anniversary services were held at the Baptist chapel at Brabourne, in Kent, where Mr. Wright, from the Tabernacle College, is labouring with much acceptance. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. A tea-meeting was afterwards held, at which about 200 persons attended. At the meeting in the evening Mr. Rogers presided, and addresses were given by Captain Whichelo, of Hythe, Mr. Hudson, of Folkestone, Mr. M'Kinnon, Independent, of Hythe, Mr. Jackson, of Sevenoaks, and Mr. Wright. The day was fine, and the services were well attended. The church and congregation here have seldom, if ever, been in so flourishing a condition as they are now. There is a general desire for hearing the Word, and there are several instances of decided usefulness.

On Tuesday, the 3rd of April, Mr. H. Perkins was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at Warminster. In the afternoon, Mr. T. G. Rooke, B.A., of Frome, read portions of the Scriptures and offered prayer. The Rev. Hugh Anderson, of Bratton, proposed the usual questions. Mr. Toone, one of the deacons, replied in behalf of the church. Mr. Perkins gave an impressive account of his Christian experience, of the motives which induced him to devote himself to the Christian ministry, and of the reasons of his accepting the invitation of the church at Warminster. Prayer was then offered by Mr. W. Burton, of Frome. Mr. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, gave an address to the young pastor. Mr. H. Anderson closed the service with prayer. About 200 persons took tea in the school-room, which was tastefully decorated for the purpose. At the evening service Mr. Perkins presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. K. M. Gunn, and Mr. H. Douthwaite, of Warminster, Mr. J. Newnham, of Salisbury, Mr. Burton, of Frome, Mr. T. Gilbert, of Westbury, Mr. G. Rogers, Mr. P. K. Pearce, of Frome, Mr. E. Blewitt, of Westbury Leigh, and Mr. Page, a student at the College. The services were well attended, interesting, and very en-

couraging to the newly-ordained pastor and his flock.

On Monday evening, April 2nd, a meeting was held at Holloway House, Holloway Road, where for the last two months religious services have been conducted. Addresses were given by Mr. P. Finch, of Bow, and Mr. T. Tucker, of Camden Town. In the course of the evening, a purse containing money, collected by the hearers, was presented to Mr. Durban, B.A., of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as a small token of esteem for his labours in that place. It was resolved that the services should be continued, in the hope of establishing a Baptist church in that locality.

On the evening of the 18th, Mrs. Bartlett's class held their half-yearly tea-meeting, and handed to the Pastor their usual princely contribution of £100, making, with their bazaar stall, the sum of £220 contributed to our great work in six months. This is almost beyond our own belief, though we see it with our own eyes. What hath God wrought?

On the same evening the lads of Mr. Croker's class presented £25 to the College funds, and two beautiful Bibles to Masters Charles and Thomas Spurgeon. May God bless these young disciples for their praiseworthy zeal for the Lord of hosts!

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, to April 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Fuller	1	0	0
Maria Bolton	0	3	6
Mrs. H. Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lawrence	0	10	0
Master J. Lawrence Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. Selway	2	2	0
F. H.	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Collected by Miss Banting	1	4	0
Continue in Well-doing	52	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Varley	7	7	0
Mr. R. Law	0	4	0
A Friend, Abergavenny	2	0	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	4	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	6
A Constant Reader	0	5	0
A Friend, Annan	20	0	0
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
A Baptismal Offering, Mr. and Mrs. Krell	10	0	0
Mr. T. Marshall	5	0	0
Collections at Landport, per Mr. Gange	21	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	5	0	0
Mr. T. Dare	1	1	0
Mr. S. Marshall	1	1	0
Mr. Surr	1	0	0
Mr. Worcester	5	0	0
Mr. Tapscott	2	2	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Mr. J. Brockie	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	20	0	0
L. G. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Penalnna	1	0	0
Per Editor, Christian World	2	10	0
Mr. H. Spicer	5	5	0
Mr. J. Spicer	10	10	0
Proceeds of Tea Meeting, at Chelsea	0	5	10
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	4	4	0
Mrs. Sherrin	5	0	0
Mr. Woolley	5	0	0
Mr. Balfern	2	2	0
Rev. W. Brock	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Flood	1	0	0
2 Cor. xiii. 14	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
A Friend at Hadley Green	0	5	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Baxter Road Chapel, by Mr. Spurgeon	11	0	3
A Friend	0	5	0
Legacy of the late Mr. J. Breed (less duty)	45	0	0
A Friend, Nova Scotia	0	18	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Tiffin	0	2	6
Mr. Payne	5	5	0
Faith	1	0	0
E. A., Dundee	0	5	0
J. S. M., Suffolk	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tresidder	2	2	0
Amy	0	5	0
Mr. G. Wilson	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Parker	1	0	0
Mr. A. Carpenter	0	2	0
A Widow	0	10	0
A Widow's Son	0	10	0
Mrs. Anderson	2	0	0
Mr. R. Beck, Chester	5	0	0
A. P.	5	0	0
Mr. C. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. Murrell	10	10	0
Mr. Huntley	10	10	0
Mr. Ricketts	2	2	0
Mr. G. Smith	40	0	0
Mr. Croker's Class	25	0	0
Mrs. Bartlett's Class	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	20	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	20	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Mar. 26	28	7	8
" " " April 2	26	4	1
" " " " 9	37	11	3
" " " " 16	30	9	10
	£603	3	5

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1866.

Christ-like Love.

WHAT IS IT? WHENCE COMES IT? HOW DOES IT DISPLAY ITSELF?

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love," &c.—1 John iv. 7—12.

THE great end and aim of God in Christianity is to bring men to be like himself. When God made Adam at first, he made him in his own image; but if Adam had persevered in holiness he would no doubt have attained to a far higher degree of likeness to God than he had at first. But when a soul is brought to Christ and born again, it is God's purpose, I believe, to make that soul far more like himself than unfallen Adam ever was or ever would have been. It seems probable that this was one grand reason why God permitted man to fall; that he might bring redeemed sinners to a far higher state of holiness than unfallen souls could have attained to. God let the pleasant vessel fall out of his hands and be dashed in pieces, just that he might gather up the broken fragments, and out of them make a new vessel, a thousand times more beautiful and glorious, and like to himself than the first ever could have been. There is reason to think that one of the white-robed spirits before the throne is ten thousand times more like Christ than unfallen Adam ever was, or ever would have been. He is more like Christ than even the angels are. In what respect? In holy love. "God is love." If you wanted to describe the true character of God in one word, you would say, "God is love;" not that there are no other perfections in God; every perfection dwells infinitely in him; but love colours all, tinges all, animates all, just as you have seen in an advanced Christian; he may have many good faculties, a clear understanding, a fine memory, good taste, lively imagination, still every one of his faculties are coloured, tinged, made fragrant by a gentle, holy love. Love is uppermost in all he says, in all he does, in all he thinks; in his eye, in his

* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript.

hand. So is it with God in an infinite degree. Just as in a king's cabinet there may be one drawer full of precious stones, another full of gold and jewels, another full of coins, and another full of soft raiment, yet, if there be another full of musk, or some fragrant aromatic, it will lend its fragrance to the whole cabinet; every drawer will partake of the delicious odour. So it is in the heart of our God. There are unsearchable riches there of wisdom, holiness, justice, and truth; but all are scented with this one holy love. Now, when we come to Christ, we partake of this love, we get this stream from the heart of God, we are united to him who is love in another way than the angels are, and therefore, we can love more than the angels can. The heart is changed into a flame, a burning coal of love.

Let us trace this wonderful change.

I. *Natural men have none of this holy love.* To show this, I remark, that natural men have no love to God. If there were any holy love at all it would show itself towards God; but natural men have not a particle of love to God in their hearts. We are all born without any. A man is born with love to his father, and with love to his mother. The babe clings naturally to its mother's breast, and will not be torn from it; but the same child does not naturally cling to the breast of God. Just as in a dead body there is not a spark of life; so in a natural man there is not a spark of love towards God. Natural men differ very much in some things; one is kind and amiable, another is fiery and ill-tempered; one is outwardly irreproachable, another is stained with every crime; yet all agree in this one thing,—they have no love to God. Oh! search your hearts and you will find it so.

(1.) *By your flying from God.* When you love any one, you love their company, you love to be much with them, you love to exchange thoughts with them—to hear their sweet voice and to speak back in gentle words to them. But natural men do not love the company of God; they do not love to be much with God, or to exchange thoughts with him; they do not love to hear God's voice, or to speak their mind to him. I put it to you, Do you not dislike to be alone with God? You love always to be alone with men,—to be engaged in the bustle of business, or in the whirl of pleasure. God is not in all your thoughts. Does not this show you do not love God? Do you not dislike secret prayer? In public prayer you can think about other things; but to go into a room, and shut the door, and meet with God in secret, this you cannot bear. Does not this show you do not love God? If you loved him, would you not love to meet him? Some say, "I have not time." This is only a lie. If you search your heart you will see that you have time for other things which you love better. If you loved any one, surely you would have time to speak a word to them now and then. You have time to sit and be idle again and again in the day, or to talk with poor wretched worms of the dust, and you have plenty of time to pray if you were so inclined; but you do not love God. But,—

(2.) *They have a mortal hatred at God.* This I shall show you from an old divine. He says, "Natural men have that enmity in their hearts that strikes at the life of God." "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," or rather "no God," I would have none. Let the world be without a God, for he stands in the way. The viper's

poison is deadly poison, and when he bites he seeks our precious life. Men, in this respect, are a generation of vipers. The divine nature being immortal, and infinitely out of their reach, there is no trial of this possible, but only for God to take on him the human nature, so as to come within man's reach. And what has been the event? Why, whenever God became man, and came down here to dwell among vipers, they hated and persecuted him, and never desisted till they had imbrued their hands in his blood. All cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him." Nothing would restrain them from it—not even all his preaching—all his miracles—but they would kill him. This shows man's enmity to God in its true colours. Ah! my friends, do you think your hearts are very different from the hearts of the Jews? You are just the same till grace convert you. Ah! surely you will say, "I am like a beast before thee."

(3.) *By dislike of all that are like God.* When you love any one, you love their children, and treat them kindly for the sake of their parents, especially if the children are like their parents—if they have the same features—the same expression of countenance—the same disposition of mind—you love them all the more. Still more if the parents are dead, or in a foreign country, you love to show your love to them by loving their children whom they have left behind. If you loved God, my dear friends, you would love his children, especially if they have much of God's features in them. The more they have of God's features in them, the more they have of Christ in them; the more you would love them; still more, since Christ is away, and they are left like orphans in the world. Try yourselves by this. Do you not dislike God's children? The more unlike you are to him, the more you avoid them: you do not make companions of them; you do not cleave to them. Let the secret fully out. You do not love God. But I come now—

II. To consider *the change that takes place when a man comes to Christ.* "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new." In nothing is this change so remarkable as in this—the man now loves. He loves an unseen God—he loves an unseen Saviour. He feels a new affection springing up in his heart to all that have any of the image of Christ. He loves Christians whom he has never seen in the flesh. He receives a flame of love—a burning coal of love.

(1.) Consider *the spring of this love.* It is in God: "Love is of God." Just as the source of the Nile is far up in the mountains of Interior Africa, where the eye of man never penetrated, so the source of this love is in the heart of God, far above the gaze of the men of this world. Love is of God; it is not of man. You may gain much knowledge from man. Your heart may be excited with a momentary blaze by coming near a good man; but if you would receive this stream of love into your heart, you must go to the bosom of God—to the bosom of Christ. It is not in books. You may get much learning from books, much information about God and about Christ, still you must go to the fountain in the bosom of God, if you would know what this love meaneth. It is not of the world. The men of this world have not a drop of this love in their hearts; they have much natural love, *that* is amiable and delightful; they have much romantic love, *that* is false and vain; they have polluted love, THAT comes from hell. But they have no holy love

to give you. If you go to the world, you will come back with your pitchers empty. Of all the disciples, John seems to have had most of this stream of divine love flowing into his breast; he had peculiar tenderness for the world: what a heart for those whom he calls "Little children"! Where did he get it? Here he tells us, "Love is of God." He got it by leaning on the bosom of Christ. It is there alone you will get it. It is by remaining there you will get it constantly supplied. Consider,—

(2.) *The nature of this love.* First: *It is a delicate love.* Hear its language: "Beloved, let us love one another." True, a soul in Christ has mercy for the whole world, he is merciful as his Father in heaven is merciful; but he has a peculiar love to them that are in Christ and like Christ. He cannot love every one; he cannot unbosom himself to every one. He loves all who are like Christ. The more like they are to Christ he loves them the more. The only thing that keeps back the tide of his love is that wherein they differ from Christ. Have you this peculiar love? It springs from the bosom of a reconciled God. If you have it not, you have not seen him nor known him. Second: *it is self-denying.* Hear its language: "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." The world will give what it will not miss—give it freely—give it with an air; but Christian love begins where worldly love ends. The same spirit that moved God to give his Son, moves a soul in Christ to give up anything God would have *for* Christ. If we have the love of God in us we will make sacrifices for Christians. God spared not his own Son for that soul; do you grudge him a little of your substance? Do try yourselves by this, and see if you have the spirit of Christ, or only the spirit of the world. Third: *it is a Godlike love.* Verse 12, "No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." There is a devilish love as well as a Godlike love. There is, perhaps, no way in which Satan ruins more souls, than by filling them with unholy love. You may know Satan's love by these things. It seeks not the real good of its object. *It seeks only its own gratification.* It seeks not for a likeness to Christ in its object. You may be sure if you love any one, but not for anything Christ-like in them, it is Satan's love. *It does not look into eternity.* If you love another, but it is only for time, if you have no regard to eternity in it, then you may be sure it is Satan's love. But the Christian's love is from God, and is pure as God himself. It is the pure, gentle, lovely Spirit of God moving in the heart. Oh, get Satan cast out of your heart, and get this pure Spirit instead, then you will know what it is to love one another out of a pure heart fervently. Fourth: *It is never-failing.* "Love never faileth." When water comes from a fountain, then it never fails; but there is no fountain so unfailing as the heart of God. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The sun may grow weary of shining, the tides may grow weary of flowing; but the Spirit of God abides with us for ever. When he once takes up his dwelling in the heart, it is for eternity. Natural men have no stability about them. To-day they may be kind, to-morrow they may be your deadly enemies. When the world goes well with us they will be our friends. When distress comes on our dwellings, then they will fly away. Worldly friends are like the butterflies, they come out when the sun shines, but retire when the storm comes on.

But are you in Christ? then your love is for ever. In summer and winter shall it be. You will love till the last breath, and in eternity we shall meet you again full of the same holy love. Love never faileth. Examine yourselves by this. Have you this love? Many persons are able to speak much for Christ. They have the tongue of an angel; *but have you this love?* If not, you are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. You are no more a Christian than a brazen trumpet, or a pair of dashing cymbals. Some have a great deal of knowledge; understanding all mysteries, and able to explain deep parts of the Bible. *Have you love?* For if not, you are nothing. Some are very kind to the poor, even extravagantly so, so that they leave it in their will that their body is to be burned to save the expense of burying. Have you love to Christ and to his people? For if not, alas! all else will profit you nothing. Amen.

Outlines of the Life of John Vine Hall.*

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

"PEACE hath her victories not less renowned than war," and there be heroes who never slept upon a tented field or walked amidst "confused noise and smoke, and garments rolled in blood." There are foemen more deadly than those who stand foot to foot and eye to eye watching for the unguarded spot, to plunge in the flashing steel; for of all contests none are more to be dreaded than those, where the man is matched against what he loves with one half of his nature, though he condemns it with the other. Self-conflict is the most terrible, and victory or defeat there is of more true moment to the warrior than the issues of a battle to the king who rules an army; "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

We purpose sketching the life of one of the Lord's veterans, who had oft waxed valiant in fight, and proved himself at last more than a conqueror, though he had to tell of not a few campaigns where laurels were lost rather than won, and had to bear to his grave the smart of many a wound, long healed over and forgotten by his friends, while the scars upon his memory seemed to bleed even to his dying day.

In the small market town of Diss, John Vine Hall was born, of parents then in reduced circumstances, in the year 1774. Possessed of natural and physical powers of no mean order, fully developed by a training in the rough but successful school of self-relying toil, he was evidently a man well adapted to occupy an important niche in the social fabric, and worthy of the affection and esteem of his more immediate circle of friends.

At eleven years of age he was apprenticed to a schoolmaster, having contrived before that time to tumble into a river through a hole in the ice, to get pitched off a horse at full gallop, and to dispense with the use of either ladder or stairs in his descent out of a loft, followed up by falling from a tree on to some spiked palings. As may be supposed

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* From his Life, by Rev. Newman Hall.

sundry ribs and bones came to grief in the course of these vagaries, though a gracious God preserved him alive through them all. Few men can tell of more hair-breadth escapes than are related in the Autobiography from which we condense this account.

In the year 1786 he is removed to Maidstone, and there Mr. Hall appears to have earned the character of a truly "jolly good fellow" to every one but himself, and to have been no one's enemy but his own. But "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;" and a spirit of restlessness seems to have possessed him, driving him to seek relief in a resolve to become first a sailor, and then again a soldier, which was only frustrated by his unbounded love to his mother, and his conviction that to honour her was to have the promise fulfilled, as it assuredly was in his case, "that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Attempts to begin life anew as a surgeon, and also as a clerk in the Bank of England, were alike nipped in the bud. At last, when about twenty-seven years of age, he became clerk to a wine merchant, and commenced a course of evil which, though studiously hidden from man in darkness, was marked by the all-seeing eye of God, and well nigh resulted in the ruin both of his body and soul. An open and avowed infidel he attracted the attention of the then (1802) curate of the place, who sent to him a copy of the "Evidences of Christianity," by Porteus, and prevailed upon Mr. Hall to read it. A second perusal so convinced him of the fallacy of Paine's "Age of Reason" that he took that infamous book from off the shelf and stamped upon it, and, denouncing the author as a liar, threw it into the fire, saying, "Go to the flames with you, Tom Paine; you have deceived me long enough; you shall do so no longer." The change was, however, only in creed, the life and heart remained unaltered. His situation as a wine merchant's clerk led him into company, where he was carried on by his vivacious nature into excesses which caused him, even then, bitter hours of regret. In one such mood his heart is led out in prayer to God, to direct and smooth his path out of the wine trade, into a calling less exposed to temptation. A paper is put into his hands almost before the prayer is finished, and in it he saw an advertisement which was clearly sent from God. This opening was in connection with an old established bookselling and stationery trade in the city of Worcester, where he eventually settled on the 25th of February, 1804. He saw the advertisement in a public house—the "Red Lion," at Ashford—and yet though he had thus prayed, and was evidently answered, he nevertheless got so drunk as to ride his horse home to Maidstone at full speed; and being thrown over his head upon the pavement, he was picked up in a state of complete insensibility, though fortunately not much hurt.

With five pounds in his pocket as his fortune he entered Worcester, and at once began to carry out his maxims:—"Civility is cheap, and goes a great way." "Mind your business, and your business will mind you." "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well."

One day he overheard a labourer who was passing exclaim, "Hey! but that's a working chap; he's always at it!" "Go on, my good

friend," was the mental answer of the busy shopkeeper; "that's right; spread it over the city."

By dint of hard work he raised the business to a prosperous condition, and paid off the borrowed capital with which he had commenced it, thus proving his steady determination of character, as he had so often done his bravery, when circumstances called it forth; as when to rescue a woman who was shrieking in the market place of Maidstone, under the dastardly blows of her ruffianly husband, he rushed in and knocked the brute down, receiving as his reward, however, a blow from the woman's patten, which left its mark to the day of his death, and suggested the shrewd determination never to come in between a quarrelling couple, lest he should have cause again to "Remember the patten."

At another time, his manliness was shown by pinioning a highwayman, single-handed, and retaining him in his grasp till assistance came; and on a second occasion, it also brought him off triumphant!

"None but the brave deserve the fair," and Mr. Hall was worthy of a good wife, and discovered one, where we would suggest to our young bachelor readers the best partners are likely to be found, not in the ball room, theatre, or evening party of frivolous amusement, but at the place of worship. We would not counsel the attendance upon church or chapel with a view to match-making, but it will be a much more likely place to see a "good wife," whom the Bible says, "is from the Lord," than those other resorts, where you may possibly chance to pick up a young lady who has come from the opposite direction. Mr. Hall carried on his courtship in a method which may be read with interest by any young person now in the delirium of that fever—he is a good specimen of the truth of the proverbs, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" "All's well that ends well;" "The course of true love never did run smooth;" with sundry other wise and befitting sayings. They are married in St. Clement's Church, Worcester, August 26th, 1806.

Mr. Hall has left a most affecting record of his desperate struggle with the fiend of intemperance, from which he came forth eventually triumphant, though he had to lament at one time that "business was gone, health destroyed, character ruined, and a dear wife miserable." We make a few extracts to show our readers the current of his life.

"March 14th, 1812.—My birthday . . . This morning, whilst busied in the shop, and being fretted at the effects of recent intemperance, I said, with petulance, 'Ay, ay, it's no use my endeavouring to become steady, my sins are too great to be forgiven.' The fretful thought was stopped suddenly by a voice whispering in my ear, 'If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven thee.'" The effect of this vivid mental exercise was so great as to drive him in floods of tears to his closet, where he sought pardon as he had never done before, and he adds, "I felt quite a new creature, and thus I trust my birthday may become a day of earthly and eternal joy." A few days after this his mother is taken from him by death. He had for many years sustained and comforted her, loving her with all his heart, and she more than repaid it with all the fulness of a mother's love. She died, praying two hours for her prodigal son, and fell asleep, crying, "The Lord bless him, the Lord bless him, the Lord bless him!"

Within a few months he writes: "May 18th.—I am suddenly fixed into four offices for the church of God,—trustee, treasurer, committee-man, and prayer-man. See what the Lord can perform in a short time! A sinner snatched from the very centre of hell, and made an instrument of public service in the house of God, in a very few days. What a miracle, even in this our day!" "May 19th.—I was so happy in prayer this morning that I could hardly contain myself." "June 30th.—Half mad at having been quite off my guard . . . Soaring too high without the wings of humility, I fell into the horrible pit of intemperance, while Satan hugged me again with his infernal arms. Horrible indeed!" "June 29th, 30th, 31st.—Fighting most desperately night and day, by prayer, repentance, and abstinence (not having had any sleep for three nights), and have entreated with bitter tears that the Almighty would restore me. Oh! what a hell does the soul feel that has once enjoyed the love of God, and has lost it again by giving way to temptation!" "September 13th.—Find myself, by the sole support of my Saviour, quietly rising out of the slough of sin; but I am almost afraid to open my lips to any one, and I go about the house as quiet as a mouse." "December 30th.—The bile and hell. Oh that God would blot out the last week from the sad catalogue of my sins, and give me grace that I may never sin again! . . . Oh! come, repentance, come in thy humblest, fullest form." "Easter Tuesday.—After a restless night, spent partly in terrific dreams and partly in prayer, I threw myself on my knees and entreated for mercy. Horror and dismay now opened a battery against my soul; the Bible and hymn-book lay open before me, and I attempted to read, but it was all to no purpose, and the gate of mercy seemed closing; hell yearning wide to swallow up its victim, and devils anticipating their infernal joy. But stop; a gleam of light twinkling through the dark discovered the gracious invitation, 'knock, and it shall be opened.' Yet, even this promise seemed not to extend to me. But to stay on Satan's ground was certain death, therefore I prostrated myself before the throne in an agony of distress. Oh! it seemed to be a last effort, and I never in all my life ever prayed in such a manner before. God Almighty heard me, and by the blessed Jesus sent me an answer of peace and consolation. I arose in tears. My pain was gone, and my gratitude seemed as if it would drive me into a delirium of joy."

Numerous falls and restorations, accompanied with bitterest reproaches, fill up the main part of the diary till the year 1814; when he is summoned to London by a friend, to arrange for taking the business in Maidstone, where he entered first as errand boy, and remained from 1786 till 1801. He writes: "I set out on the 2nd of February for London. I had but one companion in the coach, a student, a pious young man, and we did nothing but talk of the mercies and dealings of a gracious Saviour. At Oxford, I walked into a bye place at midnight, whilst the out-side passengers were at supper, and kneeling down upon the stones, poured out my soul to God for his pardoning mercy and protecting care." In spite of all this, he is enticed by so-called friends into excesses which threaten loss, not only of health, but of reason and life itself; and to stop himself, he even authorized the doctor to take the responsibility of confining his person and

putting him under medical restraint. Nobly did his family and friends rally round him, and few men have had more cause to be grateful than Mr. Hall for the counsel and help of a really devoted and patient wife, who seems to have watched over and cared for her almost demented husband, with an angelic spirit.

Mr. Hall is at last constrained to give up completely the use of all stimulating drinks, and our readers will commend the resolution when they read his record: "Often have I taken the dreadful glass in my hand, and looked at the wine with a sort of sensible horror, yet had no power to resist the strong impulse to let it pass my throat. Many and many a time has conscience plainly told me that this conduct would assuredly bring me to ruin, my children to beggary, and my wife to an untimely grave; yet, with all these reflections, the dreadful habit was so strong that I gave way to its force. Many a time, also, I have looked with strong emotion upon poor ragged children playing in the streets, and when my sympathies have been excited even to tears, the same faithful monitor has whispered to my mind, 'Such will be the fate of your own children, unless you break off this destructive habit.' But all these things were unavailing; affliction, tenderness, conscience, had no power, and nothing short of Omnipotence could perform the mighty act. It now affords me great, unspeakable pleasure to point out to poor perishing sinners the willingness of God to forgive all who repent and turn from their sins, and also to stand forth as a witness to his faithfulness and power to subdue the most inveterate habits. I, who was a most dreadful drinker, even I, am become one of the most sober men in England, through the power of God alone. I deeply regret that my gratitude bears so little proportion to his goodness, and the more particularly when the contrast is so very and so awfully striking between my present condition and the fate of my old companions. My early friends snatched away, and gone—where? J. S., my bosom friend, and at thirty-six, gone; J. T. died suddenly, in a shocking state of disease, at forty; victims of intemperance. My old companion, Lieut. R., wild and intemperate, cut off at thirty-one; J. S., at thirty, went the same dreadful path to death; T. K., paralytic, beginning in intemperance, died at thirty-nine; W. C., at twenty-eight, the same; J. P., a man whom one would call excellent at times, died raving mad from intemperance, at forty-two. Why was it not my fate? T. E., whom I often envied for his sobriety, became so much the victim of intemperance as to be removed to a madhouse, where he now lies insane. And yet I, the most unworthy of all, I am preserved to tell the dismal tale. And not only these, my companions, have fallen, but others also (with whom I joined in the midnight revel) are reduced to beggary, and are now wandering about in misery and contempt. I feel deeply on their account—

> 'And fain my pity would reclaim,
> And snatch the firebrand from the flame;
> But feeble my compassion proves.'

I have also abundant reason to rejoice in the goodness of God, in making all my enemies to be at peace with me, and in continuing to me the friendship of good men. He also condescends to make me useful to others, and to dispose my heart to support his cause to some

considerable extent, although it is grief to me that I have not a pocket equal to my desires. These things, my dear children, I write for your example, entreating you always to be liberal towards God, and never withdraw your hand from doing good. God will assuredly bless you most abundantly. I am his witness."

As throwing further light upon the character of this good man, we make the following extracts from page seventy-two of his Autobiography. "I have been much perplexed during the last two years as to the propriety of a hot dinner on a Sunday; and to avoid what I was fearful might be improper, our Sunday's dinner has been cooked on the Saturday. I searched the Bible throughout on this point, and then enquired of several ministers how they acted in this particular, and I found that they did not scruple to have a hot dinner on the Sabbath. Still I am not free from perplexity on this matter. I also considered it highly improper to take a Sunday newspaper, which had for a long time been forwarded to me by the London coach, in order to facilitate the arrangement of my own newspaper for the following Tuesday, the first half of which was always put to press on Monday morning. My editor and compositors declared that the business could not be arranged in proper time if the Sunday newspaper should be discontinued. I called upon my God to enable me to resist all the machinations of those who thought it a light thing to break the Sabbath, and, having so done, I countermanded the Sunday paper," and, as the result proved, without any disadvantage in so doing.

"Sept. 30th, 1821.—I have made it a constant rule, for the last eighteen months, never to quit the shop (when it has been closed at night) without kneeling and expressing my hearty thanks to God for his gracious care over me; and I never quit my room, when I go at eleven o'clock to dress and shave, without kneeling before the throne to return thanks for preservation to such part of the day, and to implore a continuance of divine aid for the remainder, for I feel myself so very weak and so liable to sin, that I dare not trust myself even for a moment.

"October 6th.—Redeeming the time.—By devoting one hour every morning before breakfast, how great a quantity of matter may be read over in the course of a few years! By adopting this practice, I have been enabled to peruse, in the course of four years, the whole of Scott's quarto Bible (three thick volumes), including all the notes and practical observations, reading the whole of the Testament twice, and returning to the Old Testament as far as the thirty-eighth chapter of Exodus; and, blessed be God, his Word has been delicious to my taste and full of comfort to my soul.

"April 18th.—Dreams.—Last night prayed fervently that I might not be pained by sinful dreams, and the Lord heard my prayer by giving me an exercise of worship and praise. Awoke, and returned God thanks for the mercy bestowed, but afterwards a dream of a contrary nature occupied my thoughts, and I awoke with painful sensations at the depravity of my heart when left to itself. Called upon God to cleanse me from the pollution of my last dream. I have often made it a matter of anxious and fervent prayer, before I closed my eyes, that God would in his tender mercy prevent sinful dreams, and give me the

enjoyment of heavenly exercises in my sleeping moments, and many times the Lord hath answered my petitions to the rejoicing of my heart.

"May 22nd.—PROVIDENCE.—I had been walking by the side of the river, and having arrived at the place where a poor widow resided who had received me into her house in July, 1818, at the time I was close to the water and insensible from drinking, I was induced to call and see the person who had kindly sheltered me. She was at the washing tub, hard at work, but exceedingly delighted, and shed tears as I approached her. I found that she had been hard pressed for repayment of two pounds which she had borrowed and was not able to pay, and being threatened by the lender she was greatly distressed. I told her that I saw the hand of God most clearly in directing me to her house at such a crisis. The poor creature's countenance soon became brighter, and I thanked God for having enabled me to repay the kindness I had experienced from this poor woman."

These extracts will help to impress the mind with the conscientious spirit of active Christianity which he displayed in the more private paths of life. We give in nearly his own words an account of the origin of the "Sinner's Friend," that small publication by which Mr. Hall will be remembered through many generations, and by which, he being dead, yet speaketh.

"March 1st, 1821.—Reflecting upon the astonishing goodness of God towards such a great sinner as myself, and considering how much benefit and encouragement I had received from the perusal of Bogatzky's 'Golden Treasury,' I felt deeply concerned that books of this nature were not more easily attainable by the poor. It was suggested to my mind that a small selection might be made from this valuable little work, and distributed at a low price, or gratis, throughout the town of Maidstone, whereby it might please the Lord to awaken and encourage the downcast to seek for mercy. . . . After struggling against opposing thoughts for three weeks, I was brought to a resolution to make a small selection of the most encouraging portions."

After much prayer he printed thirty portions of Bogatzky, and prefixing two, written by himself, as an introduction, he issued the first edition (of a thousand) of the "Sinner's Friend," an attractive little book, not only from its well-selected title, but also from its "neat blue cover;" Mr. Hall very wisely wishing to avoid the old-fashioned and not very tempting appearance of the ordinary tract publications of the day. With a zeal akin to an apostle the compiler of the "Sinner's Friend" went about scattering the goodly seed he thus secured. Our space will not enable us to give a twentieth part of the story of his work. A few instances must suffice, and we trust that some of our readers will learn a lesson of earnest service which they may repeat daily in their own lives.

"May 29th.—This morning, with an anxious heart, and having first entreated of the Lord wisdom and discretion, I set out to distribute my little book. I put three dozen into my pocket, and proceeded over the bridge towards the houses of the poor in West Borough, and the first person I met was Mr. F., who had been an old associate at cards and dissipation, to whom I presented the first copy. I then walked up to the houses, but had not courage to open a single door, and whilst

I stood pondering what to do, a poor woman approached, leading a little child; I plucked up courage, and requested her to accept a little book, which she received with an expression of countenance that led me to think she knew the truth, and she kindly undertook to deliver ten copies to her neighbours. I was pleased with this beginning, and thanked God for it. I then went under the cliff and left four copies at three poor houses, and from thence I went to the top of Stone Street, and got rid of twenty-four copies at different houses, including four to strangers whom I met on the road. I prayed the Lord to bless them to poor sinners. I returned home and replenished myself, and left six copies at each of eight little shops, to be disposed of at threepence each, and to encourage the people to put them in their windows, I gave them the books to sell for their own benefit. I had not returned home more than an hour, when a stranger came with one of the books in his hand, which he had purchased at one of the places where I had left them for sale, and requested to have a dozen, which I gave him, but refused to take anything for them, stating that I was authorized to distribute them gratis.

"June 2nd.—This evening, being Saturday, I walked to and fro upon the Barming Road, and distributed twenty-two copies amongst the poor people returning from market. I had thus disposed of two hundred and thirty-nine copies in various ways. Some I threw into the houses where I found the door or windows open, and left them to the mercy of God to bless them to the inmates."

It is not to be wondered at that the first edition was soon exhausted, and that in November a second of two thousand copies was published, followed soon after by a third of three thousand. As Mr. Hall had distributed the former editions gratuitously, this he determined to sell at about prime cost. Running an eye over the many pages of the history of this book and its circulation by the author, we meet with incidents such as these:—

"A constable reads it outside the court-house at an assize; and a poor girl, whose brother had just been condemned to suffer death, came in a hurried manner to purchase a copy, and she ran instantly to the place in which her brother was confined, and gave it to him. He was seen afterwards, and was evidently struggling with strong convictions."

"Twelve copies to the Rev. Rowland Hill personally at my house."

"One to Mr. J. S., with six bottles of sherry."

Hurrah! Mr. Hall. We think a thousand-fold more of the Christian charity which does something besides talking and circulating tracts. We believe in the gift of the "Sinner's Friend," but we believe also in the "sherry," especially as coming from a total abstainer. This practical charity is ever conspicuous in the life we are now considering. We continue:—

"Thirteen to a poor man, James Perry, from Chatham, to sell for his benefit. He had seen better days. Gave him money and food."

"Twelve to Mrs. B. The first copies of the new edition. Laid these twelve copies before the Lord, imploring his blessing upon them, and upon every copy of the new edition. When shall my wondering soul begin to praise him for so much mercy to so great a sinner as I am?"

"Thirteen to various persons on my journey to and from Westerham,

with earnest prayer that the Lord would bless every copy, to the glory of his own most holy name and for the honour of his blessed Son. No tongue can tell, no mind can conceive of the ecstacy of my soul when exercised in promoting the glory of God. The name of Christ, or rather the love of Christ, puts me into a perfect blaze—a very fire of ecstacy and delight. Oh may the Lord preserve me from extinguishing this fire, and may his grace uphold and keep me from the indulgence of any kind of sin."

The circulation of this little publication may be judged of by one entry in Mr. Hall's Diary :—

"November 17th, 1836.—The total number of copies of "Sinner's Friend" sent out of our house this year, from January 1st to present day, November 17th, is 75,878."

As each successive edition was issued the author changed one or more pieces from Bogatzky and substituted his own composition instead, so that at last it became nearly his own original production from beginning to end.

Mr. Hall was exceedingly active amongst the prisoners at Maidstone gaol, and was evidently greatly blessed. Many were plucked as brands from the burning, and rejoiced in the grace of God as taught them by the "Sinner's Friend." One man owed his life, both of body and soul, to the earnest efforts of this good Samaritan. We transcribe the account of his interview with this man, whose after life confirmed the hopes excited by his profession of repentance. Mr. Hall says :—"Soon after receiving his letter I went to the prison, and the gaoler brought the poor man into my presence. He was all agitation. He looked at me with a sort of frenzied delight, grasped my hand, brushed down the tears from his eyes, stamped on the ground, looked at me again, and at length in broken, half-stifled accents exclaimed, 'My deliverer! my life! my life!—I owe my life to you!' I told him not to thank me, but to thank that gracious God who had wrought out so remarkable a deliverance, and who had mercifully employed myself as his instrument. I felt very queer; and after giving him the best advice in my power, returned home, praising and thanking my almighty Friend for his goodness and tender mercy. And I never saw the poor man again. I did not like to be praised." Other duties claimed a share in Mr. Hall's attention :—

"Spent half an hour at the bedside of a dying saint, who said he was '*happier than a king.*' I think I shall never forget these words, nor the animation with which they were uttered. This is the grandest sight I ever beheld—better than a coronation!"

"Whilst I was this day sitting by Hoffenden's bedside, he turned towards his wife, who was sitting on a box weeping, and said, 'Don't fret, mate, I shall be better off. Oh that I could go this minute! I was once afraid to die; not so now—very far from it!' I have many delights, but none so truly gratifying as visiting the sick, and doing good to the poor. I hope this will be my daily exercise as long as I live."

Our space will not permit us to enlarge upon Mr. Hall's beneficial use of his "Metallic Tractors," with which he seems to have wrought many startling cures. The time and expense which were consecrated to this work give further proof of his earnest desire to be instant in

season and out of season in his Master's work. The flame burned brightly upon the altar, and no sacrifice was esteemed too costly to be dedicated to the glory of his God. As time rolled on the fire burnt with a yet clearer and steadier flame. His own words will best describe his state. "No tongue on earth can tell the rapture of my soul when speaking for the Lord Jesus Christ. Every power in me is all on fire, in a perfect blaze, when telling of redeeming love. But when I look at myself and see the blackness of my heart, and remember my dreadful sins, my soul sinks within me, and had I not a clear view of the almighty sacrifice for sin, I should sink into despair. But Christ says, 'No! I have redeemed thee, poor sinner. Thou art mine, and none shall ever pluck thee out of my hands.'"

One striking characteristic of Mr. Hall's spiritual life was his deep and abiding sense of sin, and though ever speaking of his Saviour's power and willingness to save, at the same time he humbled himself to the earth, and, like Job, abhorred himself, repenting in dust and ashes. His love to Christ is always at a white heat. "I cannot hear," says he, "the blessed name of the Saviour uttered, without feeling a fire within me stealing into my eyes with streams of gratitude for what he has done for my soul. I could praise him for ever. What shall I say of the goodness and mercy of God to so vile a sinner?"

In the year 1854 Mr. Hall removed to London, and joined the church at Surrey Chapel, under the pastoral care of his well-known and highly esteemed son, Mr. Newman Hall, who had just entered upon his labours in that place.

The record of his remaining days is highly interesting, and reminds us of the sun setting at the close of an autumn day. All is peace and calm light, radiating the whole horizon with beams of glory and all but heavenly beauty. At last, having brought forth fruit even in his old age, like a ripe shock of corn he was gathered into the heavenly garner. He fell asleep in Jesus the 22nd of September, 1860, and was buried in Abney Park; his true monument, however, is the "Sinner's Friend," which is now all over the earth, and translated into nearly every tongue.

In reviewing this story of marvellous grace and earnest service we scarce need point the moral. Nearly every line speaks of the necessity of faith, of prayer, and of deep humility, and thus it has a voice which bids us work while it is called to-day; in the morning to sow our seed, and in the evening not to withhold our hand, as we know not which will prosper, this or that, or whether both will be alike good.

The Lemons and the Soda.

"I COULD soon finish you up," said some lemons to a bottle of carbonate of soda.

"I could soon take the taste out of *you*," answered the soda.

"Let us try our strength," said the lemons.

"With all my heart," said the soda; and to work they went, trying with all their might to extinguish each other; fizz—went the lemons;—fizz—went the soda; and they went on fizzing, till there was nothing of either of them left, and only a nauseous puddle showed where the fight had been."—*From Mrs. Prosser's "Original Fables and Sketches."*

"Happy Joss" the Fiddler.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

WHEREUNTO shall I liken this evangelist? To whom, living or dead, does he bear most resemblance? His prototype, so far as I know, cannot be found among the evangelistic itinerants of Wycliffe, Whitefield, or Wesley; nor if we should visit the meanest spots in England which have been transformed into spiritual brightness by the sunshine of rude piety and earnest, unorthodox, unclerical pulpit-power, would his precise model be discovered. "He's an original," said a working man to me, with a confidential and assuring wink; and it is not improbable that the reader, should he have sufficient patience to carefully read this paper, may arrive at a somewhat similar conclusion.

"Fiddler Joss," otherwise Joshua Poole, was born in Skipton, Yorkshire, of honest, homely, loving Christian parents. For the benefit of the lady-reader who is fond of ascertaining the age of every one, though properly cautious in exchanging information on so delicate a subject, it may be said that Joshua is a young man, full of energy and youthful vigour, which will now happily be expended in the service of the Master. Though an uneducated lad he possessed a sharp intellect, and might have made a respectable artisan. He was no fool, for he mastered a fiddle. He was a happy, useful, generous-hearted little fellow, fond of his mother—excelling in that respect the love of ordinary boyhood. He was, however, equally attached to sin, and had a restless anxiety to become a clever adept in iniquity. The greatest sinners, however, are ashamed of their ill practices in the presence of a godly mother, and invariably manage to leave the house where love lies weeping and bleeding, for scenes less provocative of tender feelings. He had what he calls a rambling, roving desire. That desire led him to Bradford; and intense love for their fallen son induced his parents to quit the town where they resided to watch over his interests, and bring him by prayer before God for a blessing. He became a Sabbath-school teacher, but that employment did not long suit his tastes. His musical education seemed to have led him astray. Whether it was, in the first instance, from a love of pot-house applause, or drink, or a nomad life, that he took to fiddling in public houses cannot be definitely stated. The choice of a roving life was made, but it did not pay. Drunkards and free-and-easy brawlers were generous with drink, but mean in giving solid food, and meaner in bestowing their half-pence. With a hope of reforming their erring lad, his parents managed to get him married: a panacea, as some foolishly think, for all ill conduct. He did not forsake his old habits; and he soon found that "any fool can drink a pint of beer, but all fools can't pay for it." His wife died of consumption, and he had no money to purchase a coffin. Here his poor father stepped in, and said that his lad should not bury his wife in a pauper's coffin, and the expenses of a decent interment were met by the good old man's generosity. Joshua, after the funeral, went to live with his parents, and for a time his heart was softened by their genial, prayerful influence. One prayer which his father offered ever haunted him. When he was fiddling, drinking, wrestling, fighting, card-playing, gambling (the ins-and-outs of which he can explain to this day, when he

wishes to arrest a gambler's attention), Sabbath-breaking, and breaking his parents' hearts, he remembered the words of intercession. "I have drunk brandy," says he, "rum, gin, whiskey, and everything to drown my father's prayer, but it never could be drowned—it always swam on the top." The prayer was to this effect:—"Lord, thou hast brought the wanderer once more to his father's roof; be with him and bless him; may he come back to Jesus, give his heart fully to Him, and find out the way to heaven." Joshua's child died soon after the mother, and his reflections at that time were so excellent that, if acted on, might have resulted in his reformation. But he grew in wickedness; and says he, "I put my fiddle in a green bag, and I put the devil in my heart, and away I went off into Ireland, fiddling again, and knocking about the country, trying to drown my troubles." The late lamented Professor Wilson was once crossing Lochlomond, and to relieve the tedious hour asked the ferryman to sing him a Gaelic song; but the ferryman refused, unless his throat were first cleared by a glass of whiskey, which he maintained was a primal necessity; but as there was no whiskey in the loch, the song was not sung. Unfortunately for Joshua, however, he could always get drink on sea and land, and he seemed generally to avoid, with singular adroitness or prescience, all sea-passages where there was no opportunity of losing his natural equilibrium.

"Joss" married a second time. His wife, who was a Methodist class-leader, and is now engaged in preaching to her own sex, soon experienced the folly of marrying an ungodly man. It was a critical step, and might have ruined her soul. "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers" is advice which "Joss" always gives to young women who profess an attachment to their Maker-Husband; and points to his own case as a strong evidence of the wisdom of the apostolic advice. Drink maddened him. He became frantic with an effervescent excitement; he joked, sang, laughed, fiddled and was fuddled; and seldom allowed conscientious thoughts, bitter reflections, or headaches to intervene between the drink-tightenings which he now so eloquently declaims. Teetotaller as he is, he once confessed before that admirable High Priest of Total Abstinence, the Rev. Newman Hall—that he still got "tight," or full of the love of Jesus. The effects of this heavenly state he contrasts vividly with those baneful results produced by strong drink—"champagne at night and real pain next day." "If you want to get tight, get full of the love of God," says "happy Joss," in an affectionate way that brought tears from many an eye: "my soul is full of Jesus; there is no room for the devil;" a very happy mood, for a continuance of which one would devoutly pray. Nine days after marriage—ere the moon, called honey, had shed its last, soft, silvery ray—"Joss" lifted up his fist to knock his new wife down!

But with all his wickedness he had a tender heart, a susceptibility of feeling, a knowledge of right and wrong, a judicious dread of permitting his wife to witness the dreadful scenes in which he took a part—the part of a musical enchanter—as the following account will show:*—

* From a lecture published by J. Clarke and Co., of Fleet Street, and delivered by "Fiddler Joss" at Surrey Chapel. This is the only *reliable* report published, and as it is sold at one penny, it should attain a wide circulation.

"She wanted to go with me one night. I was going to play for a first-rate dancing party. Why, my dear friends, that is one of the training schools of the devil—a dancing party for dear young men and women. For all I was a drunkard I did not like my wife to go with me, and see the sights which I saw. I loved her, and I did not want her to go. My dear hearers, I have perceived virtuous, pious (*!*) young girls, come from the Sanctuary on a Sunday night, and go into these beer-shops and public-houses that are open for 'sacred music' on the Sunday. It is a respectable night-cap they have got for the devil to wear on the Sabbath day. The Lord help you, young people, to shun these places as you would perdition. The most profligate places in Yorkshire and Lancashire now have got a Sunday name to them. What do you call them? Music saloons—'Sacred music here on a Sunday.' I say, I loved my wife, and I could not bear in my mind to let her go with me. I can remember the first night when she knelt down to pray, and I heard her say, 'Lord, bless my husband.' Oh, I thought, my first wife was a kind creature, but I never heard her pray for her husband. When she was laid in bed dying, I said to her, 'Oh, Jane, do begin to pray and give thy heart to God.' She said, 'Go away, you wicked man.' I replied, 'Although I am a wicked man, I would like thee to get to heaven;' but my present wife was a dear, praying partner."

Still there were no signs of reformation. He went on from bad to worse. Knives and razors were banished from the house. Then came affliction. One by one the children slept the sleep of death. 'Twas well they did; for hunger had pinched them. The cries of "Mammy, give me a bit of bread" were frequent. The drunken father, distressed at their importunities, would take down his fiddle and go to the public-house for bread; but bread is the last thing to be found in the drunkard's den. Drink, of course, could be had: it is surprising how grandly drunken generosity develops itself; but it is all in one channel. It shows the half-face of a virtue; the other half, and truer side, the face of a bloated vice—the intent of a devil. While Joshua was in this condition he was the subject of sceptical doubts. A drunkard who is an infidel is a pitiful and yet common sight; he is like a child attempting to grasp and control heaven's lightning. "When drink is in wit is out;" and it is only by God's preservative grace that wit can be kept in and drink out. All his doubts as to a Supreme Being, a future state of blessedness, and a dread reality known in Scripture as "hell," "everlasting torment," flew upon hearing his dying boy pray to God. A simple method of conversion truly; but simple instruments are most blessed to simple people. A few simple medicines, prescribed by the Great Physician would heal all the great sin of dishonest or honest doubt which now spreads like a dangerous miasma o'er the land.

Resolutions innumerable were made, and as fast as made, broken. "Oh these resolutions, bless you," says Joss, "I built them all upon the sand—such a lot of them that I almost made them totter before the wind came to blow them away." Here we will let "Joss" speak for himself:—

"'Well,' I thought, 'I will be better,'—but I got worse. Why, my dear hearers, my wife has destroyed two or three razors a week. I have had shoemakers' knives about my person to cut all our throats with. I have a little girl up at Edmonton, with her mother now. I have had her by her little legs with her head hanging down my back to splash her brains out against the wall. What did it, my dear friends? Was it the religion of Jesus? No. Was it being a teetotaller? No. It was strong drink. I heard last week of a person

in London, who said he would rather working men remained drunkards than become teetotallers. Look, dear friends, I will tell you what I say. If I were on this platform as I am now, and the devil was to come in here drunk, and come up and say, 'Joss, I'm drunk, let me sign teetotal,' I would say, 'Yes, thou shalt sign,' I would rather have a sober devil than a drunken devil."

College life in more ways than one, brings a man to his senses. But the training college to which "Fiddler Joss" managed to obtain entrance, did him greater service than all the education which liberty and plenty might have procured. You see him! A drunken sot, with a ragged calico-coat—which he will exhibit you on politely asking—marching with a college porter. That porter—kind protector of a fallen man—handed him over to his best friends under the existing circumstances, and placed him—though in durance vile—in the most comfortable lodgings which the Government can afford to lawbreakers. The fiddler was in prison, for threatening to murder his wife; a threat which but for his conversion to a righteous life might have been executed on the expiration of his six months' imprisonment.

His ill-living had brought him to a state of utter helplessness, which was aggravated doubtless by the sudden change of life which a more substantial diet brought about. The prisoners of the gaol, he tells us, helped to feed him—"God bless 'em;" for Joshua has a loving, grateful heart, and seldom tells you of his wife or friends without pronouncing those hearty words of benediction. His wretched condition elicited the compassion of the prison officers, one of whom had been a Wesleyan class-leader for forty years. Would that all prison officers were God's people, for then might our gaols be turned into spiritual and moral reformatories. This officer determined to speak of Jesus to the miserable sinner brought under his care. He sought his opportunity, and beckoned "Joss" to his desk. Kindness begets kindness, and the meanest rascal in the world is delighted with a modicum of attention. The officer asked, and "Joss" most eagerly answered in the affirmative, whether he had ever been to a Sabbath-school.

"Did you ever have a praying father?"

"Yes, sir;—God bless him."

"Is it true that you have been drunk five years, and never sober?"

"I am sorry to say it is, sir."

"Joshua," said the pious gaoler, with a tear trickling down his cheeks, "God has sent you here for some wise end. If you give your heart to Jesus, you may go out of this prison, and be a Paul."

The officer prayed for the Divine blessing, and Joshua, overcome by kindness, grief, and regret, felt his heart softening. What follows affects one too much to put into one's own words. Joshua must be again summoned to tell the touching tale:—

"I can remember going into my cell and shutting the door—and there was a Bible on the table. I opened it at the fifty-first Psalm. Young men and sisters, read it when you get home at your leisure. As I was reading it, my legs trembled beneath me, and I shook from head to foot. When I had done reading it, I knelt me down to pray, for the first time sober for many, many years. While I was trying to pray the devil said, 'It's no use praying; thou'st been too bad, God won't hear thee.' He said, 'The landlords and their wives have left thee'—and away with them:—'Thy wife and thy children are gone'—that was a heavy shot—two little children that could not walk, and

when I went to prison my wife had neither fire, nor bread, nor money in the house. Oh, it *was* a heavy shot. 'Thy father and thy mother have forsaken thee; it's no use praying: God will never hear thee;' but I prayed away. I could not sleep that night, but walked about in my cell. I thought my heart would break. Next day I was as bad as ever; next night I was as bad as ever; next day again as bad as ever—for three days and three nights I thought my heart would break. I had been out praying in the afternoon, and when I came in, my officer saw me weeping, and he began to sing,—

'Have you not succeeded yet—Try, try, try again;
Mercy's door is open yet—Try, try, try again.'

Bless you, I stepped into liberty. My sins, which were many, were all forgiven me, and I have been a happy man ever since. The Lord pardoned my sins between a stone wall and an iron door. I directly began to praise God, and told the prisoners what God had done for me. Three months before I went back to Bradford, it was told the people, 'Fiddler Joss has turned a Methody parson.' I had rather be a Methody parson than a publican's fool. Old things had passed away—everything had become new. I heard the sparrows when I was in prison, singing, 'Cheer up, cheer up'—that is what they always sing,—and the Lord helped me to cheer up."

Upon his release from prison, his father was at the huge gates ready to welcome him, and there was a letter from his wife which he says very nearly broke his heart. All his former pot companions called after him as he passed through the streets of Wakefield. "Joss, Joss"—"my word," says he, "how they did Joss it." But he resolutely cried out the more, "Lord, I go to be a Christian, come and help me." And He did, for to this day grace has kept him from his former sins, made him a new creature in Christ Jesus, has put a new song in his mouth, and Joshua is teaching others how to sing it. He is now a preacher of the Word.

Very curious preaching it is—that pleasant, chatty, rambling, quick-march style of oratory of his. "Joss" never preaches without flying off at a tangent at every other sentence. When a new thought occurs to him, he dismisses for a moment the subject on which he is speaking at the end of a full stop, to take up with his new love. But he manages speedily to return to his old and only momentarily forsaken idea. Of course, such a style is not always agreeable to the hearer; but no one can blame it for want of variety. "Joss" is not a preacher professedly. "I am only a hunter," said he on a recent occasion, "and there are some here whose souls I am sent to hunt after. *My* God grant that I may catch 'em." Here I may say that Joshua is fond of that comfortable expression "*my* God." He appropriates the Master as his own; and delights in appealing some dozens of times in the course of his addresses to *his* God for a blessing. I confess I like that spirit, and would desire its cultivation especially in private; for the appropriation of Christ is a sacred and tender privilege.

I have a host of unpublished specimens of Joshua's singular and characteristic remarks, anecdotes, sayings, and illustrations; but considerations of space necessitate a study of compression. It is simply impossible to give the precise words used by "Joss" in every instance, for he is undoubtedly addicted to much slang, and a little coarseness. But the coarse, rough people who listen to "Joss" in our lanes and alleys require, in order to make them feel the truth, some very hard,

homely hits. The sins which he strikes at with his heavy words are brutally coarse; and having gone down the shaft of wickedness sufficiently low to become acquainted with a heaving mass of foulest sin-mire and miasmatic corruption, he knows well how to throw the darkest shades into his faithful pictures of woe. But unlike some professed revivalists, who delight in giving out page after page of this horrid description, he prefers to deal with more genial topics. To exalt the wondrous mercy or compassion of the Man-Mediator is, to him, so delightful a work that his face assumes a pleasant, happy appearance which cheers one to look upon whenever he refers to it. He is now called, not drunken, but "happy Joss." "Many people say to me," he once observed, "'you don't preach the gospel.' Why, if I do not preach at all, but simply stand up here on the platform, and turn myself round and let you look at me *(suiting the action to the word)* it is the gospel—a living testimony of the power of God to save the chief of sinners." To a congregation consisting wholly of working men residing in South Lambeth and the New Cut, he remarked, "You see I am but a poor illiterate fellow, and don't know much about grammar, and those fine jawbreaking things, but I thank *my* God that I can spell 'God is love.' I know I am in Christ, and though men may condemn me, there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

I rather tremble at Joshua's democratic notions as given in the following little speech, in which, by the way, there is not much of which to boast; but as Mr. Robert Lowe will not probably condescend to notice it, there is little chance of its being quoted in the House of Commons when Radicalism is being discussed. "Don't be afraid of flesh," said "Joss" to an imaginary troop of young men who were being urged to work for the Master. "If I had the Queen and the Royal Family there *(under the platform)*, the Lords and Members of the House of Commons there *(in the galleries)*, and all the fine gents in the kingdom down there *(in the area and aisles)*, I should merely look upon 'em as so many cabbage stumps, and I should fire away." "Joss" will never have such an aristocratic kitchen garden to fire at, nor would his firebrands do much good among the royal purple, or the silks and satins.

"Joss" thus lets us into the secret of his popularity:—"As I go up and down the country, I am asked how it is that so many run after me. I can't say, except that I make some mighty blunders; and some one is sure to be there with a little piece of paper in his hand, dotting 'em down, and as they tell people about my big blunders, the people are induced to come and listen. But bless the Lord it is not the blunders that God accepts, but the meaning." This he further illustrates:—"A very ignorant man having been stricken, was told to pray. He could not do so; but at last he broke out in anguish, 'O Lord, save *God*.' The mistake was a fearful one, but no matter how a man prays if his heart is right; if the prayer goes up to heaven the wrong side up, the answer will come to earth the right side down."

Our friend is a great believer in tract distributing, and is very earnest in this as in other fields of labour. House-to-house visitation is in his opinion the better way of getting to know the hindrances to the gospel, and of preaching those old truths which fall like silvery cadences on the ear of the troubled. When he first commenced serving the Lord

he was met by some of his old potmates, who he expected would "badger" him out of his religion. He was afraid of their sneers evidently, for on seeing them at a short distance he placed the tracts underneath the back of his vest. But, he says, "God said to me, 'Joss, you were not afraid of showing your fiddle, why are you afraid of showing your tracts?' I felt ashamed, and said, 'Ah, Lord, forgive me; I will not do it again;' " nor had he. A simple-hearted man this!

Like Richard Weaver, whom he much resembles, in nearly every point, except in Richard's knowledge of pure doctrines, Joshua is not afraid of testing his lungs. "I like to shout victory," says he. "Some are afraid of praising God loudly. God help me to *shout* his praises. The devil has a pair of snuffers called pride, with which he snuffs out the praises of God's children."

Much of Joshua's addresses is taken up by protests against drunkenness—that great sin of English working men. He endeavours to make a convert of every dissipated man he meets with in the street. One day, as he was passing through the New Cut, he saw a miserably clad old fellow lounging by the side of an alley. Joshua, in a most friendly tone of voice, said to him, "Daddy, do you see the sign of the 'Crown' yonder: who is it that gets the crown?" "Shure and I doan't know," answered the person addressed. "Why the landlord to be sure." "Faith," replied the old man, "and yer about right there." In this way many profitable conversations are commenced, and one can only wonder at the versatility of intellect which our friend manifests in going on these singular errands of mercy. A kind word and a crust of bread and cheese are admirable means to a most desirable end. He has been the means of the conversion of many who had previously received at his hands some of those common necessities of life, from which they had been debarred by poverty or misfortune. One of his peculiar methods of attracting a number of persons to listen to his appeals is by playing his fiddle or ringing a bell. By either of these means an audience is obtained, and really it would be strange were "Joss" to lose any of his auditors after they had listened to his striking pathos for a few minutes.

It must be admitted that "Joss" is more suited to the socially degraded, the miserable and criminal, than to those classes who by God's grace, or their perseverance, education, industry, and intelligence have raised themselves beyond the position of the class denominated "the roughs." For these rough gentlemen, who fear neither God nor man, his appeals are suitable and generally appropriate. It does not seem, however, that he was successful in addressing a midnight meeting recently held in London; but nothing is more difficult than addressing an assemblage of gaily-miserable, frivolous women. He has been a little more encouraged by his addresses to thieves; but the stolid indifference, stupidity, bravado, and disgraceful ignorance of our criminal population have rendered such addresses rather unfruitful on the whole. Joshua has visited Paris, and his earnest appeals among the poor Parisians have not been made in vain. May our friend live to see of the fruits of his labours, and may those labours be abundantly owned of God!

I close with a singular case of conversion by Joshua's instrumenta-

lity: it is a type of many others I have heard from his own lips, but to relate which I have not space. Joshua, of course, remembered his old haunts after leaving gaol. He has visited them for the purpose of expostulating with his former mates. On one occasion he entered a public house, and saw a number of jovial friends playing cards. "Ah," said Joss, "you are reading the devil's bible I see." The company were glad to see him; and "Joss" told them that as he had often drunk, wrestled, fought, and gambled with them, he would now pray for them. He did so with timidity, and when he had finished he found many stern old sinners crying like children around him. One man, named Tom, especially was deeply affected; he was a great drunkard, and the loss of his wife had, it seems, driven him to his cups. Joss told him that he was on the high road to hell, and Tom's excuse was that as he had no home and no wife he must spend his time at the "public." "Joss" saw a practical difficulty, and therefore prayed that God would send Tom a wife. Tom's child was present, and exclaimed, "Oh father, how nice for this man to pray so like my poor mammy used to do!" Two months after "Joss" paid a visit to Tom's house, and the child welcomed him with, "Oh sir, I've got a new mammy, and she has brought me new brothers with her." "Joss" observed that the house had been newly furnished: quite an event in the history of a drunkard's life. The mother came in, and said, "You don't remember me, but I do you. Don't you recollect in that house yonder, in the next street, seeing me when I was in poverty, and giving me a shilling?" "No," replied Joss, "I did'nt give it you; I lent it to the Lord—for I never give, and the Lord always returns fourfold what we lend him, as he always keeps his books clear." The woman persisted in giving "Joss" credit for his generosity, and added, "you also prayed that the Lord would send me a husband." "But," said Joss, "how comes all this?"—looking with wonder at the new furniture. "Oh sir," said the woman, "the first Sunday after we had been married, Tom brought home seventeen mates, with two gallons of beer, and a lot of pipes. I put on my clothes at once, and took my children by the hand, and we were leaving the house. Tom said, 'Don't 'ee go, lass.' I said, 'I must, for I won't stay to have my children corrupted.'" The result was that Tom, rather than lose his new wife, succeeded in getting the men to leave the house. That home is now made happy; both wife and father are converted, and Joss's earnest work among his companions has resulted in strange conversions of which, dear and indulgent reader, the one half has not been told.

Vintage Gleanings.

WE know no more of any truth, than we have *experienced of that truth in our own soul.*

It will not be your wish to make a parade of your walking with God: but *you will not be able to hide it.*

Guilt upon the conscience *always* leads away from God.

To go out in the morning—*a man dedicated to God.*

There is in all truth that which sanctifies, but the grand preparation for warfare is, *the Gospel of peace.—Rev. J. H. Evans.*

The Church of England.

GLIMPSES OF HER HISTORY.*

Chapter II.

LET no mortal man rashly believe himself capable of considering this world and all its ongoings with a perfectly free and unprejudiced mind. We hold that such virtue has died out, and is lost for ever to civilised society. But imagine for one moment a human being—endowed with the reason and understanding ordinarily appertaining to a man of ripe years, say fifty or thereabouts—set down, *for the first time in his life*, on the face of this globe—if you please in the heart of London,—and there left to begin, *de novo*, to make what he could of it; and we predict, with unhesitating confidence, that the first impression produced on his mind would be that this was assuredly the most outrageous, the most startling, of all worlds. And if, carefully concealing from your visitor any apprehension of a superintending and all-wise Deity, you proceeded to unfold to his perception some of the more complex moral phases of human life, we believe that he would come inevitably to the conclusion that it was not only the strangest, but also the saddest, and altogether a most hopeless world. And in one aspect —on the side of human speculation—is it not, on the face of it, even so? Conceive for one moment of History—and no God! Turn over its pages if you can—and dare—under the influence of that thought; and as you have within you a human heart, you will turn away in sheer despair from the perusal of the tragic tale of mortal misery "too deep for tears." But open your Bible! Flood the world's history with the sunlight of Divine Revelation! and though to man's reason there remaineth many a dark passage, yet is the whole by Faith illumined, and you feel that you may await hopefully the day when every leaf and line shall "utter forth God, and fill the world with praise."

Light and darkness! These are the elements of History; not softly blending to form fairy pictures, filled with images that inspire delight; but joining issue to produce dire eclipse and "disastrous twilight," fitted rather to confound. A seemingly illimitable and confused battle-field! Yet from the beginning does not the whole resolve itself into a series of contests—for ever repeated, with endless modifications, yet each one essentially the same in character—between a frantic world determined to go wrong, and a handful of heroic men equally determined in the endeavour to make it go right? Not that unmixed light or darkness dwells alone with either; but that you see this principle standing out with more or less of distinctness. Narrow your range of observation, and the same thing holds true. "Sad moral phenomena!" Where shall we look for them in the nineteenth century? Perhaps you immediately request us to direct our attention exclusively to the uttermost ends of the earth; and we politely decline to do so. Heathendom we dare say presents a deplorable sight; but what of Christendom? Here are institutions designed—so we are told—expressly for the advancement of man's immortal weal, and above all,

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* Continued from "The Sword and Trowel," Vol. I., page 437.

for the benefit of enlightened and happy Englishmen; and among these—strange to say—we find our saddest illustrations of gross moral perversion. For things marred by sin seem not all alike hateful. Even Spirits of Evil, not boasting themselves to be other than what they manifestly are, might perhaps claim our pity. But Spirits of Evil passing themselves for Angels commissioned from Heaven!—like those

> "Who from the pit of hell
> Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
> Their seats long after *next the seat of God*;
> . . . . . and with accursed things
> His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
> And with their darkness durst affront his light."

Such Spirits must be driven from their thrones. Concerning them we will brook no word of compromise, no thought of truce. And what think you of an Institution—an Establishment—manifesting in every part deplorable unsoundness, yet strenuously insisting that it is the one universal panacea, alone worthy of patronage, nay, which we *must* patronise, or become incurably bankrupt in body and soul?—anomalous in constitution, and of most doubtful standing and connection, yet vehemently demanding to be entrusted with the keeping not only of our money, but of our everlasting all;—an enthroned Tyranness, cruel and oppressive in spirit, and with no higher warrant than a forcible and arrogant usurpation, yet proclaiming herself the anointed Vicegerent of Heaven;—shrouding her wickedness under pretences the most solemn—pretences long ago proved to be empty and vain—yet setting herself up as the one divinely commissioned Teacher of righteousness, the sole channel of Light and Spiritual Blessing;—patently allied with evil, yet boasting of unalloyed and infallible virtue;—cleaving fast to earth, with robes all draggled and sadly bemired, yet all the while loudly and impiously contending that she is, by inalienable sign and seal, the accepted Bride of Heaven! Here we stop—and discover that you are not now looking beyond seas; for you have divined that, of all institutions on the face of this earth, we have surely been thinking of the Church of England; and, indeed, so we have; and our thinking has suggested the reflections with which we have commenced this chapter.

We assert, then, that what we have here advanced is fully exemplified in the history of that one marvellous phenomenon—the Church of England. We before remarked upon that faithless and fawning servility—that time-serving state-craft—which determined her constitution, and by consequence of which, any idea of a purely spiritual mission was altogether perverted and almost wholly lost sight of, while the Church was degraded into a mere political institution, designed to subserve the low ambition and pride of earthly Kings and Queens. We shall now view the Established Church in a somewhat different aspect; dwelling mainly upon one characteristic—also the natural offspring of that same spirit and constitution, and which has been, of all, perhaps the most pernicious in its influence—(though on this latter point it must be allowed that all comparisons are difficult); namely, her inborn and ineradicable tendency, displayed ever since her first start in the world, and onward to this day, to drive and drift in one direction—towards Popery. She has never been left free to follow her own bent without

this result happening. On, on she has gone, until the utmost verge has been attained, until stopped by an insuperable barrier, an irresistible revulsion, wrought by some strong hand, or mighty voice. This innate power of progressing *backwards*, which is now being exhibited, in its perfection, to the present admiring age, and which is so astounding —not to say alarming—to many very good people, is really no particularly marked cause for wonderment, except that the Church herself should persist in displaying such blinded infatuation. And always so angry when her way to destruction has been once more barred!—as if her whole history were not a succession of driftings towards perdition, that is, towards Romanism; and as if she had not always needed to be thus rudely restrained and brought back. And so astonished!—as if the process were really something new; and as if this drifting propensity were not rather, and most unhappily, the most prominent feature throughout her whole character and career. We shall now proceed to make this remark good by referring you to her history.

During the reign of Elizabeth the newly reformed Church divided her fear and hatred between the Church of Rome and the Puritans; and as her fears were greater on the side of Popish ascendancy, her hostility was turned chiefly in that direction. But when she had won her own freedom, and established in safety her own independent power, she proceeded to lay deep and wide the foundations of a new spiritual despotism. Nor looked in vain for work so congenial to her nature. There were even in that day men of English race, who, ennobled by the influence of a purer faith, yielded not their souls to this new thraldom; and these were assailed by the now victorious hierarchy in a spirit eminently worthy of that school in which her first ministers had learned the art of persecution.

But the Church of England was already relapsing from her Protestantism. Even during the reign of Elizabeth's successor, much that had been in the time of Edward the Sixth denounced as Romish, both in form and doctrine, was openly avowed and practised at her altars by her own ordained clergy. However, the first great crisis occurred in the reign of Charles the First. Under what has been called the pious and paternal rule of that sovereign, and by virtue of those plenary powers by him delegated to Archbishop Laud, the Church was brought nearly to the verge of that same Catholicism against which, little more than half a century before, she had so vehemently protested. In the estimation of the many who, in our own day, have become deeply enamoured of Puseyism, William Laud, once Archbishop of Canterbury, must shine as a star of the first magnitude. The peculiar graces which distinguished the "Right Reverend Father" have been neither unfrequently nor unsparingly exhibited by his successors, but in him alone they seem to have been carried nearly to absolute perfection. Fondness, amounting to infatuation, for childish, absurd, and superstitious ceremonies and observances; hatred, even to frenzy, of those who essayed to offer at lowlier and less defiled altars the incense of a simpler and more spiritual worship,—in these qualities he bears away the palm from all competitors, for he seems to have been bigotry itself personified. But the evil had now come to its worst. The danger was indeed imminent; but the work of deliverance had been entrusted

to men who, in unflinching resolution and zeal for truth, have never been surpassed in any age of the world's history. Their austere piety and stern rigidity of morals and manners have been the subject of much indiscriminating satire, nor need we fear to own that their highest virtues were alloyed with human infirmity; but we believe that their unyielding fixedness of principle was, in a great measure, the natural result of the repulsive influence of the opposite and much more ruinous extreme, and that it was absolutely necessary, effectually to counteract the fatal leaning of the Church of England towards Romanism. For, although England was saved by her Puritan sons, yet was it not until after a long and deadly struggle that the victory was won, that Popery was driven back, and religious liberty regained; while the faithless Church, having reaped the fruits of her own sowing, was humbled, and for a time prostrated in the dust.

With the restoration of the monarchy came the restoration of the Anglican Church. Her conduct at this era in her fortunes proved how deeply rooted in her heart must have been the evil to which we have adverted. No warning, however fearful, produced any salutary influence. No sooner was she reinstated in her former dignity than she began to move swiftly onward in that same path, the pursuance of which had shortly before imperilled her very existence. Episcopal ordination once more reigned throughout the churches; persecution and profligacy reigned throughout the country. Without denying that the cavaliers displayed some admirable virtues, and numbered among them a few names not unworthy of honour and respect, yet, as a body, it would be hard to say in what special grace they most excelled; whether in their readiness to fight for their church; or in the pursuit of such accomplishments as gambling, drinking to excess, inventing new blasphemies, and writing despicable love-verses in praise of pretty women, depraved enough to glory in those nameless vices which covered them with dishonour and shame; or in consigning to prison such men as Baxter, Howe, and Bunyan, who had been found guilty of the crime of preaching the gospel to the poor.

In such manner did the Church of England—self-constituted Light of Heaven—effulge sun-like, the brighter after transient obscuration, once more to run its race in presence of a rejoicing world! Under such benign auspices did she career gaily onward, until, at the accession of James, it was deemed practicable to re-establish in England the supremacy of the Papal power. The stubborn zeal with which the King and his Popish advisers pursued their project produced another violent convulsion, which hurried on and speedily consummated the second great crisis in the history of the Established Church. James proceeded to confer upon professed Papists some of the highest dignities and offices in the church. This was the turning-point. The church became alarmed, and rousing herself began bravely to declaim against the grosser errors of the Catholic system. No one, we hope, wishes to withhold from the Church of England the full benefit of whatsoever merit fairly attaches to the part she now played; and it may readily be admitted that she in part, or even chiefly, contributed to the work of achieving her own deliverance. But we may not forget that she herself was alone responsible for her position; that she had created the

danger which now threatened her. She had haughtily rejected the counsels of the wise and good. She would not see what her experience had so plainly demonstrated, that by fostering within her own bosom the germs of Popery, by retaining any, though it were but a small part of the Catholic system, she had given a fatal advantage into the hands of the church which she professed to hate. If the Church of England had not contained *within herself* the leaven of Popery; if she had not preserved in her services its superstitions, forms, and ceremonies, and in her heart an infatuated tenderness for the old idolatry, not James of England, though all Catholic Europe were at his back, would ever have dared so bold an enterprise. Ceaselessly encroaching step by step, strenuously extending and strengthening her power with every fresh foothold of ground, this has been in all ages one of the most remarkable and obvious distinctions of the Church of Rome. For the attainment of this end she has unscrupulously veiled her designs under such dark disguises, worn with such deep and devilish cunning, she has devised plans and plots of such mean trickery and shameless fraud, and all with an outward air of such plausible show and splendid seduction, as will entitle her to a pre-eminence of infamy—to stand for ever unrivalled in the art of ensnaring and deceiving the human race. But under whatever disguise, the real policy of the Church of Rome continues to be one and unchangeable. Wherever she gains an entrance, there she for ever ferments—it may be secretly and silently—as an aggressive power, until utterly cast out; and we conceive that the Church of England is justly chargeable with this great sin, that, with her eyes fully opened to these things, and with the voice of warning ever ringing in her ears, she yet would not purify herself from all part and lot with Rome, nor cease to dally with the Destroyer. Moreover, when driven to active hostility, such hostility has, on every occasion, been very manifestly provoked, not by hatred of the Popish system of religion, but by the fear of Popish supremacy; and you cannot avoid observing this very significant circumstance,—that it was not until her emoluments, benefices, and revenues were passing into the hands of the Catholic party, that she began earnestly, and even violently, to protest and cry out against Popish domination. Notice, too, that in the very act of protesting, she was, by counselling resistance to the King, her acknowledged Head, openly violating her own favourite doctrine that all resistance to the King is unlawful,—a doctrine that she had proclaimed with trumpet-tongue, and even with threats and imprecations, in those days when the reigning Sovereign had filled her coffers with gold, and had given to her sole spiritual dominion over all the land; but which, when once he put forth his hand against *Her*, to dispossess and to despoil, she renounced with unequivocal vengeance, "cursing him to his face."

Far nobler, and worthy of them, was the part taken by the Puritans. In them lay the hope of victory for either party. They were therefore caressed at Court, and tempted by the King with bribes artfully addressed to flatter their self-interest. Above all, enlarged religious liberty—so long withheld—was now within their grasp; and yet they were found faithful to their principles, in a faithless age, and to their country's weal, when patriotism was a forgotten virtue; and they did

not shrink to stand, in the hour of her peril, by the side of that Church which had never ceased to persecute them in the day of her pride.

And these men it has been the fashion to deride. And it matters little; for never from our annals can such glory fade: but as the spirit of the age changes, and truer insight comes with the growing might and insolence of the same accursed Spirit of Antichrist whom they so grandly withstood, England will better estimate the debt of gratitude due to those who, in dark and perilous days, were the truest conservators of their country's greatness, in that they alone rightly discerned their times, and stood fast, amid general abandonment and declension, the only real Defenders of that pure and holy Faith once delivered to the saints. H.

(To be continued.)

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XVIII.

(Concluded from page 225.)

20 The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

21 For I have kept the ways of the LORD, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

22 For all his judgments *were* before me, and I did not put away his statutes from me.

23 I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

24 Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

25 With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;

26 With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.

27 For thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.

28 For thou wilt light my candle: the LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.

20. "*The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness.*" Viewing this psalm as prophetical of the Messiah, these strongly-expressed claims to righteousness are readily understood, for his garments were white as snow; but considered as the language of David they have perplexed many. Yet the case is clear, and if the words be not strained beyond their original intention, no difficulty need occur. Albeit that the dispensations of divine grace are to the fullest degree sovereign and irrespective of human merit, yet in the dealings of Providence there is often discernible a rule of justice by which the injured are at length avenged, and the righteous ultimately delivered. David's early troubles arose from the wicked malice of envious Saul, who no doubt prosecuted his persecutions under cover of charges brought against the character of "the man after God's own heart." These charges David declares to have been

utterly false, and asserts that he possessed a grace-given righteousness which the Lord had graciously rewarded in defiance of all his calumniators. Before God the man after God's own heart was a humble sinner, but before his slanderers he could with unblushing face speak of the "*cleanness of his hands*" and the righteousness of his life. He knows little of the sanctifying power of divine grace who is not at the bar of human equity able to plead innocence. There is no self-righteousness in an honest man knowing that he is honest, nor even in his believing that God rewards him in providence because of his honesty, for such is often a most evident matter of fact; but it would be self-righteousness indeed if we transferred such thoughts from the region of providential government into the spiritual kingdom, for there grace reigns not only supreme but sole in the distribution of divine favours. It is not at all an opposition to the doctrine of salvation by grace, and no sort of evidence of a Pharisaic spirit, when a gracious man, having been slandered, stoutly maintains his integrity, and vigorously defends his character. A godly man has a clear conscience, and knows himself to be upright; is he to deny his own consciousness, and to despise the work of the Holy Ghost, by hypocritically making himself out to be worse than he is? A godly man prizes his integrity very highly, or else he would not be a godly man at all; is he to be called proud because he will not readily lose the jewel of a reputable character? A godly man can see that in divine providence uprightness and truth are in the long run sure to bring their own reward; may he not, when he sees that reward bestowed in his own case, praise the Lord for it? Yea rather, must he not show forth the faithfulness and goodness of his God? Read the cluster of expressions in this and the following verses as the song of a good conscience, after having safely outridden a storm of obloquy, persecution, and abuse, and there will be no fear of our upbraiding the writer as one who set too high a price upon his own moral character.

21. Here the assertion of purity is repeated, both in a positive and a negative form. There is "*I have*" and "*I have not*," both of which must be blended in a truly sanctified life; constraining and restraining grace must each take its share. The words of this verse refer to the saint as a traveller carefully keeping to "*the ways of the Lord*," and "*not wickedly*," that is, designedly, wilfully, persistently, defiantly forsaking the ordained pathway in which God favours the pilgrim with his presence. Observe how it is implied in the expression, "*and have not wickedly departed from my God*," that David lived habitually in communion with God, and knew him to be his own God, whom he might speak of as "*my God*." God never departs from his people, let them take heed of departing from him.

22. "*For all his judgments were before me.*" The word, the character, and the actions of God should be evermore before our eyes; we should learn, consider, and reverence them. Men forget what they do not wish to remember, but the excellent attributes of the Most High are objects of the believer's affectionate and delighted admiration. We should keep the image of God so constantly before us that we become in our measure conformed unto it. This inner love to the right must be the main spring of Christian integrity in our public walk. The fountain must be filled with love to holiness, and then the streams which issue from it will be pure and gracious. "*I did not put away his statutes from me.*" To put away the Scriptures from the mind's study is the certain way to prevent their influencing the outward conversation. Backsliders begin with dusty Bibles, and go on to filthy garments.

23. "*I was also upright before him.*" Sincerity is here claimed; sincerity, such as would be accounted genuine before the bar of God. Whatever evil men might think of Him, David felt that he had the good opinion of his God. Moreover, freedom from his one great besetting sin he ventures also to plead, "*I kept myself from mine iniquity.*" It is a very gracious sign when the most violent parts of our nature have been well guarded. If the weakest link in the chain is not broken, the stronger links will be safe enough. David's impetuous

temper might have led him to slay Saul when he had him in his power, but grace enabled him to keep his hands clean of the blood of his enemy; but what a wonder it was, and how well worthy of such a grateful record as these verses afford! It will be a sweet cordial to us one of these days to remember our self-denials, and to bless God that we were able to exhibit them.

24. God first gives us holiness, and then rewards us for it. We are his workmanship; vessels made unto honour; and when made, the honour is not withheld from the vessel; though, in fact, it all belongs to the Potter upon whose wheel the vessel was fashioned. The prize is awarded to the flower at the show, but the gardener reared it; the child wins the prize from the schoolmaster, but the real honour of his schooling lies with the master, although instead of receiving he gives the reward.

25. The dealings of the Lord in his own case, cause the grateful singer to remember the usual rule of God's moral government; he is just in his dealings with the sons of men, and metes out to each man according to his measure. "*With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright.*" Every man shall have his meat weighed in his own scales, his corn meted in his own bushel, and his land measured with his own rod. No rule can be more fair, to ungodly men more terrible, or to the generous more honourable. How would men throw away their light weights, and break their short yards, if they could but believe that they themselves are sure to be in the end the losers by their knavish tricks! Note that even the merciful need mercy; no amount of generosity to the poor, or forgiveness to enemies, can set us beyond the need of mercy. Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner.

26. "*With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.*" The sinner's frowardness is sinful and rebellious, and the only sense in which the term can be applied to the Most Holy God is that of judicial opposition and sternness, in which the Judge of all the earth will act at cross-purposes with the offender, and let him see that all things are not to be made subservient to wicked whims and wilful fancies. Calvin very forcibly says, "This brutish and monstrous stupidity in men compels God to invent new modes of expression, and as it were to clothe himself with a different character. There is a similar sentence in Leviticus xxvi. 21—24, where God says, "and if ye walk contrary unto (or perversely with) me, then will I also walk contrary unto (or perversely, or roughly, or at random with) you." As if he had said that their obstinacy and stubbornness would make him on his part forget his accustomed forbearance and gentleness, and cast himself recklessly or at random against them. We see then what the stubborn at length gain by their obduracy; it is this, that God hardens himself still more to break them in pieces, and if they are of stone, he causes them to feel that he has the hardness of iron." The Jewish tradition was that the manna tasted according to each man's mouth; certainly God shows himself to each individual according to his character.

27. "*For thou wilt save the afflicted people.*" This is a comforting assurance for the poor in spirit whose spiritual griefs admit of no sufficient solace from any other than a divine hand. They cannot save themselves nor can others do it, but God will save them. "*But wilt bring down high looks.*" Those who look down on others with scorn shall be looked down upon with contempt ere long. The Lord abhors a proud look. What a reason for repentance and humiliation! How much better to be humble than to provoke God to humble us in his wrath! A considerable number of clauses occur in this passage in the future tense; how forcibly are we thus brought to remember that our present joy or sorrow is not to have so much weight with us as the great and eternal future!

28. "*For thou wilt light my candle.*" Even the children of the day sometimes need candle-light. In the darkest hour light will arise; a candle shall be lit, it will be comfort such as we may fittingly use without dishonesty—it will be our own candle; yet God himself will find the holy fire with which the candle

shall burn; our evidences are our own, but their comfortable light is from above. Candles which are lit by God the devil cannot blow out. All candles are not shining, and so there are some graces which yield no present comfort; but it is well to have candles which may by and by be lit, and it is well to possess graces which may yet afford us cheering evidences. The metaphor of the whole verse is founded upon the dolorous nature of darkness and the delightfulness of light; "truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun;" and even so the presence of the Lord removes all the gloom of sorrow, and enables the believer to rejoice with exceeding great joy. The lighting of the lamp is a cheerful moment in the winter's evening, but the lifting up of the light of God's countenance is happier far. It is said that the poor in Egypt will stint themselves of bread to buy oil for the lamp, so that they may not sit in darkness; we could well afford to part with all earthly comforts if the light of God's love could but constantly gladden our souls.

29 For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall.

30 *As for* God, his way *is* perfect: the word of the LORD is tried: he *is* a buckler to all those that trust in him.

31 For who *is* God save the LORD? or who *is* a rock save our God?

32 *It is* God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

33 He maketh my feet like hinds' *feet*, and setteth me upon my high places.

34 He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

35 Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

36 Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip.

37 I have pursued mine enemies, and overtaken them: neither did I turn again till they were consumed.

38 I have wounded them that they were not able to rise: they are fallen under my feet.

39 For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me.

40 Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies; that I might destroy them that hate me.

41 They cried, but *there was* none to save *them: even* unto the LORD, but he answered them not.

42 Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind: I did cast them out as the dirt in the streets.

43 Thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people; *and* thou hast made me the head of the heathen: a people *whom* I have not known shall serve me.

44 As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me: the strangers shall submit themselves unto me.

45 The strangers shall fade away, and be afraid out of their close places.

Some repetitions are not vain repetitions. Second thoughts upon God's mercy should be and often are the best. Like wines on the lees our gratitude grows stronger and sweeter as we meditate upon divine goodness. The verses which we have now to consider are the ripe fruit of a thankful spirit; they are apples of gold as to matter, and they are placed in baskets of silver as to their language. They describe the believer's victorious career and his enemies' confusion.

29. "*For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall.*" Whether we meet the foe in the open field or leap upon them while they lurk behind the battlements of a city, we shall by God's grace defeat them in either case; if they hem us in with living legions, or environ us with stone walls, we shall with equal certainty obtain our liberty. Such feats we have already performed, hewing our way at a run through hosts of difficulties, and scaling impossibilities at a leap. God's warriors may expect to have a taste of every form of fighting, and must by the power of faith determine to quit themselves like men; but it behoves them to be very careful to lay all their laurels at Jehovah's feet, each one of them saying, "*by my God*" have I wrought this valiant deed. Our *spolia optima*, the trophies of our conflicts, we hereby dedicate to the God of Battles, and ascribe to him all glory and strength.

30. "*As for God, his way is perfect.*" Far past all fault and error are God's dealings with his people; all his actions are resplendent with justice, truth, tenderness, mercy, and holiness. Every way of God is complete in itself, and all his ways put together are matchless in harmony and goodness. Is it not very consolatory to believe that he who has begun to bless us will perfect his work, for all his ways are "*perfect.*" Nor must the divine "*word*" be without its song of praise. "*The word of the Lord is tried,*" like silver refined in the furnace. The doctrines are glorious, the precepts are pure, the promises are faithful, and the whole revelation is superlatively full of grace and truth. David had tried it, thousands have tried it, we have tried it, and it has never failed. It was meet that when way and word had been extolled, the Lord himself should be magnified; hence it is added, "*He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.*" No armour of proof or shield of brass so well secures the warrior as the covenant God of Israel protects his warring people. He himself is the buckler of trustful ones; what a thought is this! What peace may every trusting soul enjoy!

31. Having mentioned his God, the psalmist's heart burns, and his words sparkle; he challenges heaven and earth to find another being worthy of adoration or trust in comparison with Jehovah. His God, as Matthew Henry says, is a None-such. The idols of the heathen he scorns to mention, snuffing them all out as mere nothings when Deity is spoken of. "*Who is God save the Lord?*" Who else creates, sustains, foresees, and overrules? Who but he is perfect in every attribute, and glorious in every act? To whom but Jehovah should creatures bow? Who else can claim their service and their love? "*Who is a rock save our God?*" Where can lasting hopes be fixed? Where can the soul find rest? Where is stability to be found? Where is strength to be discovered? Surely in the Lord Jehovah alone can we find rest and refuge.

32. Surveying all the armour in which he fought and conquered, the joyful victor praises the Lord for every part of the panoply. The girdle of his loins earns the first stanza: "*It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.*" Girt about the loins with power from heaven, the warrior was filled with vigour, far above all created might; and, whereas, without this wondrous belt he would have been feeble and effeminate, with relaxed energies and scattered forces, he felt himself, when braced with the girdle of truth, to be compact in purpose, courageous in daring, and concentrated in power; so that his course was a complete success, so undisturbed by disastrous defeat as to be called "perfect." Have we been made more than conquerors over sin, and has our life hitherto been such as becometh the gospel? Then let us

ascribe all the glory to him who girt us with his own inexhaustible strength, that we might be unconquered in battle and unwearied in pilgrimage.

33. The conqueror's feet had been shod by a divine hand, and the next note must, therefore, refer to them. "*He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.*" Pursuing his foes the warrior had been swift of foot as a young roe, but, instead of taking pleasure in the legs of a man, he ascribes the boon of swiftness to the Lord alone. When our thoughts are nimble, and our spirits rapid, like the chariots of Amminadib, let us not forget that our best Beloved's hand has given us the choice favour. Climbing into impregnable fortresses, David had been preserved from slipping, and made to stand where scarce the wild goat can find a footing; herein was preserving mercy manifested. We, too, have had our *high places* of honour, service, temptation, and danger, but hitherto we have been kept from falling. Bring hither the harp, and let us emulate the psalmist's joyful thanksgiving; had we fallen, our wailings must have been terrible; since we have stood, let our gratitude be fervent.

34. "*He teacheth my hands to war.*" Martial prowess and skill in the use of weapons are gratefully acknowledged to be the result of divine teaching; no sacrifice is offered at the shrine of self in praise of natural dexterity, or acquired skilfulness; but, regarding all warlike prowess as a gift of heavenly favour, thankfulness is presented to the Giver. The Holy Spirit is the great Drill-master of heavenly soldiers. "*So that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.*" A bow of brass is probably meant, and these bows could scarcely be bent by the arms alone, the archer had to gain the assistance of his foot; it was, therefore, a great feat of strength to bend the bow, so far as even to snap it in halves. This was meant of the enemies' bow, which he not only snatched from his grasp, but rendered useless by breaking it in pieces. Jesus not only destroyed the fiery suggestions of Satan, but he broke his arguments with which he shot them, by using Holy Scripture against him; by the same means we may win a like triumph, breaking the bow and cutting the spear in sunder by the sharp edge of revealed truth. Probably David had by nature a vigorous bodily frame; but it is even more likely that, like Samson, he was at times clothed with more than common strength; at any rate, he ascribes the honour of his feats entirely to his God. Let us never wickedly rob the Lord of his due, but faithfully give unto him the glory which is due unto his name.

35. "*Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation.*" Above all we must take the shield of faith, for nothing else can quench Satan's fiery darts; this shield is of celestial workmanship, and is in all cases a direct gift from God himself; it is the channel, the sign, the guarantee, and the earnest of perfect salvation. "*Thy right hand hath holden me up.*" Secret support is administered to us by the preserving grace of God, and at the same time Providence kindly yields us manifest aid. We are such babes that we cannot stand alone; but when the Lord's right hand upholds us, we are like brazen pillars which cannot be moved. "*Thy gentleness hath made me great.*" There are several readings of this sentence. The word is capable of being translated, "thy *goodness* hath made me great." David saw much of benevolence in God's action towards him, and he gratefully ascribed all his greatness not to his own goodness, but to the goodness of God. "Thy *providence*" is another reading, which is indeed nothing more than goodness in action. Goodness is the bud of which providence is the flower; or goodness is the seed of which providence is the harvest. Some render it, "thy *help*," which is but another word for providence; providence being the firm ally of the saints, aiding them in the service of their Lord. Certain learned annotators tell us that the text means, "thy *humility* hath made me great." "Thy *condescension*" may, perhaps, serve as a comprehensive reading, combining the ideas which we have already mentioned, as well as that of humility. It is God's making himself little which is the cause of our being made great. We are so little that if God should manifest his greatness without condescension, we should be trampled under his feet; but God, who must stoop to view the skies and bow to see what angels do, looks to the lowly and contrite,

and makes them great. While these are the translations which have been given to the adopted text of the original, we find that there are other readings altogether; as for instance, the Septuagint, which reads, "thy discipline"—thy fatherly correction—"hath made me great;" while the Chaldee paraphrase reads, "thy word hath increased me." Still the idea is the same. David ascribes all his own greatness to the condescending goodness and graciousness of his Father in heaven. Let us all feel this sentiment in our own hearts, and confess that whatever of goodness or greatness God may have put upon us, we must cast our crowns at his feet, and cry, "*thy gentleness hath made me great.*"

36. "*Thou hast enlarged my steps.*" A smooth pathway leading to spacious possessions and camping-grounds had been opened up for him. Instead of threading the narrow mountain paths, and hiding in the cracks and corners of caverns, he was able to traverse the plains and dwell under his own vine and fig tree. It is no small mercy to be brought into full Christian liberty and enlargement, but it is a greater favour still to be enabled to walk worthily in such liberty, not being permitted to slip with our feet. To stand upon the rocks of affliction is the result of gracious upholding, but that aid is quite as much needed in the luxurious plains of prosperity.

37. The preservation of the saints bodes ill for their adversaries. The Amalekites thought themselves clear away with their booty, but when David's God guided him in the pursuit, they were soon overtaken and cut in pieces. When God is with us sins and sorrows flee, and all forms of evil are "*consumed*" before the power of grace. What a noble picture this and the following verses present to us of the victories of our glorious Lord Jesus!

38. The destruction of our spiritual enemies is complete. We may exult over sin, death and hell, as disarmed and disabled *for* us by our conquering Lord; may he graciously give them a like defeat *within* us.

39 and 40. It is impossible to be too frequent in the duty of ascribing all our victories to the God of our salvation. It is true that we have to wrestle with our spiritual antagonists, but the triumph is far more the Lord's than ours. We must not boast like the ambitious votaries of vainglory, but we may exult as the willing and believing instruments in the Lord's hands of accomplishing his great designs.

41. "*They cried, but there was none to save them; even unto the Lord, but he answered them not.*" Prayer is so notable a weapon that even the wicked will take to it in their fits of desperation. Bad men have appealed to God against God's own servants, but all in vain; the kingdom of heaven is not divided, and God never succours his foes at the expense of his friends. There are prayers to God which are no better than blasphemy, which bring no comfortable reply, but rather provoke the Lord to greater wrath. Shall I ask a man to wound or slay his own child to gratify my malice? Would he not resent the insult against his humanity? How much less will Jehovah regard the cruel desires of the enemies of the church, who dare to offer their prayers for its destruction calling its existence schism, and its doctrine heresy!

42. The defeat of the nations who fought with King David was so utter and complete that they were like powders pounded in a mortar; their power was broken into fragments and they became as weak as dust before the wind, and as mean as the mire of the roads. Thus powerless and base are the enemies of God now become through the victory of the Son of David upon the cross. Arise, O my soul, and meet thine enemies, for they have sustained a deadly blow, and will fall before thy bold advance.

"Hell and my sins resist my course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
My Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose."

43. "*Thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people.*" Internal strife is very hard to deal with. A civil war is war in its most miserable form; it is a subject for warmest gratitude when concord rules within. Our poet

praises Jehovah for the union and peace which smiled in his dominions, and if we have peace in the three kingdoms of our spirit, soul, and body, we are in duty bound to give Jehovah a song. Unity in a church should assuredly excite like gratitude. "*Thou hast made me the head of the heathen; a people whom I have not known shall serve me.*" The neighbouring nations yielded to the sway of Judah's prince. Oh when shall all lands adore King Jesus, and serve him with holy joy? Surely there is far more of Jesus than of David here. Missionaries may derive rich encouragement from the positive declaration that heathen lands shall own the Headship of the Crucified.

44. "*As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me.*" Thus readily did the once struggling captain become a far-renowned victor, and thus easy shall be our triumphs. We prefer, however, to speak of Jesus. In many cases the gospel is speedily received by hearts apparently unprepared for it. Those who have never heard the gospel before, have been charmed by its first message, and yielded obedience to it; while others, alas! who are accustomed to its joyful sound, are rather hardened than softened by its teachings. The grace of God sometimes runs like fire among the stubble, and a nation is born in a day. "Love at first sight" is no uncommon thing when Jesus is the wooer. He can write Cæsar's message without boasting, *Veni, vidi, vici*; his gospel is in some cases no sooner heard than believed. What inducements to spread abroad the doctrine of the cross!

45. "*The strangers shall fade away.*" Like sear leaves or blasted trees our foes and Christ's foes shall find no sap and stamina remaining in them. Those who are strangers to Jesus are strangers to all lasting happiness; those must soon fade who refuse to be watered from the river of life. "*And be afraid out of their close places.*" Out of their mountain fastnesses the heathen crept in fear to own allegiance to Israel's king, and even so, from the castles of self-confidence and the dens of carnal security, poor sinners come bending before the Saviour, Christ the Lord. Our sins which have entrenched themselves in our flesh and blood as in impregnable forts, shall yet be driven forth by the sanctifying energy of the Holy Spirit, and we shall serve the Lord in singleness of heart.

Thus with remembrances of conquests in the past, and with glad anticipations of victories yet to come the sweet singer closes the description, and returns to exercise of more direct adoration of his gracious God.

46 The LORD liveth; and blessed *be* my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

47 *It is* God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.

48 He delivereth me from mine enemies: yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: thou hast delivered me from the violent man.

49 Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O LORD, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name.

50 Great deliverance giveth he to his king; and sheweth mercy to his anointed, to David, and to his seed for evermore.

46. "*The Lord liveth.*" Possessing underived, essential, independent and eternal life. We serve no inanimate, imaginary, or dying God. He only hath immortality. Like loyal subjects let us cry, Live on, O God. Long live the King of kings. By thine immortality do we dedicate ourselves afresh to thee. As the Lord our God liveth so would we live to him. "*And blessed be my rock.*" He is the ground of our hope, and let him be the subject of our praise. Our hearts bless the Lord, with holy love extolling him.

Jehovah lives, my rock be blest!
Praised be the God who gives me rest!

"*Let the God of my salvation be exalted.*" As our Saviour, the Lord should more

than ever be glorified. We should publish abroad the story of the covenant and the cross, the Father's election, the Son's redemption, and the Spirit's regeneration. He who rescues us from deserved ruin should be very dear to us. In heaven they sing, "Unto him that loved us and washed us in his blood;" the like music should be common in the assemblies of the saints below.

47. "*It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.*" To rejoice in personal revenge is unhallowed and evil, but David viewed himself as the instrument of vengeance upon the enemies of God and his people, and had he not rejoiced in the success accorded to him he would have been worthy of censure. That sinners perish is in itself a painful consideration, but that the Lord's law is avenged upon those who break it is to the devout mind a theme for thankfulness. We must, however, always remember that vengeance is never ours, vengeance belongeth unto the Lord, and he is so just and withal so long-suffering in the exercise of it that we may safely leave its administration in his hands.

48. From all enemies, and especially from one who was pre-eminent in violence, the Lord's anointed was preserved, and at the last over the head of Saul and all other adversaries he reigned in honour. The like end awaits every saint, because Jesus who stooped to be lightly esteemed among men is now made to sit far above all principalities and powers.

49. Paul cites this verse, Romans xv. 9: "And that the Gentiles might glorify God for his mercy; as it is written, For this cause I will confess to thee among the Gentiles, and sing unto thy name." This is clear evidence that David's Lord is here, but David is here too, and is to be viewed as an example of a holy soul making its boast in God even in the presence of ungodly men. Who are the despisers of God that we should stop our mouths for them? We will sing to our God whether they like it or no, and force upon them the knowledge of his goodness. Too much politeness to traitors may be treason to our King.

50. This is the winding up verse into which the writer throws a fulness of expression, indicating the most rapturous delight of gratitude. "*Great deliverance.*" The word "*deliverance*" is plural, to show the variety and completeness of the salvation; the adjective "*great*" is well placed if we consider from what, to what, and how we are saved. All this mercy is given to us in our King, the Lord's Anointed, and those are blessed indeed who as his seed may expect mercy to be built up for evermore. The Lord was faithful to the literal David, and he will not break his covenant with the spiritual David, for that would far more involve the honour of his crown and character.

The psalm concludes in the same loving spirit which shone upon its commencement; happy are they who can sing on from love to love, even as the pilgrims marched from strength to strength.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 2.—"*The horn of my salvation.*" Horns are the well-known emblems of strength and power, both in the sacred and profane writers. By a metaphor taken from horned animals, which are frequently made subjects of comparison by poetical writers, and the strength of which, whether for offence or defence, consists principally in their horns. Bruce speaks of a remarkable head-dress worn by the governors of provinces in Abyssinia, consisting of a large broad fillet, bound upon their foreheads and tied behind their heads, and having in the middle of it a horn, or a conical piece of silver, gilt, about four inches long, much in the shape of our common candle extinguishers. It is called *kirn* or horn, and is only worn on reviews or parades after victory. He supposes this, like other Abyssinian usages, to be taken from the Hebrews, and is of opinion that there are many allusions to the practice in Scripture, in the expressions, "lifting up the horn," "exalting the horn," and the like.—*Richard Mant.*

Verse 20.—"*The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.*" We must stand our ground, and be stiff for ourselves against all misjudgings. It is good to be zealously affected always in a good matter, whether it respects the glory of God immediately and alone, or whether it respects the credit of our brethren or our own. To desire to be famous in

the world, and as those giants in the old world (Gen. vi. 4) men of renown, or, as the original text hath it, men of name, is a very great vanity; but to protect and preserve our good name is a great and necessary duty. Job thought it so necessary that he was not satisfied with affirming this once, but doubles the same affirmation, though in other words.—*Joseph Caryl.*

Verse 26.—"*Wilt show thyself froward.*" It is a similitude taken from wrestlers, and noteth a writhing of one's self against an adversary. Compare herewith Deut. xxxii. 5. "They are a perverse and crooked generation," the same two words that are here in this text; the latter importeth that they wriggled and writhed after the manner of wrestlers that wave up and down, and wind the other way, when one thinks to have them here or there. But all will not serve their turn to save them from punishment. God will be sure to meet with them, his Word will lay hold on them, and their sin shall find them out.—*Joseph Trapp.*

Verse 38.—To be well girt was to be well armed in the Greek and Latin idioms, as well as in the Hebrew.—*Dr. Geddes.*

Verse 41.—"*Even unto the Lord.*" As nature prompteth men in an extremity to look up for help; but because it is but the prayer of the flesh for ease, and not of the spirit for grace, to make good use of calamities, and only offered in extreme despair of help elsewhere, therefore God hears them not. In Samuel it is, "They looked, but there was none to save them." If they could have made any other shift, God should never have heard of them.—*Joseph Trapp.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Love's resolve, love's logic, love's trials, love's victories.

James Hervey has two sermons upon "Love to God" from this text.

Verse 2.—The many excellencies of Jehovah to his people.

God the All-sufficient portion of his people.—*C. Simeon's Works*, Vol. v. p. 85.

Verse 3.—Prayer resolved upon; praise rendered; result anticipated.

Verses 4, 5, *and* 6.—Graphic picture of a distressed soul, and its resorts in the hour of extremity.

Verse 6.—The time, the manner, the hearing and the answering of prayer.

Verse 11.—The darkness in which Jehovah hides. Why? When? What then? &c.

Verse 16.—The Christian, like Moses, "one taken out of the water." The whole verse a noble subject: may be illustrated by life of Moses.

Verse 17 *(last clause).*—Singular but sound reason for expecting divine help.

Verse 18.—The enemy's "craft," "*They prevented me in the day of my calamity.*" The enemy chained. "*But the Lord was my stay.*"

Verse 19.—The reason of grace, and the position in which it places its chosen ones.

Verse 22.—The need of considering sacred things, and the wickedness of carelessly neglecting them.

Verse 23.—The upright heart and its darling sin.—*W. Strong's Sermons*, 735.

Peccata in deliciis; a discourse of bosom sins.—*P. Newcome.*

The sure trial of uprightness.—*Dr. Bates.*

Verse 25.—Equity of the divine procedure.—*C. Simeon.*

Verse 27.—Consolation for the humble, and desolation for the proud.

Verse 27 *(second clause).*—The bringing down of high looks. A wide theme. In a way of grace and justice. Among saints and sinners, &c.

Verse 28.—A comfortable hope for an uncomfortable state.

Verse 29.—Believing exploits recounted. Variety, difficulty in themselves, ease in performance, completeness, impunity, and dependence upon divine working.

Verse 30.—God's way, word, and warfare.

Verse 31.—A challenge. I. To the *gods.* World, pleasure. &c. Which among these deserve the name? II. To the *rocks*, self-confidence, superstition, &c. On which can we trust?

Verse 31.—Trying positions, gracious adaptations, graceful accomplishments, secure abidings, grateful acknowledgment.

Verse 35.—See No. 683, "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit."

Verse 43 *(last clause).*—Natural distance from Christ, no bar to grace.

Verse 44.—Rapid advances of the gospel in some places, slow progress in others. Solemn considerations.

Verse 46.—The living God, and how to bless and exalt him.

Verse 50.—The greatness of salvation, "*great deliverance,*" its channel, "*the King,*" and its perpetuity, "*for evermore.*"

The Importance of seeking the Conversion of the Young.*

MANY Christians are slow to believe in the conversion of children. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" was the remark of a worthy man when told of the conversion of some little ones. Too hard for the Lord! Surely the words were misapplied; for in the conversion of the aged, hardened sinner, there is a far greater display of the mightiness of the Spirit's operations. Distrust of the conversion of children, widely spread though it is, finds no countenance in Scripture, and is abundantly reproved by precious facts. We read in Matt. xviii. of a child-believer, who is evidently one of *the many* little ones who had true faith in Christ in the days of his flesh. The Lord Jesus says, "Whoso shall receive one *such* little child receiveth me, and whoso shall offend one of these little ones *which believe in me*, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he drowned in the depths of the sea." In the introduction to Payson Hammond's "Little Ones in the Fold," Dr. Hatfield states, that a venerable servant of God, lately entered into his rest at the age of fourscore, was converted when eleven years old, that he himself was saved at the same age, and one of his own children at ten, and another at twelve years of age. I myself have had personal knowledge of children under five years who have evidently had true and deep conviction of sin, and intelligent faith in Christ as a Substitute and a Saviour. At my usual children's week-day meeting a few weeks since, the words, "God will punish sin" were used to arouse a lad who was present. A few days after, weeping, he told a Christian man that he knew God would punish sin, and added, "I feel I am a sinner, and I want a Saviour." He was directed to the atoning blood of Christ, and found peace in believing. Christians residing with him believe him to be truly converted.

One word as to what should be taught to children, and who are *properly* their teachers. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by *the word of God*." His own Word is the instrument God ever uses for the conversion of the sinner, whether it be the hoary-headed or the more juvenile transgressor: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul" (Psa. xix. 7). God commanded Israel to constantly instruct their little ones in his word: "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up" (Deut. vi. 6, 7). The blessed *laws* of God, which were to regulate the most minute details of their lives, were to be diligently taught to the children. The precious *doctrines* and the sweet *promises* of God, revealing His character and the calling of His people, were to be taught diligently to the children; and the wondrous *narratives* of the Scriptures, illustrating at once His laws, His doctrines, His character and His ways, were to be lovingly and industriously impressed upon the minds of the young. If Israel had obeyed these injunctions holiness and joy would have filled every habitation of the chosen people, their days would have been according to the promise, "as the days of heaven upon earth." PARENTS are, undoubtedly, the proper teachers of their children; they only in Israel could have taught the little ones as commanded—in the morning when they arose, in the evening when they lay down, in the daytime as they walked to their labour or sat in their house to rest. The words of a wise and faithful parent are accompanied by a love, a power, and an authority which cannot attend the words of any other person; and if we dwelt in the midst of a nation of such parents there would be no need to speak of the importance of seeking the conversion of the young, or of suggesting any means of reaching them, with a

* A paper read at the Conference presided over by Mr. Spurgeon.

view to their conversion. We hear the phrase "Christian England," but we are not deceived by it. We are not teachers in a nation of Christians, but we are missionaries amid a heathen population. Let us thankfully and joyfully own the numbers of precious souls we have around us, who, taught by the Holy Ghost, are serving the living and true God, relying on Christ, and waiting for His glorious appearing; and let us regard ourselves, and every one of our church-members, as soul gatherers for God in the midst of multitudes "ready to harvest." No part of our population is of equal importance with the juvenile portion of it, and I believe that among none beside will the same amount of earnest, prayerful, loving labour meet with a larger, or even an equal measure of success. Let me remind you of a few reasons why we should labour more than we have among the *children* of England.

1. *They are more easily got together than adults.* If any who have not tried it will commence a week-day meeting for children, and will affectionately aim to interest them, using simple words, simple illustrations, simple anecdotes, he will be astonished at the number of children who will soon attend.

2. *Children are more impressible than other persons.* Not being so pre-occupied their feelings are more readily enlisted. Their hopes and fears are more easily aroused.

3. *They are not so hardened in sin.* A confirmed drunkard, a person who has long continued in any unclean or unholy practice, or one who has adopted misbelieving or disbelieving notions, has formed a fearful barrier between himself and God. The Spirit's mighty power is indeed continually seen in the conversion of zealous Papists, hardened sceptics, and the worst of sinners. The good seed, when prospered by God, will spring up even when sown in ground marred with rocks and stones, yet what wise husbandman would neglect the field which was comparatively free from such obstructions?

4. Without compromising the blessed truth, that the operation of the Holy Ghost opening the heart is as needful in the case of the child as the aged sinner, may I not also say that *the young are more ready to believe than the old?* Doubtless much human unbelief is caused by human deceit. A child frequently deceived and instructed by others to lie, (as well as led by his own heart,) becomes every day more ready to doubt and disbelieve what he hears, whether from the best of men or from the Word of God itself.

5. One encouragement in bringing the truth to bear upon children is that their *early impressions are the most lasting.* Even if they are not at once converted the impressions they receive will nevertheless be ineffaceable. We have all heard of that remarkable case of a man who, when a hundred years old, was converted by the forcible recurrence to his memory of a sermon of Mr. Flavel's which he had heard when a lad; he lived to adorn the gospel for several years, and died at the age of one hundred and sixteen.

6. If a child is converted to God, he will spend *a life* in obedience to Him instead of a life in rebellion against Him. Beloved brethren, is it not of moment whether a man spend fifty years in preaching Christ or in blaspheming His precious name? May I be pardoned for alluding to the fact in his presence, but have we not in our well beloved President an illustrious example of early conversion, and of its importance? When the honoured Knill walked, and talked, and prayed with that lad in his father's garden, he was helping to bring into the service of Christ one who proved, even as a stripling, to be a valiant soldier of the cross, and who, strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob, while yet a young man, has already accomplished more for God than some of us would have done in a score of lifetimes. Think of what the sad contrast would have been if the first thirty years of such a life as this had been spent in opposition to Christ, in the service of heartless atheism, or of vain philosophy. In the March number of the "Sword and Trowel" there is a heart-stirring notice of Mrs. Bartlett's labours. It is stated, that from her class at the Metropolitan Tabernacle six hundred members have been added to the church during the past six years. She was heartily converted to God, was a successful

Sunday school teacher, and animated by an irrepressible desire to win souls to Christ before she was twelve years old.

I scarce need add anything to enforce the importance of our seeking the conversion of children; yet the subject is of such moment, and has been so much neglected, that I cannot forbear suggesting two other reasons for giving them our special attention.

1. *Through children we reach parents.* The little one goes home full of what he has heard, and not thinking of hiding his feelings, the parents receive from his infant lips truths which would perhaps arouse rebellion if spoken by a missionary or visitor. A child ran from school one afternoon, and, evidently excited, began to tell his mother about "the best man that ever was, who came down to die that we might go to heaven." He asked his mother for a Bible that he might read about Him. She gazed at her child with surprise, while the tears ran down his cheeks as he turned over the leaves. "Did you ever hear about it before?" he said to his mother. "Yes," she replied. "Then why did you not tell me?" Both the parents, and a young man who was present, were led by the incident to attend the preaching of the Word, and all three were converted. The young man is now, I believe, superintendent of the school in which the child was impressed.

2. *The children of England will very soon be the men and women of England.* In a Popish publication there appeared some months ago an article in which their systematic and most successful plan of operations in this land was detailed. Its wisdom is apparent, and its success only too evident. They commence a school in every possible village and district; often it is a day-school in a private house, with worship in the schoolroom on Sundays. The children are diligently taught the dogmas of Rome, and when old enough are brought to the confessional. Then presently a chapel is built, for which a congregation of now grown up children has been prepared; and this grows on till in the place where the little school was, stands the imposing cathedral, with its crowd of deceived and destroyed devotees. This appears to be the scheme which the Papists have been working out for years, and it is now bearing fruit. They know the importance of the children. Outside a Popish place at Bayswater a few weeks since was posted a notice that one hundred days' indulgence would be granted to any person who would bring a poor child to their school. At many of their religious houses they will receive children, and take the entire charge of them for ever; and there are not a few unnatural parents willing thus to relieve themselves of the burden of their offspring. When I was at Torquay I heard of some nuns giving a man nineteen pounds for his two children, undertaking to clothe, educate, and keep them entirely. The Romish system of schools, nurseries, and refuges, their army of paid and unpaid workers, appears to be something marvellous. It is like a huge web, entangling and destroying myriads. Oh let us awake, and be as earnest to win souls to our living Lord and Saviour as these deceived deceivers are to lead their dupes to idols. It occurred to me some time ago that we might adopt a very simple plan for the evangelisation of children, a plan that would help our Sunday schools and all existing institutions, and which might be made to reach those classes of the young who are not reached at present by any. It is simply this: to get all our available Christian people to have meetings for the children of their acquaintance and neighbourhood in their own houses on one evening in the week (not Sunday). I have published a little book called "The Pleasant Catechism," and Mr. Spurgeon has kindly put an introduction to it; in it we suggest, that titled ladies in their drawing-rooms, and cottagers in their kitchens, or young men and women in the houses of parents or neighbours, might with equal facility gather groups of children thus—might "sing, and pray, and talk of Jesus" for one hour. This meeting we call a "pleasant party." The "pleasant party" plan will, I think, be found as well adapted for the middle and upper classes as for the lower, for many would allow their children to attend a "pleasant party" in a friend's drawing-room or neighbour's parlour who would

scout the idea of sending them to a Sunday school. If weekly "pleasant parties" could be established in every street, in every town in the kingdom, the result would be evident in a very few years. A real barrier would be erected against the various forms of anti-Christianism which are desolating our land, and the minds of the people would be permeated with Christian truth; then all kinds of labour for Christ would be more abundantly successful. Experiment has now demonstrated the practicability of the plan. I myself hold a meeting for children on Thursday evenings before my usual preaching; the place is filled, sometimes crowded. Several of my church members meet "parties" of fifty or sixty children weekly; one of them, a Bible-woman, has about 160 in attendance. A lady at Burnham wrote a short time since, that she believed more than twelve of the children attending her "party" were converted or under deep conviction. The Lord help us, dear brethren, prayerfully and thoughtfully to devise, and perseveringly to carry out, plans for reaching with the gospel of Christ all sorts of sinners around us; and may God especially help us to win many a *young heart* to Jesus, and to train many a *youthful hand* to serve Him who hath loved us, and who hath washed us from our sins in His own precious blood.

Spurgeonism again!

IT was in our heart to imagine that "Spurgeonism" either in an offensive or inoffensive sense would no more be heard of; but the ghost it seems is not laid, it haunts unquiet minds and frets them sorely. A very few months ago we were somewhat sharply upbraided for want of union with the Baptists, and were charged with the sin of sect-making, or at least, of desiring to head a party. With considerable warmth, and we hope sufficient plainness, we rebutted the charge in words, and have done our best to disprove it by actions; and now we find ourselves in hot water in precisely the opposite direction, having in the eyes of some been guilty of exercising too preponderating an influence upon the Baptist body. The old fable of the Old Man, his Boy, and his Ass, might receive a very practical illustration from our career, if we were at all inclined to listen to the remarks of the many who interest themselves in our doings; but our desire to please our brethren is we trust subordinate to a far higher aim, and therefore we shall give their expressions as candid and patient a hearing as we can afford, and shall then seek direction from a less discordant authority. It was never our wish to appear to be alienated from our esteemed Baptist brethren, for whom in proportion to our personal knowledge of them our affectionate esteem increases; but far less have we it in our mind to compass any grasping of the whole system of the denomination, or to obtain or exercise any predominating influence in it. If we have advanced any forgotten truths which command the consent of our brethren we cannot but be glad; but we are not aware that even in this we have any ground for rejoicing; we have tried to swim side by side with the brethren in the direction of progress, but have always seen certain strong swimmers ahead of us, and have felt right happy to do our best not to be among the last. If our brethren feel that during the few months that we have been seen more manifestly among them we have been at all burdensome, we have been very much misled by their hearty manner towards us; and if we have usurped in any way an influence to which we have no right we very sincerely regret it, and declare that we had no intention to violate any man's liberty, or to force our ideas upon the brotherhood in an intolerant or uncourteous fashion. So long as we can all of us live for Christ, and as a community maintain the purity of the gospel of Jesus, and a hallowed practical zeal for the Master's glory, it can little matter to any man among us whose influence may be most helpful to promote our prosperity; and when the position of any one of our number shall be thought to be too prominent for the good of the whole,

it becomes his privilege to hold himself in the background and to let others lead the van. So long as we may but do all we can for the promotion of the Master's kingdom, we are content to work with others or without them, and denominationally, we desire to be influential or retired exactly as shall be most for the benefit of the great cause. Our own conviction is, that never were our Baptist brethren more vigorous in spiritual life; and that our present unity and zeal is no more due to any one man than this delightful springtime is due to the birds whose songs proclaim it; our only fear is lest the personal references which we are about to quote should excite an evil spirit of jealousy which may mar our present hearty oneness and stay the advance which we hope is being made. It were better for us not to exist than to be a stumbling-block to servants of Jesus who are finding their way into a condition of closer fellowship than aforetime has been among them.

The Rev. Edward White, of Camden Town, once a Baptist minister, has expressed his desire to be united with the Congregational Union, and has registered his fervent prayer for "the downfall and abolition of the Baptist denomination, so far as its Baptist character is concerned." The prayer will probably return into the place from which it came, and if it be of God, will doubtless be answered; but the desire to be united with the Congregational Union is a legitimate subject for consideration, especially as the reasons are appended, one of which intimately concerns ourselves. Mr. White writes:—"Besides, there is, I confess, something in the present condition of the Baptist denomination in England which makes it less attractive than ever to persons of a certain constitution of mind. The sect is very small, derives its chief glory from the repute of its foreign missions (which, however, do not derive their efficacy from their baptismal peculiarity), and above all, has latterly proved itself too weak at the centre to resist the predominating influence of a single powerful element. It is no secret that Mr. Spurgeon is at present the presiding genius of the denomination. Now, while ready to admit that 'Spurgeonism' (I use the word in no offensive sense), with all its peculiarities of culture, taste, and doctrine, is entitled to a considerable place as a planet, I deny that its light is of a quality or magnitude which fits it to be either a centre or a sun. It is, nevertheless, notorious that this heavenly body has grasped, by the singular power of its attraction, the whole system of the Baptist denomination, and carried along with it, I do not exactly know whither, even the most considerable luminaries."

This might not seem so very weighty a reason for leaving one denomination for another to persons who are ordinarily constituted, but persons of "a certain constitution of mind," (which we take to mean persons very uncertain in mind upon important doctrines) cannot be supposed to act like common mortals. Why not meet this monster of Spurgeonism, and rescue the victims of its terrible power? Why not support that centre which is unable to resist the single powerful element? If Mr. White had risen in any meeting of our own Union to express his views he would have been heard with respect, and if he believes his own views to be so much better than our own, he might surely have allowed to the brethren whom he professes to esteem, as fair a share of ability to perceive their force as he possesses himself. It may be discreet, but it is only in that sense valorous to leave good company because one's own influence is not supreme in it, and because we have muddled and worried ourselves into the belief that somebody else is too big by half. We do not think so much of Mr. White's courage as we did, though even after this diminution we retain a thorough admiration of his independence of mind, and wish he had shown it in ways other than those which he has selected.

There is, however, we suspect, a deeper cause for Mr. White's secession than may appear at first sight. He compares us to a planet, and with a most complimentary generosity calls us a heavenly body; we shall be happy to retain the compliment, as it might be thought sarcastic on our part if we returned it; and the metaphor of a planet so aptly pictures what we desire to be in relation to the heavenly sun, that we must reserve it for personal edification; but we beg

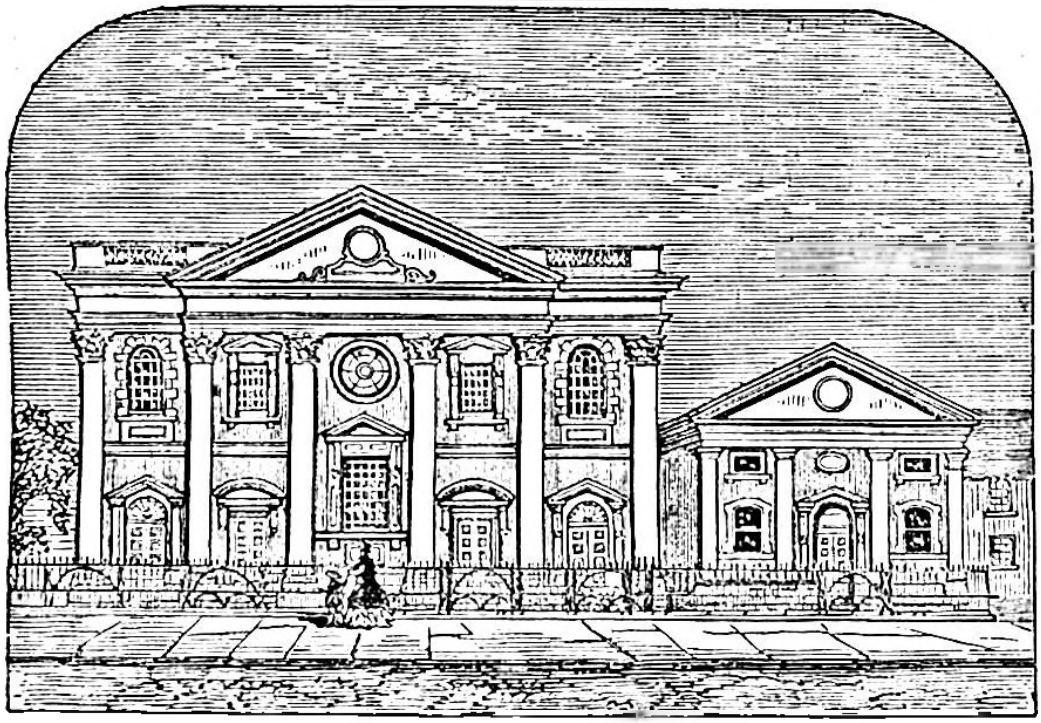
to suggest that there are erratic bodies in the sky far less fitted to become centres than even the planets are, and when they rush off into the outer realms of space with or without their tails we wish them a kindly farewell, and having no desire to follow, hope they will enjoy their wild excursion. We are content to be the steady planet, revolving in the old-fashioned orbit of orthodoxy, and have no ambition to become a centre or a sun; but we confess we are not anxious to enter into the cloud which composes the peculiar glory of the Camden Town luminary, and are not vexed to have a little wider space between our orbit and his own, yet as we never felt any alarm when in his neighbourhood, our satisfaction at his departure is not excessive.

We have not so much as a shade of sympathy with Broad Church views, and Mr. White knows this; he knows also that we do not bend the knee to the modern liberalism which is just now so popular, and viewing us as in some measure representatives of the so-called orthodoxy which it is fashionable to depreciate, he feels all his aversions so much aroused, that one of the freest of all denominations has not room enough in it to hold us both. How is it that he can live in the same city? Will he escape from the influence which he dreads by residing among the Independents? We can give him no promise that the terrible shadow may not reach him even there? There is an omnipresence in truth which is not to be avoided, and even influence is not bounded by walls. Will the Independents openly avow latitudinarian principles by opening their doors to receive the fugitive from what is called by the ugly name of "Spurgeonism," but is really in the main the faith of their fathers? If so, it is their own concern, and we shall perhaps be believed if we say that we shall regret the additions which they obtain in such a way far more for their sakes than our own. The Adullamites in politics have their representatives in theology, and they are so uncertain in the use of their weapons that their friends have more reason than their foes to be afraid of them. Our Independent brethren have thought it possible, it seems, that the Baptist body will be merged in theirs, and the "Patriot" appears quite angry that we should think of continuing our separate existence; it will subserve the purposes of practical union if our friends will dismiss all notion of our amalgamation from their minds as a mere dream, and regard us as they have done in former days, as brethren who honestly believe that the points in dispute are assuredly not frivolous, though they may be thought to be vexatious: but if the Pædo-baptist Congregationalists will still anticipate the ultimate absorption of the Baptists into their body and are really anxious for it, let them not treat truth as though it were indifferent in order to smooth their pathway, for so far as we know our Baptist brethren, this is the most effectual method of shutting the door. We have among us some who incline to the broad theology, who may possibly follow Mr. White's example, but none of our stancher brethren will be likely to leave our camp, and then the bridge will be broken down, and the two bodies will have doctrinal questions to divide them as well as the question of ordinances, for the body welcoming a certain party cannot but be viewed as affording a more congenial sphere for their peculiarities, and as so far sharing in them. In the interests of Catholicity, such a line of demarcation is scarcely desirable, but it may be overruled to answer the divine purpose with regard to truth. When, without either side having dogmatically laid down any creed, it shall come to pass that in the main on the one side there is the old form of evangelism, and on the other side an abundant portion of the vagaries of modern thought, a new character will be given to the differences between the two bodies, and instead of being a friendly discussion concerning ordinances, it will become a life and death struggle for vital godliness. We are suspected of bigotry, but we do not leave a denomination because all do not swear by our Shibboleth, nor are we so unkind as to wish another body of Christians to become a receptacle and refuge for men who leave a free community which has never tried to fetter them, because, forsooth, another man's influence offends them! The old faith is evidently safe without the safeguard of tests; for the mere presence of one of its preachers renders the

place too hot for men of "a certain constitution of mind." We accept the hint given us by Mr. White as to our position, and shall feel less than ever inclined to be silent, while on all hands the vaunted Liberalism is so clamorous. It behoves those whose convictions are conservative of the received faith to stand firm and fast, and it becomes them more and more to rely upon the celestial arm. May God defend the right!

Whether we are officially in the Baptist body or out of it, is small care to us so long as we can advance the gospel of our Lord Jesus; but if those who leave the body on our account are only such as Mr. White, we shall feel wedded to it more and more, not only for its own sake, but in the hope that in its ranks will be found the faithful and true witnesses who "hold fast the form of sound words."

New Chapels.



LAKE ROAD CHAPEL, PORTSMOUTH.

THE following notes from Mr. Gange will explain the wood engraving.—In September, 1862, the Rev. E. G. Gange, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, first preached in Lake Road Old Chapel. The small congregation soon became very large, every sitting was let, and the crush of people was so great that we had to adopt the ticket system for the accommodation of our seatholders. Free seats were put up in all the aisles, and every available spot was occupied. The chapel originally built to hold 520 persons, now regularly contained 900. After accepting the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church to become its pastor, public recognition services were held in January, 1863. The Rev. G. Rogers, tutor at the Tabernacle, gave an able charge to the young pastor. It soon became evident to all that another and larger sanctuary must be erected. An eligible site was at length secured, and one thousand pounds paid for the land, which is freehold. This money was raised by the members of the church and congregation; since then, our work has been slow but sure. We were anxious to raise half the money before commencing to build; in this we have well nigh succeeded; considerable sums having been raised by bazaars, tea-meetings, lectures delivered by the pastor. &c. At length a plan was chosen, a contract entered into, and the first turf

turned. Early in February, 1865, a memorial stone presented by one of our trustees was laid by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, of London, who very kindly placed a cheque for £50 upon it, and preached two sermons for us on the same day. The amount realized on that occasion was about £220. Our old chapel has been sold for £890, and the new one is completed. It is a substantial building of red brick with Bath stone pilasters and facings. The interior very much resembles the Metropolitan Tabernacle, it being a complete miniature *facsimile* of that place: instead of wood we have ornamental ironwork round the front of the gallery, and a spacious platform large enough to seat twenty persons, instead of the old-fashioned pulpit. The place will hold (free seats included) nearly two thousand persons. The floor rises from the platform to the door. The slanting pews are extremely comfortable. The interior is light and airy; beauty is combined with stability; and as there are but few angles, the lowest tones of the speaker can be easily and distinctly heard. In the gallery, at the back of the platform, there is a fine organ, made by Gray and Davidson. The most pleasing fact is that this large sanctuary is crowded to excess, so much so, that we have been compelled to admit by tickets; and, blessed be God, although so recently opened, it has become the birthplace of souls. The first Sunday in January we gave the right hand of fellowship to twenty-five, and a yet larger number is waiting to be baptized. Our Sunday-school is in a flourishing condition; most of the teachers are members of the church; and conversions frequently take place in our Bible classes. The cost of the chapel and ground will be about £5,000; towards which a considerable sum has been raised by our friends. Mr. Spurgeon has been very kind to us, for in addition to collections and donations, he has lent us £500 without interest. We are making strenuous efforts to raise £1,000 within this year, 1866; if we succeed in this, the rest will be comparatively easy. We ask the prayers of the churches, and if any liberal Christians are disposed to help us, contributions will be gratefully received by the pastor, Rev. E. G. Gange, Victoria Villa, Kingston, Portsmouth.

Reviews.

A Caution against the Darbyites; with a Word to the Authors of two recent pamphlets, and the testimony of Lord Congleton. By J. E. HOWARD. G. J. Stevenson, London. Price Sixpence; or, for distribution, four for One Shilling.

WE are delighted to see that certain of the original Brethren are protesting against the Darbyites. This pamphlet is worth reading, as showing how tyranny may hide itself under proud assumptions of non-sectarianism. We like the testimony of Lord Congleton, which is all the more valuable because he knows them better than we wish to do. It is as follows:—"Have you tried these Brethren" (the Darbyites)? "I have tried them ('try the spirits whether they are of God') and found them *false* prophets, in every sense of the word *false*. They are *false* in what they say of their brethren, they are *false in doctrine*, they are *false* in their work."

OURSELVES: *a Picture sketched from the History of the Children of Israel.* By BROWNLOW NORTH, B.A. Hunt and Co., London.

WE joyfully welcome our friend Mr. Brownlow North into the field of authorship. He has been guided to a subject supremely rich in illustrations of the gospel; his illuminated eye perceived those illustrations, and his ready pen has recorded them in strong nervous language. May sinners be brought to Christ by this volume and the author's heart will leap within him. It is this which recommended his work at once to our mind, for we perceived that Mr. North did not write in the crotchetty, fault-finding style of certain evangelists, but aimed at the conversion of sinners by the old-fashioned gospel of Jesus.

Broad Churchism. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and "The Christian World." A letter from One of the Old School. Houlston and Wright. Price Threepence.

With very deep regret we acknowledge the force of the writer's strictures upon "The Christian World." When we gave our recommendation in January we had not observed the Broad Church leanings which are now so unhappily manifest in the paper. It is possible that we ought to have noticed these leanings, but we certainly had not, although there are traces of them. The editor is a gentleman whom we highly esteem, a man of great ability and generous spirit; and his paper, for its freshness of news and its power of writing, deserves every encomium, while its aid to all sorts of practical work, in the cause of religion and education, commands our gratitude; but, theologically, it does seem to us that of late the articles in the paper are generally loose and frequently dangerous. Our opinion is of no great consequence to so firmly established a periodical, but duty demands the record of it. We recommended it because we believed that it then, on all accounts, deserved our praise, and we spoke heartily as is our wont; we now suspend our recommendation, but we do so in all friendliness and good will, having no end to serve but what we believe to be the cause of truth and righteousness. From numerous letters and personal remarks we gather that there is a growing want of confidence in the theology of the paper in certain directions, and this being the case, the only question is, how should such persons act? Their course is clear. Instead of an angry controversy which can do no good, the remedy is in the hand of every reader, and the exercise of that remedy is far more legitimate than any attempt to interfere with the liberty of the editor, who is, no doubt, as conscientious in the promulgation of his own views as we are in ours. Every man has, and should have, the fullest liberty to set forth his own opinions, and when others find that they cannot support him in his teachings, they certainly are not forced to do so, and can use their own discretion. We feel it a severe trial to write as we have done, but we can even bear to be charged with ingratitude rather than become a partaker in the promulgation and palliation of what we feel to be very serious error.

Lost and Found. A Temperance Tale. By the author of "Jane Grey's Resolution." Glasgow: Thos. Murray; London: Partridge.

It may be some organic defect in our mental structure, or it may be our love of reality, but for some reason or another, we had almost as soon be flogged as read a story of any sort. This tale may therefore be the most popular that was ever written, but we have no stomach for the fight; that is to say, we have neither the leisure nor the taste to read works of fiction, however excellent their drift or admirable their style.

The Sabbath Question. By the Rev. James Macgregor. Edinburgh: Duncan Grant. London: James Nisbet & Co.

This is partly a reproduction of articles which had appeared in periodicals, and partly a publication of new matter, in reply to certain loose views of the Sabbath, recently promulgated by Drs. Tulloch and Macleod. It is a work of much careful research and close reasoning, and embraces every topic in relation to the Christian Sabbath. Mr. Macgregor deserves the thanks of all the spiritually-minded in our Churches for his timely and fearless defence of the faith on this subject, once delivered to the saints.

God's Glorified House. By T. E. Page. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

God's earthly house, his spiritual house, and his celestial house are here profitably set before us.

Promises Proved. By W. J. Lewis. Morgan & Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

Numerous instances of remarkable answers to faith and prayer that have come under the author's own notice are here recorded, a perusal of which is well calculated to encourage faith and prayer in others.

Recollections and Remains of the late Rev. George David Doudney. W. H. Collingridge, 117—119, Aldersgate Street.

THE subject of this memoir belonged to a certain school of theology more exclusive than diffusive in its principles and practice. We may learn here the length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; but its breadth, which an apostle puts first, is almost entirely ignored. There is much to admire in such writings, while there is much to repel. The very experience of the deep things of God, for want of the activity and exercise demanded by broader views of the grace of the gospel, often result in a morbid state of darkness and of doubt. If it be any part of the Christian's duty to act immediately upon sinners as such, its omission must be attended with some corresponding evil; and this, we think, we see in the reaction of painful uncertainty which often follows bright visions of special endearment. All readers may profit from perusing a book of this kind, but not from this kind alone.

Bertie and her White Lamb. Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

THIS is said to be a true story. The adventures it records are not unnatural. They are interesting in themselves, and are rendered profitable by the remarks that accompany them.

Christ our Light. By CHARLES GRAHAM. Morgan & Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

UNDER the above title Mr. Graham has introduced all the essential verities of the gospel in a new and profitable manner. He is fond of tracing analogies between the kingdoms of nature and of grace, which is a method most attractive to the literary and scientific; and yet he is throughout sufficiently plain and scriptural to be intelligible and instructive to all classes.

Notices.

MR. John Crouch, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has for the past three months been engaged in preaching at Paisley, in Scotland: an interesting service was held on Wednesday, April 4th, at the chapel, 12, George Street, (kindly granted for the occasion,) for the purpose of forming a new Baptist church. The proceedings commenced by singing the one hundredth psalm, after which, Mr. Crouch read the fourth chapter of Ephesians, and prayed. Mr. Francis Johnstone, of Edinboro', gave an address on the constitution of a Christian church, from the second chapter of Acts and the forty-seventh verse. Mr. Allan Coats (one of the brethren about to be formed into a church) then read an outline of the doctrinal views of the new church, together with the names of eighty-two persons about to be united in church-fellowship. To this statement the members present testified their assent by standing up. Mr. Johnstone then offered special prayer, after which, Mr. Medhurst, of Glasgow, gave an address on the duties of church members from the second chapter of Acts and the forty-second verse. The service was concluded with the Lord's Supper. There was a good attendance, several friends from Glasgow being present. Mr. Crouch has since received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the newly-formed church, which, for the present, will meet for worship in the new Grammar School, Oakshaw Street.

The first anniversary of the settlement of Mr. W. H. Burton at Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn, was celebrated on Wednesday, the 6th of April, by a public meeting, at which the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel presided. Mr. J. Bennett, one of the deacons, gave an account of the state of the church, from which it appears that one hundred and thirty-three members during the year had been received into church-fellowship. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Sawday, of Vernon Chapel; Mr. Crassweller; Mr. P. Gast, of Spencer Place; Mr. Treton, and the pastor. The congregation has rapidly increased here under the ministry of Mr. Burton. There is a

heavy debt upon the place, for the removal of which the help of the Christian public is greatly needed.

On Friday, the 18th of May, Mr. W. Osborne was publicly recognized as the pastor of the Baptist Church at Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire. A service was held in the afternoon, at which Mr. Burton, of London, prayed. Mr. Paine, one of the deacons, gave an account of the circumstances which resulted in the unanimous invitation of Mr. Osborne to the pastorate. Mr. Osborne gave a statement of his experience and his doctrinal views; Mr. T. Voysey, of Sandy, offered a prayer of dedication; Mr. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, gave the charge; and Mr. Stockbridge, of Morden, concluded with prayer. About three hundred persons partook of tea in a tent. At a meeting in the evening Mr. Rogers presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Mace, of Stotfold, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Griffiths, of Biccelswade; Mr. Clarke, of Godmanchester; Mr. Grant, of Spaldwick; Mr. Burton, of London; and Mr. Cuff, of Ridgmont. This was the third settlement of a minister in this place within a hundred years. The church and congregation are in a flourishing condition, and the prospects of usefulness are very encouraging.

On Monday the twenty-first recognition services were held at Ridgmont, Bedfordshire, where Mr. Cuff has entered upon a sphere of great usefulness. In the afternoon Mr. Andrews, of Woburn, prayed; one of the deacons spoke on behalf of the church; Mr. Cuff gave the usual statements of his call to the work of the ministry; Mr. Cracknell, of Cheltenham, offered prayer; Mr. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, addressed the pastor; and Mr. Ness, of Stepney, gave an address to the church and people. A large company sat down to tea. An evening meeting was held, at which were present Mr. Cracknell, Mr. Mountford, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Walker, Mr. Minett, Mr. Burton, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Mace, Mr. Inglis, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Ness. Several addresses were delivered, and the whole services were numerously attended and very encouraging. There has been a remarkable revival at this place in connection with Mr. Cuff's ministry, and we doubt not but he will see still greater things than these.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS. 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, to May 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Pash	2	2	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	5	0
Two Friends at Westerkirk	2	0	0
T. B.	1	1	0
E. H.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Dodson	5	0	0
Mr. Glover	0	5	0
Mr. Willson, per Mrs. Norman	1	1	0
A Bucks Farmer	5	0	0
L. B. A	0	10	0
Mr. J. Mitchell	2	10	0
Mr. Parton	2	2	0
Mr. J. Stubberfield	1	0	0
The Church at Forres	1	0	0
Lilloh	1	0	0
Mr. T. F. Briden	0	10	0
R. and S.	0	2	0
A Friend at Crediton	0	5	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Anderson	0	10	0
A Presbyterian	0	10	0
Collection at Rotherham, per Mr. Arnold	4	6	6
Faith	0	10	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Ware	0	5	0
A Friend from the Country, per Mr. Phillips	3	5	0
Mr. Wright	1	0	0
Press	0	3	0
Amy	0	10	0
Rev. J. Collie	0	7	6
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. S. Goodhead	0	5	0
Mr. H. Amos	0	5	0
Mrs. Cross	0	10	0
Romans v. 7 and 8	1	0	0
A Resisted Church Rate	0	11	3
A Messenger for Jesus	0	5	0
A Friend in Kent	0	5	0
A Sacrifice of Thanksgiving, per Rev. J. H. Collie	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, April 23	20	3	11
" " " 30	20	4	1
" " " May 7	28	7	8
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	£162	17	0

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1866.

The Dropping Well of Knaresborough.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHAT the guide-books have to say upon that most remarkable natural curiosity, called the Dropping Well of Knaresborough, we do not know; into the geology and chemistry of the wonder we have not enquired; we have only looked at it with the eyes of an ordinary sight-seer of a meditative turn of mind, and have been well repaid. A huge mass of rock has fallen from the face of the cliff, and seems ready to take a still further leap into the stream beneath. A constant drip of water flows over the front of this rocky fragment, whose face it polishes as smooth as marble. The water apparently rises out of the rock itself and does not percolate from the cliff above, for between it and the rock there is a wide crack into which the visitor may easily pass. A perpetual shower of the coolest crystal descends into a little pool below, and looks as if nature had determined to outdo all artificial shower-baths with one of her own. Depending from the rock are miscellaneous articles enduring the full force of the drip; hats, shoes, toy-houses, birds, birds'-nests, and other objects, both elegant and uncouth, are hanging in the midst of the rainfall; they are all enduring the process of petrifaction, which the water accomplishes for them in a few months. Drop by drop the liquid falls, and leaves a minute deposit of stony matter every time; and thus slowly, but surely, the whole substance becomes coated and covered with lime, and absolutely transformed to stone. The old fable of the foes of Perseus turned into stone might have been actually accomplished here, if the hero's enemies could have been induced to remain long enough in the shower-bath. We have heard of a certain damsel who wished to be considered a fine lady, and declared herself, upon some great occasion, to have been quite *putrified* with astonishment; she might here have putrified in the most wholesome manner. A little museum in the inn contains a small selection of petrifactions; these curiosities appear to command a rapid sale, for there were none to be disposed of, and many bespoken. It will amply repay any one going north, to break his journey at York, and take a run to Knaresborough, where, in addition to this marvellous well, and the cave where Eugene Aram

hid his victim, there is a view from the castle which is scarcely to be excelled in England.

If there be sermons in stones, surely there must be discourses in a stone-making well. Lot's wife, who may be said to have been petrified by a saline or bituminous shower, has been a standing illustration of the sad results of looking back to the sins and follies of a condemned world; she is God's great petrifaction, preaching evermore a divinely eloquent sermon. The reverse of this transformation, namely, the turning of stubborn senseless stone into sensitive and tender flesh is the Lord's enduring miracle of grace, by which he shows at once his wisdom and his power. To make flesh into stone is but a natural process, as this dropping well testifies, but to change stone into flesh is a divine act known to none but the Holy Spirit. May every one of us know by personal experience what the transformation means!

The method of moral and spiritual petrifaction is most instructively imaged by the objects at Knaresborough. Men and women are quite as capable of petrifaction as birds'-nests and old shoes, and they petrify in very much the same manner, with no other differences than those essential distinctions which must exist between a mental and a material operation. Let the world with its temptations, pleasures, and cares, represent the spring, and the specimens of consciences, energies, affections, emotions, and a hundred matters petrified in it are endless, and to be met with everywhere. *Everything lifeless within range feels the stone-making influence of the world.* Men with consciences utterly impervious to truth, and hearts entirely unaffected by noble sentiments are, alas! all too plentiful. Ministers whose lifeless performances of Heaven's work of mercy prove that their souls are passionless, and hearers who hear as with "the dull, cold ear of death," are far from rarities. The current of the customs and pursuits of the world favours religious insensibility, and creates it on all sides. As everything beneath the dropping well feels the influence of the shower, so all men in all their faculties are more or less affected by the hardening influences of the world. Spiritual life alone effectually throws off the slimy incrustations of the earthy drip, but were it not for frequent removals from the evil element, life itself would be unable to bear up against it. Drip, drip, drip! the soul for ever in it, and never alone with God in prayer, would sooner or later, according to circumstances, become a melancholy proof that friendship with the world is enmity against God. Preserving grace at frequent intervals withdraws the favourites of Heaven out of the deadly shower, and so prevents their ruin, or else Martha's being cumbered with much serving is clear evidence that even true lovers of Jesus in their very desire to serve him may get their thoughts sadly earth-bound.

The work is very gradual but very constant. A day's deposit would scarcely be perceptible, and weeks would not complete the work; petrifaction is the achievement of innumerable drops following each other with unrelaxing perseverance. It could not be said of any one day's work that *it* petrified, or of any particular portion of the water that *it* wrought the change, but the whole together, throughout a long period, combined to effect the ultimate end. No one glaring sin may be adduced against the man whose heart is hardened, there may be no special season when he became incapable of feeling; but the

whole course and tenor of his life in the world, and submission to its influence, must bear the blame of rendering his brow as brass, and his heart as a flint.

At the same time the action of the world is never suspended, and all its customs, fashions, cares, and pleasures are but a continuance of the same hardening operation under varying forms. The ever-falling shower, which rustles amid the leafy groves upon the river's brink, pours forth its descending drops in unwearied armies, each drop bearing and depositing its burden of stone, and thus unceasingly petrifying everything within its range. Stars and sun alike see the well at its work. So both by night and by day, without fail or pause, carnal associations, and earth-born attractions stultify the mind, and render it unfit for the sacred sensibilities of fellowship with God. Until we shall find the well of Knaresborough ceasing to petrify, we must not expect this present evil world to pause in its evil operations. The bands of Orion may be loosed, and the sweet influence of the Pleiades may be suspended, but the baleful effect of the world's evil eye can neither change nor cease. We need to watch against the honesties and graces of the world as well as against its roguceries and vices. Its influence is evil, only evil and that continually; and it has a power to penetrate the very soul of man and turn each bowel of compassion, each nerve of holy sensibility, each muscle of heroic energy into cold, cold stone; leaving the natural fashion and shape of manhood, but driving out from it everything warm and loveable; making the human form a sarcophagus for the true man, and so bringing him back to the earth from which he came by a worse method than even death itself; and all this by degrees so slow that the victim is almost and sometimes altogether unable to perceive the change through which he is passing.

When accomplished the work is exceedingly thorough and unmistakeable. The substance is stone, clearly stone, and stone throughout, whatever it may have been before. We saw a raven whose glossy wings had often shone in the sunlight as he flew through the air, and there he was, a hard lump, utterly incapable of flight, although the wings were surely there, the very wings which once could mount so readily. Alas! for the heavenward aspirations which once bid fair to elevate the youth to holiness; that earth-bound money-hunter knows nothing of them, and yet he is the same man, and none of his faculties are absent. A hare which had been under the spring had become so grotesque an object that one could hardly see in it the swift-footed creature which drinks the dew. Evil are the days which bring the zealous servant of God, who once ran in his ways, to become a mere stolid official, occupying a place which he cares not to use for its true ends. Asahel was fleet as a roe, how comes he to be slower than Mephibosheth? Has the world turned the man into a statue? Has the child of Abraham been cast down and deadened into a stone? All that was raven and hare had become stone, and even so some men who once possessed hopeful qualities and redeeming characteristics, have become all worldliness, and money-grubbing hardness, till there is not a soft place in them, nor could a soul, as large as a pin's head, find a fleshy cavity in which to enshrine itself. It were better to grow poorer than Lazarus, and more full of sores than he, than to be the willing subject of the tyranny of worldliness. Rich, famous, learned, powerful, a

man may be, but he is an object for the deepest pity, if he has sacrificed the tenderness of his conscience, and the refined sensibilities of his heart. It is death above ground; it is the curse before hell, to be reduced to a mere lump of clay, or a senseless block of stone.

This curse of death in life has fallen upon whole families; hard maxims have stagnated the blood of a race, and made a house notorious for its grim worldliness. Nabal's heart became like a stone within him, but he appears to have died childless; other churls have unhappily left their like behind them, and a race of stone men has cursed generation after generation. A bird's-nest with petrified eggs, and the mother-bird lying in stone upon it, was a far more pleasant sight, than a family tutored in selfishness, and educated in the unhallowed wisdom of greed.

Nor is the petrifying power of the world exercised only upon men themselves, but *matters which pertain to them are subject to the same power*. Gloves, stockings, and divers articles of apparel were shown us, no longer comfortable garments fulfilling a most useful purpose, but stone; as much stone as if they had been carved from a rock. Who has not seen petrified sermons? Hard, dry, lifeless, cold masses of doctrine cut into the orthodox shape, but utterly unfit for food for the children of God. Who has not heard petrified prayers? Mere blocks of granite in which warmth and life were the last things to be looked for. Have not gospel ordinances themselves in the land of formalists become rather the gravestones of religious enthusiasm, than firebrands to kindle its sacred flame? Charity herself cannot deny that the world's great stumbling-block is a lifeless church, a powerless ministry, and formal ordinances. Life and its sensibilities of the highest spiritual order, are the mysterious powers by which true religion overcomes the world; take these away and it is not enough to say that the church is injured, it is destroyed outright. A worldly church makes sport for hell, wins scorn from the world, and is an abomination in the sight of heaven; and yet churches like individuals, may in course of time succumb to the dangerous influences of worldliness, and religion may become a mere thing of stone, stately and tasteful, fixed and conservative, accurate and permanent, but inanimate and powerless; a record of the past rather than a power for the present.

It strikes the observer as he drinks of the apparently pure water of the Dropping Well, that *its actual operation is not one which would apparently have resulted from it.* Your usual experience of water leads you to look for softening rather than hardening, and in the case before you this is the immediate result, and indeed, the real result too, for it is not the water which petrifies, but the substance which it holds in partial solution and deposits upon the object suspended. The water must not be blamed, it is softening enough in itself, but the foreign ingredient does the petrifying business. The world's trials ought to soften the heart and lead to holy sensibility; and its joys should evoke the tenderness of gratitude and hallowed sensibility of love; but sin is abroad, and the world is polluted thereby, and hence its outward circumstances operate far otherwise upon us than they would have done had transgression never entered. It is not the scenery of this fair earth which is defiling, as some ultra-spiritual simpletons would have us

believe; neither is there anything in a lawful calling which necessarily interferes with communion with the Lord Jesus; from man proceeds the vileness, it comes neither from hill nor dale, nor streaming river, nor even from the din of machinery and the hum of crowds; moral evil is the strange substance which poisons and pollutes, else earth might be the vestibule of heaven, and the labours of time a preparation for the engagements of eternity. Our gardens are still fair as Eden, and our rivers bright as the ancient Hiddekel; the same sun shines over the selfsame mountains, and the same heavenly blue canopies the earth, but the trail of the serpent is upon all things, and this is it which the spiritual have hourly cause to dread. The roses of Paradise are still with us, but we must beware of the thorns which sin has added to them.

Among the curiosities we did not see petrified hearts, but our anatomical museums frequently contain them, and the disease of a literal hardening of the heart is by no means rare. Spiritually, the petrifying of the heart by the removal of restraining grace is a most terrible judgment from God, and is the precursor of eternal destruction. Pharaoh is the type of a class who are given up to hardness of heart; the stubborn rebellion of their life forebodes their endurance of overwhelming wrath throughout eternity. A tender heart which trembles at God's word, is, on the other hand, a token for good; let those who have it go to Jesus with it, and trust in his blood to make them still more sensitive under the hand of God; and let those who have it not, go to Jesus to obtain it, for the awakened conscience and the tender heart are as much HIS gifts as pardon and eternal life. It is doubtful whether Hannibal melted rocks with vinegar, it is certain that Jesus dissolves them with vinegar and gall. The dropping well of Calvary softens all upon whom it rains its precious floods; happy those who leave the world's shower, and sit beneath the atoning drops, they shall feel the tenderness which is acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

Leaving the well of Knaresborough we fell to rhyming, and here is the result:—

Though this well hath virtues rare,
And excites a just surprise;
There is yet a well more fair
And more wondrous in mine eyes.

Blessed well on Calvary's mount,
Where the side of Jesus slain,
Mercy's own peculiar fount,
Pours a *stone-removing* rain.

See the heavenly blood-drops fall
On a heart as stern as steel:
Though 'twas hard and stony all,
Lo, it now begins to feel.

Legal hammers failed to break,
Flames of wrath could not dissolve,
None the stolid soul could shake,
Fixed in fatal firm resolve.

But the blood performs the deed,
Softens all the heart of stone,
Makes the rock itself to bleed,
Bleed for him who bled t'atone.

As the crimson shower descends
All the stone is washed away;
Stubbornness in sorrow ends,
And rebellious powers obey.

Hewn from out the pit of hell,
And in Calvary's fountain laid;
By that sacred dropping-well
Be my soul more tender made.

Till my heart contains no more
Of the stone by which it fell,
But on Canaan's happy shore
Sings the sacred dropping-well.

The Church of England.

THE GROWTH OF PUSEYISM.

Chapter III.

LEAVING the troubled times of the Stuarts, and coming nearer to our own era, we notice one prominent characteristic of the Romish Church bidding fair to become almost equally prominent in the sister Church of England. We refer to that refined and most fascinating form of idolatry sometimes called image-worship; which term so used, implies the worship or undue exaltation of the outward emblems, images, or symbols of the Christian religion. In the Catholic Church it is seen in the adoration of saints, in the superstitious regard paid to relics, shrines, and crucifixes, and in the saving efficacy attached to sacraments. In the English Church it has been perpetuated under various forms. But whether in the Romish or English Church, and with whatever outward modification, the pervading spirit is one and the same, and it is the spirit of Popery.

Thoughtful observers have been long familiar with the fact of the growing power of this form of error under the disguise or designation of *Puseyism*. For in truth, Puseyism, fully developed, is the nearest approach to *undisguised* Popery that the English Church has conceived or brought forth. Nor is it indeed absolutely of modern origin. It is the ancient legacy of the Papacy, bequeathed to the Reformation, and the nursling of one after another of the English hierarchy. Chief upon the roll of this apostate succession is inscribed the name of Laud. This prelate is well nigh forgotten by the multitude; but Puseyism, of which he was once the embodiment, survives—not to decay, but as the fashionable, if not the prevailing religion of the age. You who love to talk of Protestant England will do well to consider that. Such power of vitality argues a congenial soil. For never before was a community of professed Protestants deluded by a fraud so transparent, and yet a fraud that seduces alike the simple and the scholarly, the so-called High Church and Low Church. Witness such indiscriminately abasing themselves before those same slavish superstitions that degraded the so-called Christianity of the dark ages. Accepting with softest credulity assumptions resting only upon the shallowest sophistry; prostrating themselves in all sorts of attitudes before priestly orders; tamely yielding up the supremacy of reason and revelation—grovelling there in

delighted fascination, false alike to Protestantism and true patriotism—and all this fostered in the bosom of the Church of England—that Church for ever boasting herself the foremost defender of the faith, and conservator of pure Christianity in England,—a spectacle of shame and confusion, enough to make every true Protestant blush for the dishonour done to the good old name.

That Puseyism does exercise a spell thus potent is a sufficiently obvious fact, and one demanding the intelligent consideration of every earnest mind. We regard it as a cleverly devised embodiment of that which is most plausible and insidious, and therefore most deadly in the Catholic system. The main intent, and indeed the whole tendency of Romanism in the Church of England is to transfer the realm of Christianity from the moral and spiritual to the material;—from faith, set forth by outward symbol, to a belief that saving virtue is really *in the symbol;*—from a reliance on the efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ, to a reliance on the efficacy of the sacrament which is the visible emblem of that sacrifice. And this not, possibly, from any designed perversion of the truth, but from an intense desire for salvation, while yet failing to perceive its spiritual character. Like Jeroboam, who set up the calves, not because he was irreligious, but because he could better appreciate the visible than the spiritual. But although the ultimate result desired by the teachers of this specious heresy—call them Puseyites or Romanists, as you please—may probably be the salvation of souls, yet the ultimate result of their *teaching* unquestionably is to substitute the worship of the external, that is, idolatry, for the religion of the New Testament. This grand error has, from the earliest times, exercised an influence so mighty over the human mind as to justify the belief that in Puseyism we have a foe too strong and too subtle to be lightly despised.

The wide and engrossing tyranny which Rome has exercised over mankind is without a parallel in religious history. Her avowed ecclesiastical supremacy is scarcely less now than it was two centuries ago. Perhaps a solution in part of this strange problem may be found in the consideration of one circumstance, namely, that the Catholic system addresses itself chiefly to those parts of our nature which are capable of being the most powerfully acted upon by means of external or sensuous excitements. With profound and subtle ingenuity the Church of Rome has flattered and drawn to her aid the noblest powers and passions of the soul—those which are in their motions changeless and indestructible. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate what she owes to her influence over *the imagination*. Her outward professions have changed times "without number, numberless." But her one secret and unchanging purpose has been, whilst enslaving the mind by means of that regal faculty, to obtain universal supremacy over the bodies and souls of men. This indeed, is the very spirit and essence of Popery; and it is equally the spirit and essence of Puseyism. The difference at most is only in degree of development; and we may reasonably conceive of Puseyism that it is a modification artfully adapted to suit the spirit of the English Church; more persuasive, and therefore not less, but, in its place, more pernicious than might have been the grosser idolatry. All this is bad enough, but we must add to it the consideration that Puseyism has,

in England, engrafted itself upon a Church which, by its primary constitution, too nearly accords with, and has indeed at all times been far too complacently disposed towards, this special form of heresy. The alliance is therefore mutually satisfactory; and it seems quite possible that under favouring circumstances, Puseyism might spread until it should leaven the whole and become universal in the Church of England.

Now, one cannot fail to see that by this unholy alliance the Established Church has in this age also, as in times past, constituted herself in effect, the defence—the stronghold—of Popery in England, making its expulsion a work beset with difficulties that appear well nigh insurmountable. Because the reformer is now by dire necessity driven to wage war, not against openly-armed Puseyism only, but also against whatsoever has, by long and perverse dalliance with the evil, become allied with and virtually a part of that evil, and in this country the very root of it. Thus, to strike effectually at Popery in the Church of England involves the invasion of many sentiments which at first sight would seem not to be connected with the evil, but which may nevertheless lie at the very foundation of it; and among them we must number those strong ties of affection which prejudices, arising from birth or education, or old association, have thrown around the imagination. The not unnatural nor unlooked-for result of all this is—and we ask you specially to observe it,—that the community thus implicated in the crime of fostering Romanism becomes greatly incensed when awakened to find itself confronted by an accusation so wide and sweeping, and that spares not its most sacredly-cherished institutions; and instead of directing its attention to a fair and truthful examination of its position, takes to kicking against the pricks, or, in other words, turns upon the reformer with sufficiently zealous but not very serviceable execration,—a proceeding not to be accounted for on any other conceivable supposition than a confused belief on the part of such community that the reformer has stood *sponsor* for *its* adherence to the faith, and is now to be visited with judicial vengeance, because the community itself has wickedly refused to "renounce the devil and all his works."

We, however, revere him who vindicates absolute, persistent, inflexible adhesion to pure morality—to principle—to the law of conscience—to the Word of God;—and who does this not simply by asserting their inviolable supremacy—their all-sufficiency for all occasions—but who, above all, shows forth this supreme all-sufficiency in the conduct of his own life;—

> "Who never *sold the truth to serve the hour*,
> Nor *paltered with Eternal God for power;*
> Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
> Through either babbling world of high and low;"—

"WHOSE LIFE IS WORK." And after all, such a life—so ordered—and that the work be effectually *done*, is all that a truly great man will much concern himself about. Such a man, too, must needs look down with contempt, and with something still better, with vehement indignation, on "all great self-seekers, trampling on the right." *He* invents no smooth apologies for the sin of the age. He rather, since nothing else will avail, shrinks not in plain terms to denounce all unhallowed confederacy, and to "impeach before the bar of God," the men who,

under the shadow of a venerated superstition, misnamed an apostolic institution, or under the plea, vainer still and yet more impious, of a Divine sanction, have leagued themselves with the deadliest enemies of the truth.

We have stated our convictions. Let us now freely admit that some of those sentiments and feelings just now referred to, and which constitute so many bands of strong affection, attaching multitudes to the communion of the Church of England, are, without doubt, natural and not unamiable feelings; and certainly they are not easily weakened or effaced. For they lie deepest and linger latest in the human heart; and, though in action sadly perverted, they not unseldom spring from the sincerest depths of man's being. They are interwoven with the dearest and holiest recollections of life from its earliest dawn. They have gathered strength from traditions hallowed by the confirming testimony of many generations; and poetry has shed over them a lustre that allures, the while it wilders and beguiles the soul as with the power of sweetest sorcery. The inheritor of such sentiments regards with peculiar veneration the sanctuary before whose altar his sires have knelt in supplication, and beneath whose shadow they have been laid to rest. Then everything connected with the established order of worship is to his heart fraught with indescribable, but most affecting charm. That beautiful Litany—and none can deny the surpassing beauty which breathes through every line, and mingles with the perfect pathos of that simple, sublime petition,—the devotional and ritual services;—even the very formalities incident to the worship,—all have been endeared to the worshipper, in that they are the observances—the self-same supplications—which his ancestors had been wont to use in their lifetime, and which their lips have uttered when dying. Nor are we insensible to the power of those earlier memories that ever and anon revisit the soul, even after long years of conflict with the world, and of conflict harder and deadlier far with something in our own heart, may have dulled the finer sensibilities,—tender remembrances that stir us with emotions, haply sweet, or it may be—and oh! who is there that has not felt it?—sometimes sorrowful exceedingly. Lo! from out of the mist-enshrouded past there flashes the recollection—the vision—of a sweet secluded spot—the home of our childhood, illumined transiently in that old-world sunlight,—brighter—so it seems to us—than any that now visits this dim earth. Still and sublime solitudes! Dear old familiar places and pathways! lightly trodden by the free foot and gladdened by the hopeful heart

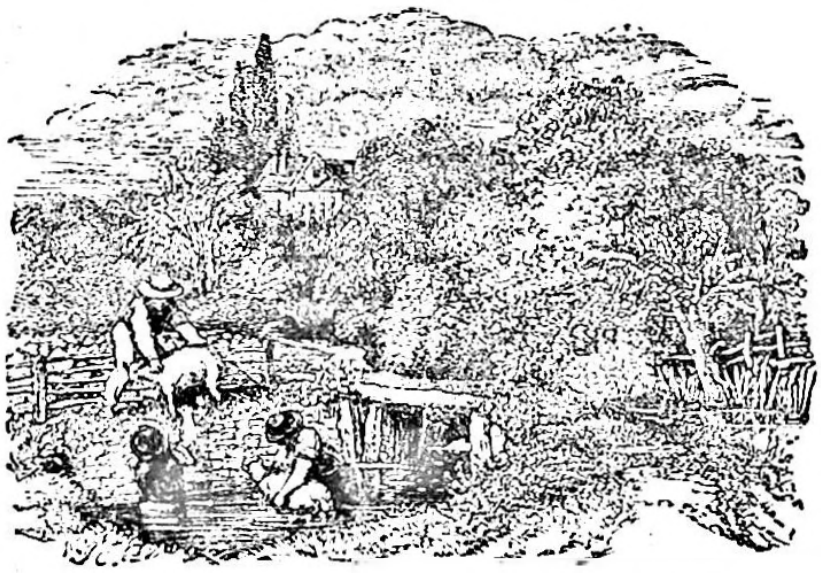
"In life's morning march when our spirit was young!"

With feelings of unchanged affection, with deep and passionate heart-yearning, we hail once more your silent shades! Here we walked to the house of God "with a goodly company,"—the aged survivors of a generation now passed away. Yonder rises the grey spire of the village church! Ah! yes; that church is, to us, *consecrated* for evermore,—a link between our souls and the unforgotten dead. Many a Sabbath morn have we paced those aisles. There we sat, hidden by that high pew, and gazed—we remember it as if it were but yesterday—upon the "quaintly carved oak, and oriel stained with saintly legend," our young heart hushed by all that still solemnity,—for a deep, devotional calm seemed in those times to pervade all the earth and sky; and that humble

church was, to our imagination, haloed and haunted by a sense of what seemed to be indeed a religious inspiration, affecting us with strange emotions of awe and reverence;—emotions which can never again be revived in our soul, any more than we can restore to our now dim eyes the unshadowed brightness of our dreaming boyhood.

What then? "A change has come over the spirit of the dream." And *was* it a dream? Ay, the dream of a child. More properly a religion of the imagination, which grows dim and dies in the light of revealed truth, as the many-coloured, changeful glories of early dawn vanish before the beams of the full-orbed sun. True religion is not a fantasy; and that dream of ours was, we know, born of the soul's ignorance of itself and of its God. Real, spiritual discernment is wanting there, or at best is but half awakened; and meantime, that which is manifestly superstition is mistaken for the work of the Holy Spirit. Yet there are multitudes who really seem not to know that all this is nothing more than devout dreaming,—a purely fictitious piety,—and who live through all their days with no better assurance of their eternal safety; nay, even trusting that such a religion will take them to heaven; whereas they might as well deem that for them Nature's sunlight will "brighten the great mystery of the grave," and that they shall pass unchallenged and secure through its black portals, nor need the illumining rays of the Sun of Righteousness. H.

(To be continued.)



Sheep-washing—a Fragment.

SITTING the other day at a window which overlooked the lake of Windermere, I saw a sight which greatly amused me while it lasted, and set me thinking when it was over. A wooden pier ran out a little way into the lake, and upon this, with barking of dogs and shouting of men, and somewhat rough use of sticks, a number of sheep were driven much against their own tastes and desires. When the whole company were fairly at the end of the jetty, they were seized one by one and most unceremoniously pitched head foremost into deep water. When they rose they swam to the nearest shore of course,

making a baahing of a very gulpy kind as if the water had spoiled the music of their voices, and looking altogether amazed and bewildered. Meanwhile, men in boats, with their oars, submerged again and again such of the swimmers as they could reach, and others drove back into the depths those poor creatures which had landed on the side of the jetty and avoided the longer route to the shore. The water bore sure evidence in its colour of the need there was that the flock should feel the cleansing flood. Great congratulations were offered by the little family groups when the lambs and their mothers had all passed the watery ordeal and were shaking their dripping fleeces; but those congratulations were premature, for the flock was a second time driven to the place of affliction, and each of the sheep had again to be immersed in the troubled waters. It was a day of sore perplexity and multiplied trial such as the lambs had never expected, and the oldest sheep could scarcely remember; they came up all of them out of the flood like those whose tribulation is greater than they can bear, who are driven to their wit's end. The shepherd took the whole affair quietly enough, seeming to treat the matter rather joyously than otherwise, and yet I have no reason to doubt his tenderness, but on the contrary thought I saw much of it in his way of handling his charge, and especially in his sparing the lambs the second plunge which they needed less than those whose longer fleeces showed a greater familiarity with dirt and dust. Certainly he was not just then making his flock to lie down in green pastures, and the waters to which he led them were far from still, yet was he a true shepherd, and as much playing the shepherd's part as when he carried the lambs in his bosom, or folded the flock for the night. It was a sheep-washing which I saw, and it typified the sanctified afflictions of believers. The same strife and turmoil, and hurrying and tugging have we felt, and the barking of far fiercer dogs has been in our ears. We, too, are hurled headlong into a sea of sorrows, and find it hard to keep our head above water. Harder still is it when we are pushed under and thrust down by new adversities, which cause the waves to go over us, while we sink into the depths. It is stern toil to swim to land with the heavy fleeces of our cares about us, and the waters of grief in our throats. When with much labour we pass from the present sorrow and begin to rejoice in our escape, we often find to our dismay that the process is to be repeated, and that once again we must stem the flood. Our hearts might fail us if we did not know that the good Shepherd would not subject us to unnecessary trials, but sees a needs-be for them all. We are not like sheep, ignorant of the design of trouble, let us not therefore struggle against the afflicting hand; we can see the natural perverseness of our nature, and how much of chastisement is required to bring it out of us; let us therefore rejoice in tribulation, and pray that it may be divinely sanctified to us. Swimming to shore, may we leave our pride, our worldliness, our sloth, our evil habits all behind, and by the grace of God the Holy Spirit may we be as a flock of sheep which come up from the washing. Child of God, struggling in the depth of affliction, look not to the present grievousness of thine adversity but to the future benefit thereof, when tribulation shall have wrought "patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."—C. H. S.

David Roland,

THE WELSH FARMER PREACHER OF BALA.

BY E. MORGAN, CREWE.

THIS laborious servant of Christ, who possessed a strikingly original, humorous, and unsophisticated nature, was at the height of his popularity as a preacher of the gospel in Wales about fifteen or twenty years ago. He stood connected with the Calvinistic Methodist or Welsh Presbyterian body, and a memoir of him was published in the Welsh language in 1863, drawn up by two ministers, Owen Jones, B.A., of Bala, and Robert Thomas, of Llidiardau.

This farmer-preacher of Bala was one of the last of that race of preachers common in Wales many years ago, who though they had enjoyed few scholastic advantages yet possessed a superabundance of genuine mother-wit and talent, won great popularity among their fellow-countrymen, and were greatly blessed in their multiplied and arduous labours for the advancement of the Redeemer's reign.

David Roland was an earnest advocate of the temperance cause, as well as preacher of the Word, and when he signed the pledge he did it with his whole soul, saying that he was willing to have the words put in letters of pitch on his hat, "David Roland teetotal for ever."

The subject of this brief notice was also a very energetic and useful preacher, and helped to carry forward one or two successful revivals in different parts of Wales. Though he was not fond of making any memoranda of his services in the cause of the Redeemer, yet he has noted down sixty preaching tours taken in Wales, each tour occupying from two to three months, and the number of sermons preached are marked at ten thousand.

Having noticed these salient points in his character, we review in detail the circumstances and facts of his life, and shall then proceed to quote some of the strange sayings which make his memoir so peculiarly interesting. No certainty can be obtained as to the time of Roland's birth, but the probable year of that event was 1795. He was born at Bala. When he was about four years old his mother died, so that he had to be placed under the care of a relative living at a farm-residence called Cwmtylo.

Little is known of him during his childhood and youth, but he traces the commencement of his religious life to the preaching of an itinerant named David Cadwaladr. In his boyhood his work, in connection with the farm, was to attend upon the sheep and cattle, and at this early period of his life he regularly read his Bible, prayed much in private, and frequently preached to the sheep and cattle, and the ricks of hay around him. He had an altar and a pulpit wherever the sheep or cattle happened to be kept, either in the mountains, or penned up in the fold or out-houses. In one of the out-buildings he often conducted a religious service to himself, a bundle of hay under his feet and another before him for holding the Bible and hymn book. After his conversion a small shed covered with rushes was his oratory; many times he repaired there for prayer, and remained often until some of the household came to seek him, and they always knew where to look for him. A friend of his found him one day

at his favourite practice of soliloquising, having followed him to the spot where he watched the flock: though the ground was covered with snow, he had put the sheep in safety above him, on the mountain-side, and then standing on a heap of snow had begun preaching, taking for his text the words, "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the apostle and high-priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." These solitary engagements were the means of making Roland a man "mighty in the Scriptures." and as John the Baptist was fitted in the wilderness for his work as a Jewish reformer, so this good man was prepared for his arduous ministerial duties by private praying and preaching.

He drew the attention of the religious public to himself in the first instance by his extreme fervency in prayer, and all who heard the lad pray were impressed with the idea that he must one day ascend the pulpit. A gift in prayer was naturally to be expected in one who had so delighted in the work of praying in secret.

After becoming an established leader of prayer-meetings, some one enquired of him if he did not feel a desire to commence preaching the gospel; he said to the one who had mentioned the matter, "Will you ask if I may be allowed to speak a little next Sunday evening?" His request was presented to the elders of the Church and granted. It was determined that he should on the following Sunday evening read the Scriptures and make a few comments on some portion of them, as he might wish for the edification of the congregation. He selected the second chapter in the second Epistle of Peter, and confined his remarks to the words, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." He succeeded on this first occasion so as to excite the admiration as well as affect the hearts of his hearers.

In the year 1815, when about twenty years of age, he commenced the work of publicly and statedly proclaiming the gospel of the grace of God. He frequently preached in places in North Wales, named the Glyn, the Park, Lanuwchllyn, Duffryn, and Pentrepiod-Langower. Crowds soon began to follow him, and his preaching was signally blessed to the conversion of souls. In preaching in dwelling-houses at that time in many parts of Wales, the general fashion was for the preacher to stand on a stool in a corner of the room where the people were assembled, and at the opening of the service the shoulder of some good stalwart brother, formed a desk for the Bible and hymn-book. In this fashion David Roland very frequently preached, and so exciting were the ministrations of the young cottage preacher, who generally performed his duties arrayed in the surplice of a flannel jacket, that when one wag among the Methodists (who were occasionally given to jumping then) was asked, "When is the revel of the simpletons?" he answered, "When Deio of Cwmtylo comes over to this place to preach."

David was sometimes subject to great depression of spirits. This caused him soon after beginning his pulpit exercises to retire for a time from the work, but when urged by a few friends to go forth again to his appointments, he consented, saying, that his friends must take the blame if he laboured without being called.

At a cottage service when the good man of the house gave the young preacher the "Pilgrim's Progress" in mistake for the Bible, he was so

extremely shy that he could not correct the error, and therefore recited a chapter from memory, and raised his text after the same fashion.

A great revival of religion followed David's earnest preaching in the districts where he first laboured. The pitching of quoits was a favourite amusement on the Sabbath-day in the dells around Llanfachraeth, but by the earnest efforts of this zealous young man a proper observance of the Sabbath was in a great measure brought about, and a more general attention to the affairs of the soul and another world were superinduced.

For all his labours, Roland received little or no remuneration. An anecdote is told of him how he was once very earnestly pressed to stop in a certain neighbourhood for a week evening service, in addition to his Sunday labours; the individual who so pressed him, again and again promised to pay him for doing so. He consented—the sermon was preached, and in the church-meeting held after the service, thirteen remained seeking fellowship with the brethren. David then started for his home; the old man who had induced him to stay accompanying him a little way, and in bidding him farewell said, "Stop, David, let me pay you," and opening his purse picked out a sixpence which he handed to the preacher. Speaking of this circumstance afterwards, David said. "The man was a mole catcher, and he received a penny a mole for all that he caught, but he did not give me a halfpenny a-head for catching men by preaching the gospel to them."

He is said to have gone from Cwmtylo to Dylive, in Montgomeryshire, and back, a distance of sixty miles, and for his journeying expenses and labours, he received only six coppers. But he sought to serve Jesus faithfully, and he knew his reward was sure in another world, and to be the instrument of saving so many souls he considered as a reward even here. After being engaged for some length of time in preaching, he began displaying the original tendencies of his mind by selecting very curious texts, which he handled in such a manner that he became more popular than ever with his illiterate hearers. A very favourite text, the sermon from which was eminently instrumental in saving souls, for "Wonders of grace to God belongs," was, Prov. xxx. 29—31. "There be three things which go well, yea, four are comely in going: a lion which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any: a greyhound; an he goat also; and a king, against whom there is no rising up." The principal object noticed in the text was the greyhound, which was duly spiritualised, and was probably made sometimes to represent the law, the operations of the gospel, or the influences of the Holy Spirit in conversion. He was severely censured again and again by ministers, and at quarterly meetings, for making use of such strange texts, and especially for preaching "the Greyhound sermon," as it was called, but David was some time before he could break himself of the habit. While this course was pursued he frequently preached from the word "Shibboleth." Great awakenings followed these eccentric attempts to make known the way of salvation.

Towards the year 1818 or 1819, he travelled for a short time with the illustrious John Elias, from whom he received many instructions that were profitable to him in after years. In the year 1820 he went to reside for a time with the Rev. John Hughes, of Wrexham, to receive a little education to fit him for entering more fully into the work of the ministry. One of his studies here was English grammar, which he assured Mr. Elias was

a "barren wilderness" to him. "But," said Mr. Elias, "it is well to know it, and I would urge you to be very diligent in attaining a knowledge of it." "Yes," said David, "but to what purpose am I here so long sharpening my scythe, while the harvest is waiting in the fields of the country yonder?" Preaching in Liverpool while under the care of Mr. Hughes, he made the remark in one of his sermons that the Emperor of China was no more to oppose the power of the Gospel "than an insect on a bullock's back." Mr. Hughes told him one day that he should expect him to engage in prayer in English on a certain evening when the school closed. David set to work in earnest, preparing his prayer. While doing so he was heard audibly repeating it, and at last said in Welsh, "Here it is, Lord, I cannot understand it, but thou canst."

Having returned home from Wrexham, many were the enquiries instituted by his country associates and friends as to his studies and success. Much pleasure was created by the thought that he had not grown proud while away, and that he had returned home on foot, and not on horseback.

In March, 1822, he married one Jane Jones, of Nantbudr. He never made any entry in his diary of this important event, but determined in a short time after his marriage to go forth on a preaching tour into South Wales. Jane went to send him a little way, and wept bitterly at the thought of separation. He attempted to console her by saying, "Now my dear little Jinny, don't mind this, so and so (the wife of another travelling preacher) was once just like you are now, but she has given it up this long time. Never mind."

On the first tour after his marriage, David and his companion Evan Fouke determined to preach on a fair day at Lansawell, Carmarthenshire. They remained with the congregation in the chapel the whole of the forenoon, and the people filled the chapel, so that business was completely suspended. Towards evening the preachers passed by the chapel to meet another appointment, and found the people still in the chapel praying and singing praises to God, and the horses tied without, and no fair, it is thought, was held that day at Lansawell. Many years after taking this tour he went to London, and an old man came to him, saying, "I remember one very much like you preaching some years ago; but as it is such a long time since, he must be dead; something that dropped from his lips effected a great change in me." David asked him the text of the preacher he was referring to; he said the words were, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be." "I preached long ago from that passage," said David, referring to his tour in South Wales. "Then," said the old man, "you were the man who effected my conversion." Thus this servant of God, having "cast his bread upon the waters, found it after many days." In 1831 he was ordained to the full work of the ministry, the charge being given to him by the renowned John Elias. Roland in his person is described as being about five feet six in height. He possessed a smiling round face, a large head, resting on a short stiff neck; thick prominent eye-brows, small piercing eyes, sandy hair and whiskers, and his forelocks came down over his forehead, after the manner of the older Methodists. He was a great reader, and had a large stock of books. A neighbour going in one day, he took her into his parlour to see his library. "See what a number of books I have," he said. "Heaven save us!" said his country acquaintance; "but what can

you do with so many of them?" "With these," said he, "I raise devils." "Hush, now do," said she. "Yes, indeed," replied the good man, "but out of the souls of men I mean." While engaged in the revivals of the year 1859, he wrote the following note to the Rev. Owen Jones, of Bala:—

Vœnol.

"Dr. Bro.—Though you are out of my sight, yet you are not often out of my mind. I am at present beginning publications from Bangor to Llanllifni. The half is not told of the revival in this neighbourhood, it is impossible to estimate it; the towns and country round are thoroughly kindled with it. I never thought in my life I should enjoy what I have seen and heard this time. Blessed be God! the Holy Spirit is wonderfully poured out on the sons of the prophets in Bala. These are the signs of the good times. Take courage, my dear brother; you are being prepared for this great harvest.

"Hell trembles throughout,
In all its palaces of fire."

All were well when I started forth, and the great canoe making progress, notwithstanding all difficulties. Continue instant in prayer, dear brother, you will have strength to persevere through everything, and everything shall turn to your gain. Hoping you may reach your home in comfort,

"I am, yours in charity,
"DAVID ROLAND."

One trait in his character was that he possessed the greatest simplicity of soul, believing well of everybody until compelled by facts to accept a contrary opinion. David Cadwaladr often said of him, "David Roland thinks everything yellow a sovereign." One friend remarked to him concerning a brother in the faith, "It is impossible for me to believe him to be a godly man." "Hush, hush," said Roland, "the water that springs up unto everlasting life springs up in many a spot that you and I would never think of."

Addressing a woman in a Church-meeting who had often neglected her religious duties, he referred her to the new plan of lighting candles by first dipping the wick in turpentine; "then," said he, "if you could only get a little of the turpentine of Sinai, and a little of the fire of Calvary applied to your soul, you would be a 'shining light' at once then." In visiting the sick he would often say to the sufferer, "your strength now is to be still; yes, believing or faith is this receiving strength to be still."

In 1857 his wife, Jane, died, and in December, 1858, he married a widow named Blanche Lloyd. About two years after his second marriage his health began to fail. Towards the end of September, 1861, he gave up preaching altogether. In his last illness great sympathy was expressed towards him, and hundreds visited him. He delighted all who went to see him, and told them many tales of the old preachers he had known, repeating their strange sayings and his own experiences. "My feeling," said he, on one of these occasions, "is that of John Jones of Caergwerly. 'A pulpit or a grave for me. I want to die in the traces.'" He was conscious that his end was approaching. Some one to comfort him said, "Oh the winter will pass, and you will recover in the spring." "Yes," said he, "it will pass, the winter will pass immediately, but 'an everlasting spring' is opening up before me." On Feb. 24, 1862, he passed from his toil and

pain to the land "where everlasting spring abides," to obtain the reward appointed for the good and faithful servant. The biographers of David Roland speak of him as possessing a very cheerful disposition, great tact, and inform us that he prospered in his business as well as in his spiritual labours in the Lord's vineyard. He was the author of several lines of very tender poetry.

We now quote a few of his occasional sayings in the pulpit, and it is to be regretted that so few of them have been preserved; his own notes were so meagre, that little use could be made of them. In preaching, Roland generally succeeded in eliciting the interest of his hearers by the imaginary conversations in which he engaged with the distinguished characters of the Old and New Testaments.

"When the brethren of Joseph were going towards the storehouses in Egypt," remarks he, "little did they think that the boy of the striped jacket was the Prime Minister; but conscience brought up that boy before their eyes very plainly; they saw his pale face, and his little feeble hands. When they returned home, leaving Simeon bound in prison, and having received orders to take Benjamin down, Jacob breaks out, saying, 'Joseph is not.'" To which the preacher in a deep tone, replies, "That is false, Jacob. 'Simeon is not,' says the patriarch. 'That is false again,'" cries the preacher. "'All these things are against me,' cries Jacob. 'Listen, solemnly,' says David, 'at the old patriarch, multiplying his falsehoods in this way.' 'My son shall never go down with you,' said he (Jacob) with great determination, striking his foot on the ground. 'Ah, you don't know, Jacob.' 'Why?' 'The old monarch Hunger is come into the land.' 'Men are more tenderly fond of their sins than Jacob was of Benjamin.' 'They won't give them up.' 'I don't know that.' 'If this hunger was to come you would let them go pretty quickly then.' 'I am an old backslider, I will never go to the house of God.' 'No, but you would be jolting on your way there this week, if this hunger were to come upon you.' Well, the corn brought in the sacks from Egypt was soon exhausted, and the great monarch begins to issue his commands. 'Go again, buy us a little food,' says the patriarch. His sons say to him, 'The gentleman said, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you, and we will not go without him."' The brows of the old man began to wrinkle a little by this time, and he says, 'What reason had you for possessing such flippant tongues as to say that you had a brother? Why did you not settle your business like other folks, with a "so much for so much," without going hunting out pedigrees in such a place as that.' 'Well, he enquired of us, "Is your father yet alive?" answered the brethren, 'and though he was rather sharp with us, yet we had lodging for nothing, and corn for nothing.' At last Jacob makes his sons take of the choice fruits of the land, and bids them offer them as a present to the governor, and wincing greatly, the old man adds, 'Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man.' 'Ah! Art thou yielding then?' 'Well, what shall I do? Are we not all face to face with death from starvation?'" These remarks occur in a sermon on hungering after righteousness.

Preaching from Job xvii. 9, he used the case of Daniel to illustrate the text thus:—"One comes to Daniel to inform him of the stringent law just passed, and asks him, 'What will you do?' He answers, 'As aforetime.'

So he was thrown into the lions' den. But Daniel had a pleasanter night with the lions than the king had in his court. The king failed to sleep throughout the night; but next morning, very early, down the king comes towards the den and calls out for Daniel. And would to God we could salute each one here, as the king saluted Daniel! 'O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions? Thou art not able to imagine what an unhappy time I spent last night. I never slept for a moment all night, and can thy God keep thee from the lions?' But Daniel did not forget his compliments. 'O king, live for ever!' What a nice reply, if many had been in his place they would have called out some bad name uglier than another, but not so Daniel. 'O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel and shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me, forasmuch as innocency was found in me.' He was as conscious of his piety as Job. 'Did not the lions use their teeth on thee, to hurt thee, Daniel?' 'Oh no; I saw no teeth of them, their immense lips were folded across them hiding them entirely from sight.' 'The righteous shall hold on his way.' I am sufficiently awkward and limping with this preaching oftentimes, but it becomes more pliable as I approach the end; 'So the righteous shall wax stronger and stronger.'"

Speaking of John the Baptist he thus expounds the words, "Among the sons of women there hath not arisen a greater prophet than John the Baptist; nevertheless, he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." "John, my friends, was a giant of a man, but a giant in the valley where the two dispensations meet. The child from the brow of the hill can see more than the greatest giant in the valley. We are the children of the hills, the children of the new dispensation, and we possess greater advantages than John possessed, so we are greater than he."

Another time he says, "Let us all be more anxious about paying the royal tribute, lest a distraint be placed upon us. Herod was summoned very suddenly to the court for not paying the great tax, and was transported to the society of demons for his offence."

Speaking of the affliction of Job, he attempted to account for the reason why Satan did not touch the patriarch's tongue as well as the rest of his body. "If," said he, "Satan knew that with a tongue free from pain Job would have blessed God, he would have caused it to have swollen in his head to the size of a clod."

"All the saints," said he, "go home in chariots of fire, and Sarah Davies, of Trawsfynydd (who died the same day as Dr. Chalmers), went home to the better land in the same chariot as Dr. Chalmers, though he knew the stars by their names. The godly all belong to the aristocracy in heaven, and all enter heaven in their carriages."

"If you could dig up gold out of the soil, yet without the Gospel you would be as poor as church mice."

"A man in exhibiting faith is like a man swimming. The swimmer has only to stretch forth his hands and feet, the water supports him, so the sinner must rest his soul easily on the system of grace revealed in the Gospel."

"Men must not suffer a single sin to survive. If Saul had destroyed all the Amalekites, no Amalekite would have lived to destroy him."

"The old apostle had formed for himself a kind of firmament of self-

righteousness. He had many stars in his religion. If I remember rightly, there are seven of them named here, (Phil. iii.) and I imagine that being 'according to the righteousness of the law blameless,' was his northern constellation or his Pleiades; but one day he changed them all for the light of one sun. When the sun came to sight, the brilliant stars, and the Pleiades, and everything immediately sank down in thickest darkness, and he cried out, 'I count all things but dross and dung that I may win Christ.' When an important man in a town, such as an attorney or a doctor changes his residence, the words are sometimes put on the door, 'to be found in such and such a place.' So, Paul having got out of his old state gives as his new address, 'to be found in him.' And where is the man who wanted a little English? Here is something for him, 'to be found in him.'"

"The Christian is very much like Noah's ark; as the waters strengthened on the earth the ark drew nearer to the skies; so as the waters of temptation and distress increase around the Christian, he is raised nearer and nearer heaven. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"

"The Christian is like a fountain that purifies itself. If you disturb the fountain it soon becomes clear again; so the Christian puts aside all impurities whatever. The hypocrite is like a dull pool, if you disturb it you only increase its foulness."

"The broad road grows narrower towards the farther end. There it is a rough path, and it ends in destruction. You will not be found merely listening to the storm without then, for 'destruction hath no covering.'"

"Jesus is a shelter from the law. Fair play for the law of God; it will never attempt to take your life while hiding in Christ. I want to strike the big drum once more before leaving to enlist soldiers for the Lord Jesus. What is the amount of the bounty? More than you can get anywhere else: a hundredfold in this world. When thou art enlisted, thou shalt have the weapons, and this King will give you strength to fight the battle which no one else can impart."

"No one is too poor to receive a gift only as we have become infected with pride; and two very unsuitable companions are pride and poverty. The sick man is never too weak to lie on his bed. There is not much between any of you and salvation. If thou wert hanging over the flames, I would try to give you Paul's direction to the jailer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"Abraham went forth from his country not knowing whither he went, but he knew well enough with whom he was going."

"Socinians are offended at the greatness of Christ's person; but I am glad in my soul these many years that I am not able to comprehend it, so I shall have enough of work in the great world to which I am hastening, and which I shall shortly enter.

"When pondering o'er thy wonders,
How many spring to light;
There's nought in thee my Saviour,
But is wondrous to my sight."

"If you could have seen the murderer of old flying to the city of refuge, it would be easy for you to know there was some great danger behind him.

Why dost thou so hasten to yonder spot? I shall have time to talk to you when I have reached the Refuge; that is the spot for my life. It was not his manner of running that saved him, but his coming into the refuge. After being driven from the public streets of the City of Destruction, he often thinks it enough to remain within the boundaries of some sect, but, O precious soul! the wrath will follow thee there. Never stop short of coming fully to Christ. Come, sinner. Thou art welcome to-night, but I do not know but that the great Refuge of the gospel will be closed for ever after this service. If thou wilt come to him, life, death, things present, and things to come, all things shall be yours. If thou wilt come, thou wilt leave thy sins; if thou wilt come, thou wilt enter his house, engage in his work, and take his yoke to follow his example. May the Lord by his Spirit manifest to our minds the worth and superiority of Christ, then we shall not be restrained from coming to him."

Many other extracts might be given from the sayings of David Roland, and some more calculated to provoke the smiles of the reader than those selected, but we trust the few presented, with the accompanying outline of his life, will give to many unacquainted with the Welsh language, and, therefore, unable to read the "Memoir" issued in that language, a fair representation of the character of this earnest and successful preacher of the everlasting Gospel.

"Ecce Homo."

A VOLUME under this title is creating a considerable sensation in the world of religious literature, and reading men are constantly asking one another, "Have you read 'Ecce Homo,' and what do you think of it?" The answers to this question are about as wide as the poles asunder, and are not always equally well considered. The good Earl of Shaftesbury was astonished to find a clergyman, otherwise orthodox, thinking well of this work, concerning which he himself declares that it is the vilest book ever vomited from the mouth of hell; rather strong language to say the least, and implying quite a sufficient degree of warmth in the speaker, if not more. We have heard of two equally safe and sound divines, whose opinions were almost as wide apart as those of the earl and the clergyman, though tempered by saving clauses on either side. The new craft sails under no ostensible colours, and being suspected, from this circumstance, to be a pirate, is fired into by the ships of the line on the orthodox side even before they have overhauled her; while the buccaneers on the side of the Broad-church hail the new vessel before they are altogether sure that it is one of themselves, although of this latter we may add few "ancient mariners" have any sort of doubt. With all due deference to those who have given their judgment, and with the view of sparing our readers the trouble of reading so doubtful a book for themselves, we shall give them our opinion, together with such extracts as may give the better parts of the treatise, and present as fair a view of it as we know how to present.

Addison has somewhere said, that many readers do not enjoy a book unless it has the portrait of its author as its frontispiece, and are not quite easy until they know whether the writer had or had not red hair

and a Grecian nose. In the present case, some information as to the author would be of the utmost importance to the reviewer; for, upon the way in which the man's face is turned must our verdict greatly depend; if towards Jerusalem we tolerate, if towards Tophet we detest. A skeleton-key may or may not be a dishonest instrument; very much must depend upon the character of its bearer, and the intentions which led him to carry it upon his person; and, to use a better illustration, an ill-told tale may be the honest endeavour of a true but blundering messenger to convey as much of truth as he had been able to grasp, or it may be the deep designing attempt of a villain to force us to receive a lie by coating it with so much of truth as may overcome our suspicions. It is not, therefore, unreasonable that we should hesitate when we are dealing with anonymous writers who may have other reasons for withholding their names beyond those which modesty would supply. In itself and by itself there is so much good lacking in the book, and so much evil present, that the portion of good which exists is neutralised, and the whole is unhealthy and unsafe. Yet much must depend upon the writer's personal state and position. If this treatise be the production of a minister of any denomination of evangelical Christians, he ought, if he has even half as much honesty as an ordinary thief, to resign his position at once; we place his honesty at that low mark, because if he had possessed a larger share he could not, being a minister, have written the book at all. If, on the other hand, the man who produced these pages be a thoughtful sceptic feeling his way out of the dark regions of unbelief into some degree of holy light; if, as a cautious discoverer, taking nothing for granted, he is content to make his way slowly by painful gropings for the right path, we rejoice in much that he has learned, but regret that he had not gone further before he gave his thoughts to the world. What is medicine to one man may be poison to another, and men inured to the deadly drugs of doubt may receive not only harmlessly but possibly even with benefit doses of speculation which it were injudicious to offer to others. This last theory we can scarcely espouse. There are evidences of an acquaintance with Scripture, religious life, and spiritual truth rarely possessed by any but those who have sojourned among the tribes of our Israel. We incline to a third supposition, namely, that one of our Broad-churchmen has been muddling his brains with the works of Renan and other blasphemers, and has in addition drank deep of German rationalism, and on the whole has been descending upon a sliding scale to the very depths of atheism, until, growing uneasy at the lengths to which he feels himslf going, he desires to halt, and by a most laborious process pulls himself up by hanging upon a thorn-bush, and pitching his foot against a crag; that process of pulling up he here describes. The point at which he stops is illogical and dangerous, and that he will remain long in the same place is uncertain, but still he is so pleased to attain a resting place of any sort that he cannot resist telling us how he got there, and what he stands upon. If this be so, we so deeply pity the author for his previous career in the melancholy regions of doubt, and are so happy to see a fellow creature getting a little light that we cannot condemn him for its haziness, but are rather anxious to watch the way by which the morning cometh to the man

who has long dwelt in darkness, although we much question whether this darkness which is still around him is not far greater than the light. The writer, be he who he may, is no blasphemer of the Lord Jesus, but a warm admirer of the self-denying love of the Man of Sorrows; he sees in him a marvellous revelation of moral truth and power, and believes the great principles of Christianity to be eternal truth. He is a Christian from the point of morals; but, theologically, he will not commit himself; he subscribes to the ethics of the prophet of Nazareth, but counts it to be a part of those ethics to hold his mind free to believe whatever enthusiasm may suggest to it. He believes that Christ has made men free, free even from himself; so that he declares that even the New Testament, the precepts of the Apostles, and the special commands of Christ are not the Christian law. He bows before the majesty of the life of Christ, and says of him—

"This unique man was elected to a unique sorrow, and holds as undisputed a sovereignty in suffering as in self-devotion, all lesser examples and lives will for ever hold a subordinate place, and serve chiefly to reflect light on the central and original Example. In his wounds all human sorrows will hide themselves, and all human self-denials support themselves against his cross."

And yet he talks of Christianity as "one of many revelations, and very insufficient by itself for man's happiness;" libellously asserting that some of the men in whom the Christian spirit has been strongest have been among the most miserable of the race. Coming from a heathen we should hopefully accept the admiring testimony which is rendered to Jesus, and reckon it to be a serviceable answer to the outrageous slanders of vulgar infidels; but coming from one who would probably reckon himself to be a Christian, the kiss of Judas and the fair speeches of the serpent are forcibly called to our remembrance. To a very small class of intellectual seekers our author may render some service, especially if they are able to drive his statements to their proper conclusions, but we fear that to the generation of little men who are fond of every new thing which looks like intellectuality, it will have all the dazzle and danger of a penny candle in the midst of a company of silly moths. The preface gives a statement of the author's professed end and aim, and is needful to our enquiry.

"Those who feel dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ, if they cannot rest content without a definite opinion, may find it necessary to do what to persons not so dissatisfied it seems audacious and perilous to do. They may be obliged to reconsider the whole subject from the beginning, and placing themselves in imagination at the time when he whom we call Christ bore no such name, but was simply, as St. Luke describes him, a young man of promise, popular with those who knew him and appearing to enjoy the Divine favour, to trace his biography from point to point, and accept those conclusions about him, not which church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant.

"This is what the present writer undertook to do for the satisfaction of his own mind, and because, after reading a good many books on Christ, he felt still constrained to confess that there was no historical character whose motives, objects, and feelings remained so incomprehensible to him. The enquiry which proved serviceable to himself may chance to be useful to others.

"What is now published is a fragment. No theological questions whatever are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will make the subject of another volume, which, however, the author does not

hope to publish for some time to come. In the meanwhile he has endeavoured to furnish an answer to the question, What was Christ's object in founding the Society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?"

We believe that the character of our Lord Jesus is still far above the writer's comprehension, but it is something that he should have avowed his full belief in the existence of such a person as he does in the following passage:—

"Now the present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the Gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character those biographies portray is in all its large features strikingly consistent, and at the same time so peculiar as to be altogether beyond the reach of invention both by individual genius and still more by what is called the 'consciousness of an age.'"

It is more satisfactory still to find him assigning to the Saviour motives and virtues which render it far more easy for us to believe him to be divine than to conceive of him as mere man. As we have said before, our author has a sincere admiration for *Christ*, as he always calls him, and makes his example the flame at which holiness is kindled, but he has nothing to say for his deity, his atonement, or any of those verities which are the soul and marrow of the revelation of Jesus. According to him, the great Teacher resolved to re-establish in its sublimest form a Theocracy, a spiritual kingdom in which he should from sheer superiority of loveliness represent Jehovah and be the spiritual King; this kingdom was to be founded upon the great principles of unselfishness and holiness of which he himself was the great model. Men were no longer to be coldly virtuous, but to glow with holy enthusiasm because of their attachment to his supremely excellent person; these men associated into societies called churches were to uplift others, and by united zeal to rouse the nations to admire the good and the true. Religious enthusiasm, which is the author's rational term for the Holy Spirit, elevates the soul to so consecrated a pitch, that it becomes a law unto itself and renders not mere obedience, but self-denying devotion to the great Leader and the spirit which he exhibited. The grand scheme of establishing by force of love an abiding spiritual empire the man Jesus commenced by his life and established by his death. This is a very brief and incomplete sketch of our author's story.

Miracles are not denied, nor is even the Deity of Christ impugned, but there is an evident shirking of the supernatural, and an attempt to explain the whole of "the wonders of the cross," upon a theory as little as possible objectionable to the sceptic. Still the author so clearly sees that Christ's kingdom is spiritual, that its forces are also purely spiritual, and that its principles are in the highest degree promotive of freedom, philanthropy, brotherhood, and progress, and he is withal so free from the views which priestcraft always takes of the church of Christ, that it is difficult to read long without finding much valuable thought. There is, moreover, a great deal that is fresh and suggestive, which may be plucked out of the fire and turned to good account; it is for the sake of these portions that we have occupied any of our slender space with a book so out of our ordinary track. We heard the lion roar, we turned aside; we found honey in its carcase, and we would not eat it alone. The writer's version of our Lord's temptation in the

wilderness, although thoroughly rationalistic, has much in it which sets out the threefold conflict in a novel light; and if it be understood as referring only to our Lord's manhood, we are glad of the new view which it opens up.

"He finds himself in a barren region without food. The tumult of his mind has hitherto kept him unconscious of his bodily wants, but the overwhelming reaction of lassitude now comes on. And with the hunger comes the temptation, 'Son of God, into whose service all natural forces have been given, command that these stones become bread.' The possession of special power, and nothing else, constitutes the temptation here; it is the greatest with which virtue can be assailed. By it the virtuous man is removed from ordinary rules, from the safe course which has been marked by the footsteps of countless good men before him, and has to make, as it were, a new morality for himself. In difficult circumstances few men can wield extraordinary power long without positively committing crime. But here we see the good man placed in a position utterly strange, deprived of the stay of all precedent or example, gifted with power not only extraordinary but supernatural and unlimited, and thrown for his morality entirely upon the instinct of virtue within him. Philosophers had imagined some such situation, and had presented it under the fable of the ring of Gyges, but with them the only question was whether distinctions of right and wrong would not vanish altogether in such circumstances. The question by which Christ's mind was perplexed was far different; it was what newer and stricter obligations are involved in the possession of new powers.

"A strange, and yet, given the exceptional circumstances, a most natural and necessary temptation. Still more unique, and yet at the same time natural, is Christ's resistance to it. Unique by its elevation, and natural by its appropriateness to his character. He is awe-struck rather than elated by his new gifts; he declines to use for his own convenience what he regards as a sacred deposit committed to him for the good of others. In his extreme need he prefers to suffer rather than to help himself from resources which he conceives placed in his hands in trust for the kingdom of God. Did ever inventor or poet dare to picture to himself a self-denial like this? But, on the other hand, what course could so exactly suit the character of Christ as the Baptist painted it? What answer could more exquisitely become the Lamb of God than that quotation—'Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God'? Is it not substantially the same as that which the Psalmist uses in the very psalm in which he pictures himself as one of God's lambs, 'He prepareth for me a table in the wilderness'?

"Then follows a temptation, which again is extremely appropriate, because it is founded upon this very confidence of Divine protection. A new temptation arises by reaction out of the triumph of faith: 'Throw thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge over thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up.' To no other person but Christ could such a temptation occur; to him, we may boldly say, such a temptation *must*, at some time, have occurred. And if in the Son of God there was filial reverence as well as filial confidence, it must have been resisted, as it is recorded to have been resisted, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'

"The third temptation is somewhat less easy to understand, but its appropriateness to the character and condition of Christ, and its utter inappropriateness to every other character and condition, are quite as clear. A vision of universal monarchy rose before him. What suggested such thoughts to the son of a carpenter? What but the same new sense of supernatural power which tempted him to turn stones into bread, and to throw himself into the arms of ministering angels? This, together with the Baptist's predictions, and those Messianic predictions of the ancient prophets, on which we can imagine that he had been intensely brooding, might naturally suggest such an imagination. He pictured himself enthroned in Jerusalem as Messiah, and the gold of

Arabia offered in tribute to him. But, says the narrative, *the devil said to Him, If thou wilt fall down and worship me, all shall be thine.* This, at least, it may be thought, was not a temptation likely to overcome the Lamb of God. One remarkable for simplicity of character, one who was struggling with the fresh conviction that he was himself that Messiah, that beloved Son of God, whose glorious reign wise men had been permitted to foresee from a distance of centuries; was he, in the moment of his first enthusiasm, and fresh in the possession of sacred prerogatives of power, which he feared to use in self-defence even against famine, likely to do homage to a spirit of evil for that which he must have believed to be surely his by gift of God? We should remember that the report of these temptations, if trustworthy, must have come to us through Christ himself, and that it may probably contain the facts mixed with his comments upon them. We are perhaps to understand that he was tempted to do something which on reflection appeared to him equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit. What then could this be? It will explain much that follows in Christ's life, and render the whole story very complete and consistent, if we suppose that what he was tempted to do was to employ force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom. On this hypothesis, the third temptation arises from the same source as the others; the mental struggle is still caused by the question how to use the supernatural power. Nothing more natural than that it should occur to Christ that this power was expressly given to him for the purpose of establishing, in defiance of all resistance, his everlasting kingdom. He must have heard from his instructors that the Messiah was to put all enemies under his feet, and to crush all opposition by irresistible God-given might. This certainly was the general expectation; this appeared legibly written in the prophetical books. And, in the sequel, it was because Christ refused to use his supernatural power in this way that his countrymen rejected him. It was not that they expected a king, and that he appeared only as a teacher; on the contrary, he systematically described himself as a king. The stumbling-block was this, that, professing to be a king, he declined to use the weapons of force and compulsion that belong to kings. And as this caused so much surprise to his countrymen, it is natural that he should himself have undergone a struggle before he determined thus to run counter to the traditional theory of the Messiah and to all the prejudices of the nation. The tempter, we may suppose, approached him with the whisper, 'Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh; ride on, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.'

"If this was the temptation, then again how characteristic of the Lamb of God was the resistance to it, and at the same time how incomparably great the self-restraint involved in that resistance! One who believes himself born for universal monarchy, and capable by his rule of giving happiness to the world, is entrusted with powers which seem to afford the ready means of attaining that supremacy. By the overwhelming force of visible miracle it is possible for him to establish an absolute dominion, and to give to the race the laws which may make it happy. But he deliberately determines to adopt another course, to found his empire upon the consent and not the fears of mankind, to trust himself with his royal claims and his terrible purity and superiority defenceless among mankind, and, however bitterly their envy may persecute him, to use his supernatural powers only in doing them good."

The following portrait of Jesus with the woman taken in adultery is equally vivid and original, and possibly we may add accurate:—

"Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem had detected a woman in adultery. It occurred to them that the case afforded a good opportunity of making an experiment upon Christ. They might use it to discover how he regarded the Mosaic law. That he was heterodox on the subject of that law they had reason to believe, for he had openly quoted some Mosaic maxims and declared them at least incomplete, substituting for them new rules of his own,

which at least in some cases appeared to abrogate the old. It might be possible, they thought, by means of this woman to satisfy at once themselves and the people of his heterodoxy. They brought the woman before him, quoted the law of Moses on the subject of adultery, and asked Christ directly whether he agreed with the lawgiver. They asked for his judgment.

"A judgment he gave them, but quite different, both in matter and manner, from what they had expected. In thinking of the 'case' they had forgotten the woman, they had forgotten even the deed. What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; towards her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, still less pity or sympathetic shame. If they had been asked about her, they might probably have answered, with Mephistopheles, 'She is not the first;' nor would they have thought their answer fiendish, only practical and business-like. Perhaps they might on reflection have admitted that their frame of mind was not strictly moral, not quite what it should be, that it would have been better if, besides considering the legal and religious questions involved, they could have found leisure for some shame at the scandal and some hatred for the sinner. But they would have argued that such strict propriety is not possible in this world, that we have too much on our hands to think of these niceties, that the man who makes leisure for such refinements will find his work in arrears at the end of the day, and probably also that he is doing injustice to his family and those dependent on him.

"This they might fluently and plausibly have urged. But the judgment of Christ was upon them, making all things seem new, and shining like the lightning from the one end of heaven to the other. He was standing, it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected *in the very act*. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the prosecutors, the legality that had no justice and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow-creature —all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd, or of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. Standing as he did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings, he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormentors continued their clamour, until he raised his head for a moment and said, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her,' and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct. The older men naturally felt it first and slunk away; the younger followed their example. The crowd dissolved and left Christ alone with the woman. Not till then could he bear to stand upright; and when he had lifted himself up, consistently with his principle, he dismissed the woman, as having no commission to interfere with the office of the civil judge.

"But the mighty power of living purity had done its work. He had refused to judge a woman, but he had judged a whole crowd. He had awakened the slumbering conscience in many hardened hearts, giving them a new delicacy, a new ideal, a new view and reading of the Mosaic law."

When dealing with "the Society," by which the author means the church, he gives us the following passage, which has in it a weighty truth. He has been speaking of the need of finding outlets for the activities of the higher life of enthusiasm, and he says:—

"Societies do this, but for the most part at present in a very insufficient

way. They do require from their members an effort of will, a deed, and one involving self-denial; they require a subscription of money. The money goes to furnish that comparatively small proportion of the members of the society who are personally grappling with the evil to remove which the society was formed. But from the majority nothing further is required; all personal service in the cause of humanity is commuted for a money-payment. So customary has this become that the word charity has acquired a new meaning; a man's charity, that is, his love for his fellow-creatures, is commonly estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence. But it is a question whether this commutation, however customary, is altogether legal in the Christian Republic. It would appear that St. Paul recognised a broad distinction between charity and money-donations. He seems to have thought that a man might give away all his property and yet have no charity. Perhaps we are rather to compare the Christian Republic with those famous states of antiquity which in their best days required the personal service of every citizen in the field, and only accepted a money-equivalent from those who were incapacitated from such service. It is characteristic of the Christian State that it depends for its very existence on the public spirit of its citizens. The states of the world are distinguished from each other visibly by geographical boundaries and language. But the Christian Republic scarcely exists apart from the Enthusiasm which animates it; if that dies it vanishes like a fairy city, and leaves no trace of its existence but empty churches and luxurious sinecurists. And assuredly he who remembers his citizenship in it only by the taxes he pays is but one step removed from forgetting it altogether.

"If then the Christian Humanity is to be maintained at the point of enthusiasm in a man upon whom the cares of middle life have come, he must not content himself with paying others to do Christian work. He must contribute of his gifts, not merely of his money. He must be a soldier in the campaign against evil, and not merely pay the war-tax. But then it is too much to expect that he should find work for himself. Spenser allegorizes ill when he represents his Red Cross Knight as pricking forth alone in quest of adventures. At least this sort of soldiering is long out of date. In civilized war men are marshalled in companies, and put under the orders of a superior officer. To drop the figure, a flourishing Church requires a vast and complicated organization, which should afford a place for every one who is ready to work in the service of humanity. The enthusiasm should not be suffered to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive. Those who meet within the church walls on Sunday should not meet as strangers who find themselves together in the same lecture-hall, but as co-operators in a public work the object of which all understand and to his own department of which each man habitually applies his mind and contriving power. Thus meeting, with the *esprit de corps* strong among them, and with a clear perception of the purpose of their union and their meeting, they would not desire that the exhortation of the preacher should be, what in the nature of things it seldom can be, eloquent. It might cease then to be either a despairing and over-wrought appeal to feelings which grow more callous the oftener they are thus excited to no definite purpose, or a childish discussion of some deep point in morality or divinity better left to philosophers. It might then become weighty with business, and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before a battle. For it would be addressed by a soldier to soldiers in the presence of an enemy whose character they understood and in the war with whom they had given and received telling blows."

The subjoined sentences we marked in reading, and on looking at them again they seem to us worthy of the most earnest heed:—

"Christianity, then, would sacrifice its divinity if it abandoned its missionary character and became a mere educational institution. Surely this Article of Conversion is the true *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. When the power

of reclaiming the lost dies out of the Church, it ceases to be the Church. It may remain a useful institution, though it is most likely to become an immoral and mischievous one. Where the power remains, there, whatever is wanting, it may still be said that 'the tabernacle of God is with men.'"

Many such flowers there are in this basket, but amid them the asp is hidden as we have already shown, and therefore the flowers themselves wither in our sight. We hear that the question of the writer's honesty has been raised; as we read we felt indignant at what seemed to us a gratuitous imputation, till we came to sundry infamously cold-blooded remarks upon war, capital punishment, and the infernal *auto da fé* of the Spanish Inquisition, which when contrasted with the author's account of our Lord's rejection of all physical force, and his eulogies of our Lord's humanity of character, led us to think that the imputation may not have been ill founded after all. We are loath to think more harshly than is necessary of those from whom we differ, but we cannot do less than express our suspicion. He who is so flagrantly false to his own avowed admirations, may not be so sincere in them as he pretends. Genuine Christianity would condemn cruelty and murder when practised upon heresiarchs and sophists quite as much as when saintly martyrs are the victims, but not so the liberalism of the writer under review. It seems that these admirers of theoretical freedom make good advocates for persecution, and we doubt not if the lovers of "a narrow-minded orthodoxy" were subjected to their tender mercies, they would find them none too gentle. The following sentences might have been written by Mephistopheles himself, and suffice to show the cloven foot peeping from beneath a flowing robe of admirable texture.

"Our good sense may be shocked still more when we think of the *auto da fé*. We may well exclaim upon the folly of those who could dream of curing intellectual error by intellectual bondage. Our humanity itself may be shocked by the greater number of these deeds of faith. We may say of the perpetrators of them, These are they that kill the prophets; their zeal for truth is feigned; they are the slaves of spiritual pride. But if you could be sure that it was not the prophet but the pernicious sophist that burned in the fire, and if by reducing his too busy brain to safe and orthodox ashes you could destroy his sophistries and create in other minds a wholesome fear of sophistry, without creating at the same time an unwholesome dread of intellectual activity and freedom, then Christian humanity might look with some satisfaction even on an *auto da fé*. At any rate, the ostensible object of such horrors was Christian, and the indignation which professedly prompts them is also Christian, and the assumption they involve, that agonies of pain and blood shed in rivers are less evils than the soul spotted and bewildered with sin, is most Christian."

We are sorry for the sake of human nature that such sentences could have been penned by one who knows so well that Jesus would have loathed persecution in its very mildest form, and that to burn and torture men by wholesale process as in an *auto da fé* could never under any pretences or circumstances be the result of Christian feeling, or be justified by Christian impulses. That Jesus is intolerant of error is true, and no one more fully proclaims this than ourselves, but to say that he is intolerant of errorists, so as to teach us to touch their persons or estates, is as the author knows most wicked and libellous. How he could so diverge from his path as to pen the above passage we cannot tell, but its effect upon our own mind is to make us suspect that the

calm reasoning of the author's page is but a veil for a cool calculating hatred of the real teaching of the Saviour, and that beneath the semblance of reverent admiration for the teacher of Galilee, there lurks a bitter contempt for the claims of the Incarnate God. Whether it be so or no his next volume may help us to determine. Meanwhile let the man who has any call to deal with such ware and is skilled in discerning the real and the counterfeit read if he wills, for he may possibly read to profit; but as for those who have no vocation in the realm of speculation, let them abide at home in the old faith for the land is not rich enough to repay them for the toil of traversing it.

Among the Spitalfields Lodging-Houses.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

A FEW Sabbath evenings ago the writer perambulated a low district in Spitalfields, in company with a friend whose leisure hours, should God approve, are to be devoted to home-mission work. We were in the midst of the lodging-houses of a thickly populated part of London. Within a certain radius, there were no signs of well-housed respectability. The nest of houses, where the seat of overcrowding and disease may be found, was fringed with dark frowning warehouses which emitted other than fragrant odours. Behind these hives of industry might be seen rows and rows of demented hovels, swarming with human life. The streets were crowded with children, some ragged and tattered, others trimmed with finery of variegated hues, while many, half naked and filthy, were frolicking and running, gambling and fighting, swearing and blaspheming. Those who know anything of poor neighbourhoods will have observed the crowds of *gamins* which, on Sundays especially, infest the streets and alleys. The poor cannot afford to pay for the use of those refuges for troublesome children known as dame schools, on the week-day; ragged schools are hardly aristocratic enough; while the Sabbath-school might house many diminutive social tyrants but for that strong repugnance to education, and that all-conquering spiteful determination and obstinacy which boys brought up in the midst of evil associations display when overtures are made for their good. He who wishes for a proof of human depravity, and the existence of early iniquity, has only to walk through a miserable neighbourhood and watch the actions of children who have not even seen three summers.

At the corner of each street, there were groups of women evidently discussing their individual grievances, while at the doorways of most houses you might see both women and children sitting and rolling, laughing and vacantly looking on passers-by. You may pass through some of these thoroughfares—I saw no policeman in them—without molestation; but should you be respectably attired, you may be welcomed or dismissed with a laugh or a contemptuous, semi-mystified sneer. We, on returning home, were bidden to go to Jerusalem, by a couple of big lads of the costermonger class; but though we knew of a saying recommending disagreeable people to go to a West of England town noted for its mineral waters, we were not prepared to divine the reason

why so uncomfortably distant a city as Jerusalem should have been selected for the banishment of such amiable people as ourselves. At the corner of one street, there was a knot of anxious-looking noisy hobbedehoys playing for money. They had formed a semicircle, into the sacred limits of which no one but those engaged in the game were apparently allowed to enter. My friend pulled out his tracts—always useful are these tracts in low neighbourhoods—and ventured amongst the Sabbath-breakers. Although deeply and excitingly engaged in their game, they manifested a sort of anxiety to receive a tract each, which they took with a mixed look of surprise and stupidity, gazing as though our friend were some specially-consecrated and wonderful human curiosity, half doubting whether he might not be paid for his trouble by some one more religious than themselves. For this question of pay, I may say in a parenthesis, is one involving serious considerations amongst the roughs. They are slow in understanding the willinghood of service, and they manifest—at least many do—great repugnance to accepting a leaflet at the hands of a salaried missionary. It is different, however, if they think the offer is made by a volunteer. For though they hate tracts, because they are given by persons who would refuse to "stand half a pint" of liquor, they are not altogether insensible of the worthiness of self-devotion. The young fellows were amiable rather than otherwise; and our friend in giving them a tract entitled "How to make your fortune" advised them, as they seemed bent on making gains by gambling, to read how to gain an everlasting fortune. There was a hearty jovial laugh at this advice; one protested that he was trying to get a dinner out of "Jem;" while the others read the title of their leaflet, doubled it up, placed it in the palm of their hand, and returned to their amusement. I feel persuaded, however, that that simple service will not altogether be without its reward. These men have immortal souls, and should therefore be cared for; they have sympathies, though intensely rude and blunted, and by perseverance and judicious conversation, those sympathies might be evoked for holiness and truth.

I can hardly commit myself to a description of the lodging-houses of Spitalfields. Those I saw might be compared, in ground plan, to an ordinary gridiron, without the handle, the bars being the courts and alleys. These are clustered thickly together; the back gardens (of a few feet in length) having the appearance of piggeries. The houses and dens are occupied by beggars, thieves, tramps, and the street folks of whose mental and physical condition I may say a few words further on. We feared to penetrate into the maze of courts and alleys which lie beyond those in the immediate vicinity of the Gospel Hall, into which we proposed entering; and I should not advise any one with a delicate constitution to venture into such scenes of filth and disease. At the end of the street we observed an open-air preacher holding forth to three persons, two of whom were children. The solitary man was a tramp—he may have been a thief, but we did not go near enough to personally know—lounging against a doorway, but manifesting in his broad German-looking visage no ray of intelligence, no manifestation of understanding the words uttered by the energetic speaker. Saddened we turned aside, and made enquiries for the Gospel Hall.

In this hall, a young man devotes his time and abilities to preaching the gospel, in sending out others to preach it, and in organising a mission-scheme worthy of great approval. Mr. W. J. Lewis has been before the public on three occasions as a describer of the work in which he is engaged; and as many of these "promises proved" are unique and interesting, I purpose to give an account of them. I have but little to say of the hall itself, or of the service which I heard therein. The building is placed down a court which has a most insignificant entry. It is a plain modern brick primitive affair, which would eminently suit the tastes of the lovers of ugly-simplicity and admirers of the orthodox plaster and mortar. It has a platform-pulpit at one end, and a gallery at the other. The forms were tolerably well occupied, and there were about two hundred persons present. The congregation consisted of several grades of poverty. The extremely poor, were, I noticed, extremely dirty, with hair dishevelled and face caked with the accretions of dirt. These were but few, and were probably the most depraved and dissolute. There were a number of shabbily-dressed females, who had the appearance of being close-workers during the week. A few were a grade higher in the scale, and some were co-workers with their children. The singing was very creditable, and not a little soothing. The service was devotional and simple in character. The most "experimental" of Christians would most appreciate Mr. Lewis's sermons; there was a vein of experience running throughout the whole discourse that would satisfy the soul, or lead it to devout aspirations. Rigid hyper-Calvinism might not be displeased with the tone of the service; although, of course, the squeamishness of so strait-laced a theology might on other occasions receive a proper amount of development.

It seems that soon after his conversion, Mr. Lewis commenced his labours amongst the poor of the neighbourhood where he resided. He was for a time honorary secretary of the George Yard Ragged School. This he resigned after a short time, and inaugurated the Gospel Mission. The hall was an unexpected source of trouble to him. One stormy Sunday the rain came through the roof, flooding the floor, and making the place almost untenable. No funds were in hand for the repair of the roof, but it was arranged that the work should be done on the following morning, faith expecting in the meantime the receipt of the necessary money. By the first post on the Monday morning, two letters, each containing Post Office orders, were received: so that the orders must have been obtained prior to the occurrence of the accident. Then there was a passage at arms with a Church of England minister, who, it appears, belonged to the freehold of the property, and objected to unconsecrated and unordained hands preaching on his ground. A lease was refused, and nothing would induce the proprietor to allow of any further use of the building for the base purposes of pointing out the Way of Salvation. The Gospel Hall in Spitalfields was then hired. On the Lord's day, services were held both morning and evening, and there were prayer and other meetings during the week. At this time, Mr. Lewis was holding a respectable situation in the West End, and was serving the Master in his leisure hours. Helpers soon appeared, and in 1864 there were twenty-four persons engaged as teachers,

visitors, and open-air speakers. A Bible-woman known as "Fanny" was daily employed, at the expense of a lady, and her earnest and loving solicitude for the welfare of immortal souls has been largely blessed to their conversion. The open-air efforts are attended with great difficulties. The roughs are sadly inclined to be mischievous to harmless street preachers, who are at times harshly if not brutally treated. Tracts are given away freely; and the "helpers" who engage in this work are very earnest in their endeavours to converse respecting the efficaciousness of the Saviour's atonement, and the power of Christ's gospel to such as believe. There are also free day and night schools. "A mass of poor children," says Mr. Lewis, "have been gathered together, and the attendance averages about two hundred. Many of the children are in a pitiable state,—some deplorably ragged, shoeless, and dirty. The masters have been constrained frequently to accompany the school-book with bread, which has been thankfully devoured." The present premises are, however, too strait for so many purposes; and it is a part of Mr. Lewis's future plan to re-build the hall, so that more commodious rooms may be had. To enable him to do this, the reasonable sum of £1000 would be required, and it is believed that in such a time as the Lord has appointed, this money will be realised. There is also a gospel band composed of about forty-eight labourers. "It is a praying band. The influence of some of its members is very great, especially among their old companions in the lodging houses wherein they originally lived. I would remark that admission into the band is very strict, holiness of walk corresponding with the profession being rigidly demanded. I do bless the Lord that I have many faithful labourers about me who do not hesitate in their determination to uphold the honour of our God." There are several paid labourers, "and yet there is room" for more. They are engaged for a month or two months at a certain sum weekly, with the understanding that at the end of that time they must go on week by week as the Lord sees fit to send means. A daily prayer meeting is held in the hall, and the helpers plead for those special cases which have engaged their attention during the day. Many answers have been received to the petitions thus presented. By dissolving views "the Gospel Hall can be filled over and over again with the lowest and vilest, and an illustrated sermon thus preached to them." I have purposely stated these facts without applying the varnish which adjectives and adverbs give to word-pictures; such facts indeed best tell their own tale. Mr. Lewis is physically a feeble instrument; his left lung is all but gone, his chest on the left side is not more than two inches thick, his heart is diseased and so displaced that it has scarcely room to beat, and his left ribs are strangely and painfully distorted. Weak saints are great conquerors, and though frequently combating *ennui* and temptation, are nevertheless successful toilers in the Gospel Vineyard. Manly vigour and a strong constitution create additional responsibilities, which should be discharged with double energy and perseverance.

How is the work supported? The answer is to be found in Mr. Lewis's diary. Sums from a few shillings to several pounds have been obtained mainly in answer to prayer. A large proportion of the total amount annually received comes evidently from the country, which is

to be accounted for, I suppose, from the fact that the mission is kept before the public by means of a well-known journal of evangelism, which has a large circulation. Many who have read Mr. Lewis's "Promises Proved" feel constrained to send either sums of money or bundles of clothing. If by reading this account any one should feel desirous of assisting either the Refuge or Building Fund, we shall be glad. It will be a benefit to the Church, almost equal to the direct work accomplished, if these agencies evoke more fully the spirit of true spiritual liberality, which gives without needing to be pressed by a collector, or urged by a sermon. The College at the Tabernacle is thus sustained, and we doubt not that those who saw the report of its work in the last number must have been moved to send their help.

(To be continued.)

The Case of Mr. Robertson.

WE have been astounded at the misrepresentations given in our English papers of the case of Mr. Robertson, the compositor, who was denied communion with the Free-Church on account of his following his usual avocations on the Sabbath. It has been described as a case of Sabbatarianism akin to the famous fable of the man who threw away the yeast for working on Sunday, and killed his hens for laying eggs on the same holy day. The poor man, it is said, did a little necessary work on the Sabbath evening in order to produce the Monday's newspaper, and was at once hunted down by the advocates for the bitter observance of the Sabbath. As we sat in the Assembly hall during the trial, we had a presentiment that certain of the secular papers would be sure thus to state the case, and probably had leaders already set up depicting the horrible Sabbatarianism of the Scotch; but we hardly thought that professedly *religious* papers would fall into the same glaring error. It is due to those who have been slandered to state one or two matters, which quite change the aspect of the case.

1. The case was not one desired by the Assembly as matter of judgment, but its appearance was the source of deep, and almost universal regret, not because the Free Church has not its own opinion as to the Sabbath, but because the intelligence of its ministers revolts at the idea of making the Assembly a tribunal to settle minor details of Sabbath observance which are best left to individual consciences.

2. The case of Mr. Robertson was not sought out by the Free Church, but was mentioned by the man's own wife to the minister, and pressed upon his consideration at Mr. Robertson's own request. The minister at the Assembly declared, in reference to another alleged case of Sabbath-breaking, that he did not think it his duty to pry into persons' private actions; and that in this instance the subject was directly and distinctly brought under his notice by the party's own act and deed.

3. Mr. Robertson did not work a few hours on Sunday evening at, setting up necessary telegrams, but he went to work at half-past one or just after noon of the Lord's-day, and worked on throughout the day at the usual work of a newspaper, which might for the most part be done on the Saturday, and is so done in certain other printing offices. He obtained by this Sunday labour a holiday on Saturdays, and thus.

gives up his Sabbath privileges in exchange for a Saturday's holiday. If this be tolerated in the Christian Church, the first day of the week would be no longer the day of hallowed rest and worship.

4. Other work was open to him, and offered to him, but he voluntarily elected to work at the particular office which had chosen to make the Sunday its day of work, and the Saturday its day of rest. Evidence was given to this fact, and it was not denied by the compositor himself.

5. He had no doubts as to the binding character of the Decalogue, but declared his belief that it stood in all its force, and therefore he could not claim to be treated as one who raised the question as to the duty of resting on the seventh day.

6. No decision was given or intended to be given as to many other instances of labour about the necessity of which questions have been raised, but all such points were in Dr. Candlish's most masterly speech very properly left to individuals, or reserved for separate consideration as they arose; but this one case was so clear that there was not a word of dissent from any one present, although the assembly was as intelligent a gathering as could have been mustered in her Majesty's dominions.

Upon the whole Mr. Robertson was dealt with in a manner to be censured only for its leniency. Had he been a member of a Baptist Church, he would have had no opportunity of bearding a session, a presbytery, a synod, and an assembly, but would have been disposed of at the next church-meeting. It was the general opinion that the case was got up to cause embarrassment to the Free Church, and that the person appearing in it was only the cat's paw. If it were so, the concocters signally failed to raise the main question, for the case was adjudged by itself alone, and was so clear as to need no discussion, so weak as to admit of no defence. The cry of persecution has been raised, but of all cant, irreligious cant is the most canting; an ordinary club has a right to expel a man who breaks its rules, and surely a church is to be allowed to do the same. It is idle to talk of conscience; surely the consciences of thousands are not to be forced to succumb to the pretended conscience of a man who accepts the decalogue, and then does a day's work needlessly on the Sabbath.

Notice.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers professing to be an extract from our speech at the Liberation Society; as it is of a piece in falsification with most things from the Anglican quarter, we have sent to one or two friends the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,—I entirely repudiate the language imputed to me; but it probably suggested itself from a misunderstanding. In view of the Tractarianism which the so-called Church of England fosters, and the general mischief which the State Church works, I am sorry that so many good men continue to give it the sanction of their presence; and I wish they were all gone from her, that the evils might become too glaring to be borne with any longer. I have no hostility towards evangelical Churchmen, but the reverse; and it is for their real benefit that I wish to see that unhallowed union of Puseyism and Evangelism which goes by the name of the Church of England totally abolished. A free Episcopal church might then win for itself the esteem of all believers, and among the rest of

"Yours truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XIX.

SUBJECT.—*It would be idle to enquire into the particular period when this delightful poem was composed, for there is nothing in its title or subject to assist us in the enquiry. The heading, "To the chief Musician, a Psalm of David," informs us that David wrote it, and that it was committed to the Master of the service of song in the sanctuary for the use of the assembled worshippers. In his earliest days the psalmist, while keeping his father's flock, had devoted himself to the study of God's two great books—nature and Scripture; and he had so thoroughly entered into the spirit of these two only volumes in his library that he was able with a devout criticism to compare and contrast them, magnifying the excellency of the Author as seen in both. How foolish and wicked are those who instead of accepting the two sacred tomes, and delighting to behold the same divine hand in each, spend all their wits in endeavouring to find discrepancies and contradictions. We may rest assured that the true "Vestiges of Creation" will never contradict Genesis, nor will a correct "Cosmos" be found at variance with the narrative of Moses. He is wisest who reads both the world-book and the Word-book as two volumes of the same work, and feels concerning them, "My Father wrote them both."*

DIVISION.—*This song very distinctly divides itself into three parts, very well described by the translators in the ordinary heading of our version. The creatures show God's glory*, 1—6. *The word showeth his grace*, 7—11. *David prayeth for grace*, 12—14. *Thus praise and prayer are mingled, and he who here sings the work of God in the world without, pleads for a work of grace in himself within.*

EXPOSITION.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

1. "*The heavens declare the glory of God.*" The book of nature has three leaves, heaven, earth, and sea, of which heaven is the first and the most glorious, and by its aid we are able to see the beauties of the other two. Any book without its first page would be sadly imperfect, and especially the great Natural Bible, since its first pages, the sun, moon, and stars, supply light to the rest of the volume, and are thus the keys, without which the writing which follows would be dark and undiscerned. Man walking erect was evidently made to scan the skies, and he who begins to read creation by studying the stars begins the book at the right place.

The *heavens* are plural for their variety, comprising the watery heavens with their clouds of countless forms, the aerial heavens with their calms and tempests, the solar heavens with all the glories of the day, and the starry heavens with all the marvels of the night; what the Heaven of heavens must be hath not entered into the heart of man, but there in chief all things are telling the glory of God. Any part of creation has more instruction in it than human mind will ever exhaust, but the celestial realm is peculiarly rich in spiritual lore. The heavens *declare*, or are *declaring*, for the continuance of their testimony is intended by the participles employed; every moment God's existence, power,

wisdom, and goodness, are being sounded abroad by the heavenly heralds which shine upon us from above. He who would guess at divine sublimity should gaze upward into the starry vault; he who would imagine infinity must peer into the boundless expanse; he who desires to see divine wisdom should consider the balancing of the orbs; he who would know divine fidelity must mark the regularity of the planetary motions; and he who would attain some conceptions of divine power, greatness, and majesty, must estimate the forces of attraction, the magnitude of the fixed stars, and the brightness of the whole celestial train. It is not merely glory that the heavens declare, but the "*glory of God*," for they deliver to us such unanswerable arguments for a conscious, intelligent, planning, controlling, and presiding Creator, that no unprejudiced person can remain unconvinced by them. The testimony given by the heavens is no mere hint, but a plain, unmistakeable declaration; and it is a declaration of the most constant and abiding kind. Yet for all this, to what avail is the loudest declaration to a deaf man, or the clearest showing to one spiritually blind? God the Holy Ghost must illuminate us, or all the suns in the milky way never will.

"*The firmament sheweth his handy-work;*" not *handy*, in the vulgar use of that term, but hand-work. The expanse is full of the works of the Lord's skilful, creating hands; hands being attributed to the great creating Spirit to set forth his care and workmanlike action, and to meet the poor comprehension of mortals. It is humbling to find that even when the most devout and elevated minds are desirous to express their loftiest thoughts of God, they must use words and metaphors drawn from the earth. We are children, and must each confess, "I think as a child, I speak as a child." In the expanse above us God flies, as it were, his starry flag to show that the King is at home, and hangs out his escutcheon that atheists may see how he despises their denunciations of him. He who looks up to the firmament and then writes himself down an atheist, brands himself at the same moment as an idiot or a liar. Strange is it that some who love God are yet afraid to study the God-declaring book of nature; the mock-spirituality of some believers, who are too heavenly to consider the heavens, has given colour to the vaunts of infidels that nature contradicts revelation. The wisest of men are those who with pious eagerness trace the goings forth of Jehovah as well in creation as in grace; only the foolish have any fears lest the honest study of the one should injure our faith in the other. Dr. M'Cosh has well said, "We have often mourned over the attempts made to set the works of God against the Word of God, and thereby excite, propagate, and perpetuate jealousies fitted to separate parties that ought to live in closest union. In particular, we have always regretted that endeavours should have been made to depreciate nature with a view of exalting revelation; it has always appeared to us to be nothing else than the degrading of one part of God's works in the hope thereby of exalting and recommending another. Let not science and religion be reckoned as opposing citadels, frowning defiance upon each other, and their troops brandishing their armour in hostile attitude. They have too many common foes, if they would but think of it, in ignorance and prejudice, in passion and vice, under all their forms, to admit of their lawfully wasting their strength in a useless warfare with each other. Science has a foundation, and so has religion; let them unite their foundations, and the basis will be broader, and they will be two compartments of one great fabric reared to the glory of God. Let the one be the outer and the other the inner court. In the one, let all look, and admire and adore; and in the other, let those who have faith kneel, and pray, and praise. Let the one be the sanctuary where human learning may present its richest incense as an offering to God, and the other the holiest of all, separated from it by a veil now rent in twain, and in which, on a blood-sprinkled mercy-seat, we pour out the love of a reconciled heart, and hear the oracles of the living God."

2. "*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*" As if one day took up the story where the other left it, and each night passed over the wondrous tale to the next. The original has in it the thought of

pouring out, or welling over, with speech; as though days and nights were but as a fountain flowing evermore with Jehovah's praise. Oh to drink often at the celestial well, and learn to utter the glory of God! The witnesses above cannot be slain or silenced; from their elevated seats they constantly preach the knowledge of God, unawed and unbiassed by the judgments of men. Even the changes of alternating night and day are mutely eloquent, and light and shade equally reveal the Invisible One; let the vicissitudes of our circumstances do the same, and while we bless the God of our days of joy, let us also extol him who giveth "songs in the night."

The lesson of day and night is one which it were well if all men learned. It should be among our day-thoughts and night-thoughts to remember the flight of time, the changeful character of earthly things, the brevity both of joy and sorrow, the preciousness of life, our utter powerlessness to recall the hours once flown, and the irresistible approach of eternity. Day bids us labour, night reminds us to prepare for our last home; day bids us work for God, and night invites us to rest in him; day bids us look for endless day, and night warns us to escape from everlasting night.

3. "*There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.*" Every man may hear the voices of the stars. Many are the languages of terrestrials, to celestials there is but one, and that one may be understood by every willing mind. The lowest heathen are without excuse, if they do not discover the invisible things of God in the works which he has made. Sun, moon, and stars are God's travelling preachers; they are apostles upon their journey confirming those who regard the Lord, and judges on circuit condemning those who worship idols.

The margin gives us another rendering, which is more literal, and involves less repetition; "*no speech, no words, their voice is not heard;*" that is to say, their teaching is not addressed to the ear, and is not uttered in articulate sounds; it is pictorial, and directed to the eye and heart; it touches not the sense by which faith comes, for faith cometh by hearing. Jesus Christ is called the Word, for he is a far more distinct display of Godhead than all the heavens can afford; they are, after all, but dumb instructors; neither star nor sun can arrive at a word, but Jesus is the express image of Jehovah's person, and his name is the Word of God.

4. "*Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.*" Although the heavenly bodies move in solemn silence, yet in reason's ear they utter precious teachings. They give forth no literal *words*, but yet their instruction is clear enough to be so described. Horne says that the phrase employed indicates a language of signs, and thus we are told that the heavens speak by their significant actions and operations. Nature's words are like those of the deaf and dumb, but grace tells us plainly of the Father. By their line is probably meant the *measure* of their domain which, together with their testimony, has gone out to the utmost end of the habitable earth. No man living beneath the copes of heaven dwells beyond the bounds of the diocese of God's Court-preachers; it is easy to escape from the light of ministers, who are as stars in the right hand of the Son of Man; but even then men, with a conscience yet unseared, will find a Nathan to accuse them, a Jonah to warn them, and an Elijah to threaten them in the silent stars of night. To gracious souls the voices of the heavens are more influential far, they feel the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and are drawn towards their Father God by the bright bands of Orion.

"*In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.*" In the midst of the heavens the sun encamps, and marches like a mighty monarch on his glorious way. He has no fixed abode, but as a traveller pitches and removes his tent, a tent which will soon be taken down and rolled together as a scroll. As the royal pavilion stood in the centre of the host, so the sun in his place appears like a king in the midst of attendant stars.

5. "*Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.*" A bridegroom comes forth sumptuously apparelled, his face beaming with a joy which he imparts

to all around; such, but with a mighty emphasis, is the rising Sun. "*And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.*" As a champion girt for running cheerfully addresses himself to the race, so does the sun speed onward with matchless regularity and unwearying swiftness in his appointed orbit. It is but mere play to him; there are no signs of effort, flagging, or exhaustion. No other creature yields such joy to the earth as her bridegroom the sun; and none, whether they be horse or eagle, can for an instant compare in swiftness with that heavenly champion. But all his glory is but the glory of God; even the sun shines in light borrowed from the Great Father of Lights.

> "Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
> Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
> Both when thou climb'st, and when high noon hast gained,
> And when thou fall'st."

6. "*His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it.*" He bears his light to the boundaries of the solar heavens, traversing the zodiac with steady motion, denying his light to none who dwell within his range. "*And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*" Above, beneath, around, the heat of the sun exercises an influence. The bowels of the earth are stored with the ancient produce of the solar rays, and even yet earth's inmost caverns feel their power. Where light is shut out, yet heat and other more subtle influences find their way.

There is no doubt a parallel intended to be drawn between the heaven of grace and the heaven of nature. God's way of grace is sublime and broad, and full of his glory; in all its displays it is to be admired and studied with diligence; both its lights and its shades are instructive; it has been proclaimed, in a measure, to every people, and in due time shall be yet more completely published to the ends of the earth. Jesus, like a sun, dwells in the midst of revelation, tabernacling among men in all his brightness; rejoicing, as the Bridegroom of his church, to reveal himself to men; and, like a champion, to win unto himself renown. *He* makes a circuit of mercy, blessing the remotest corners of the earth; and there are no seeking souls, however degraded and depraved, who shall be denied the comfortable warmth and benediction of his love—even death shall feel the power of his presence, and resign the bodies of the saints, and this fallen earth shall be restored to its pristine glory.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

In the three following verses we have a brief but instructive hexapla containing six descriptive titles of the word, six characteristic qualities mentioned, and six divine effects declared. Names, nature, and effect are well set forth.

7. "*The law of the Lord is perfect;*" by which he means not merely the law of Moses but the doctrine of God, the whole run and rule of sacred Writ. The doctrine revealed by God he declares to be perfect, and yet David had but a very small part of the Scriptures, and if a fragment, and that the darkest and most historical portion, be perfect, what must the entire volume be? How more than perfect is the book which contains the clearest possible display of divine love, and gives us an open vision of redeeming grace. The gospel is a complete scheme or law of gracious salvation, presenting to the needy sinner everything

that his terrible necessities can possibly demand. There are no redundancies and no omissions in the Word of God, and in the plan of grace; why then do men try to paint this lily and gild this refined gold? The gospel is perfect in all its parts, and perfect as a whole: it is a crime to add to it, treason to alter it, and felony to take from it.

"*Converting the soul.*"—Making the man to be returned or restored to the place from which sin had cast him. The practical effect of the Word of God is to turn the man to himself, to his God, and to holiness; and the turn or conversion is not outward alone, "*the soul*" is moved and renewed. The great means of the conversion of sinners is the Word of God, and the more closely we keep to it in our ministry the more likely are we to be successful. It is God's Word rather than man's comment on God's Word which is made mighty with souls. When the law drives and the gospel draws, the action is different but the end is one, for by God's Spirit the soul is made to yield, and cries, "Turn me, and I shall be turned." Try men's depraved nature with philosophy and reasoning, and it laughs your efforts to scorn, but the Word of God soon works a transformation.

"*The testimony of the Lord is sure.*" God bears his testimony against sin, and on behalf of righteousness; he testifies of our fall and of our restoration; this testimony is plain, decided, and infallible, and is to be accepted as sure. God's witness in his Word is so sure that we may draw solid comfort from it both for time and eternity, and so sure that no attacks made upon it however fierce or subtle can ever weaken its force. What a blessing that in a world of uncertainties we have something sure to rest upon! We hasten from the quicksands of human speculations to the *terra firma* of Divine Revelation.

"*Making wise the simple.*" Humble, candid, teachable minds receive the word, and are made wise unto salvation. Things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed unto babes. The persuadable grow wise, but the cavillers continue fools. As a law or plan the Word of God converts, and then as a testimony it instructs; it is not enough for us to be converts, we must continue to be disciples; and if we have felt the power of truth, we must go on to prove its certainty by experience. The perfection of the gospel converts, but its sureness edifies; if we would be edified it becomes us not to stagger at the promise through unbelief, for a doubted gospel cannot make us wise, but truth of which we are assured will be our establishment.

8. "*The statutes of the Lord are right.*" His precepts and decrees are founded in righteousness, and are such as are right or fitted to the right reason of man. As a physician gives the right medicine, and a counsellor the right advice, so does the Book of God. "*Rejoicing the heart.*" Mark the progress; he who was converted was next made wise and is now made happy; that truth which makes the heart right then gives joy to the right heart. Free grace brings heart-joy. Earthborn mirth dwells on the lip, and flushes the bodily powers; but heavenly delights satisfy the inner nature, and fill the mental faculties to the brim. There is no cordial of comfort like that which is poured from the bottle of Scripture.

"Retire and read thy Bible to be gay."

"*The commandment of the Lord is pure.*" No mixture of error defiles it, no stain of sin pollutes it; it is the unadulterated milk, the undiluted wine. "*Enlightening the eyes,*" purging away by its own purity the earthly grossness which mars the intellectual discernment: whether the eye be dim with sorrow or with sin, the Scripture is a skilful oculist, and makes the eye clear and bright. Look at the sun and it puts out your eyes, look at the more than sunlight of Revelation and it enlightens them; the purity of snow causes snow-blindness to the Alpine traveller, but the purity of God's truth has the contrary effect, and cures the natural blindness of the soul. It is well again to observe the gradation; the convert became a disciple and next a rejoicing soul, he now obtains a discerning eye, and as a spiritual man discerneth all things, though he himself is discerned of no man.

9. "*The fear of the Lord is clean.*" The doctrine of truth is here described

by its spiritual effect, viz., inward piety, or the fear of the Lord; this is clean in itself, and cleanses out the love of sin, sanctifying the heart in which it reigns. Mr. Godly-fear is never satisfied till every street, lane, and alley, yea, and every house and every corner of the town of Mansoul is clean rid of the Diabolonians who lurk therein. "*Enduring for ever.*" Filth brings decay, but cleanness is the great foe of corruption. The grace of God in the heart being a pure principle, is also an abiding and incorruptible principle, which may be crushed for a time, but cannot be utterly destroyed. Both in the Word and in the heart, when the Lord writes, he says with Pilate, "What I have written, I have written;" he will make no erasures himself, much less suffer others to do so. The revealed will of God is never changed; even Jesus came not to destroy but to fulfil, and even the ceremonial law was only changed as to its shadow, the substance intended by it is eternal. When the governments of nations are shaken with revolution, and ancient constitutions are being repealed, it is comforting to know that the throne of God is unshaken, and his law unaltered.

"*The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether;*"—jointly and severally the words of the Lord are true; that which is good in detail is excellent in the mass; no exception may be taken to a single clause separately, or to the book as a whole. God's judgments, all of them together, or each of them apart, are manifestly just, and need no laborious excuses to justify them. The judicial decisions of Jehovah, as revealed in the law, or illustrated in the history of his providence, are truth itself, and commend themselves to every truthful mind; not only is their power invincible, but their justice is unimpeachable.

10. "*More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold.*" Bible truth is enriching to the soul in the highest degree; the metaphor is one which gathers force as it is brought out;—gold—fine gold—much fine gold; it is good, better, best, and therefore it is not only to be desired with a miser's avidity, but with more than that. As spiritual treasure is more noble than mere material wealth, so should it be desired and sought after with greater eagerness. Men speak of solid gold, but what is so solid as solid truth? For love of gold pleasure is forsworn, ease renounced, and life endangered; shall we not be ready to do as much for love of truth? "*Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*" Trapp says, "Old people are all for profit, the young for pleasure; here's gold for the one, yea, the finest gold in great quantity; here's honey for the other, yea, live honey dropping from the comb." The pleasures arising from a right understanding of the divine testimonies are of the most delightful order; earthly enjoyments are utterly contemptible, if compared with them. The sweetest joys, yea, the sweetest of the sweetest falls to his portion who has God's truth to be his heritage.

11. "*Moreover by them is thy servant warned.*" We are warned by the Word both of our duty, our danger, and our remedy. On the sea of life there would be many more wrecks, if it were not for the divine storm-signals which give to the watchful a timely warning. The Bible should be our Mentor, our Monitor, our Memento Mori, our Remembrancer, and the Keeper of our Conscience. Alas, that so few men will take the warning so graciously given; none but servants of God will do so, for they alone regard their Master's will. Servants of God not only find his service delightful in itself, but they receive good recompence; "*In keeping of them there is great reward.*" There is a wage, and a great one; though we earn no wages of debt, we win great wages of grace. Saints may be losers for a time, but they shall be glorious gainers in the long run, and even now a quiet conscience is in itself no slender reward for obedience. He who wears the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom is truly blessed. However, the main reward is yet to come, and the word here used hints as much, for it signifies *the heel*, as if the reward would come to us at the end of life when the work was done;—not while the labour was in the hand, but when it was gone and we could see the heel of it. Oh the glory yet to be revealed! It is enough to make a man faint for joy at the prospect of it. Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be

revealed in us. Then shall we know the value of the Scriptures when we swim in that sea of unutterable delight to which their streams will bear us, if we commit ourselves to them.

12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

12. "*Who can understand his errors?*" A question which is its own answer. It rather requires a note of exclamation than of interrogation. By the law is the knowledge of sin, and in the presence of divine truth, the psalmist marvels at the number and heinousness of his sins. He best knows himself who best knows the Word, but even such an one will be in a maze of wonder as to what he does not know, rather than on the mount of congratulation as to what he does know. We have heard of a comedy of errors, but to a good man this is more like a tragedy. Many books have a few lines of errata at the end, but our errata might well be as large as the volume if we could but have sense enough to see them. Augustine wrote in his older days a series of Retractations; ours might make a library if we had enough grace to be convinced of our mistakes and to confess them. "*Cleanse thou me from secret faults.*" Thou canst mark in me faults entirely hidden from myself. It were hopeless to expect to see all my spots; therefore, O Lord, wash away in the atoning blood even those sins which my conscience has been unable to detect. Secret sins, like private conspirators must be hunted out, or they may do deadly mischief; it is well to be much in prayer concerning them. In the Lateran Council of the Church of Rome, a decrée was passed that every true believer must confess his sins, all of them, once in a year to the priest, and they affixed to it this declaration, that there is no hope of pardon but in complying with that decree. What can equal the absurdity of such a decree as that? Do they suppose that they can tell their sins as easily as they can count their fingers? Why, if we could receive pardon for all our sins by telling every sin we have committed in one hour, there is not one of us who would be able to enter heaven, since, besides the sins that are known to us and that we may be able to confess, there are a vast mass of sins, which are as truly sins as those which we lament, but which are secret, and come not beneath our eye. If we had eyes like those of God, we should think very differently of ourselves. The transgressions which we see and confess are but like the farmer's small samples which he brings to market, when he has left his granary full at home. We have but a very few sins which we can observe and detect, compared with those which are hidden from ourselves and unseen by our fellow-creatures.

13. "*Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me.*"—This earnest and humble prayer teaches us that saints may fall into the worst of sins unless restrained by grace, and that therefore they must watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. There is a natural proneness to sin in the best of men, and they must be held back as a horse is held back by the bit or they will run into it. Presumptuous sins are peculiarly dangerous. All sins are great sins, but yet some sins are greater than others. Every sin has in it the very venom of rebellion, and is full of the essential marrow of traitorous rejection of God; but there be some sins which have in them a greater development of the essential mischief of rebellion, and which wear upon their faces more of the brazen pride which defies the Most High. It is wrong to suppose that because all sins will condemn us, that therefore one sin is not greater than another. The fact is, that while all transgression is a greatly grievous and sinful thing, yet there are some transgressions which have a deeper

shade of blackness, and a more double scarlet-dyed hue of criminality than others. The presumptuous sins of our text are the chief and worst of all sins: they rank head and foremost in the list of iniquities. It is remarkable that though an atonement was provided under the Jewish law for every kind of sin, there was this one exception. "But the soul that sinneth presumptuously shall have no atonement; it shall be cut off from the midst of my people." And now under the Christian dispensation, although in the sacrifice of our blessed Lord there is a great and precious atonement for presumptuous sins, whereby sinners who have erred in this manner are made clean, yet without doubt, presumptuous sinners, dying without pardon, must expect to receive a double portion of the wrath of God, and a more terrible portion of eternal punishment in the pit that is digged for the wicked. For this reason is David so anxious that he may never come under the reigning power of these giant evils.

"*Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.*" He shudders at the thought of the unpardonable sin. Secret sin is a stepping-stone to presumptuous sin, and that is the vestibule of the sin which is unto death. He who is not wilful in his sin, will be in a fair way to be innocent so far as poor sinful man can be; but he who tempts the devil to tempt him is in a path which will lead him from bad to worse, and from the worse to the worst.

14. "*Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.*" A sweet prayer, and so spiritual that it is almost as commonly used in Christian worship as the apostolic benediction. *Words of the mouth* are mockery if the heart does not *meditate*; the shell is nothing without the kernel; but both together are useless unless *accepted*; and even if accepted by man, it is all vanity if not acceptable in *the sight of God*. We must in prayer view Jehovah as our *strength* enabling, and our *Redeemer* saving, or we shall not pray aright, and it is well to feel our personal interest so as to use the word *my*, or our prayers will be hindered. Our near kinsman's name, our Goel or Redeemer, makes a blessed ending to the Psalm; it began with the heavens, but it ends with him whose glory fills heaven and earth. Blessed Kinsman, give us now to meditate acceptably upon thy most sweet love and tenderness.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 7.—This verse and the two next following, which treat of God's law, are in Hebrew, written each of them with ten words, according to the number of the ten commandments, which are called the ten words.—Exodus xxxiv. 28.—*Ainsworth.*

Verse 7.—*The law,* or doctrine, an orderly manner of instruction, an institution, or disposition, called in Hebrew *torah*, which implies both doctrine and an orderly disposition of the same. Therefore, where one prophet, relating David's words, saith *the law* of man, 2 Sam. vii. 19, another saith, *the orderly estate*, or, *course* of man, 1 Cor. xvii. 17. The Holy Ghost, in Greek, calls it *Nomos*, a law, Heb. viii. 10, from Jer. xxxi. 33. This name is most commonly ascribed to the precepts given by Moses at Mount Sinai, Deut. xxxiii. 4, Mal. iv. 4, John i. 17 and vii. 19; it is also largely used for all his writings. For the history of Genesis is called *law*, Gal. iv. 21, from Gen. xvi. And though sometimes the law be distinguished from the Psalms and Prophets, Luke xvi. 16 and xxiv. 24, yet the other prophet's books are called *Law*, 1 Cor. xiv. 21, from Isa. xxviii. 11; the Psalms are also thus named, John x. 24 and xv. 25, from Psalm lxxxii. 6 and xxxv. 19. Yea, one Psalm is called a *law*, Psalm lxxviii. 1; and the many branches of Moses' doctrine as the *law* of the sin-offering, &c., Lev. vi. 25. And generally it is used for any *doctrine*, as the *law* of works, the *law* of faith, &c., Rom. iii. 27.—*Ainsworth.*

Verse 11.—Beware of committing acts which it will be necessary to conceal. There is a singular poem by Hood, called "The Dream of Eugene Aram"—a most remarkable piece it is indeed, illustrating the point on which we are now dwelling. Aram had murdered a man and cast his body into the river—"a sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme." The next morning he visited the scene of his guilt,—

> "And sought the black accursed pool,
> With a wild misgiving eye;
> And he saw the dead in the river bed,
> For the faithless stream was dry."

Next he covered the corpse with heaps of leaves, but a mighty wind swept through the wood and left the secret bare before the sun.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea though it should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep."

In plaintive notes he prophesies his own discovery. He buried his victim in a cave, and trod him down with stones, but when years had run their weary round, the foul deed was discovered and the murderer put to death.

Guilt is a "grim chamberlain," even when his fingers are not bloody red. Secret sins bring fevered eyes and sleepless nights, until men burn out their consciences, and become in very deed ripe for the pit. Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers; and for certain it is a miserable trade, which will earn at last, as its certain climax, a tremendous bankruptcy. Ah! ye who have sinned without discovery, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and bethink you, it may find you out ere long. Sin, like murder, will come out; men will even tell tales about themselves in their dreams. God has made men to be so wretched in their consciences that they have been obliged to stand forth and confess the truth. Secret sinner! if thou wantest the foretaste of damnation upon earth, continue in thy secret sins; for no man is more miserable than he who sinneth secretly, and yet trieth to preserve a character. Yon stag, followed by the hungry hounds, with open mouths, is far more happy than the man who is pursued by his sins. Yon bird, taken in the fowler's net, and labouring to escape, is far more happy than he who hath weaved around himself a web of deception, and labours to escape from it day by day by making the toils more thick and the web more strong. Oh! the misery of secret sins! One may well pray, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."—"Secret Sins," *No.* 116, *Spurgeon's Sermons.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—"Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses" will suggest to the preacher many ways of handling this theme. The power, wisdom, goodness, punctuality, faithfulness, greatness and glory of God are very visible in the heavens above us.

Verse 2.—Voices of the day and of the night. Day thoughts and night thoughts.

Verse 3.—The marginal reading, coupled with verse 4, suggests the eloquence of an unobtrusive life. Silent, yet heard.

Verse 4.—In what sense God is revealed to all men.

Verses 1—5.—Parallel between the heavens and the revelation of Scripture, dwelling upon Christ as the central sun of Scripture.

Verses 4, 5, 6.—The Sun of Righteousness. I. His tabernacle. II. His appearance as a Bridegroom. III. His joy as a champion. IV. His circuit and his influence.

Verses 7, 8, 9.—The Hexapla. *See Notes.*

Verse 7—*(first clause).* Holy Scripture. I. What it is—"law." II. Whose it is—"of the Lord." III. What is its character—"perfect." IV. What its result—"converting the soul."

Verse 7 *(second clause).*—I. Scholars. II. Class-book. III. Teacher. IV. Progress.

Verse 8 *(first clause).*—The heart-cheering power of the Word. I. Founded in its righteousness. II. Real in its quality. III. Constant in its operation.

Verse 8 *(second clause).*—Golden ointment for the eyes.

Verse 10.—Two arguments for loving God's statutes—Profit and Pleasure.

The inexpressible delights of meditation on Scripture.

Verse 11 *(first clause).*—I. What? "Warned." II. How? "By them." III. Who? "Thy servant." IV. When? "Is," present.

Verse 11 *(second clause.*—Evangelical rewards—"In keeping," not *for* keeping.

Verse 12.—Difficulty of knowing one's faults.—"Secret Sins," *No.* 116, *Spurgeon's Sermons.*

Verse 13.—Sermon on Presumptuous Sins.—*No.* 135, *Spurgeon's Sermons.*

Verses 12, 13.—The three grades of sin—secret, presumptuous, unpardonable.

Verse 14.—A prayer concerning our holy things.

Reviews.

Pivot Words of Scripture. By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. W. Macintosh.

IN the form of discourses upon certain passages of Scripture, examples are here given to show how much the proper elucidation of Scripture depends upon little, or, as they are here styled, pivot words. The application of this rule is not so much to the critical interpretation of the inspired Word as to expository instruction; and to this the genius and spirit of the Author are evidently far more inclined. It is a book which may be read as an assistance to devotion and a holy life, rather than to Biblical studies; and as such will be held in high and general esteem. It is eminently experimental and practical, and teaches the doctrine which is according to godliness. Many anecdotes, taken from the biographies of good men, enliven its pages. The writer is well known, we believe, by former publications; all of which are of the same devout and practical tendency.

The London Hymn Book. Compiled by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. Sixty-fifth Thousand. London: W. Holmes, 48, Paternoster Row.

AMONG all the smaller *collections* of hymns we know of none equal to this. We have already recommended it for use in revival meetings, prayer meetings, and other services, and we take the opportunity of the issue of a new edition to mention it again with favour. We cannot bring our mind to endure some few of the ditties, but as the poor seem to enjoy them they could not well be omitted.

Gospel Echoes; or help to the Heralds of Salvation. By ALBERT MIDLANE. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS hymn book is not a collection of the works of others, but is throughout original. No good hymn book will ever be compiled in future years without drawing from this most precious store. Upon the subject of gospel-invitation, for that is the one point of the whole, we know of no such a treasure. It has been a great assistance to us to have been allowed to take from it many hymns for our new book which is on the eve of issue. All are not of equal merit, but in many of the compositions our friend has shown that he has both the gift and the grace necessary to an evangelistic songster, and has used both in such a way as to honour Jesus and assist his ministers.

Elisha Coles on Divine Sovereignty. Printed and Published by Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row, for the Pastor's College. With Preface by C. H. SPURGEON.

WE shall be glad if all our friends will aid us to circulate this grand old treatise on the doctrines of grace. It is marrow and fatness throughout. With the imprimatur of William Romaine, Thomas Goodwin, and John Owen, it needs no praise from us. It is a class book with the men in the college at their entrance, and we have therefore reprinted it. The price is only half a crown.

Eternal Punishment, proved from the divine attributes, the relations of man, and the Holy Scriptures. By C. MYLAND. Reading: T. BARCHAM, Broad Street; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

PUBLISHED with the hearty commendations of two such able judges as our brethren, W. Legg and John Aldis, it may be taken for granted that this timely pamphlet is both sound and forcible. The author rightly deems the views of the short-punishment gentlemen to be subversive of all revealed truth, and therefore contends earnestly for the unchanging Word. His main argument is drawn from the cross. He asks, in effect, "Can anything possibly atone for sin, but the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus? No limited sufferings can do so; how then shall eternal justice be met in its demands?" While the lecturer draws his great weapon from Scripture, he is

also well skilled in the use of other arms, and with much cogency maintains his point upon moral grounds. We are truly thankful to find that this most important though terrible subject is being well considered by those who are competent for the task. We do not know the price of Mr. Myland's lecture, we suppose that it may be had for sixpence, but wish publishers would mark the price in the corner of copies sent for review. The lecture has our warmest commendations.

Anecdotes Illustrative of the Shorter Catechisms. By JOHN WHITECROSS. Eleventh Edition. Edinburgh: Oliphant; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

MINISTERS, teachers, mothers—have you neglected to procure this book? Then we have only four words to say: *Buy it at once.*

Precious Ointment; or, the Dew of Hermon on the Mountains of Zion. By W. KENNION, M.A. W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

THIS is an effort to bring about a more visible unity among Christians of different denominations, but with a special reservation in favour of his own church that must inevitably frustrate the writer's design, and leads us to question whether he is joking with us, or is really sincere. The Church of England is the Church with which all Dissenters should be united, is the modest and conciliatory proposal as the basis of Christian unity. This is the "Precious Ointment, and the Dew of Hermon on the Mountains of Zion."

The Crusher and the Cross. By A. FERGUSSON. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE title of this book has somewhat of a startling effect, and in this respect answers to the narrative that follows. There are conversions in our day equal to some of the most remarkable in sacred Writ, and if publicly made known in one age, there is no reason why they should not be made known in another. They teach us that human nature is ever the same, and the power of the gospel is ever the same. The instance of conversion contained in this narrative is sufficiently striking in itself to awaken general interest; and the writer has the rare merit of not suffering it to lose any of its original point and force in passing through his hands. Very few could so tell what God has done for another's soul. The facts having occurred within his own observation, his enthusiastic admiration of the marvellous, and the strong graphic touches of his pen, may account for this. There are some beautiful thoughts in the book very happily expressed, and the principles laid down are always in harmony with the Word of God.

A Commentary on Matthew's Gospel. By E. R. CONDER, M.A. Elliot Stock.

IT may be said of the Scriptures what cannot be said of commentaries upon them, that they are adapted to every age. The latter, to answer their full design, must embrace the latest improvements in Biblical literature, and be expressed in modern and popular language. They do not supersede the works of others of the same kind, but are valuable appendages to them. The commentary before us is an admirable digest of the most approved Scripture interpretations, and has sufficient originality of thought and method to give it a distinct and prominent place amongst the best helps to a correct and complete study of the Scriptures in modern times. Though specially designed for Bible-class teachers, it is not less suited to readers in general, or to ministers of the Word. We heartily thank Mr. Conder for devoting his talents and energies to such a purpose, and hope he will be amply encouraged in his design.

Our Maid-servants. By A. F. G. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A BETTER book to be put into the hands of maid-servants, next to the Book of books, could scarcely be found. It is full of good advice in all matters relating to their principles and practical duties. There is no attempt to catch them with guile, but plain, straightforward reasoning with them out of the Scriptures.

Riches Increased by Giving to the Poor. By W. T. Gouge. Elliot Stock.

An excellent treatise upon a much-neglected duty. It is a reprint from a Puritan Divine, with recommendations from Owen, Manton, Bates, and Baxter. We like to see these old works in a modern dress, if it were only to shame others that wear the same livery. They give us much to think upon, they make us turn to our Bibles, and they leave a hallowed unction upon our spirits. We may read half a dozen other books through of the same size within the same time, but with far less profit. The subject of this treatise is as much adapted to our age as when it was first written, and probably more so.

Worth Her Weight in Gold. W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Books, in the style of novels, are not favourites with us, even though the subject and design may be of the purest kind. There is a large class of young ladies to whom this book will be welcome; and none can be more desirous than we are that after its perusal they may become worth their weight in gold.

The Happy Man. By Rev. John Pugh, B.A. Elliot Stock.

The only way to true happiness is here clearly stated and seriously commended. It is a little book full of great truths; calm, dignified, and scriptural throughout; a valuable guide to those who are just setting out in life.

Christian Work, a magazine of religious and missionary information. Price 6d. Strahan & Co. Ludgate Hill.

Every earnest worker should read this admirable chronicle; it is a singularly interesting register of holy work in all parts of the field.

Pilgrim's Progress, with Coloured Illustrations. The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

This is the best edition of this immortal work that we have seen. It is the commencement of a re-issue in monthly parts. The type is large, and the engravings are of the best modern kind.

A Journey of Life. By Frank Foster. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

This author's purposes are good, but he has a round-about way of disclosing them. His object is to allure the reader on by a literary artifice well known to certain writers to moral conclusions, to which no direct reasoning would have brought them. By gradually lifting the veil curiosity is kept in exercise until the whole object is exhibited, and the mind is compelled to contemplate in parts what it would not have contemplated as a whole. The appeal, however, in the two instances is not generally made to the same faculties. The one is made chiefly, if not entirely, to the judgment, the other to the feelings. Their effects, therefore, are not equally genuine and abiding. Better get wholesome truths into the inner man through the feelings and imagination than not at all, is the conviction by which some are actuated; and both for their aim and the labour they bestow upon its accomplishment they are deserving of some praise, but the method we do not admire.

Christ our Life and Living by Faith. Exemplified in the experience, labours, and letters of the late Wm. Lamb, minister of the gospel, Wakefield. By John Jefferson. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

This is a very vivacious, intelligent, and spiritual series of letters by a most remarkable man, but we do not yet feel at liberty to commend it for very general reading. There is so much that is good in the highest sense that it seems a pity to criticise this book at all; but there is a singular vein of novelty-hunting, and we had almost said quibbling in it, that we do not feel fellowship with the entire volume, and must defer our judgment. We will read the book again at our leisure, and it may be our opinion will change.

The Child Minister. By the Author of "Tell Jesus." Morgan and Chase.

A tender narrative of the life and death of a pious child, calculated to benefit greatly, and to interest little children.

Notices.

ON the 10th and 11th of June special and interesting services were held at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire. On the Sabbath day two sermons were preached, on the occasion of the re-opening of the Baptist Tabernacle, after great alterations and considerable enlargement; in the morning, by the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; in the evening, by the Rev. Thomas Bentley, of Coventry. On Monday, commencing at two o'clock, a recognition service was held, in connection with the settlement of J. J. Dalton, student of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Church. Mr. Bentley opened the proceedings with singing and prayer. Mr. H. Angus, of Rugby, asked the usual questions of the church and pastor; Mr. Josiah Frost, one of the deacons, stated the circumstances which resulted in the unanimous invitation of Mr. Dalton to the pastorate; Mr. Dalton gave a brief statement of his Christian experience and call to the ministry; Mr. Angus then read a portion of Scripture, and offered a prayer of dedication; Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the minister; Mr. W. Bowen Davies, of Coventry, addressed the congregation; Mr. Coop (Independent) concluded with prayer. Soon after five o'clock about 300 persons sat down to tea in the Tabernacle. An evening meeting was held, presided over by William Franklin, Esq., of Coventry, to which many were unable to obtain admittance. The speeches were all characteristic of true servants of Christ, and a feeling of love pervaded the whole assembly, which consisted of friends of various denominations. The speakers were Mr. R. Low, of Woolston; Mr. Coop, of Southam; Mr. Wakelin, of Coventry; Mr. Taylor; Mr. Lloyd, of Churchover; Mr. Davies and Mr. Bentley, of Coventry; Mr. Rogers, of London; and Mr. Angus, of Rugby. The proceeds of the occasion amounted to about £30. The whole of the services were numerously attended. This was a cheering spectacle to the friends of Christ in this locality, where very little has been done for a number of years. Several candidates are waiting for admission to the church, and the prospects are encouraging. A bazaar will be held in the course of a little time towards liquidating the debt incurred by the needful enlargement of the chapel; contributions to which will be thankfully received by the pastor.

On Wednesday, the 30th of May, Mr. J. S. Morris, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church worshipping at Romney Street Chapel, Westminster. The meeting was commenced by the Rev. W. H. Jellie (Independent); after which, Mr. Morris briefly stated the means the Lord had used to bring him to a knowledge of the truth, and to engage in the work of the ministry. He gave an interesting account of his connection with the Chapel in Romney Street. His first audience consisted of six persons only. In sixteen months over seventy had joined the church, to many of whom he could point as the seals of his own ministry. There was now a large and flourishing Sunday school, which was well supplied with teachers. A mission had also been formed, through the agency of which services had been held weekly in many of the largest lodging-houses in Westminster. Open air preaching, tract distribution, mothers' meetings, and visitations were also among its operations. After this statement Mr. F. White, of Chelsea, offered prayer. The Rev. G. Rogers then addressed a charge to the pastor. The Rev. D. Katterns followed with a charge to the church, founded upon 1 Thessalonians v. 13, 14. Mr. R. R. Finch and Mr. G. D. Evans also took part in the service, which was full of interest and encouragement both for the church and pastor.

The Fifth Anniversary of the Baptist Church, meeting in the Carlton Chapel, Southampton, was held on Sunday, the 10th of June. The Right Honorable Lord Teynham preached morning and evening, in aid of the Building Fund. The chapel was well filled at both services. On Tuesday following a bazaar was held in the Philharmonic Rooms, which was opened by the pastor, Mr. J. Collins, at eleven a.m. Through the inclemency of the weather in the morning there were but few purchasers, but

in the afternoon and evening the stalls were liberally patronised. The annual tea was held in the same place at five p.m., when between three and four hundred were assembled. A public meeting followed, at which the pastor presided. The report for the past year was read, which was of a very satisfactory nature. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Heaton, T. Sissons, R. Caven, and C. Williams. The evening was further enlivened by suitable Anthems by the choir. The pecuniary profits of the anniversary, as far as can at present be ascertained, will be about £80.

On the 25th of May a public tea meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, Woodstock, and after tea a public meeting. The chair was occupied by Mr. T. Hunt, senior deacon, and the audience, which was highly respectable, was addressed by Messrs. G. G. Banbury, E. P. Kent, W. Leggatt, and W. M. Duke. During the evening, the chairman, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented to the Rev. J. G. Hughes, the esteemed and beloved pastor, a handsome clock in a glass case. A papier-maché inkstand, of a neat and useful description, was also handed to the pastor on behalf of the Bible-class. Mr. Hughes acknowledged the gifts in a very feeling and appropriate address, and the meeting was concluded about nine p.m. Mr. Hughes preached his farewell sermon at that place on the following Sunday evening to an overflowing congregation from the words, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved;" at the close of which the Lord's supper was administered. Mr. Hughes leaves Woodstock, followed by the respect and esteem of all classes. He has received and accepted a unanimous invitation from the United Churches of Culmstock and Uffculm, Devon, to become their pastor, and entered on his new sphere of labour the first Lord's day in June.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from May 19th, to June 18th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Harvey	5	0	0
Mr. J. Craddock	0	5	0
Mr. T. W. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. Simpson	2	2	0
A Friend at Old Swan	10	0	0
Mr S. Mobbs	0	5	0
I. S. M.	0	5	0
Mr. Pope	8	0	0
J. P. T.	0	5	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
J. G.	0	2	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	20	0	0
Mr. J. W. Scott	10	0	0
A Widow's Mite, Edinburgh	1	0	0
A Friend	0	4	0
Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Charlotte Ware	0	2	6
Mr. G. T. Bellby	2	0	0
A Thank-offering for having escaped loss in the panic	5	0	0
Amy	0	5	0
Mrs. Jephs	1	5	0
Miss F. Liverpool	0	5	0
Friend at Edinburgh.—Name lost	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
A Friend at the Railway Station, Dundee	2	0	0
Bloxham	0	2	6
Misses M. and L. Challis	0	10	0
Maria Bolton	0	3	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	0	10	0
"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters"	0	5	0
S. B. P.	1	0	0
Birthday Gift to Mr. Spurgeon, by a few friends at the Tabernacle	31	10	0
A Birthday Present, Belfast	1	0	0
Mrs. Macbeth, per Mr. Offord	1	0	0
Mrs. Mackrill	1	0	0
A Birthday Present to Papa from Masters Charles and Thomas Spurgeon	1	6	8
Lillah	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 21	20	3	11
" " " " 28	23	2	10
" " " " June 4	50	4	0
" " " " 11	32	6	8
" " " " 18	33	18	6
	£201	12	1

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1866.

The Holy War of the present Hour.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

EVERY period is, on some account or other, a crisis. The conflict between the powers of darkness and the Spirit of truth concerns such vital interests, and is conducted with such unceasing energy, that each moment is big with importance, and every instant is the hinge of destiny. We may be held excusable, therefore, if we should be mistaken in the assertion that the present hour is one of extreme peril, and demands the utmost zeal of the servants of the living God. In addition to the stolid mass of heathenism which crowds our great cities and rusticates in the sparser populations, over and beyond the terrible indifference to divine things which covers the nation, we have in England to stand foot to foot with a Romanism of the most fascinating form, and with an infidelity of the most cunning character. The rapid growth of Tractarianism is astounding to all but those who know the adaptation of the system to the depraved heart; but to such it is as easily accounted for as the kindling of a conflagration when fire falls among hay and stubble. While men's hearts are tinder-boxes it will never be a wonder that the devil should be able to light a fire. The master-piece of Satan is Popery. Just as the gospel of the grace of God is the noblest display of the divine attributes, so is the Popish system the most subtle of all the works of Satan, wherein he manifests his utmost skill; and as the energy of Omnipotence is prepared to consummate the triumph of the Lord's Christ, so is all the might of hell engaged to secure the supremacy of Antichrist. There can be little doubt that in the Church of England the Tractarian party is by far the most powerful, and that out of that church its ill savour is doing much serious mischief. It has been called a brilliant fungus growing upon the church; we believe it to be, to a great extent, the legitimate form of that community, sanctioned by its past history, and prescribed by its liturgy and catechism. We are quite unable to agree with those who think Puseyism to be a departure from the Church of England, for the

fact that its adherents ask for no revision of the liturgy is a proof that they feel it to be on their side. Those who remember the Puseyism of ten years ago will have observed the tremendous strides with which it has advanced, and will have been equally struck with the development which it has undergone; its plumage was modesty itself then, compared with its splendour now, and its tone was indistinct as the famous roaring of sucking doves, compared with its present thunderings. No longer can we say that Puseyism is Romanism disguised; it has removed the mask, and is now openly and avowedly what it has always been—ritualism, sacramentarianism, priestcraft, Antichrist. Puseyism has clothed herself with the beggarly rags worn by the Romish harlot in the dark ages, and thrown upon the dunghill because they were too full of leprosy to be any longer endured by intelligent beings; these rags she has put on one by one with daily increasing hardihood, until at last her likeness to the Apocalyptic sketch of the woman on the scarlet-coloured beast is as clear as noonday; but all this has not opened the eyes of the boasted "No Popery" England, and multitudes in our nation are as much enamoured with priestcraft to-day as their fathers were in the days of Thomas of Canterbury. Meanwhile, sceptics in canonicals are debauching thoughtful minds with their speculations and insinuations, and so with a double cord the people are dragged downward to destruction.

Is nothing to be done? Can nothing be attempted? Shall all the zeal, energy, wit, and perseverance in the world go to the wrong side? Is there no demand made upon believers now to vindicate the truth? Our fathers held their own against all comers, and even turned to flight the armies of the aliens; are we tamely to sit still? Let a crusade against Puseyism and all other error be proclaimed, and let all faithful souls enlist in the great war. In the name of the Lord we will set up our banners and join in the fray. The gospel of Jesus is assailed by its ancient enemies, let every true man come to the front and face the foe. Oh for the God of Gideon to be with the few whom he may make worthy to smite the great host who have covered the land! The Puritans erred in using carnal weapons, and hence their victory was shortlived; our conflict now is not with flesh and blood, and if the Lord speed us, the triumph once gained will be perpetual.

The well-known story of Arnold von Winkelried occurs to us as admirably illustrating our present position. The tale shall be told, and then we will append its moral. The Austrian duke, determined to make vassals of the Swiss cantons, had marched an army of well-armed knights and nobles to attack the city of Lucerne, against which the gallant Swiss could only send into the field a few ill-accoutred warriors. Armour was scarce among the Swiss; some had only boards fastened on their arms by way of shields, some had halberts which had been used by their sires at the battle of Morgarten, and others wielded two-handed swords and battle-axes; they formed themselves into a wedge, and strove with useless valour to break the bristling line of spears presented by the Austrian knights, whose gay shields and polished impenetrable armour stood like a glittering wall quite out of the Switzer's reach. Nothing availed against the Austrian phalanx, while death thinned the ranks of the patriots. It was a moment when some

unusual deed was needed, and the deed was done. Winkelried saw at a glance the only means of saving his country, and promptly made himself a sacrifice to secure her liberties. Sir Walter Scott, in a worthy translation of the poem of Albert Tchudi, sings of the hero's valiant self-sacrifice:—

"'I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

'These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way.'

He rush'd against the Austrian band
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and axe, and partisan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust."

When fairly mingled in the fray, the unwieldy length of their weapons and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the valiant mountaineers, and the liberties of Switzerland were secured by the slaughter of her foes.

All great movements need the entire self-sacrifice of some one man who, careless of consequences, will throw himself upon the spears of the enemy. Providence has usually raised up such a one just when he was needed, and we may look for such a person to come suddenly to the front now. Meanwhile, is there not a man of the sort to be found in our churches? We believe there are many, and to aid in identifying them we will sketch the man required. He must be simple-minded, outspoken, bold and fearless of consequences. To him courage must be instead of prudence, and faith instead of policy. He must be prepared to be apparently despised and really hated, because intensely dreaded. He must reckon upon having every sentence he utters distorted, and every action misrepresented, but in this he must rejoice so long as his blows tell and his utterances win a hearing. Ease, reputation, comfort, he must renounce, and be content so long as he lives to dwell without the world's camp. Standing at the point of the wedge he must be ambitious to bury as many spears as possible in his own bosom that others may win the victory. Now who is the man who should naturally take up this position? Who in our churches is most called to it? Is it not the minister of Christ? Who should lead

the van of the Lord's host but the preacher of the Word? In our measure, such being our calling, we are willing so to act as the Lord may enable us, for such is well becoming in a soldier of Jesus Christ. A constant, unmistakeable, and uncompromising testimony against Puseyite idolatry we desire to bear; let every one of the pastors of our churches be of the same mind.

It is a circumstance which should cause the profoundest joy to our comrades in the holy war that there is no lack of earnest men who devote themselves to the ministry from pure and ardent love of Jesus. Often do the tears burst unbidden from our eyes when having set before young men the poverty which they must expect if they become Baptist ministers, they reply like men who have counted the cost, "Sir, we would sooner live on bread and water and preach the gospel than become the richest men on earth." When men are earning in another vocation three or four times as much as niggardly churches are likely to give them, it is no mean test of their fitness for leadership when they throw up hopeful prospects of competence with alacrity, and even count it all joy to suffer loss for the Master's sake. Our College never needs to look about for such men, they crowd upon us, and we have only to select and test them, and in no manner directly or indirectly to invite them. Blessed be God, the old heroic spirit is not extinct among us! The church must take care that she does not discourage it, but rather foster it by all the means in her power. When God sends us men, there should never be any deficiency of means for educating them, and maintaining them when fully equipped.

Is it needful to remind private Christians that when Arnold broke the ranks of the Austrians it would have been a useless waste of life if his fellow-Swiss had not followed up the advantage? There was the gap in that dreadful thorn-hedge of spears; his corpse had split the phalanx, and now over his body his grateful countrymen must dash to victory. Suppose they had all shrunk back; imagine that they had begun to criticise his action in the usual style,—"a very imprudent, rash man, very! He has acted very indiscreetly; we should have done so and so." Of course such critics would have done nothing at all; everybody knows that; but people who do not mean to do a thing, and who could not do it, are always saying, after it is done, that it should have been far better managed. But no, instead of wasting time in empty discussion the Swiss patriots asked no questions, but, seeing the opportunity made for them, they took immediate advantage of it. We do not doubt but that many a time the Christian church might have won great victories if it had been prepared to dash into the gap which some brave man, by God's grace, had been enabled to make. If it be enquired in the present instance, What can private Christians do in cases where such bold leadership has been granted them? our reply is, Let every spiritual weapon be used, let mighty prayer be kept ever waving like a two-edged sword, and let holy earnestness in teaching the word prove the sincerity of the supplication. God is with us, and will manifest his power when we are all thoroughly intent upon stirring up his strength. We do not cry unto him as we should, nor feel enough the imminence of our peril; else should we soon see the making bare of his arm. Let united prayer be put up by all believers concerning the present state of religion in England, and

we shall not be many months before a change shall pass over the land.

Personal effort must also be used to propagate the truth upon the matters now assailed. There must be no time-serving, no vacillation; we must let all around us know what we believe, and why we believe it. Not alone the first rudimentary truths of the gospel must be taught, but the whole circle of revelation; we must conceal no distinctive doctrine, and withhold no unpalatable dogma. In the parlour and the kitchen, in the shop and in the field, we must lift up the cross and abase the crucifix, magnify the gospel and ridicule superstition, glorify the Lord Jesus and expose priestcraft. If England expects *every man* to do his duty, much more does God expect it at the hands of his people.

In connection with our own work we would commend to our readers our effort in the College. We are, by means of our young brethren, testifying in numerous districts the old-fashioned gospel, the gospel of Bunyan and of Owen, the gospel of our Lord Jesus. We have had the divine approval in a marked manner, but we long to see far greater things than these. The sending forth of labourers into the vineyard is not only a theme for prayer but for earnest effort also. We beseech our brethren to assist us with their prayers, and, when they feel moved to do so, with their substance in our beloved life-work; but our confidence is in God that the work will never suffer want. Next to this we would urge the propriety of a very large distribution of religious literature bearing upon the Puseyite controversy. Very little has been done in this respect. Tractarianism owed its origin to tracts, as its name implies; why may not its downfall come from the same means, if well used? If several millions of copies of forcible, Scriptural testimonies could be scattered over the land, the results might far exceed all expectation. Of course, controversy would arise out of such a distribution; but this is most desirable, since it is only error which could suffer by the question being everywhere discussed. We should like to see the country flooded, and even the walls placarded with bold exposures of error and plain expositions of truth. We will take our own share in the effort if any friends should be moved to work *with us;* at the same time we shall be equally glad if they will do the work alone, only let it be done, and done well, and at once. If the expense of the tracts should involve a sacrifice, it will be sweet to the true heart to serve the Lord with his substance, and none will desire to offer to Him that which cost him nothing.

Further, it is on our heart very heavily to stir up our friends to rescue some of the scholastic influence of our adversaries out of their hands. In the common schools of England church influence is out of all proportion with the number of the Episcopal body and the proportion of the Nonconforming churches. We have too much given up our children to the enemy, and if the clergy had possessed the skill to hold them, the mischief might have been terrible; as it is, our Sabbath schools have neutralized the evil to a large extent, but it ought not to be suffered to exist any longer; a great effort should be made to multiply our day schools, and to render them distinctly religious, by teaching the gospel in them, and by labouring to bring the children *as children* to the Lord Jesus. The silly cry of "Nonsectarian" is duping

many into the establishment of schools in which the most important part of wisdom, namely, the fear of the Lord, is altogether ignored; we trust this folly will soon be given up, and that we shall see schools in which all that we believe and hold dear shall be taught to the children of our poorer adherents.

Middle-class education of a high order is sedulously cared for among the Romanisers. They have numerous self-supporting schools where the payments are low, and the education superior, and they thus obtain a hold upon many families with limited means who are anxious to give their sons a first-class education, and therefore allow them to enter these hotbeds of Popery. Could not we who hold certain views of truth establish at once a grammar school of the highest order, where the payments should be as moderate as possible, and where the truths which we hold should be most distinctly taught? If we should meet with encouragement in the project, although we have already enough labour for twenty men, we would commence such an institution under our own eye within a short distance of the Tabernacle, under the direction of our own church officers, whose assistance would enable us to care for the souls of the boys who might be sent to us. A considerable subscribed capital would be required to commence with, and a good deal of counsel might be necessary before the plan was ready to work, but meanwhile it would materially clear the way if we had communications from friends in answer to the following query: "*Supposing that a really first-class school, in a healthy position, could be founded, at which the charge for boarders should be not more than* £30 *per annum, and in which the principles advocated by Mr. Spurgeon should be a recognised part of the teaching, would you send your sons to it?*" There would remain nothing but minor difficulties if there should be a large response to this query. Our great Puritan authors usually came from foundation-schools, and if we would have a race of eminent divines, we shall probably obtain them from men who from their youth up have learned the Scriptures. The importance of such a school as we desire to see, we cannot, we think, over-estimate. We inserted our own name in the query to make the question as definite as possible; not because we think that this one school would be enough, but because if one could be established we hope other ministers would be led to do something of a similar kind. There are already in operation several admirable institutions of the kind suggested, but there is no great Baptist public school, and we have no doubt but that one is needed. We have no sort of object in suggesting its commencement in connection with ourselves, but the hope that with our large connection we may be able to carry it out, where others might fail. If it cannot be done in the best possible manner, it shall not be attempted by us; but we feel so much its importance that, by God's grace, it shall be no fault of ours if it do not succeed. "Church principles," as they are called, are drilled into youth by the troublers of our Israel; why should we not meet them by training our sons in the true church principles, and by surrounding them with hallowed influences, which, under the divine blessing, might lead them to Jesus, and introduce them into his service. With the aid of our deacons and elders we could, by God's grace, maintain a constant effort for the conversion of the lads, and who knows how much of holy result might come of it?

These two projects we have mooted, and must leave to God and to his people to consider them. Brethren in Christ, by the love you bear to the gospel of Jesus, be up and doing for the Lord's cause in the land. If not in these ways, yet by some other methods do meet the enemy of souls, and seek to tear the prey from between his jaws. If every hair of our head were a man, and every man had a thousand tongues, every one should cry out against the Anglican Antichrist. No greater plague can break forth among our people than the plague of Puseyism! If there be any human means unused by which the flood of Popery may be stemmed, let us use it, and meanwhile, with heart and soul let us approach the throne of grace, and cry unto the Lord to maintain his own truth, and put his enemies to confusion.

The World knoweth not the Christian. Why?

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not."—1 John iii. 1.

ONE day as one of the disciples left the temple, one of them said to Jesus, "Master, behold what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" The stones of the temple were very large and excited their wonder. Josephus, the Jewish historian, tells us that some of these stones were seventy feet in length and ten feet in thickness. No wonder that the admiration of the simple fishermen was raised. How could they be lifted there? What strength could cast them down? "Master, behold what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" John was one of the disciples who made this exclamation of wonder. It is curious to find him using the same expression here—"Behold!" He was looking at another and far greater temple, built not of dead, but of "living stones," and he cries out with wonder, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" This love is great in three respects. Consider

1. WHO IT IS THAT LOVES. "*The Father.*" The very God whom we have offended, the God who is infinite in justice; of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and who can by no means clear the guilty.

2. Consider WHO IT IS THAT ARE LOVED. "*Us.*" Sinful dust and ashes. By reason of our very littleness we are unworthy of his notice. We are so mean and so small. "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" By reason of our sin and rebellion, we are worthy only of hell. If all the angels had been asked, "What shall I do with man?" they would all have cried with one voice, "cast him into hell beside fallen angels." But God's ways are far above angels' ways. "*He loved us!*"

3. THE MANNER OF HIS LOVE. "That we should be called the sons of God." Behold *how* he loved us. He has adopted us into his family; washed us in the blood of his Son; clothed us in the robe of

* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript. Preached Jan. 28th, 1838.

his righteousness; brought us within the veil; fed us with the children's bread; put within us the "new heart"—the heart of children, so that we cry, "*Abba, Father.*" Has God done this for you? Oh, then, eternity will ring with this sweet word of praise, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." This is the greatest wonder in the universe, how God hath loved us. Do you ask what the world thinks of us? Here is the answer: "The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." You might have thought that the world would love those whom God loves. There must be something so wonderful, so happy, so heavenly-like about a child of God, you would have thought the world would have laid hold on the skirts of his garment, and have said, "We will go with you." But no. Let us remember what is written, "Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." The world does not know the child of God any more than it knew Christ.

I. THE WORLD DID NOT KNOW JESUS. Jesus tells us in his gospel, that the light shone into the darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not. "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not." 1st. *They did not know whence he came.* "Is not this the carpenter?" they said. "Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James and Joses, and Juda and Simeon, and his sisters, are they not all with us?" They did not know "the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." So it is now. How few know whence he came! Many want even the *head* knowledge of it. I have met with several in this Christian land, and in our own town, who could not tell from whence Christ came. Many more have *only* head knowledge of it. They never realize it as true, that the Son of God ever lived upon this earth; that he came out from God. Have *you really* believed it? Have you hung upon his words? You should go to him like Nicodemus. You should not rest without the knowledge of him. 2. *The world knew not why he came.* Some said he is a prophet, some said, he was Elias, some Jeremiah, or one of the prophets, some said, Nay, but he deceiveth the people; others said, he was a glutton and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. Ah! they said true, he is the friend of sinners—their only friend, but they knew him not. They did not know the love that burned beneath his mantle—they did not know why that face was not like other men's; they did not know that he came to give his life "a ransom for many." So it is now. The world "knows him not." Sometimes unconverted persons admire his virtues—his meekness, his gentleness, his heavenly wisdom. They are fond of admiring these. They think this is religion. But ah! who looks to him as a Surety? Who says, "He died for me, I do not need to die"? Not one of a thousand. The world "knows him not."

II. THE WORLD KNOWS AS LITTLE OF A CHILD OF GOD. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." If a native Chinese were to arrive in your town, and to walk through your streets, you can imagine how every one would stare at him. They would not know him; he is a stranger—a foreigner. His birth would be quite unknown; his dress all strange; his language, his business, his home, all quite unknown. So it is with the child of God. He is a stranger—a foreigner in this

world; and though the men of the world do not take the trouble to stare at him as he passes through the streets, still he is a stranger here, and they know him not. "I am a stranger in the earth, hide not thy commandments from me." "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." So David says in the 39th Psalm. And Peter frequently makes use of such expressions as "strangers," "pilgrims;" and Paul tells of the fathers, that they confessed they were "strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

1st. *His birth is unknown.* His *first* birth into the world of nature the world may know well. They can tell his parents and his pedigree. The world delights in this. It is its taste. Indeed it may be said of some as of the Athenians, that they spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing of this sort. But do they know his *second* birth? Ah! no. They know it not; believe it not. They do not know how it happens. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." When a child of God is born in a godless family, the rest do not know whence it comes. They think it is some whim, some notion taken into the brain. They do not know that it is the work of the Holy Spirit. They do not know how great it is. If it is a godless family it is a matter of no interest. They see a brother, a sister, a child, going through deep waters—brought into an anxious state of mind; they hear his cries and see his tears, yet they do not know what is going on. They little dream that in their dwelling a soul is being born for eternal glory; one that is to be a king and a priest for ever, and to sit upon the throne with Christ. A little child who had been truly born again, said to his mother, "Mother, I shall be a king and a priest in that day, and have a crown of glory upon my head." The world knows nothing of all this. The world knoweth us not, even as it knew him not. They do not know how many are interested about a new-born soul. *They* have no interest; perhaps they revile and persecute the young Christian; but angels are busy ministering to that soul, and as there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, so there is joy over that soul that is new born for eternity. Jesus, the good Physician, is tenderly binding up that soul. God the Holy Ghost is taking up his abode there. God the Father is smiling over it in love. Oh, how blessed to be cared for by every holy, happy being: to have the angels calling us brother, sister, and God calling us, "my child!" The world knows nothing of all this—cares not for it. They are like Gallio; Gallio cared for none of these things.

A word to those born again. Do not be surprised if your worldly friends have no sympathy with you. They see you weep for your soul, they do not weep with you. They see you smiling and happy in the forgiveness of sins. They do not rejoice with you. Do not be grieved with this. The servant is not greater than his master, nor the disciple than his Lord. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." Learn, not to be moved by the scorn of worldly friends, nor the opposition of such. Their ignorance is the only reason why they scorn you. If they knew Jesus they would know you and love you. A person who was ignorant of the power of a steam vessel would mock and scorn you

if you said it would go against both wind and tide; but surely you would not be moved by their scorning, you would know it was only their ignorance. So deal with the world. They scorn and oppose the work of God in your soul, because they are ignorant. Be not moved then. Look upon them with a pitiful tenderness. Being reviled, revile not again; but commit your soul to him who judgeth righteously. The world knoweth us not, even as it knew him not.

2nd. *His language is unknown.* If a stranger were to come from China, nothing would be more remarkable than his language. It would be so different from ours. So it is with a child of God when he is born again. He gets a new language, and the world knows it not. *There is the language of faith.* An unconverted soul cannot speak one word of faith. No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. But when God begins a work of grace in the heart, the new-born soul begins to lisp the language of faith—"My Lord and my God." How great is his goodness; how great is his beauty. "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "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." God fulfils the promise, "I will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord with one consent." The world knows nothing of this language—cannot understand it—thinks it all hypocrisy. It knoweth us not, even as it knew him not. *There is the language of praise.* The unconverted soul never praises God. But when God opens the mouth, then the lips show forth his praise. He maketh the tongue of the dumb to sing. O my dear friends, can you sing that sweet song, "Thou hast redeemed my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling"? This is the new song begun on earth. No man can learn that song but the redeemed. The world knoweth it not, even as it knew him not. Have you got this new language? Then do not be surprised if the world knows you not. If they call it "cant and hypocrisy" do not wonder. They called the Master of the house "Beelzebub," what will they not call the servants?

3rd. *His pleasures are unknown.* People of distant ages and nations differ much in their pleasures. The child is pleased with a toy. The young man seeks more manly and athletic games. Another devotes himself to books. Another to fascinating delights of vanity. Different nations too have their different pleasures. The Greeks delighted in running and wrestling; the Persians in contemplation and rest; the Arab in plunder. The Christian, too, has his pleasures, such as the world knows not of. He can say, "I have meat to eat that you know not of." He delights in the Word. His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. "O how love I thy law, it is my study all the day." Not more surely does the new-born babe delight in its mother's milk than does the new-born soul delight in the Word of God. It is to him food and medicine, shield and sword. Is this really one of your pleasures? Then you are a child of God. *He delights in the Sabbath.* Once he said, "What a weariness is it!" "When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn, and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat?" But now he calls it a delight; the holy of the Lord and

honourable; now it is the sweetest day of all the seven. He rises early and sits up late to make it the longest day of all. Do you know anything of this change? Then you are a child of God. The world knoweth not this. *He delights in communion with God.* Once he did not know the meaning of the word. He *said* his prayers perhaps, but he did not *pray*. Now his sweetest moments are spent within the veil—to make use of Christ as his fountain wherein to wash—to receive the glimpses of his reconciled countenance—to wait for the outletting of the Holy Spirit on the soul. Ah! this is heaven upon earth. Do you know anything of this? Then you are a true child of God. The world knows nothing of it. The world sees the outside of a Christian, calls him gloomy, and severe. Oh! could they see the smile that is upon his soul, the beam of heavenly light that lightens all within, they would know "that great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

A word to worldly souls. Do you think I could persuade you to know a Christian? I fear not, unless God win you to know Christ. Do you not know some who are Christians indeed? Do you not remember how they used to enjoy what you now do; your silly games, your gorgeous feasts, your gaudy dresses, your sinful indulgences? Do you not remember how they used to have the same passions as you? Their eye is as easily lighted up as yours; their palate as easily pleased; their stomach as easily pampered. Do you not see that their judgment is as sound as yours? They are accurate men of business. Diligent and painstaking at their work. Do you not remember how they had the same abhorrence that you have, to the Word, and prayer, and the Sabbath day. They were as careless of the Bible as you; they had the same hatred of psalm-singing and prayer; the same pleasure in breaking the Sabbath day. Tell me now, as honest judges, what you think has made them change. Why have they left all their silly pleasures, and chosen the ways they once abhorred? Ah! do you not see, it is a wonderful work of God in their hearts? They have been born again, and you are left the same as what you were; you are not yet changed. We have tasted all your pleasures. We have drunk the cup of devils and the cup of the Lord. You have tried only the one side. We know *both*, and we can say that our drop of peace with God is worth an ocean of your vile pleasures. We once were what you are. Oh that you were what we are now—"born again"! What fruit had we in those things whereof we are now ashamed? God be thanked, we were the servants of sin, but we have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine delivered unto us.

4. *His home is unknown.* An unconverted soul has his home and his country all in this world. His house, and money, and lands, these are his all; he has no more. If you be "born again," you have another home, a better country. "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." It is your country because Christ is there. He is your elder brother. He is your other self, your surety, your risen head, and where he is you will soon now be. It is your country because you are a son of God, and if a son then an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ. It is your country because your associations are there. Many sweet friends are there who were lovely and

pleasant in their lives. Jesus your best friend is there. This world is a home where there is nothing but partings; but yonder is the Christian's home, where all in Christ meet, one ransomed family never to sunder more. Do you seek this better country? Then remember the world knoweth us not even as it knew him not; and oh, be not proud or bitter against them: they know not what they do. They never shall see that good land. Christians, do not be surprised if the world has no sympathy with you; if they call your sweet hope "enthusiasm." They know us not; they knew not our God. And you poor worldly souls, can you look on the tranquil bosom of the Christian, and not feel that they have something that you have not? "If this be dying it is a pleasant thing to die," said a young child of God; and again, when asked if she would wish to get well and live, "not for all the world," she cried, "not for a thousand worlds!" O my unconverted friends, it is plain that there is something in the feelings of a believer which you know nothing of. Will you not enquire what it is?

Among the Spitalfields Lodging-Houses.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

(Concluded from page 321.)

A PERSONAL inspection of the seat of the mission at Spitalfields, under the care of Mr. Lewis, with its arterial branches of social and moral evangelism, would teach the Christian reader many valuable lessons which the writer has no space to enforce on this occasion. While we were conversing with Mr. Lewis in a long old-fashioned shed, which served the purpose of a vestry, a weeping girl was brought into the room. She was an inmate of the Refuge, had lived an immoral life, but had been brought to reason and morality, and now—to crown the glorious work—was rejoicing, in a sun-shower of tears, that she had found the sinner's Saviour. That was a touching sight. Delivered from self-immolation, a youthful, interesting, blooming girl had been washed in the blood-fountain, and was weeping out her gratitude to God. There are many such cases recorded in Mr. Lewis's last published book. Not a few of these fallen ones have been desperately depraved; and some of the letters received after their conversion manifest to the intelligent mind a surprising advancement in the divine life which less guilty converts have far from made. The origin of the Refuge was in consequence of an expressed desire from Mr. Lewis that some provision should be made for housing the destitute and homeless. This step, it appears, was determined on before the passing of that beneficent measure by which it was made imperative upon all parochial authorities to provide wards or places for the sleeping accommodation of vagrants and wayfarers in London. As no shed could at first be obtained, lodgings were provided *pro tem.* for the most deserving cases. Here Mr. Lewis got into a serious, although somewhat laughable scrape. He shall tell the tale himself:—

"The fact of my providing lodgings got abroad, and a painful time to myself and others ensued. Night after night I was set upon by numbers of the lawless and desperate who abound, and the means to obtain food and lodgings demanded

vociferously. On refusing, oaths and curses followed, and threats were freely uttered. They threatened to 'stick' (stab) or 'chive' (knife) me if I dared go down their streets—they waylaid me, and one night a number combined to follow me home. This was made known to me ere I left the Hall. Calling two or three of my dear fellow-labourers, I told them what had been planned, and we left the Hall with the determination of walking some miles. After getting a little way, one of us looked back, and there, sure enough, were a number following at our heels; we passed the New Road, went along the main road at a sharp pace; on they followed, we increased our pace. Presently on looking behind we discerned that their numbers had decreased. Looking behind again shortly, there remained only two; these after a time gave it up, and we, making a sharp turn, passed into another street, and so I got home safe after a considerable *détour*."

On the "Metropolitan Houseless Poor Act, 1865," receiving the Royal Assent, it was found to be advisable to convert the Refuge into a Reformatory for fallen women. A room was fitted up for the purpose, and twenty-four girls were admitted. The work, in its first stages, presented many unfavourable symptoms, as the harlots of the vicinity of the building are terribly sunken in vice. Mr. Lewis told me of a woman whom he described as one of "the most beautiful of Christians" who came to the Refuge with only a tattered drugget tied to her person; and in addition to rags, disease, nakedness, and ignorance, there are those virulent evil qualities which, when displayed in women, are far worse to deal with than in the sterner sex. "So *un*womanly," says Mr. Lewis, "so fallen are many, that, did we not experimentally know the power of the grace of God, we might be led to despair of doing anything for their eternal good." A few of these women when provided with situations have left them in disgrace; the "bullies" entice others away to their former disreputable life, while some, having partially benefited from the attentions they had received in the Refuge, suddenly left it without assigning any reason or manifesting any previous inclination to yielding to the old temptation. Those who have by God's grace been preserved hitherto, manifest that simple and passionate attachment to the Redeemer which has ever been the characteristic of that class who forgiven much, have much loved.

It could not be expected that a work of this character should be greatly esteemed by the wretched people who live in the neighbourhood. The more depraved the district, the stronger is the brute opposition given to any missions. Pelting stones is a comparatively harmless kind of amusement among the Irish roughs: and open-air preachers, even in this day of enlightenment, do not escape bruised heads and disfigured countenances. The other Sunday, I have been told, some young street-speakers were bodily removed by a number of roughs in a well-known street near Loudon Bridge, and stones were thrown by both boys and women. The heathen of foreign lands are invariably generous enough to give a reasonable amount of attention to the missionaries; but the brutality and ignorance of English and Irish heathendom and blackguardism are too inseparably connected to expect that their manliness should exceed that of their more enlightened brethren of foreign climes. "The Gospel Hall," says Mr. Lewis, "is viewed by numbers as an enemy's stronghold, and treated accordingly; windows are smashed, and all the damage wilfully done that can be—

lamps are smothered in mud"—and other details too coarse to print. Some of the wretches "are so lost and dead to sacred things—so hardened in sin, that they cannot refrain from obscene remarks even during service in the house of God." Here is another sad glimpse at their mental and moral condition:—

"The callous indifference and hardihood of thieves is truly painful. Nothing is sacred. I have been much tried by them. House of God or not, it makes no difference. One night they broke into the Gospel Hall and stole the clock; another night they broke in and smashed the money box at the door in the hopes of finding money. We have even had them feign to be anxious about their souls after a service, and kneel down, in reality only for the purpose of the more readily stealing what they could. The thief is at the mercy of the receivers (those who buy the plunder), who, knowing that the thief must get rid of what he has stolen speedily, will give just what price they like. A thief mentioned to me that he once stole a pin which must have been of great value as the receiver gave him £30 for it."

The beggars are not much better, though much less muscular in their doings. Some years ago, Mr. Henry Mayhew wrote the natural history of this class of town and city pests, and though to the uninitiated the colours seemed to have been too thickly laid on, my observation with that of more experienced persons confirms the worst parts of the picture. The trade is a thriving one, and the more pitiable the tale, the more easily are good-natured people duped. At a very low computation, it is believed that beggars on an average get one penny in every street, and base is the street and baser the residents where nothing can be obtained. One hundred streets can be tramped through in the course of a day: so that eight shillings and four-pence would be the result of a day's begging; but actually I suppose that ten shillings or even twelve shillings daily would better represent the average gains of the more nimble and plausible rascals. Diseases, and sores, and the production of the latter by cankering, are considered to be stock-in-trade.

The cases of extraordinary conversions through the means employed by Mr. Lewis are numerous; and I shall tell one or two of them nearly in his own words, reserving to myself the right of a severe process of elimination and condensation according to one's own taste and judgment. A thief who had boasted of stealing over £15 in one day, and who had just come out of prison, was convinced of the wretchedness of the sinful state in which he was living, and determined to renounce his old practices. A sum of money sufficient to enable him to get a stock of oranges was given him; and a few days after he visited Mr. Lewis to inform him of the joys he experienced through believing in Jesus Christ. Then he wanted to stand up and tell his "mates" of the wonders of pardoning love: indeed the cup of his joy so overflowed, that his exuberant spirits had to be slightly cooled, a process so needful to many youthful converts. It was only a few days after this occurrence that the poor fellow was lying a corpse in the London Hospital, having in his latest moments testified his delight in appropriating those dear lines of Cowper—so applicable in his case—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there *have* I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

A violent and confirmed drunkard and infidel, who had a godly wife was once visited by a missionary, but without converting him to a reasonable apprehension of the ordinary truths of Revealed Writ. The missionary, with Mr. Lewis, called upon him in a miserable room in a low district, where the wretched man had lived apart from his wife. Death seemed stamped upon his countenance. He treated his visitors courteously enough until they mentioned the name of the Saviour. "I had no sooner mentioned this," says Mr. Lewis, "than he became furious, and summoning all his strength, tried to rise at me, but failed. . . He waved his hand violently, desiring me to be gone, and said he would not listen to a word more from me." But the visitors were not to be put off in this manner, so, though acting cautiously, one prayed to the Lord and the other ventured to speak of the Cross to the man. The Lord seems to have blessed the Word spoken, for the once-infidel confessed himself a sinner, sought for pardon, and ultimately rejoiced in the possession of it. He died happily a few months afterwards, and his conversion appeared to arrest the wonder of many acquainted with the sinful habits of the late debauchee.

A man and woman, two thieves, attended the services at the Mission Hall, and the truth found a lodging in their hearts. Anxious to live consistent and honest lives, they quitted their old resorts, and Mr. Lewis assisted them in setting up to sell watercresses. Being wretchedly poor, a sovereign was given to the husband, which he laid out as follows:—

"Bedstead, 4s.; five chairs, 3s. 6d.; table, 3s.; poker, 3d.; quilt, 9d.; sheets, 2s. 10d.; bed-tick, 1s. 6d.; bolster-tick, 6d.; flock, 1s. 8d.; saucepan, 1s. 6d.; fryingpan, 6d. Total, £1."

Here is a similar and curious account:—

"Having got a poor woman, of whom I entertained hopes, out of a den of sin, I gave her 5s., as she told me she could furnish a room for that sum. She had a few things of her own, and I gave her a blanket I had by me. Here is the account of the 5s. Table, 1s. 3d.; chair, 9d.; straw, 6d.; boiling pot, 1s.; fender, 6d.; sheet, 1s. Total, 5s."

The following case is a type of many others. It is told by a saved one who had been a great nuisance at the meetings:—

"I reckon I have been one of the greatest blackguards that ever lived. I have been both a seaman and a soldier. I had a good, pious, praying mother. I left home and went to sea. Then I gave up the sea, and plunged into a gross and wicked course of life. I gave way to sin in every direction, and got connected with a lot of thieves and burglars; in fact I became one of them. I was engaged in a burglary with some others, and then I lost my liberty, for I got taken, and was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. After I came out I enlisted for a soldier. When I was discharged from the army, I came into this Spitalfields, and led a very bad life. I came at last into the Gospel Hall one Saturday night, and a drunken man was upsetting the meeting. They prayed very earnestly about him, but it had no effect upon him. Bless God though, it did on me. I went out of the Hall, crying—but I let no one see me—I felt myself such a wretched sinner. Next morning (Sunday) I came into the early prayer meeting, with tears in my eyes. There I found Jesus, and peace and pardon through his blood. Since I have found Jesus people hardly know me, I am so altered, and look so different; they say—'How well you look in the face, and how happy you seem! Bless God, I am happy, and a happy thing it was I came into the Gospel Hall, and a happy thing it was for me when I got up from my knees, and found my burden of sin had gone—yes, bless God, I am happy."

We might continue our extracts, but forbear. That, despite the extraordinary difficulties of the work, there is great cause for thanksgiving, is patent. A few may question the reality of these singular conversions, and undoubtedly there is often much cause for sorrow that some deceive, and many turn aside from the purity of wisdom. But for that indiscriminate criticism which would unreservedly condemn as hypocritical those marvellous instances of the display of Divine power in the hearts of the depraved and vulgar, we have a profound contempt. Such persons are apt to indulge in all kinds of evangelical small talk respecting the wretchedness of our old Adam nature and the grandeur of that power which made us new creatures in Christ Jesus, forgetting that the marvel may be repeated in those who, though more immoral and degraded, were no further from the kingdom of heaven than were we. My reader, we must not so learn Christ. Were half the diatribists who vainly spend their superfluous words in this way to enter the home-mission field, and learn the but partially fulfilled mandate of the blessed Master, to preach the gospel to every creature, the language of scepticism would not so often be heard. Let us pray more and grumble less; think more and speak less; work more and repine less. Honest work brings its reward. The heavenly glorious Lord causes his broad rivers and streams to flow by our feet, and we, witless, faithless creatures, think the world parched and fruitless, and are apt to enquire of similar drones, "Who hath believed our report?" Expansiveness of heart, coupled with a more generous feeling and a wider purpose, would remedy these sad defective views of Christian enterprise and the results of missionary zeal. The blessing of God does attend the humblest of efforts; the writer has been rejoiced to learn of conversions effected by the Holy Spirit through reading the present series of papers in this Magazine; and we have faith to believe in yet greater things. For man's work is to teach—God's work to bless. May that blessing be added to these lines!

A Christian Hero.

WE suppose that few would prefer a sickly, puling Christianity to a manly and heroic spiritual life. The weak in faith, though enjoying sometimes the Master's special care, are not to be set up as models of Christian attainment. The carefulness, gentleness, and timidity of youthful devotion to the Saviour are to be admired in the first stages of the divine life, but as that life is a progressive one—ever adding fresh glory to the past, and seeking after greater and richer joys for the future—we should look for some noble example of Christian manliness and experience; and though in the imitation we may not succeed as we would, we shall yet have the satisfaction of knowing that our heart has been set on a nobler object, and our life has been shaped after a superior pattern to that of a babe in grace. Our Lord taught his disciples humility by showing them a child; but he taught them manliness and spiritual heroism by his daily life and actions. Any trace of these grand virtues in his saints gives us great delight; and we have met

with a singular example in this direction in a little work recently published.*

Here is a noble life in miniature :—

Alfred Roberts was born in Connecticut, in 1809. Before he was fourteen years of age he mainly supported his parents by toiling on the farm, and this work of filial affection almost amounted to a passion. At twenty-three years of age, he found the Saviour whom he had sought diligently for eighteen months. In a dream he imagined that a deceased friend appeared to him and informed him that he was a lost man. He strongly believed this lie; and went about with the determination of doing all the good he could, for he thought that as he would certainly be in hell after death it was all the more necessary he should "do his best in this world." That bugbear disappeared during a heavy affliction, in which Jesus Christ was revealed to him as he doth not reveal himself to the world. His delightedness and overflowing joy at this unexpected mercy may be imagined. "I held Christ in my arms," he said, and now he enjoyed a blessed peace. He seemed determined at once to devote himself, soul and body, to the Lord. "He was ready," he said, "to give up his parents and farm, brothers and sisters, to be guided by the Spirit into whatever path He might open before him." Charity commences at home, and Mr. Roberts turned his attention to the neighbourhood of his residence. He established Sunday schools, furnishing them with libraries—which we can say from experience are necessary appendages to every school, and are the means of sometimes greater good than teaching—and then he bethought himself of the outcast for whom no one cared. He journeyed twenty miles where there was a large workhouse, and he found the condition of the inmates to be deplorable. Resolved to minister to their spiritual necessities he became an inmate of the house, working with his hands so that he might not be a burden to the State. "He went to the authorities of the town, stated his request, and received a pauper's order for admission." He began at once to read and expound the Bible to the wretched inmates, most of whom entered the house as drunkards and lazy impostors. His audiences protested against this course, for they said the place was not suitable for religion; "that it could not be enjoyed or practised there, the place was too bad!" Still he persevered, and his six weeks' residence in that den was accompanied by the Divine blessing. Having quitted the house, he called on the ministers of the neighbourhood, beseeching them to exert themselves on behalf of the paupers whom he had left. With this he was not satisfied, but determined to become a poor man himself, and to live with the poor as one of themselves, hoping that in this singular manner he might be the means of bringing their hearts to the Saviour. His friends were naturally alarmed at this remarkable course of conduct; but Roberts was inflexible, and he at once began to visit one workhouse after another. "He, however," says Mr. Seavill, "found himself much hindered in this good work through not being permitted to remain long enough with the inmates. He was rarely allowed to stay more than a single night, so that his opportunities of intercourse were very limited."

* The Christian Brave, or some Remarkable Passages from the Life of Mr. A. Roberts. Edited by the Rev. T. Seavill. London: Elliot Stock. The reader would do well to purchase this admirable work.

Mr. Roberts in the year 1840 travelled westward, and opened a school in the State of Indiana. Having stayed here for six months, he renewed his journey, forming schools wherever he went. In this manner he travelled over 1,100 miles, distributing tracts and Testaments in all directions.

In 1842, he, with a party of American traders, entered into those wild regions of the West which are inhabited by the Pawnee Indians. He strongly protested against the sale of intoxicating liquors to the poor heathen, and we are informed that before he left the country he had the satisfaction to witness the entire suppression of the sale of this strong incentive to vice. Mr. Roberts' desire to reside with the Indians surprised them greatly, and they soon suspected him of sinister or ulterior designs. He laboured, however, so diligently to win their confidence and sympathy that he triumphed over all difficulties, and the Red men soon learned to love him. Unfortunately he was considered to be a contemptible character because he refused to fight. He was called a woman and a coward. He tried to explain to them that the religion of the Saviour inculcated peace and good will to all men.

"At length, however, an attack by the Sioux really took place— their war parties scoured the country, and the village in which Mr. Roberts resided was threatened with a visit from a band of the marauders. The Pawnees were in the utmost consternation. The warriors mustered their forces and prepared for a bloody conflict. The women and children, together with the aged and infirm, were hurried away into places of concealment. In the midst of the general terror and confusion, one individual was seen to issue from his hut, his spade thrown carelessly over his shoulder, as he walked quietly off to his little field, to pursue his usual occupation. He was stopped by some of the chiefs, who enquired if their white brother did not know that the Sioux were upon them— that they would kill and scalp all whom they could find; if he would not fight, surely he would hide with the rest? With a quiet smile, Mr. Roberts replied that he did not fear the Sioux, though he could not fight them. He was not their enemy, and if they came he was in the hands of ONE who could rule the hearts of the Sioux, and restrain their hands from doing him any harm. The chiefs looked into his face, but they saw no token of fear—they felt themselves in the presence of a courage superior to their own, and from that hour they ceased to despise the Pale-face, who would not fight. They no longer called him '*woman*,' but they hailed him ever after by the most honourable of all Indian titles. He was called 'THE BRAVE!'"

To complete the story we may add that the Sioux ultimately retired from the village.

Mr. Roberts afterwards lived in another district, which he left after five years' absence from New York. The Government offered him a salary of three hundred dollars annually if he would remain among the Indians, but this he refused. At New York he lived in one of the lowest dens of that city known as "The Five Points." He went into filthy cellars, up creaking staircases, into wretched garrets, everywhere ministering the Word of Life. One incident is highly characteristic of the man. He took a lodging at the top of a public house notorious for its infamous disorderly character, with a view of convincing the man who kept this discreditable den of the sinfulness of his life and the extent of the evil which he was fostering. The result was, after repeated entreaties, the man's conversion. Every house of infamy was visited by Mr. Roberts, and in one case while engaged in reading from the Scriptures, a woman

threw a bucket of water over him, "but he calmly went on his way, and sought no other revenge than that of prayer." He next went to California with the intention of ministering to the spiritual necessities of the miners and gold seekers there; and for six months he laboured in San Francisco amongst the very dregs of emigrants of all nations. He then journeyed to Sacramento, a distance of 1,600 miles, but was attacked with malaria and had to return to New York. Having recovered he decided to go to London, and by working with his hands he saved sufficient money to defray the cost of his passage. From London he went to Rome, and to the great dismay of the Papal authorities he worked amongst the poor of that city and in Leghorn, much to their spiritual and social advantage. He was watched by both soldiers and priests, and was ultimately obliged to quit the city of the Seven Hills for Malta, where his services were greatly owned of God.

Eleven years ago Mr. Roberts was amongst the dead and dying on the battle-field near Constantinople; and since then, no tidings of this devoted and heroic Christian have been heard. The words of his Master are now probably verified in every particular: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold in this time, *and in the world to come eternal life.*"

The Newspaper.

BY ROBERT RAESIDE.

WE hear much of "the press" in these days. We all love to talk of its power, and many are never weary in recounting the blessings which it has conferred upon us. It is all true—very true—and we rejoice in the good which has been accomplished by this mighty engine. Long may it retain its freedom; and long may it continue to be, under God, an instrument mighty for the preservation of our civil and religious liberties. But while thus far we speak well of the press, and wish it well, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the picture has another side. Sunshine and shadow, light and darkness, good and evil, lie side by side here. We hear much of the light which the press has thrown across our path; of the good which has been effected. Might it not be wise, also, to remember that this light is attended by its shadow, and that the good is largely mixed with evil? Now I would have no one to suppose that I wish him to take a gloomy and hopeless view of matters. That is far enough from my purpose. But hope's footsteps are surest when found in the path of truth; and no child of the light need stumble the readier because the shadow is clearly defined.

The few thoughts contained in this paper have been suggested by a view of that side of the picture which is, perhaps, too much overlooked, and which can only be seen distinctly in the light of the Word of God. I have only further to state, by way of introduction, that by the press here is meant the newspaper press, as, indeed, the heading of the article indicates. Many of the false principles which are at work in our day

reach the masses through means of the newspaper. The great body of the people are not trained to habits of careful thinking. Taken up for the most part with the active duties of life, they find it necessary, on many subjects, to accept the opinions of others who have more time and better opportunities for arriving at sound conclusions. The newspaper becomes to them not merely a vehicle of intelligence—a depository of facts, but, an instructor—an oracle. Many a working man, who seldom or never reads a book, has his favourite newspaper, whose columns he faithfully cons. A great variety of topics are thus brought before the mind, and a mass of reading presented in a popular form. Not merely matters pertaining to politics, bits of intelligence, scraps of home and foreign news, reports of public meetings, pickings from the police courts, &c., but also brief essays, articles, or "leaders," setting forth the views of the writer on the more important topics of the day. Every now and again the newspaper is called upon to give forth its utterances on subjects the most sacred; and the Bible not being the lamp which hangs in the editor's *sanctum sanctorum*, these utterances, though coming with a show of wisdom, are often directly at variance with the teachings of Scripture. A false philosophy is substituted for true Christian principle, and the maxims of the world are made to overrule the sayings of Christ. Science, if it has not superseded revelation, is supposed to stand on as firm a basis; while a classical quotation is thought to be more elegant, and quite as authoritative as a text of Scripture. It is true that the newspaper does not proffer to be a religious teacher. But, scarcely a week passes that it has not to deal with questions in the discussion of which it has, for the time at least, to take up this very position. Sometimes a direct attempt is made to counteract the influence of men professedly engaged in religious work; and when redress is sought, in the form of fair and open discussion in the same columns where the adverse strictures have been made, the press answers this by the statement that the pages of a newspaper cannot be opened for the discussion of theological questions. And thus it comes to pass that while other questions are often discussed with some degree of fairness in the columns of a newspaper, and one may have a chance of hearing both sides; when the question happens to be one directly bearing on religion, we have seldom more than one view of it presented, and that almost invariably a false and distorted view. In this way the unwary are often misled, and an influence exerted over the minds of the unthinking which has a strong tendency to bring contempt on the gospel of Christ, and corrupt its simplicity. False lights are hung out, and men's eyes are turned away from the Sun of Righteousness. One can scarcely lift a newspaper without having proof of this. Indeed, the press has got into such a way of handling religious topics, that one might almost suppose religion to be something which has been devised for the amusement of men, and in reference to which the one duty of the newspaper is to extract therefrom as much mirth and merriment as possible. Only a few days ago, in one of the most fashionable of the London papers, an article appeared which, from the following extract, would lead us to suppose that the mirth yielded by religious topics is so exquisite in kind, and so plentiful in supply, that even newspaper men begin to wonder that the mine should have proved

so rich:—"It is strange," says the writer, "to think that so many of the popular butts for satire are of the clerical order; or that, if laymen, it is when they meddle with religious subjects that they become favourites with the laughter-loving English public."

Ay! strange indeed, O classical scribe! and thou dost well to wonder that it should be so, and with more than affected surprise enquire the cause. And yet, if it seemeth strange to thee, thou mayest rest assured that to plainer men and less ingenious minds there is no strangeness at all in the circumstance that men of the world find butts for satire in those who "meddle with religious subjects." It has been so in all ages; it is so still, and it would be strange were it otherwise. We all know the class of thinkers whom the newspaper delights to honour, and from whom it draws its inspiration and takes its views on "religious subjects." The literary prophet—the world's oracle—he is the man whom the newspaper admires, quotes, praises; and for him are reserved its finest words. And who, it may be asked, has the honour of being looked up to as an oracle by the press, and what attitude does such an one assume regarding religious subjects? These are questions which it requires no deep research in order to be able to answer. First and foremost, the oracle is a "great thinker"—a man of "transcendent genius." He does not walk in the beaten track, but strikes out new paths for himself. Above all, he has a soul above cant and hypocrisy. He has, it must be confessed, small respect for evangelical truth; but he is a moral man, nay, deeply religious, as may be evidenced from that most touching passage in his last literary production. Why, is it not worth a hundred sermons? True, he indulges in no pious whinings, and enjoys himself on the Sabbath in the galleries of art or the fields of nature. You could not certainly expect him, although a religious man, with his profound thought and extensive knowledge, to listen, on a Sabbath-day, to the miserable platitudes spoken from our pulpits. Why should he go to hear a preacher? What has the preacher got to say that is new? Can he tell him anything which he does not know already? He, the oracle, has dived into almost every mine of knowledge and brought up the hidden treasures. In his own way he too is a preacher, and the world tells him so. If men of genius would take to the pulpit and give us something fresh and original—something more adapted to the age and times than this old-fashioned talk, this incessant harping on the old strings, which so shocks and disgusts a man of fine feelings and cultivated taste—perhaps the pulpit might receive his patronage. But really in the present state of matters, when the pulpit has lost its power and lags so far behind the press; in this our day when new ideas have so enlarged and expanded the minds of men that they have outgrown puritanical notions, really and truly he has nothing left for the men who preach the old doctrines in the old way, but pity, scorn, contempt. How could he go from day to day to hear a common-place preacher expounding the gospel? Why, the thing is an insult—an offence. Were Edward Irving alive he might step in some morning for the sake of hearing his magnificent bursts of eloquence. Or Robert Hall now, or Dr. Chalmers, or John Foster, one might have a pleasure in hearing thinkers of this stamp once or twice. One might enjoy the intellectual treat a little when the preacher was

in his best mood, for genius can brighten up the dullest subject. But, with one or two exceptions, the preachers who now occupy our pulpits are neither men of high attainments nor remarkable for eloquence of speech. Why has it not been satisfactorily shown that the bar and the stage "do" the speaking far more effectively than the pulpit? And has not our oracle himself again and again attempted to prove that it follows from this last statement that our preachers do not feel what they say so deeply as the advocate at the bar or the actor on the stage? Art, art, you must get art and culture into the pulpit, and give up this whining talk, if the pulpit is to keep its place any longer. Depend upon it men will not much longer submit to priestcraft. They cannot be frightened now-a-days. The old theology is powerless! The gloom which it generated in the mind has gone, and men breathe freely. Look to yourself, and don't disturb others on religious subjects, and have as much charity as to suppose that your neighbour will get to heaven as well as yourself, although he should happen to have a creed not cut out exactly after the orthodox pattern.

Have I put sentiments in the mouth of the world's oracle which he does not hold? I think not. It has been my aim neither to overstate nor to misstate. The sentiments of such men are well known, and they are the same as those which obtain amongst newspaper men generally. How, then, should it be a matter of wonder that when a man shows himself active in the cause of Christ, his name should be evil spoken of? It is a matter of daily occurrence. And though it should not excite wonder, it may well be a cause of deep regret and grief of heart, that the Son of God, who came into the world to save sinners, is so little esteemed by literary scoffers and triflers that their wittiest sayings and vilest jokes are reserved for subjects connected with his name. And surely it is a painful thought, and one fitted to awaken concern in the minds of all who cherish any feelings of respect for the memory of him who laid down his life on Calvary, that so much godless mirth is evoked in connection with the names of his most faithful followers. Think, for instance, of the hue and cry which was raised by the press in connection with Dr. Candlish's remarks on the Albert Memorial inscription; the mayor of Carlisle on Shakespeare, Dr. Gibson, of Glasgow, on the Sabbath and other questions, or Dean Close on the race-course. I could name many other men who have of late been bold enough to speak out on different subjects, and who have experienced the same treatment. I particularise these as coming first to memory just now, and I give them merely as specimens of the men and the topics that every now and again come in for a large share of newspaper animadversion. Now the Christian with his Bible in his hand would have had little difficulty in ascertaining how far these men spoke the mind of Christ, and if he did not agree with them in every particular, nor endorse the whole of their opinions, he would at least have given the topics serious and prayerful consideration. Now what treatment did these men receive from the press? We remember the shafts of ridicule which were thrown at them by a thousand pens. How were they misrepresented, maligned, reproached! The misrepresentations to which men are subjected who have the moral courage to stand out publicly for Christ, or raise a word of warning against the errors of the times are a shame and a dishonour to the

press of these islands. The result is that many weak Christians yield part homage to the world's ways and maxims, and remain silent when they ought to speak out, under the mistaken idea that to speak strongly or decidedly would raise opposition and turn men away from the gospel. God forbid that I should seek to encourage imprudence or rashness of speech. But let no man deceive himself in this matter. There are unwise men who know not when to speak nor how to speak. Let all such beware. They speak much, but not the words of God, and therefore they mar his work. I seek not to encourage such. But there is a time to speak, whether men will hear, or whether men will forbear; and I think the time has come when every man is called upon to make a determined stand against the tide of error and worldliness which threatens the Church of God on every side. Whether the days in which we live be worse than those which our fathers passed through I do not stay here to enquire. But this much is certain; that this is no time to make a compromise with the world by withholding or keeping in the background truths which it does not care to hear. The truths which it would banish may be unwelcome, but they are necessary and wholesome, and must be upheld at all hazards. The press being in the hands of the men of the world will, no doubt, oppose itself and seek to put down those who are doing battle for the faith once delivered to the saints. But let it be distinctly understood that the press is an unsafe and dangerous guide in religious matters. Many of its conductors do not even profess to be followers of Christ. Indeed, I know few newspaper men who would not take it as an insult, an unpardonable offence, to be called a "saint." Now I do not write for the purpose of condemning this class of men more than others; I judge them not. I "judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in his brother's way;" and judging thus, I am anxious to show to professing Christians who may be in danger of being misled by newspaper articles, that they need not look to the newspaper for guidance or advice in spiritual matters. If the newspaper ignores the gospel of Christ, is it to be wondered at that little of the spirit of Christ is manifested in the discussion of questions more immediately connected with the kingdom of God? We can scarcely expect that the God-fearing man will find much favour with a godless press. Still it has its favourites even amongst the professed followers of Christ, whom it praises and patronises. I may be wrong, but I cannot help thinking that it is better and safer for the Christian sometimes to be laughed and jeered at by the press than too much lauded or caressed. Not because it is in itself a desirable thing to be made a "butt for ridicule," but for the simple reason that if a man be honest and true to his Christian principles, he is sure to awaken hostility in the minds of those who love not our Lord Jesus Christ. And if one who is taking an active public part in Christian work meets with no opposition, he does well to suspect himself and put the question, "Have I been stating the truth of God?" If he is satisfied on examination that he has been doing his duty, good and well. Let him thank God that he has restrained the enemy, and let him be careful to say or do nothing which might needlessly prejudice the minds of men. But as a general rule, perhaps, it will be found that the man actively engaged in Christian work will find the opposition

most marked and decided when he is himself most earnest and faithful in the discharge of his duties. Depend upon it the words of our Lord have not yet lost their meaning:—"If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." What then? Is the Christian to be downcast and afraid? Not so. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Christ, if he had chosen, and if his wisdom had seen it meet to do so, could lead every one of his followers home by a flower-fringed way, on which the sun of earthly prosperity ever shines, and where not a dog durst move its tongue at one of them. But he would have them share with him in the glory of the victory, and for this end he gives them part in the warfare, places them in the midst of the conflict. Samuel Rutherford says:—"The saints have a life-rent tack of the cross of Christ while they are here, and aye ill weather." . . . . "Let us prepare, for tears will follow us to heaven, unto the very entry of the door our face shall be wet." . . . . "To thrust through the last port, and to wade through the hindermost water, it is a sore set; but be blithe, Christians, and grip to the promise. . . . . This sour laughing world will away. . . . . We will see who will laugh fastest yon day."

Rutherford's tack of the cross has long since ended, and he has gotten the crown. Christian, like him, "be blithe and grip to the promise" at all times. Hold fast, in spite of all opposition from ungodly men; knowing that offences must needs come. But oh, while you may, weep for the men by whom these offences come, and for the woe which they are bringing upon themselves. For you, weeping days will soon be over, and laughing days will come. Be valiant for the truth. Beware of the world's flatteries, and fear not its frowns.

I have already alluded to the power of the press. I have called it mighty, and I spoke truly. But there is a power at work mightier still, and before which the press is weak and utterly impotent—Christ, the wisdom and the *power* of God. Before this name what is the press, with its wit, and wisdom, and arrogance, and godlessness?

Man of God, trust in his name, and never flinch, although all the broadsheets in the world should make you the butt of their ridicule; nay, rather "rejoice and be *exceeding glad*, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Upon the whole, it is a godless press, and does not fear to speak evil of the true followers of Christ. I cannot, therefore, bid it God-speed, and I cannot join in the unqualified praise which it has received from some. I do not write in ignorance of my subject; and I am not altogether unacquainted with newspaper work and newspaper men. Amongst the conductors of the press of this country are to be found not a few gentlemen of fine literary taste and scholarly attainments, combined with good natural abilities and high culture. I know most of them must be men of great intelligence and respectable talents, and imagine they are engaged in a noble work. There are a few who are the professed enemies of the cross of Christ, and who systematically malign and slander his followers. Men of perverted talent, who cannot endure the form of sound words, and who are exceeding mad against the true witnesses. Some oppose the truth and trifle with it for the

mere sake of displaying their wit, of saying a fine thing, or of gaining the admiration of a certain class of readers. Others have an itch for writing, and seem to exist for no other purpose than that of finding fault with everything around them. A few—a very few—write on the side of truth, and judge matters in the light of the Word of God amid many temptations to the contrary. All honour to the men who remain faithful amid the faithless! May the number of such be increased!

To a man actively engaged in connection with the press there can be little time left for quiet meditation—personal examination. The brain must be active, and the mind kept busily at work. The writer may be conscious that the nature of his calling has a tendency to sharpen his intellect and enlarge his ideas, but he may be all unmindful that the influences by which he is surrounded are not the most favourable to the growth of spiritual life. Every day, a variety of topics are brought before the mind, which have to be dealt with in the way of literary property. Articles, paragraphs, reports, &c., relating to many matters grave and gay, sacred and secular, have to be written out and placed in the hands of the printer in rapid succession. The men so employed are *in danger* of looking upon everything from a mere literary point of view, as so many materials to be worked into "copy." And thus editors, reporters, and others engaged in connection with the press are apt to lose sight of the fact that the little incidents which are daily transpiring, and the grander events which are continually being evolved from the womb of time are to be recorded, not merely for the sake of filling up the columns of a newspaper with readable matter, but in order that he who writes and he who reads may be made wiser and better. Men who follow this calling are also very unfavourably placed for the cultivation of a meek and quiet spirit, so valuable in the sight of God. Knowledge is a good thing, and gifts are not to be despised, but where the grace of God is wanting, "knowledge puffeth up," and gifts engender feelings of pride and self-sufficiency, and may thus prove a curse by leading the mind away from God. John Bunyan, in his own forcible manner, remarks, "gifts, indeed, are desirable, but yet grace and small gifts are better than great gifts and no grace. It doth not say the Lord gives gifts and glory, but the Lord gives grace and glory; and blessed is such an one to whom the Lord gives grace, true grace, for that is a certain forerunner of glory."

A man whose daily work it is to review, criticise, and pass judgment upon so many topics as it is the lot of the newspaper writer to do, finds a difficulty in divesting himself of the spirit of the critic, and receiving the truth of God like a little child. If he goes to the house of God at all, the danger is that he goes still as the literary man, and not as a hungry soul, seeking food. Or if he has gone to take notes of the sermon and be able to say something about the preacher, is there no temptation to cherish the delusion that he is only a spectator—an onlooker—one who has dropped in for an hour amid a company of men and women who are listening to truths which do not specially concern him at all? Does he not, as it were, isolate himself from the worshippers, and, in spirit, at least, sit apart and unmoved, as if a literary man had no soul to be saved, no heaven to seek after, and no hell to escape?

When I open the Book of God and read of the dismay and anguish

and astonishment which must soon seize on every soul that is found out of Christ, I feel constrained to raise at least the cry of danger. Depend upon it, ye who assume the position of "proud despisers," to you the end will come with awful and startling suddenness. And ye literary men engaged in newspaper work, who seldom come under the influence of the gospel call, as many of you whose eye may alight on these pages, to you personally I address this closing word of warning. I say, ye are surrounded by many and strong temptations to stay away from Christ, and it is likely to go hard with you in the end. Oh, my brothers! bethink you? Is your soul a worthless thing which you can throw away? Can the men of genius whom ye worship throw a bridge across the river of death for you to pass over? Will sentiment do when the waters gather overhead, or when your feet stumble on the dark mountains? Ah, I perceive that the wisdom of the wise is foolishness! Heaven has no attractions for you, and hell has no terrors; and if a man, in compassion to your soul, should venture to remind you that the joys of the one are real, and the flames of the other no fiction, you would, if you did nothing worse, fly in his face and tell him to mind his own business, as you were quite capable of judging for yourself without his interference. And so it has come to pass that you are left in a great measure alone, for ye have rejected the truth, and those who proclaim it must turn to others who will and do receive it. The day is coming, is very near at hand, when ye shall see men and women from amongst the poor and the illiterate sit down in the kingdom of God, while ye yourselves will be shut out. You shall then, when it is too late, wonder at the greatness of your folly; but you shall go away into everlasting punishment, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." I beseech you, as wise men, suffer the word of exhortation thus plainly spoken. Lift your Bibles and examine for yourselves. Call no man on earth your master in spiritual matters. But choose ye a master, for a master ye must have. See that he be one whom ye can trust. Do not bring a too "liberal interpretation" to bear on the pages of Inspiration, for when the end cometh and you are confronted with the unseen and the eternal, earth-born lights shall disappear, and theories devised by the heart of man will be of small account. The "advanced thought" of the times, concerning which we hear so much, and which does well enough in the day of health, will be remembered with far other feelings then. "Why did not so and so prove satisfactorily that the old notions were not quite suited to this enlightened age? And was he not backed up by an array of talent and learning which seemed to settle the matter? Was not the Bible rather out of date? Were these crazed hypocrites right after all? Are the world's oracles to have no voice in the final settlement of matters, and are all the learned arguments, the results of modern criticism, &c., to go for nothing?" I can conceive of questions like these being forced upon a man at a time when the foundations on which he has been leaning are giving way, and terror and despair are ready to wither up his soul. Ah, my brothers! ask these questions seriously now, and look to God for an answer, and it may yet be well with you. The door is still open, and no man can shut it against you. Take care that you do not shut it on yourselves! "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XX.

SUBJECT.—*We have before us a* National Anthem, *fitted to be sung at the outbreak of war, when the monarch was girding on his sword for the fight. If David had not been vexed with wars, we might never have been favoured with such psalms as this. There is a needs be for the trials of one saint, that he may yield consolation to others. A happy people here plead for a beloved sovereign, and with loving hearts cry to Jehovah, "God save the King." We gather that this song was intended to be sung in public, not only from the matter of the song, but also from its dedication* "To the Chief Musician." *We know its author to have been Israel's sweet singer, from the short title,* "A Psalm of David." *The particular occasion which suggested it, it would be mere folly to conjecture, for Israel was almost always at war in David's day. His sword may have been hacked, but it was never rusted. Kimchi reads the title,* concerning David, *or,* for David, *and it is clear that the king is the subject as well as the composer of the song. It needs but a moment's reflection to perceive that this hymn of prayer is prophetical of our Lord Jesus, and is the cry of the ancient church on behalf of her Lord, as she sees him in vision enduring a great fight of afflictions on her behalf. The militant people of God, with the great Captain of salvation at their head, may still in earnest plead that the pleasure of the Lord may prosper in his hand. We shall endeavour to keep to this view of the subject in our brief exposition, but we cannot entirely restrict our remarks to it.*

DIVISIONS.—*The first four verses are a prayer for the success of the king. Verses 5, 6, and 7 express unwavering confidence in God and his Anointed; verse 8 declares the defeat of the foe, and verse 9 is a concluding appeal to Jehovah.*

EXPOSITION.

THE LORD hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

2 Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

3 Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice; Selah.

4 Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

1. "*The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble.*" All loyal subjects pray for their king, and most certainly citizens of Zion have good cause to pray for the Prince of Peace. In times of conflict loving subjects redouble their pleas, and surely in the sorrows of our Lord his church could not but be in earnest. All the Saviour's days were days of trouble, and he also made them days of prayer; the church joins her intercession with her Lord's, and pleads that he may be heard in his cries and tears. The agony in the garden was especially a gloomy hour, but he was heard in that he feared. He knew that his Father heard him always, yet in that troublous hour no reply came until thrice he had fallen on his face in the garden; then sufficient strength was given in answer to prayer, and he rose a victor from the conflict. On the cross also his prayer was not unheard, for in the twenty-second Psalm he tells us, "thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." The church in this verse implies that her Lord would be himself much given to prayer; in this he is our example, teaching us that if we are to receive any advantage from the prayers of others, we must first pray for ourselves. What a mercy that we *may* pray in the day of trouble, and what a still more blessed privilege that no trouble can prevent the Lord from hearing us! Troubles roar like thunder, but the believer's voice will be heard above the storm. O Jesus, when thou pleadest for us in our hour of trouble, the Lord

Jehovah will hear thee. This is a most refreshing confidence, and it may be indulged in without fear.

"*The name of the God of Jacob defend thee*;" or, as some read it, "set thee in a high place." By "*the name*" is meant the revealed character and Word of God; we are not to worship "the unknown God," but we should seek to know the covenant God of Jacob, who has been pleased to reveal his name and attributes to his people. There may be much in a royal name, or a learned name, or a venerable name, but it will be a theme for heavenly scholarship to discover all that is contained in the divine name. The glorious power of God defended and preserved the Lord Jesus through the battle of his life and death, and exalted him above all his enemies. His warfare is now accomplished in his own proper person, but in his mystical body, the church, he is still beset with dangers, and only the eternal arm of our God in covenant can defend the soldiers of the cross, and set them on high out of the reach of their foes. The day of trouble is not over, the pleading Saviour is not silent, and the name of the God of Israel is still the defence of the faithful. The name, "*God of Jacob*," is suggestive; Jacob had his day of trouble, he wrestled, was heard, was defended, and in due time was set on high, and his God is our God still, the same God to all his wrestling Jacobs. The whole verse is a very fitting benediction to be pronounced by a gracious heart over a child, a friend, or a minister, in prospect of trial; it includes both temporal and spiritual protection, and directs the mind to the great Source of all good. How delightful to believe that our heavenly Father has pronounced it upon our favoured heads!

2. "*Send thee help from the sanctuary*." Out of heaven's sanctuary came the angel to strengthen our Lord, and from the precious remembrance of God's doings in his sanctuary our Lord refreshed himself when on the tree. There is no help like that which is of God's sending, and no deliverance like that which comes out of his sanctuary. The sanctuary to us is the person of our blessed Lord, who was typified by the temple, and is the true sanctuary which God has pitched, and not man: let us fly to the cross for shelter in all times of need and help will be sent to us. Men of the world despise sanctuary help, but our hearts have learned to prize it beyond all material aid. They seek help out of the armoury, or the treasury, or the buttery, but we turn to the sanctuary. "*And strengthen thee out of Zion*." Out of the assemblies of the pleading saints who had for ages prayed for their Lord, help might well result to the despised sufferer, for praying breath is never spent in vain. To the Lord's mystical body the richest good comes in answer to the pleadings of his saints assembled for holy worship as his Zion. Certain advertisers recommend a strengthening plaster, but nothing can give such strength to the loins of a saint as waiting upon God in the assemblies of his people. This verse is a benediction befitting a Sabbath morning, and may be the salutation either of a pastor to his people, or of a church to its minister. God in the sanctuary of his dear Son's person, and in the city of his chosen church is the proper object of his people's prayers, and under such a character may they confidently look to him for his promised aid.

3. "*Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice. Selah*." Before war kings offered sacrifice, upon the acceptance of which they depended for success; our blessed Lord presented himself as a victim, and was a sweet savour unto the Most High, and then he met and routed the embattled legions of hell. Still does his burnt sacrifice perfume the courts of heaven, and through him the offerings of his people are received as *his* sacrifices and oblations. We ought in our spiritual conflicts to have an eye to the sacrifice of Jesus, and never venture to war until first the Lord has given us a token for good at the altar of the cross, where faith beholds her bleeding Lord. "*Selah*." It is well to pause at the cross before we march onward to battle, and with the psalmist cry "Selah." We are too much in a hurry to make good haste. A little pausing might greatly help our speed. Stay, good man, there is a haste which hinders; rest awhile, meditate on the burnt sacrifice, and put thy heart right for the stern work which lieth before thee.

4. "*Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.*" Christ's desire and counsel were both set upon the salvation of his people; the church of old desired for him good speed in his design, and the church in these latter days, with all her heart desires the complete fulfilment of his purpose. In Christ Jesus sanctified souls may appropriate this verse as a promise; they shall have their desire, and their plans to glorify their Master shall succeed. We may have our own will, when our will is God's will. This was always the case with our Lord, and yet he said, "not as I will, but as thou wilt." What need for submission in our case; if it was necessary to him, how much more for us!

5 We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up *our* banners: the LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

6 Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

7 Some *trust* in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the LORD our God.

5. "*We will rejoice in thy salvation.*" In Jesus there is salvation; it is his own, and hence it is called thy *salvation;* but it is ours to receive and ours to rejoice in. We should fixedly resolve that come what may, we will rejoice in the saving arm of the Lord Jesus. The people in this psalm, before their king went to battle, felt sure of victory, and therefore began to rejoice beforehand; how much more ought we to do this who have seen the victory completely won! Unbelief begins weeping for the funeral before the man is dead; why should not faith commence piping before the dance of victory begins? Buds are beautiful, and promises not yet fulfilled are worthy to be admired. If joy were more general among the Lord's people, God would be more glorified among men; the happiness of the subjects is the honour of the sovereign. "*And in the name of our God we will set up our banners.*" We lift the standard of defiance in the face of the foe, and wave the flag of victory over the fallen adversary. Some proclaim war in the name of one king and some of another, but the faithful go to war in Jesu's name, the name of the incarnate God, Immanuel, God with us. The times are evil at present, but so long as Jesus lives and reigns in his church we need not furl our banners in fear, but advance them with sacred courage.

"Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight;
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb
A lion is in fight."

The church cannot forget that Jesus is her advocate before the throne, and therefore she sums up the desires already expressed in the short sentence, "*The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.*" Be it never forgotten that among those petitions is that choice one, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."

6. "*Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed.*" We live and learn, and what we learn we are not ashamed to acknowledge. He who thinks he knows everything will miss the joy of finding out new truth; he will never be able to cry, "now know I," for he is so wise in his own conceit that he knows all that can be revealed and more. Souls conscious of ignorance shall be taught of the Lord, and rejoice as they learn. Earnest prayer frequently leads to assured confidence. The church pleaded that the Lord Jesus might win the victory in his great struggle, and now by faith she sees him saved by the omnipotent arm. She evidently finds a sweet relish in the fragrant title of "anointed;" she thinks of him as ordained before all worlds to his great work, and then endowed with the needful qualifications by being anointed of the Spirit of the Lord; and this is evermore the choicest solace of the believer, that Jehovah himself hath anointed Jesus to be a Prince and a Saviour, and that our shield is thus the Lord's own anointed. "*He will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving*

strength of his right hand." It is here asserted confidently that God's holiness and power would both come to the rescue of the Saviour in his conflict, and surely these two glorious attributes found congenial work in answering the sufferer's cries. Since Jesus was heard, we shall be ; God is in heaven, but our prayers can scale those glorious heights ; those heavens are holy, but Jesus purifies our prayers, and so they gain admittance ; our need is great, but the divine arm is strong, and all its strength is "saving strength;" that strength, moreover, is in the hand which is most used and which is used most readily—the right hand. What encouragements are these for pleading saints !

7. Contrasts frequently bring out the truth vividly, and here the church sets forth the creature-confidences of carnal men in contrast with her reliance upon the Prince Immanuel and the invisible Jehovah. "*Some trust in chariots, and some in horses.*" Chariots and horses make an imposing show, and with their rattling, and dust, and fine caparisons, make so great a figure that vain man is much taken with them ; yet the discerning eye of faith sees more in an invisible God than in all these. The most dreaded war-engine of David's day was the war-chariot, armed with scythes, which mowed down men like grass : this was the boast and glory of the neighbouring nations ; but the saints considered the name of Jehovah to be a far better defence. As the Israelites might not keep horses, it was natural for them to regard the enemy's cavalry with more than usual dread. It is, therefore, all the greater evidence of faith that the bold songster can here disdain even the horse of Egypt in comparison with the Lord of hosts. Alas, how many in our day who profess to be the Lord's are as abjectly dependent upon their fellow-men or upon an arm of flesh in some shape or other, as if they had never known the name of Jehovah at all. Jesus, be thou alone our rock and refuge, and never may we mar the simplicity of our faith. "*We will remember the name of the Lord our God.*" "Our God" in covenant, who has chosen us and whom we have chosen ; this God is our God. The name of our God is JEHOVAH, and this should never be forgotten ; the self-existent, independent, immutable, ever-present, all-filling I AM. Let us adore that matchless name, and never dishonour it by distrust or creature confidence. Reader, you must *know* it before you can *remember* it. May the blessed Spirit reveal it graciously to your soul !

8 They are brought down and fallen : but we are risen, and stand upright.

9 Save, LORD : let the king hear us when we call.

8. How different the end of those whose trusts are different ! The enemies of God are uppermost at first, but they ere long are brought down by force, or else fall of their own accord. Their foundation is rotten, and therefore when the time comes it gives way under them ; their chariots are burned in the fire, and their horses die of pestilence, and where is their boasted strength ? As for those who rest on Jehovah, they are often cast down at the first onset, but an Almighty arm uplifts them, and they joyfully stand upright. The victory of Jesus is the inheritance of his people. The world, death, Satan, and sin, shall all be trampled beneath the feet of the champions of faith ; while those who rely upon an arm of flesh shall be ashamed and confounded for ever.

9. The Psalm is here recapitulated. That Jesus might himself be delivered, and might then, as our King, hear us, is the two-fold desire of the Psalm. The first request is granted, and the second is sure to all the seed ; and therefore we may close the Psalm with the hearty shout, "God save the King." "God save King Jesus, and may he soon come to reign."

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

This Psalm has been much used for coronation, thanksgiving, and fast sermons, and no end of nonsense and sickening flattery has been tacked thereto by the trencher chaplains of the world's church. If kings had been devils some of these gentry would have praised their horns and hoofs, for although some of their royal highnesses have been very obedient servants of the Prince of Darkness, these false prophets have

dubbed them "most gracious sovereigns," and have been as much dazzled in their presence as if they had beheld the beatific vision.

Verse 1.—Two great mercies in great trouble—hearing at the throne, and defence from the throne.

Verse 2.—Sanctuary help, a suggestive topic.

Verses 1—3.—A model of good wishes for our friends. I. *They include personal piety.* The person who is spoken of prays, goes to the sanctuary, and offers sacrifice. We must wish our friends grace. II. *They point upward.* The blessings are distinctly recognized as divine. III. *They do not exclude trouble.* IV. *They are eminently spiritual.* Acceptance, etc.

Verses 3, 4.—The great privilege of this fourfold acceptance in the Beloved.

Verse 5.—Joy in salvation, to be resolved on and practised.

Verse 6 *(first clause).*—"*Now know I.*" The moment when faith in Jesus fills the soul. The time when assurance is given. The period when a truth gleams into the soul, etc.

Verse 6.—God's "*saving strength;*" the strength of his most used and most skilful hand.

Verse 6.—*Setting up the banner.* Open avowal of allegiance, declaration of war, index of perseverance, claim of possession, signal of triumph.

Verse 7.—"*The name of the Lord our God.*"—Comfortable reflections from the name and character of the true God.

Verse 7.—*Creature confidences.* Apparently mighty, well adapted, showy, noisy, etc. *Faithful trust.* Silent, spiritual, divine, etc.

Verse 8.—*Tables turned.*

Verse 9.—"*Save, Lord.*" One of the shortest and most pithy prayers in the Bible.

Verse 9 *(last clause).*—I. To whom we come, and what then. "*To a king.*" II. How we come, and what it means. "*We call.*" III. What we want, and what implies. "*Hear us.*"

Whole Psalm.—A loyal song and prayer for subjects of King Jesus.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 7.—"By the name of God is generally understood, in Holy Writ, the various properties and attributes of God: these properties and attributes make up and constitute the name of God. As when Solomon says, 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.' And, by remembering, considering, meditating upon this name of God, the psalmist represents himself as comforted or strengthened, whatever might be the duties to which he was called, or the dangers to which he was exposed. Others were for looking to other sources of safety and strength, 'some trusting in chariots, and some in horses;' but the psalmist always set himself to the 'remembering the name of the Lord our God;' and always, as it would seem, with satisfaction and success. And here is the peculiarity of the passage on which we wish to dwell, and from which we hope to draw important lessons and truths—the psalmist 'remembers the name of the Lord his God;' not any one property or attribute of God; but the whole combination of divine perfections. And he 'remembers' this 'name;' the expression implying, not a transient thought, but meditation—consideration; and yet the result of the recollection is gladness and confidence."—*Melvill.*

The Land of Beulah.

(Isaiah lxii. 4.)

APPROACHING Jordan's swelling flood,
I tread the fields of living green;
My soul is here at home with God,
And sweet enjoyments intervene.

Oh what delightful scenes are these
Which break upon my ravish'd eye!
I feel a calm, a genial breeze,
Like zephyrs from a radiant sky.

This is the clime, the favour'd clime,
The *land of Beulah* ever bright;
The music here is all sublime,
And heaven itself appears in sight.

Here weary pilgrims rest awhile,
And feed in pastures fresh and green;
Transporting joys their time beguile,
And soul-reviving sights are seen.

The favour'd flock, the chosen band,
Who live beneath these sunny skies,
With calmness wait the sweet command
Which bids them to their mansions rise.

Here beauteous fields will never fade,
The sun will never cease to shine;
To Jesus shall our thanks be paid
In songs and triumphs all divine.

W. Dransfield.

What is Death?

WHATEVER death may be, it is the same in its grandeur, to rich and poor alike. When the fall is from a great eminence, the difference betwixt the highest and the humblest of our species is but the inappreciable ratio of a few feet more or less to infinity. It matters little whether the spirit at death leaves the gloom of a prison or the glory of a palace; the all-important thing is, whether it lived a godly or an ungodly, a disinterested or a selfish life. This is the one test that determines for kings and subjects alike a destiny far more momentous than if a world were lost or won. How peaceful is the chamber where the dead lies! The stillness is almost insufferable. No voice comes forth to break the awful silence, and tell us what is going on beyond the flood and before the throne. And yet *there and then* the soul's bliss or woe is fixed for ever and ever. Death is not a change of character. A man can no more change his character by death than he can do so by going out of one room into another. It is a change of costume. It is more. It is a departure. It is the first step in an endless progress. The cage is broken, but the immortal bird, still pulsing with life, either sinks in despair or soars aloft in rapture, and sings at unknown height. The tent falls, but the immortal pilgrim holds on his way through eternal night or through eternal day.

What is death? Death is a silent river that rolls round all the world. Its black waves break upon the threshold of the cottage, and dash over the summit of the throne. Death is a mystic steed, that knocks with an impartial foot at the dwellings of the poor and the palaces of kings; strikes alike through sordid rags and imperial purple. You may escape the terrible power of the lion, you may avoid the brilliant edge of the sword, barbarous tribes may be moved to pity and spare your life, but nothing can shield you from the stroke of death. Country, clime, class, condition, creed, character and conduct, are all one to him. Money cannot bribe him; eloquence cannot charm him; tears cannot melt him; beauty cannot win him; strength cannot overcome him. Noble titles, ducal coronets, regal diadems sparkling with gems could not secure from him even a moment's respite:—

> "He passes over the necks of kings
> And over common things,
> And into earth's green orchard making way
> Halts, where the fruits of human hope abound,
> And shakes their trembling ripeness to the ground."

Death, then, is certain; and yet men seldom think that sooner or later they must die. They look forward to many quiet resting-places in the future, but they seldom look into their *last*, their long homes in the city of the dead, and their long homes in the great eternity.

> "'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
> How often mortality stands on the brink
> Of its grave without any misgiving;
> And yet in this slippery world of strife,
> In the stir of human bustle so rife,
> There are daily sounds to tell us that life
> Is dying, and death is living."

Dear reader, sooner or later *you must die*. You may build a house in the finest spot in the world, you may erect walls and towers round it, and plant sentinels to keep watch and ward night and day, but these would be no security against the stroke of death. Sooner or later he would quietly enter in, change your countenance, and send you away. What then? Are you prepared for this solemn change, this momentous movement? If not, why not? If not, oh prepare *now!* "*Put ye on the Lord Jesus.*" *By faith put on now his righteousness, and gentleness, and love, and zeal.* And in due season you shall pass away

"As sets the morning star, which goes not down
Behind the darken'd west, nor hides obscured
Among the tempests of the sky, but melts away
Into the light of heaven."

JOHN DUNLOP.

Jerusalem which is Above.

A STRANGE notion has been very extensively circulated during the past few years—that *Old Testament saints have no part in the promise to reign with Christ in glory*. The question has been just propounded to us in a letter from a person, who, though now removed to a distance, gratefully owns some obligations to our ministry for instruction in the doctrines of the covenant of grace, as well as for our frequent exposition of dispensational truth. And we have felt that in meeting the scruples of one we may be anticipating the exercises of many minds. We therefore propose to transfer from the pulpit to the press some reference to the substantial promises on which we rest, and the hope that animates us in travelling forward to that "reward of the inheritance" which stimulated patriarchs and prophets as well as apostles and martyrs.

It is not difficult to trace the schismatic doctrine we repudiate to certain so-called "Brethren," whose empty conceit of their own superiority has led them to displace Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, together with all the saints of whom Moses said, in the name of the Lord, "All his saints are in thy hand," in order to make room for their own ambition to occupy the highest seats in the synagogue of heaven.

Whether the dogma be a novelty hatched on the western coast of England, or whether it be a revival of the Popish theory that gives the title of "saints" only to those who have lived under the Christian dispensation, we are not careful to determine. For our part we would as freely speak of St. Abraham as of St. Peter, and recognise the bond of brotherhood that unites us to Isaiah as fully as to Paul. But the less we have to say to such as pervert the gospel the better. In the jealous regard we entertain for our own flocks, we must warn them against such seducers. They tell us with the utmost persistency that they are *not a sect*. What they are then is left to our conjectures; and we have thought that it must be interpreted in one of three ways. If they are *not a sect*, they may pretend to be the Church of Christ on earth;—holy, catholic, and undivided. This, we think, is really too absurd to need refutation. Or perhaps they are not a sect because, attached to no particular fellowship, they hold communion with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, in whatever denomination they may be folded together. That such however is not the case we have palpable evidence; for their adherents are the most captious, quarrelsome, cynical and exclusive professors of religion to be found among Protestants. What other solution of the riddle can we fly to, unless it be that they are not a sect, or section of the church of Christ at all? This view has been recently taken in the adjudication of one of our law-courts, and so far as we can discern in simple justice without any breach of charity. What palpable element of a

church can you discover in a divided fraternity which acknowledges no creed, no ministry, no church order, substitutes private meetings for public worship, owns no rule as to one ordinance, and gives a social rather than a sacred character to the other ordinance?

We sincerely hold that their identity is not positive enough to be determined, and their profession too saponaceous for us to take hold of. Reader, we appeal to yourself. Suppose some benevolent individual like Mr. Peabody were to leave a quarter of a million of money to be divided among the poor members of all the churches in Lambeth, without respect to creed or denomination. I fancy among the communities that apply for a share in this bounty there is one from the church at 24½ Wentworth Place—first floor. Why what church is that? A very blessed church, it is replied, just such an one as Mr. Spurgeon described in a recent sermon (see "Baptist Messenger" for February). It consists of a father, a mother, a son, a daughter, and a servant, who have family worship every day. Would it be a gross injustice if the claim were disallowed? And yet its ecclesiastical character would be as palpable or more so than full many a Brethren's meeting. We can imagine for this family that the members stand in full alliance with the evangelical churches of Christendom. And we can suppose for those *Brethren* that they deny the imputed righteousness of Christ, forbid adoration to the Holy Ghost, and busy themselves with secret efforts to seduce believers from their stedfastness rather than to draw unbelievers to Christ, practically doing much to foster division, but certainly never endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

Justice demands one of two things, either that we acknowledge the Brethren as a sect, or that we discountenance them altogether as being no sect. They are not the whole church, whether they are a section of it or not.

Confining ourselves now to one point, we shall speak of "*the new Jerusalem*," and in order to limit our review of that one point, we shall at once profess our attachment to the pre-millennial school of interpretation, and the literal reading of those Scriptures that predict the return of the Jews to their own land. To those who hold opposite views, the insidious question at issue, though equally repulsive, would have other bearings.

There are, then, two economies of God revealed in Scripture; of these we ordinarily speak as the Jewish and the Gentile dispensations. There are two peoples declared to be the objects of Jehovah's choice; the nation of Israel, and the church of Christ. There are two territories comprised in the scheme of prophecy; the earthly and the heavenly. We, according to God's promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

As to the former of these economies we possess two sources of information, the one relating to its past history, the other relating to its future destiny. In that history we find the providence of God related in multiplying the seed of Jacob, in bringing them, after much severe discipline and many trials, into the land of Canaan, placing them under a provisional law, establishing among them a holy temple and a royal throne, and afterwards punishing the people for their iniquities with banishment and dispersion. Yet it is the unanimous voice of all their inspired prophets that God would not make a full end of the nation. Of this he gave two distinct signs; first, that their land should lay desolate; and, secondly, that their posterity instead of losing their identity by mixing with other races, should remain distinct and easily recognisable. Both these facts are open to our current observation, and evident to us at the present day. Then we are taught that there is a destiny both to the land and to the people which shall obliterate the shame of their youth. The former and latter rain, long withheld, shall come down in plenteous showers to fructify her soil, and beautify her desert plains; her city shall be rebuilt; her temple restored; her sons and daughters gathered together from all countries, and her ascendancy among the nations established.

As to the latter of these two economies, we have the account of a people belonging to no particular tribe or family of mankind, but an elect of all nations.

Their present history is detached and fragmentary. It is a record of trials and struggles that betoken a fight for existence rather than a struggle for supremacy. Ever victorious, the results of their oft-repeated triumph of faith are of little account in this world. Followers of the Crucified, the sphere of their full development is the world to come, That this was and is the object of their desire, the annals of every godly life, the theme of every faithful ministry, and the hymns of every devout congregation, bear abundant evidence. They have a hope, and that hope not merely personal. They look forward to the joyful era when all who have witnessed the good confession shall be gathered together in one, and dwell together in happiness and harmony. They turn their thoughts toward the consummation of that prospect in a definite locality. To one particular city of habitation they aspire. Now what is that city called? When we answer this question we touch the *casus belli*. It is called "Jerusalem."

Then the city of terrestrial and the city of celestial hope, each bears the name of Jerusalem. The latter, however, hath a superior designation—"Jerusalem which is above." "The New Jerusalem."

Is there any difficulty now in resolving the problem—for which of these cities did Abraham look? It is, we allege, so easy, simple, and obvious that it never involved a problem until a demur was wilfully introduced a few years ago by a certain party that is not itself a sect, never agrees with any sect, while it is banded together for the express purpose of dividing the church in theory and fact, carrying out the plan of the serpent in Eden; asking questions that may impugn the veracity of God, and sowing doubts that may occasion discord in the elect family.

In the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews we have some very important testimony. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." What now does the city that hath foundations refer to? Does it not point to that city spoken of in Revelation xxi. 14, where we read, "The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." This obvious reference might be assigned among many reasons for doubting the correctness of the date commonly appended to the Apocalypse. Or would any one say it might possibly refer to Isaiah liv., where especially in the eleventh verse mention of the foundations is made, we should produce the absolute testimony of the Holy Ghost that this chapter relates to the New Jerusalem (see Gal. iv. 26, 27).

At the sixteenth verse of the same eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the testimony concerns not Abraham only, but all the patriarchs. "Now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." How would the argument hang together which should pretend that because they sought a *heavenly* country, therefore God prepared for them an *earthly* city? There are two other passages in the Epistle to the Hebrews respecting the city: "But we are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." Chap. xii. 22. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Chap. xiii. 14.

We venture to affirm that not one of these four allusions to "*the city*" in the Epistle to the Hebrews can justly be said to have any pertinence to the earthly city of Jerusalem, or to the Millennium. It is the distortion of Scriptures like these which brings into disrepute among Christians the transparent prophecy contained in other parts of the blessed Volume that does relate to a terrestrial condition. Whatever city the Apostle refers to, the patriarchs looked forward to it; and whatever faith of expectancy animated them in their dying hours, it was the self-same with that of the Christian church. They died in faith, seeing afar off

promises which they could not then enter into possession of, because "they without us cannot be made perfect." Comp. Heb. xi. 13 with Heb. xi. 39, 40.

In observing the ready ear that is given to the strange vagaries of seducers,* we are often at a loss to discover any charm in their new theories. To ourselves and to the noble host of evangelical witnesses whose sermons and treatises have come down to us, there has always been a sweet attraction in the unity of faith and hope. We liked to hear the Jewish prophets utter the invitation, "Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people." And then in the days of Israel's degradation, we admire the vigour of the apostle of the Gentiles, when he protested, "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." The heavenly city has the prospect of congenial associations when we read of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob there.

And is all this to be changed? Must the pleasing spell be broken by the cold repulsive thought that the city which is built by God himself is prepared, not for all the saints, but for the church that was founded at Pentecost or at Plymouth (?) May we no longer sing with Bernard—

"The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ."

Must we rather tell how this novelty is built on "SPIRITUAL GIFTS," and the names of the gifted leaders among the Plymouth Brethren must surely be graven in its foundations?

Let us now turn to the Epistle to the Galatians, from which we shall draw some further evidence to confirm our own hearts in the ancient faith.

First, we are taught that the gospel of our salvation is that which Abraham received and held in trust. Can words be more explicit? Could an answer have been framed more exactly to meet the unscrupulous allegations of these modern troublers? "Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And the scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed. So then they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham." Gal. iii. 7—9.

Is it objected that Abraham's lineal descendants, the saintly ones, such as Moses, Samuel, David, Josiah, Daniel, &c., were under the law, and therefore not partakers of the spiritual promises contained in the gospel? We refer to this emphatic passage—"Now I say that the heir as long as he is a child differs nothing from a servant, though he be *Lord of all*; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father. Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world." Gal. iv. 1. Surely there is only one interpretation of this assertion, and it lies upon the surface. The bondage of the law was temporary; the heirship by which all things were theirs was antecedent to the period of their discipline, and was of inalienable right.

Once more—for it is difficult to shut the mouths of "those who zealously

* "I have been wanting to ask you," said a lady on whom we recently called to make a pastoral visit, "the meaning of that passage in Matthew, 'For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.' Chap. xxiv. 27. Does it not imply *two* comings?" "There are two different words," I replied, "in the original for 'coming,' one neuter of a thing that comes or happens; the other personal of an individual who makes an appearance." "Ah! but that is not what I mean. I am told that it sets forth *two advents of Christ, one before and the other after the Millennium!!*"

affect you, but not well"—they will ask a plain question which might embarrass the weak disciples if they had not a Cyclopædia of all wisdom to resort to. "Was not the posterity of Abraham a fleshly race, with temporal promises and threatenings placed under a conditional covenant?" We will borrow our answer. The mind of the Holy Spirit is expounded by the Apostle Paul on this subject. Gal. iv. 20—31. We recommend a perusal of the whole passage; we shall merely quote the words we want to emphasize:—"Abraham had two sons." . . . . "He who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he who was of the freewoman was by promise. Which things are an allegory; for these are the two covenants." "Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with all her children." "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." "Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise."

It is our turn to ask a few questions. Who is the father of the faithful? Abraham. Who is the mother of the faithful? The heavenly Jerusalem. How do you distinguish the heirs of the earthly and the heavenly city? By their birth. Who are the heirs of Jerusalem that is above? Those who are born from above. Of which city was Isaac an heir? The same city that all believers now are. And once again, whether was Hagar or Sarah the proper wife of Abraham? Sarah. And what, according to the Holy Ghost's interpretation of this allegory, does Sarah answer to in the order of dispensation? To the new covenant which hath promise of the new Jerusalem. Will those who waver learn this catechism and study the proofs.

Let our enquiries take another turn, while we venture to ask if there is any evidence that the church, as constituted at Pentecost, laid a positive, unequivocal claim to relationship and identity with the Jewish church? Before, however, we quote another text, we beg our readers to observe that we have sought to avoid puzzling them by heaping text upon text. We have asked them to open the Epistle to the Hebrews; then having examined that we have lingered a little while on the Epistle to the Galatians; and now, without distraction, let us turn to the Epistle to the Ephesians. We will pass by the testimony of Paul to the Romans in the ninth chapter, where he represents the grafting of the branches of the wild olive-tree into the good olive tree, merely because the figure employed, however apt in itself, is not consonant with "the city" which we have dwelt upon as the basis of our argument. In Ephesians ii. 11, we read of the past disability of the Gentiles; then as we proceed to the 19th verse we are told of their present immunities in parallel lines.

Remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the flesh made by hands.

That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

With what saints are we fellow-citizens if not with those of the commonwealth of Israel?

And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

We might hope that these references to the Word of God would suffice to disabuse the tender lambs of the flock of that delusion so speciously carried

about in the present day. We must not forget, however, the tactics of the foe. Some one will innocently ask who has been preaching on the subject—any one of note? What book has been written? Oh! no, we answer, nothing of that kind. "Of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." They are a wandering tribe, religious gipsies; they are not a sect, they have no country of their own; they profess to have kings and queens who exercise lordship among them, but their laws are not compiled into any code. They are chiefly known as fortune-tellers, practising the art of necromancy upon the Book of the Revelation; and this would be comparatively harmless if they did not decoy members of respectable families of Christian profession away from the homes in which they were born again, with the flattering bait of that fruit which grew of old on the tree of knowledge. And you must never expect books of any magnitude from them. Little tracts they very habitually leave about; but these may be easily recognised by the air of mystery they contain. They do not on the cover draw the attention of the poor to some chapel or edifice where the gospel is preached. Inside they do not avow any great cardinal truth. You, dear reader, are addressed as *a believer*, and the drift of the address is just to cast discredit upon all the truth you believe and wherein you have been rooted and grounded.

Perhaps now we have scarcely satisfied some wavering minds upon one point. They will ask if, after all, it was not the earthly Jerusalem for which Old Testament saints really did look, even though God in his bounty intended to exceed their hopes with something better? We answer, No, emphatically no;—we will not be decoyed into giving subjection in this matter for a single hour.

The patriarchs did not anticipate that they should inherit an earthly city; for they "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." They desired a better country, that is, a heavenly. "Well, but their case was probably exceptional. They had never seen the hill of Zion, or known anything practically of the temple built there; otherwise they would have changed their opinions." Then we deny that *in toto*. There was not a single exception among all the godly; under any circumstances they were unanimous in looking for the heavenly city. Even David, with the crown of royalty on his head and the imperial purple on his shoulders, "rejoicing with great joy" in the dedication of offerings for the temple, made profession of the patriarchal disavowment of earth as their home. "For we are strangers before thee and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." 2 Chron. xxix. 15. Such, too, have been all believers under the New Testament—pilgrims and strangers. Any effort to found a colony of saints or gather a congregation of spiritual men and women into which no alien can enter has proved abortive. The Christendom of this day has no more pretension to purity than the Israel of David's day. That economy ended in defection; so will this. The remnant is saved in both. In fact we see little difference between the children of God who lived before and those who have lived subsequently to the incarnation. We sometimes marvel at the evangelical strain of their ancient hymnology; and we very commonly lament the legal tone of our preaching and prayer in these last days.

It will not be necessary for us to follow out in this article a description of that celestial city, as it is painted in the two last chapters of the Apocalypse; nor yet to mark the essential difference between it and the terrestrial city delineated in the closing chapters of Isaiah and Ezekiel. The measurement differs. Ezekiel's city was 4,500 reeds square; that spoken of by John, 12,000 furlongs square. In the one there is a temple, in the other there is no temple. The prophet tells of waters issuing out of the temple and emptying themselves into the sea; the divine tells us that there was no more sea. And is not the city of which prophets spake rebuilt by man? Not so the heavenly city; its maker and builder is God. The new Jerusalem is prepared in heaven, and descends

from thence, coming down to earth. In this resplendent metropolis of the universe God shall dwell with men. His tabernacle shall be pitched with us, lighting the city with his glory. Once he visited the earth on a temporary sojourn, again he comes to take up his permanent abode. This is the consummation of desire, the sum of all delight. The locality of the city is above the earth, or at least in its highest parts, and appears as a *sun* giving light to the lower parts of the new earth. "The nations* shall walk in the light of it."—Rev. xxi. 10. Its streets are of transparent gold. Its walls clear as glass, so that the splendour within is visible without. The foundations of precious stones are not buried beneath the soil but exposed to view. The gates are each a single pearl. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." "There shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

"Beyond the dark and stormy bound
That girds our dull horizon round,
A lovelier landscape swells,
Resplendent seat of light and peace,
In thee the sounds of conflict cease,
And glory ever dwells.

For thee the early patriarch sigh'd,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
And hail'd the blest abode:
A stranger here, he sought a home,
Fix'd in a city yet to come,
The city of his God.

Oft by Siloa's sacred stream
In heavenly trance and raptured dream
To faithful Israel shown;
Triumphant over all her foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,
Jehovah's promised throne.

We, too, O Lord, would seek that land,
Follow the tribes that crowd its strand,
From every peril saved;
And march, as when in olden time
Were marshall'd all thy hosts sublime,
And high thy banner waved."

Beauties of the Puritan Shakespeare.†

HUMILITY.—"Humility is not only a virtue itself but a vessel to contain other virtues; like embers, which keep the fire alive that is hidden under it. It emptieth itself by a modest estimation of its own worth, that Christ may fill it. It wrestleth with God, like Jacob, and wins by yielding; and the lower it stoops to the ground, the more advantage it gets to obtain the blessing. All our pride, O Lord, is from the want of knowing thee."

THE FIVE SENSES.—"The five senses are the Cinque Ports where all the great traffic of the devil is taken in."

DAILY LESSONS.—"The very bread we eat should put us in mind of that bread of life; our apparel, of that garment of righteousness which doth justify us, and of glory that shall crown us; our houses below, of those eternal mansions above; the light of the sun invites us to that everlasting light in heaven; the

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* Τῶν σωζομένων "of the saved," an interpolation; see Bengel, &c.

† THOMAS ADAMS has been styled "the Shakespeare of the Puritans," not without good reason. Our selections have been taken from his sermons, which abound with sun-sparkling thoughts.

winds in their airy regions, of that sacred Spirit which blows and sanctifies where he pleaseth; the running streams summon us to that crystal river and fountain of living waters."

Christ's Love.—"It is worthy to be received of all men and with all faculties of soul. Worthy of the intellective part. Nothing more excellent to be known. 'I determined to know nothing among you, but Christ crucified.' 1 Cor. ii. 2. Worthy of the affective part; nothing more dearly to be loved. 'Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb;' more precious than 'thousands of gold and silver.' When the body and soul cannot hang together this comforts us. Worthy of the executive powers, for it beautifieth and graces all our actions. Worthy to be bought with all labour, with expense of goods, with expense of bloods. He that hath this faith, how doth he vilipend the world's three great mistresses—profit, honour, pleasure? The Lord gives many temporal benefits to reprobates; but he gives Christ to none but those whom in Christ he loves for ever."

Conscience.—"It is God's spy and intelligencer in our bosoms and bedchambers; a most exact notary of whatever we think or do. It is his lieutenant, and under him the principal commander and chief controller of man's life; yea, every man's God in that sense that Moses was Aaron's. It is the surest prognostication and pre-judgment of God's last judgment; and best almanac within a man's own breast, foretelling him what will become of him at that day."

Affliction.—"Affliction is a winged chariot that mounts up the soul toward heaven; nor do we ever so rightly understand God's majesty as when we are not able to stand under our own misery."

Good Advice.—"When thou art alone, read, pray, meditate; that either God may talk to thee or thou to God."

Trifling with Sin.—"Men commonly deal with their sins as hedgers do when they go to plash thorn bushes; they put on tining gloves that the thorns may not prick them; so these harden their hearts, that their own thoughts may give them no compunction. But sin never parts with the wicked without leaving a sting behind it."

Good Intentions.—"If a bare intention would serve, God's church on earth would be fuller of saints, and his court in heaven fuller of souls. Ignorance and sloth adulterating, bring forth this lank brood, this abortive embryon-purpose. Resolution without action is a golden couch to a leaden jewel."

Faith, Hope, and Love.—"Faith lays hold on God's gracious promise for everlasting salvation; hope expects this with patience; but when God shall fulfil his word, and us with joy, then faith shall be at an end, but love shall remain between God and us an everlasting bond."

Charity.—"Some think that the best work is to build temples and monasteries; but, indeed, the best work is to relieve not the dead, but the living temples of Christ's nuptical body."

Faith and Works.—"Faith doth justify, and works do testify that we are justified. In a clock the finger of the dial makes not the clock to go, but the clock it; yet the finger without shews how the clock goes within. Our external obedience is caused by our internal faith; but that doth manifest how truly the clock of our faith goes."

The Christian's Heart.—"Man's affection is God's hall; man's memory his library; man's intellect, his privy chamber; but his closet, sacrary or chapel, is the heart."

The World's Wisdom.—"The wisest for the world are most commonly fools for celestial blessings."

Fools Flattered.—"The golden ass, got into sumptuous trappings, thinks he hath as many friends as he hath beasts coming about him. One commends his snout for fairer than the lion's; another his skin for richer than the leopard's; another his foot for swifter than the hart's; a fourth his teeth for whiter and more precious than the elephant's; a last, his breath for sweeter than the civet.

And it is a wonder if some do not make him believe he hath horns, and those stronger than bulls', and more virtual than the unicorn's. All this while they do but hunt him for his trappings; uncase him, and you shall have them baffle and kick him."

Our Common End.—"Dust, not marble nor porphyry, gold nor precious stones, was the matter of our bodies, but earth, and the fractions of our earth, dust. Dust, the sport of the wind, the very slave of the besom. This is the pit from whence we are digged, and this is the pit to which we shall be resolved."

Ambitious Dust.—"Dust so often borrows wings of the wind to mount aloft into the air, and in the streets and highways dasheth herself into our eyes, as if she would say, Are you my kindred, and will not know me? Will you take no notice of your own mother? To tax the folly of our ambition, the dust in the street takes pleasure to be ambitious."

Ah! Indeed!—"There is an omnipotent love that protects us, a material heaven encompassing us, and a spiritual heaven within us, the peace of a good conscience assuring us of our eternal salvation through Christ Jesus. This is a softer lodging than the cabins of merchants or the hammocks of seafarers, yea, than the most curious beds the harbingers can procure for princes."

Letter from a Country Minister.

SIR,—Will you kindly insert the following in your magazine as a specimen of the religious intolerance of the nineteenth century.

On June 19th we met, as those who are concerned for the best interests of our fellow-men, and decided to preach the gospel at Toddington, on July 3rd. We accordingly published the following bill:—

"Open-air Services at Toddington, Tuesday, July 3rd. Revs. G. Walker, of Fenny Stratford, and W. Cuff, of Ridgmount, will hold a Special Service, near the Blacksmith's Shop. Subject, 'A Great Way Off.'"

In consequence of this announcement, on Saturday evening a horse and cart, containing Superintendent of Police, with two prisoners handcuffed, drew up in front of the Baptist Minister's house, Ridgmount; when the superintendent alighted, rung the bell, and was introduced into the study, where the resident minister was quietly sitting, preparing his sermons for the following day. When seated, he gravely proceeded to state that the Green at Toddington belonged to W. C. Cooper, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and that he (Mr. Cooper) had sent him to forbid Mr. Cuff and Mr. Walker holding any kind of religious service on that green. The reply to this was, "Then we will hold one in the street." "If you do," replied the superintendent, "we shall take you up for stopping the thoroughfare." After he left, Mr. Cuff sat down and wrote to his friends at Toddington, begging them to make known this gross insult in their chapel on Sunday; also to Mr. Walker, telling him what had come to pass; and the following to Mr. Cooper:—

"Ridgmount, near Woburn Bay, June 30th, 1866.

"Respected Sir,—Having received this afternoon, from Superintendent Young, an order forbidding me to preach at Toddington Green, on Tuesday next, I beg to say that I was not aware it was your property, therefore did not think of asking your permission. I certainly thought we might have preached the gospel of Jesus Christ without injury either to person or property. But, seeing you forbid, I submit; but, most certainly, I shall preach the gospel at Toddington, on Tuesday. My object is to do good, by lifting up the blood-stained banner of the cross before my fellow-men. My Master preached often in the open air, so did all the apostles; I desire to follow their example. For this they suffered, and, if called upon by God's grace, I am prepared to do the same, counting it an honour to be thought worthy to suffer for the gospel of the Son of God.

I desire to thank you for informing me it was your property, to save further trouble or disturbance.

"Permit me, dear Sir, to subscribe myself yours most respectfully,

"WILLIAM CUFF."

According to announcement on the bills, we went to Toddington, on July 3rd, when, at a quarter before seven o'clock, we were met by a police constable, and most respectfully informed that he was there to forbid us preaching on the green. The people were there, ready and anxious to hear us. We then consulted some of the respectable tradesmen of the place, who informed us that W. C. Cooper, Esq., never forbids the use of the green to penny peep shows, gaffers, cheap jacks, punch and judy, mountebanks, conjurors, etc., with all those who demoralize the people, and leave the town far worse than they find it; we were also informed that these men had to pay toll. We at once proceeded to the toll-keeper, and offered to pay toll for permission to preach the gospel; when he, for conscience sake, refused to take it. After this we respectfully informed the police we should hold the service, and he must discharge his duty.

We held the service without any molestation, when about three hundred persons listened to the Word of Life.

These, sir, are the simple facts of a case of religious tyranny. We are anxious that such a spirit should be exposed and, if possible, put down. We love ardently the liberty for which our fathers bled and died, and are prepared manfully to contend for it. But we pause to ask, are we, in this era of religious advantages, and in so-called Christian England, quietly to endure this, and bend submissively to such men and to such tyranny? Are the houses of Christian ministers to be molested, their peaceful homes disturbed, and the whole village to be alarmed by police visits in the most objectionable form, and that for no other reason than because we announce our intention to preach the gospel of Christ?

Sir,—Imagine for one moment the scene, on a peaceful Saturday evening in June, when all around seems to bespeak the approach of a hallowed day of rest; the weary labourer has again returned home from his toil, and the pastor is quietly musing over thoughts wherewith he may feed his flock on the coming day. All around is calm and tranquil, when suddenly all is disturbed by the approach of a vehicle containing police and prisoners, and the minister's house at once becomes the target upon which many a curious eye is fixed to ascertain the why and wherefore of this strange occurrence.

The result you know.

A valued friend has sent us the subjoined lines:—

And is it so: are Stuart times
Come back again; are preaching crimes
Penal in Bedfordshire?
Are country squires become so bad;
Is bigotry again run mad,
Are times of terror near?

Forbid it where a Hampden fell,
Where Russell took a sad farewell.
Oh! let their blood arise,
To witness that those days, again
Must not enthral our fellow men,
Beneath their country's skies.

We know that Strafford ruled with Laud,
Our fathers then were sent abroad;
And Bunyan in his den
A tale composed, which cheers men's woe;
But squires, police, you all should know,
The times are *now*, *not then*.

We are, Sir, yours very truly,

WILLIAM CUFF, Baptist Minister, Ridgmount.
GEORGE WALKER, Baptist Minister, Fenny Stratford.

Reviews.

Mission Life in the Islands of the Pacific. John Snow and Co., Paternoster Row.

Mission life is here illustrated in the labours of the Rev. A. Buzacott in the Island of Rarotonga. It is scarcely inferior in interest both to the church and the world to the works of Moffat and John Williams. Those, indeed, embrace a wider field of enterprise, and this is chiefly confined to one spot; but on that very account it is more adapted for a complete model to missionaries in general. To a young man about to devote himself to missionary labour this book will prove invaluable. It will teach him the various qualifications, both natural and acquired, that he ought to possess, and how to make the best use of them. It will faithfully forewarn him of the trials and difficulties he will meet with, not in an aspect to discourage, but to animate his zeal. They who wish to enkindle and stimulate a missionary spirit in others will do well to aid to their utmost the circulation of this volume. As a display of the triumphs of the gospel over every species of barbarity and crime, it is profitable to all.

Greek Vocabulary to the New Testament. Samuel Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row.

This little volume consists of two parts, the former of which contains all the root-words in the Greek Testament, and the latter their derivatives and compounds. It cannot fail to be helpful to the attainment of such a knowledge of the original language of the New Testament as every minister of the gospel ought to possess. Of all studies, none perhaps so early and so constantly brings its own reward. The very words of inspiration are here made our own, and they are found not to be too numerous or too complicated for an ordinary understanding, with a fair share of patience and perseverance, to acquire. Even where the Greek Testament has not been mastered in early life, it is seldom too late to begin. But a few books of easy access are needful for the purpose, and this is one of them.

Chequer Alley. A Story of successful Christian Work. By the Rev. Frederick W. Briggs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

Would any one know how much can be done for the most degraded of mankind by humble and persevering efforts, accompanied with faith and prayer, let him read this little book. If he would know how the most heathenish and barren courts of our city may be made to bud and blossom as the rose, let him read this book. If he is saying, What can I do towards such a great and blessed change, let him read this book. We do not endorse all its doctrinal sentiments, but we thoroughly commend its practical piety and zeal.

The Royal Rights of the Lord Jesus. By Wm. Leask, D.D. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Dr. Leask is a thorough-going Millenarian; he delights in anticipating the advent of our Lord, and both in prose and poetry makes it his chosen theme It is well that there are a few reasonable men to maintain and declare this truth, for never was a doctrine so sadly abused. Whenever a good man is more than usually weak in the head, he is sure to start a new theory upon Daniel and the Apocalypse. The vagaries of modern prophecy-expositors would be enough to make us utterly sick of all allusion to prophecy, were it not that the Lord's word must ever command our reverence. Dr. Leask has an interesting, flowing, graceful style, and his theme is well considered. As to the subject itself, despite the remarks we have made, we still consider it to be one of the weightiest topics with which the human mind can be occupied.

History of Baptists and their Principles, Century by Century to the Present Time. By Wm. Stokes. Second Edition. Elliot Stock.

This is an exceedingly excellent attempt at a most necessary work. We think that a first-class history of the Baptists is yet to be written, but will probably

not appear within the next fifty years. The work before us we can recommend as a very admirable manual for our young people, but we do not at all agree with the author's remarks upon strict communion, nor do we think the book correct in several other respects. We cannot comprehend upon what basis Mr. Stokes founds his calculation that there is only one Baptist in London for every 310 persons; this would, with our population of three millions, bring us down to 10,000, which is about the number of adherents at the Tabernacle alone; if he only counts the members of Baptist churches, there are, we believe, at least twice that number in London. These minor blemishes do not render our commendation the less hearty because the more discriminating.

For Ever and Ever. A College Lecture upon the Duration of Future Punishment. By Rev. GEORGE ROGERS. Price Twopence. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster-row.

WITHIN so short a compass we have seldom met with so much cogent argument. Would that all who have been staggered by the apparent force of the specious statements of modern errorists would read this short, but forcible treatise. The doctrine of the eternity of future punishment might in itself appear to be of minor importance, but it holds such a position in the Christian system that its denial or doubt almost necessarily leads to error upon all the other truths of revelation; Mr. Rogers has therefore done good service in confirming our students in the truth, and our young brethren were wise in desiring to see the lecture published.

Newton's Cardiphonia. A New Edition. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

WE are glad to see an old favourite in a modern dress. It needs only this reintroduction to render it as attractive as at first. In few writers are Christian doctrine, experience, and practice more happily balanced than in the author of these letters; and few write with more simplicity, piety, and force.

NOTE.—In a former notice of Mr. Macaulay's book on the Sabbath, we spoke upon the belief that Calvin and Luther had been proved by him to be upon what is believed to be the orthodox side; but we have been convinced by quotations sent to us by a much esteemed correspondent, that we were in error, and that those great men did not hold the current views of the Sabbath. We do not attach any importance to this fact, but we do attach great importance to our own candour and honesty, and therefore beg to stand corrected.

Notices.

THE recognition of the Rev. E. Compton as pastor of the Baptist Church at Broughton, in Hampshire, took place on Monday evening, the 25th of June. Joseph Parsons, Esq., presided. H. M. Bombas, Esq., Barrister at Law, in his office as deacon, related the past history of the church, and spoke of its duties under the present encouraging circumstances. The Rev. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who had preached to the people twice on the Sabbath, gave the charge to the minister. Addresses were then given by the Revs. C. Chambers, of Romsey; R. Caven, of Southampton; R. Tyrrell, of Stockbridge; and E. Compton. This cause has already begun to revive, and to give good promise of the future, under the care of its new minister.

A tea meeting was held in Bedford Gospel Hall, Sylvan Grove, Old Kent Road, on Wednesday evening, June 20th. After tea there was a public meeting. Mr. Mead, an elder of the Tabernacle, took the chair. The Hall was crowded to excess, and the people listened with evident pleasure to earnest and stirring speeches, delivered by Messrs. Hill, Wilkinson, Irving, Ennals, Honor, Bunning, and Mace, students of the Pastor's College. There seems to be a good prospect of raising a cause in this destitute locality. Mr. Rudall commenced this work about three weeks ago in a room near Hatcham Road,

under great disadvantages. The first Sunday he had but one or two adult hearers. God blessed the Word, and in a few weeks the room was too small for the attendants. The above Hall was taken, and by the earnest and united efforts of the friends who have surrounded him, a good work is being carried on. The last two or three Sunday evenings the Hall has been filled. A Sunday school is commenced. From present appearances our brother has every reason to "thank God and take courage."

Recognition services, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. John Murphy, late of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, at the Baptist Chapel, New Swindon, in Wiltshire, were held on Tuesday, the 23rd of July. In the afternoon the Rev. G. J. Pillgrem, Independent, read the Scriptures and prayed. The Rev. J. J. Brown, of Cirencester, asked the usual questions. Mr. Mearing replied on behalf of the church, and Mr. Murphy gave a brief and clear account of his conversion, his call to the ministry, his denominational preferences, and his doctrinal creed. The dedication prayer was offered by the Rev. H. Gilmour, of Stratton. The charge was delivered by the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. The Rev. R. Breeze, the former pastor, concluded the service with prayer. In the evening, after a numerously attended tea meeting, the chair was taken by Mr. Murphy. Mr. Brown stated the nature of a Christian church; Mr. Barns, of Trowbridge, reminded the church of its duties; Mr. Whitaker, of Cheltenham, spoke of the claims of the world upon the church; Mr. Perkins, of Warminster, upon the claims of the young; and Mr. Page, of Calne, upon the necessity of unity. Mr. Pearce, of Frome, spoke in commendation of Mr. Murphy as a fellow student. The whole services were well attended, and the prospects were most encouraging.

On Thursday, the 5th of July, Mr. Percy H. Pearce, of the Tabernacle College, was recognized as pastor of the Baptist Church at Frome, formerly under the care and entirely raised by Mr. Holroyd, by whom also a handsome chapel has recently been built, and is now being generously put in trust. Mr. Page, of Calne, commenced the afternoon service by reading the Scriptures and prayer. The Rev. H. Anderson, of Bratton, proposed the usual questions to the church and pastor, which were answered in a brief but very satisfactory manner. The Rev. T. G. Rooke, of Frome, offered the ordination prayer. The charge was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, and the service was concluded by Mr. Perkins, of Warminster. After a large public tea, Mr. Rogers presided at the meeting in the evening, and addresses were given by the Rev. T. G. Rooke, on the constitution of a Christian church; by the Rev. H. Anderson, on the duties of the church to its pastor; by the Rev. A. Rowland, LL.B., Independent, on the relative duties of church members; and by Mr. Page, on the different qualifications of church members for usefulness. Mr. Cloak, of Beckington; Mr. Blewett, of Westbury; and Mr. Pearce, also took part in the service. Mr. Pearce has a prospect of much comfort and usefulness.

On Wednesday, the 11th of July, Mr. J. Cole, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the Baptist Church at Burnham, in Essex. In the afternoon service the Rev. J. Frampton, of Southminster, read the Scriptures and prayed. The Rev. J. T. Wigner, late of Lynn, Norfolk, asked the usual questions, to which the church and pastor gave suitable replies. The dedication prayer was offered by the Rev. P. Hayward, of Rochford. The charge was given by the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. The Rev. J. Guy concluded with prayer. About 200 had tea together in an adjoining room. At the evening meeting Mr. Rogers presided; the Rev. G. Seymour, of Steeple, prayed; the Rev. J. T. Wigner gave an address to the church. Addresses were also given by the Rev. A. H. Stote, of Earl's Colne; the Rev. J. Guy, a Primitive Methodist; Mr. Robinson, a Village Missionary; the Rev. P. Hayward, an Independent; the Rev. J. Frampton, an Independent; and the Rev. G. Seymour, an Independent. The day was much enjoyed by all parties.

On Tuesday, the 17th of July, Mr. A. H. Stote, of the Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the

Baptist Church, in the new and spacious Chapel at Earl's Colne, in Essex. The day was very fine, and there was a large gathering of friends from all the surrounding parts. The afternoon service was commenced with prayer by the Rev. R. S. Woodrow, of Halsted. The Rev. J. Richardson, of Bures, read the Scriptures. The Rev. W. Bentley, of Sudbury, asked the usual questions, which were responded to by Mr. A. Tawell, one of the deacons, and by the pastor. The dedication prayer was offered by the Rev. John Frost, of Deverell Street, London. The charge to the minister was given by the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. The Rev. W. Johnson, of Halsted, concluded with prayer. A public tea meeting was held in a barn, well fitted and decorated for the occasion. At the evening meeting the Rev. G. Rogers presided. The Rev. J. Toll, of Halsted, gave out a hymn; the Rev. J. Cole, of Burnham, read the Scriptures. Prayer was offered by Mr. E. Spurrier. The charge to the church was delivered by the Rev. John Cox, of Ipswich. Addresses were then given by Mr. H. Hill, of the College; Mr. T. Crudgington, from Portsmouth; Mr. Cole; Mr. Spurrier; Mr. Stote, and from the chair.

During the week commencing 11th June, a bazaar was held in the schoolroom of Stepney Green Tabernacle, to assist in liquidating the remaining debt upon the building. Mr. Spurgeon kindly opened the bazaar, and thus greatly promoted its success. The results were most satisfactory, and the friends at Stepney feel grateful to God for his kindness, and to the many friends who came to their help. Mr. Ness desires in this public manner to thank those who generously sent contributions, and by other means assisted in the undertaking.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from June 19th, to July 18th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
I. S. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dickey	2	2	0
Mr. R. Law	0	6	0
Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
A Friend, Sheffield	2	0	0
Mr. N. P. Sharman	10	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Mr. Tyson	50	0	0
Miss Carter	0	5	0
Mr. Petford, King's Norton	1	0	0
Mr. Bird	0	10	0
Miss Bird	0	10	0
Mr. Saxelby	0	10	0
Mr. Saxelby, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Haynes	5	0	0
Mr. J. Toller	2	0	0
Mr. J. Mellen	1	0	0
The Misses Congreve's Collecting Box	2	15	11
S. W. L.	12	4	6
E. U.	5	0	0
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	5	0	0
Contribution from Perth, per Mr. Spurgeon	2	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
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Mrs. Angus Crole	10	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	5	0	0
Mr. Marshall	2	0	0
Mr. Slaughter	1	0	0
Mr. Glover	0	5	0
Mr. Greenwood	1	5	0
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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

An Evening in Sadler's Wells Theatre.

MR. SAWDAY AND THE WORKING MEN OF PENTONVILLE.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE present series of papers on the efforts of lay evangelists were commenced, at the suggestion of our friend the Editor, with a deepfelt conviction that the sacred toils of the workers amid poverty and vice were scarcely known to one half of the Christian world, and with the hope of indicating to earnest unselfish men of ability some methods of reclaiming the spiritual waste deserts which are so numerous in thickly populated towns. Our aim has not been to please, still less to glorify, the human instrument, for whose personal honour we have no sort of care. As much as possible, our researches have been carried on independently of the principal agents in the missions, and we have depended more on the evidences we have seen than on the perhaps equally satisfactory evidences we have heard. In preceding numbers, we have, in our own random way, introduced our readers to a class of preachers whose success in the lowest strata of blackguardism has been in proportion to the faith exercised and the zeal manifested both by preachers and helpers. On this occasion we have to deal with a much more respectable class of artizan sinners, whose position in society is more pleasant outwardly than that of thieves, beggars, harlots, and the lovers of uncleanliness.

There are two different and most difficult classes of people to "get at" in public ministration. The one class consists of the rogues and vagabonds of ruffianism, and the other the genteelly respectable, the morally honest, and the conscientiously scrupulous. The last difficulty may seem more apparent than real, but experience proves it to be more real than apparent. In nearly every respectable man's heart there is a hidden veil, preserving from introspection the germs of sin and religious waywardness which grow like rank weeds in what might seem a fairly cultivated garden. The room has been swept, if not garnished, but the light of facts reveals undisturbed cobwebs; unconsciously too,

the evil spirits are mischievously negativing all nobler aspirations, and hardening the softer emotions of the soul. God's conscience is there, but it is deadened by unwarrantable prejudices, and the prevalence of materialistic influences and tendencies. To such Respectabilities the gospel may be preached effectively or clumsily, artistically or rudely, earnestly or meekly, lovingly or with fiery energy and hot-worded declamation, but the unimpressible nature refuses to yield, the intellect may even remain unconvinced. No sadder work can be engaged in than that of experimenting on the iron-plated souls of nineteenth-century immoveability. The gospel minister must be himself callous if he be not subject to the tenderest emotions when beholding the indifference, the dreamy thoughtlessness of unsusceptible souls.

There is, however, a medium class, which has a certain distinctiveness of its own. It comprises the semi-honest, partly conscientious, working men, who labour for their homes with characteristic earnestness and good humour. They swear, for it serves as an outlet for temper, or indefinable joy, or because their stock of adjectives and adverbs is small, and their gift of utterance great. They pay their debts—none so honest as they. Their literature, which we may some day fully describe, partakes of their own restless temperament and the murkiness of their moral atmosphere. They believe, when they think at all, in moral evils being met by moral forces. But they consider not God, either when they curse or bless. Spiritual absenteeism is practically their creed; they have faculties, but they are not applied to Christian considerations. Religion they associate with the sternest of puritanical prohibitionists, and God's ministers are, for the most part, prototypes of that insidious lover of sugar-in-brandy known as Stiggins. Religion, again, they do not like, for it seems dull—there is no *recreation* in it. Greatly do they abhor straightlaced, starched, frilled, puckered piety. If godliness have any charm to them it must spring from free service, not the outgrowth of absurd conventionalities. Herein there is much to commend. Yet they are thoughtless, and do not dream of entering into a place of worship. Their love of a pleasant mode of spending their leisure hours where they can sing, loll, attitudinize, smoke, drink beer, talk to their mates, is the secret of their disinclination to fraternise with the worshippers of God or even to consult that Book against which, to do them justice, they seldom venture to speak ill, and to be equally just, about which they give no opinion that costs them one half-hour's consideration.

Yet, hidden under so many strata of difficulties, precious metal may be discovered, and to find it is a task of such a noble and pleasant character that we thankfully rejoice over the smallest success which attends the laborious efforts of faith-acquired zeal. Small success! Well, that is all near-sighted humanity expects; but the energy that strives for the lion's share, that with the telescope of faith scans the broad expanse of heathen earth, and looks for its conversion to the blessed Master as a certain record in the Divine Decrees—that is the spiritual leverage to heave up the dull clod of indifference, and to make all London sing God's praises.

Some of this great faith—how much God knows—I think I have perceived in a worthy mission to the "medium class" described, in

Pentonville. A young man, scarcely twenty-one years old, received his theological training at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and was inspired at the same time with some of that irresistible mental giant power and fervency for which the President of that institution is so remarkable. When the time was fully come, Mr. C. B. Sawday was, after a pleasant trial in the country, invited to test his preaching powers in Vernon Chapel, Pentonville. In other words, he "received a call," but it was to an almost deserted, certainly a cheerless, large chapel, where gentle whispers would have sufficed for the conveyance of spiritual edification. It is one peculiarity of our dear friends, the Tabernacle collegians, to "cry aloud," and spare not lungs and people until their chapels become occupied by listening crowds. Mr. Sawday was not charmed with the echo which reverberated through the plaster walls of that Nonconformist Gothic Chapel in Pentonville, until it should be changed into the more musical echo of God's voice in sinners' hearts. Prayer was made, faith exercised. These were the spiritual placards which helped to draw the crowds. And they came! The chapel became densely filled on Sabbath evenings. Conversion resulted. The church increased. The pastor's heart was enlarged. Tho once deserted place, which would comfortably seat nine hundred, looked cheerful with happy faces. One man alone on one day perambulated the haunts of his mates and their *confrères*, and brought in forty of them to hear the Gospel message. The people having a willing ear, open air services were commenced outside the chapel, which is situated on the south of one of those diminutive, ill-shaped, enclosed shrubberies, which in London do duty for gardens, or "open spaces," "breathing spaces," I think they have been called:—misnomers all! Here twice a week services are held, and are attended by many hundreds who would not care for the luxury of a high-backed pew. Last spring, Mr. Sawday was bold enough to take Sadler's Wells Theatre for six nights, on his own responsibility. Such a strong act of youthful imprudence was attributed by a few old-fashioned folks to a wild freak of the imagination, coupled possibly with some unfortunate weakness in his cerebellum. However, though discouraged, the sum required for meeting the expense of hiring the theatre was obtained, and 2s. 4½d. over; but how that balance was appropriated those who refused to give never knew. This summer the theatre was again engaged for ten nights, at £140. The money was raised, although I am assured that "not a soul was asked for a half-penny, but the money came in letters, by gifts and contributions." Vernon Chapel has not been closed on these occasions; one of the Tabernacle students has supplied the pulpit, and about six hundred persons have attended.

What we have beheld "with our own eyes" we will now relate. In the chapel, on the Sabbath afternoon of our visit, we found a class of about 140 girls and women, presided over by a lady who has been of considerable service in bringing souls to the foot of the cross. As in the case of Mrs. Bartlett at the Tabernacle, addresses are given by the instructress, but unlike the larger class, male trespassers are prohibited from hearing anything to their advantage. We cannot, therefore, describe the mode of procedure, but Mrs. Clarke, the lady in question, was good enough to tell us that she has established such a link of

friendship between each member and herself, that when even one is absent the cause is readily discovered, and when Almighty love has coiled its softening bands round an awakened soul, the good news is early known. In common parlance, each person is "looked after," and their souls individually cared for. Ah! that personal care for individual souls accomplishes much. Our dearest friends are those who cared for our souls when we were careless of them; that God-inspired mother whose simple eloquence taught us the sanctity of divine influences, and led us to pray for them, wove for us a garland of earthly joy which will be ultimately exchanged for a crown of eternal glory. There are about 240 names on the books, and it is satisfactory to learn that many have joined the church, or have added to the numbers of other churches in the neighbourhood. The schoolroom below the chapel is a delightful dungeon, the only pleasant feature of which is the happy faces incarcerated therein. It was a peculiar sign of the orthodoxy of the past generation to bury the poor children where they could scarcely see across the room, and where the sunlight could never enter. To make the Sabbath school more agreeable to the taught, and to foster real love for its walls, are objects well worthy of Christian liberality. Fortunately, a committee is incubating plans for rebuilding or extending the chapel, and hopes may be reasonably entertained of a radical improvement in the housing of the tender plants whose physical as well as spiritual nature demands attention.

We were next conducted to the scene of what struck us as a most agreeable and useful effort. A number of working men and lads—there were about eighty on the occasion—assemble together on the Sabbath afternoon, under the direction of one of the most desirable deacons that a pastor can be blessed with, for the purpose of meditation and prayer. Here were young men of respectable station in life, shrewd youths whose gifts were once diverted into frolicsome, noisy blackguardism and wickedness, labouring men once devoted to the tap-room, and thoughtful, earnest, warm-hearted ones, to whom speaking of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, to the indifferent is a joyous, oft-used privilege. This class is a nursery for street evangelists, who, probably in an illiterate way, spread abroad the fame of the Master where sin and wretchedness abound. The leader, Mr. Watts, with great earnestness and steady perseverance now reaps satisfactory results from his labours of some years, and on his own intelligent addresses to the crowds let us hope the Divine blessing may descend.

From here we, still in company with Mr. Sawday, inspected a little mission house in a narrow, pebble-paved court behind a number of dwellings opened for the preaching of the gospel on Sabbath afternoons. It was a primitive-looking affair, but those whose hearts had been touched were here doing a commendable work, the issues of which no man knoweth.

We have thus briefly indicated what a church has done in the way of evangelisation, apart from the active interference of the pastor. Two years and a half ago there was an almost empty church, and within that time, rapidly, yet not spasmodically, great changes occur, and the most prosperous organizations are in active exercise. Much, very much, have we here to stimulate others. Nor must we forget to add that much is

due to the zeal and ability of the godly deacon already mentioned, with whose help a young evangelist-pastor may serve God with tenfold zeal, and by whose sympathy even cheerless work may be comfortably performed. But an obstructive deacon, even when placed aside, may doom the minister to a fate similar to that of the princess, in fairy tale, who was consumed by the flames of the genii she had reduced to a cinder.

The service at Sadler's Wells Theatre admits of less description than the services in Victoria Theatre described in the January and February numbers of this Magazine. Before the doors were opened, the deacon, Mr. Watts, addressed the crowd outside. Prior to the commencement of the service the building was crowded in every part. Standing room there was none. Ranged along the capacious stage were the usual members of the congregation; working men, respectably attired, with their wives arrayed in sober costume, crowded the pit; while the first gallery, which contained in itself an ordinary congregation, was well occupied by an attentive crowd of respectable people. The top gallery and hatchways usually appropriated, I believe, to the threepenny sightseers, were also filled with rough and smooth artizans of all kinds. Throughout the silence maintained was wonderful. There was at first the usual amount of buzzing and whispering, but as soon as the preacher opened the stage door, and confronted his audience, the fall of a pin might have been heard. The singing was well sustained, and was far from rollicking and gay. The preacher's exhortation and sermon—we say it conscientiously and with great deliberation—were, for a young man, an honour to his good sense, a credit to his mental gifts, a testimony of his soul's intercourse with Heaven, and a sign of his knowledge of man's wants on earth. We have heard many special addresses to working men, but none in which the interest was so thoroughly sustained. Mr. Sawday is in every way fitted for evangelistic work, and we think his success in that direction, with Divine blessing, might be great. The ordinary clap-trap of stump orators, the materialistic appeals, the violent phrases used by evangelistic-democrats, the flaming passion which brings bile from the stomach, blood to the face, and distortion to the features—all were abjured. Yet you could discover genuine earnestness, wooing tenderness, an outflow of the warmest sympathy, an evidently uncontrollable nervous anxiety to take each sinner by the button-hole and sacrifice himself for his salvation. But the critical niceties of a classic temperament, presuming it to be sanctified by Christianity, were not offended. One could easily discover that the speaker's failing was his impulsiveness, which led him once or twice to use expressions which were not "convenient" to use. And we as young men in the youthful flush of our first-love zeal, are apt to deal critical blows which a much riper experience would lead us to materially soften. Yet who would rob us of our early enthusiasm for the Master—an enthusiasm which sometimes brings us into His immediate presence, where we bathe our longing soul in the rivers of satisfying communion. Plain and unadorned oratory, without affectedness—no imitation—*no á la Spurgeon* *—but natural grace, deep emotion, childish simplicity of heart are the

* What we mean here is, that mere imitation of Mr Spurgeon's manner and peculiarities, which are natural and therefore becoming in him, is despicable in smaller lights and lesser stars.

characteristics which strike one as possessed by Mr. Sawday. Add to these a peculiar and felicitous aptness of expression, and a tendency to judiciously appropriate figures and analogies, with a strong sense of the peculiar cravings of his hearers, and you have what we venture to think high qualifications for the work of preaching to the masses.

The sermon was on the new birth. After its delivery, we had the privilege of visiting the green-room, which was filled with tearful enquirers. Had we the gift of not so much word-painting as of gold-stencilling, we might venture to picture, for our readers' benefit, the scenes we witnessed. We should only fail, and therefore will not venture. Suffice it to add that the room was twice filled with anxious ones, some weeping in extreme distress, others convinced of the importance of eternal things, and many avowing their desire for reformation and for pardon.

Threading our way through the mysterious, darkened passages leading from the back of the stage to the front entrance, a word was dropped to one of the men who attends to the building. He was a short thick-set man, with those marks of theatrical experience which one may trace in the lineaments of nearly all devoted to this profession. "This is not a very grand life to lead," remarked one to him. Smiling, he replied, "Well, Sir, you see as how we gets our living many ways—some by preaching"—— Turning from the topic, Mr. Sawday referred to some good things which he hoped of his wife and daughter. "Ah," said the old man, still with a smile, "yes, I believe they're good uns." "But would'nt you like to be good too?" "Well, I 'specs we can't all be good: them that is makes up for them that isn't." And with regret for such want of gospel knowledge, we quietly walked away.

We have a few notes of some of the most remarkable conversions effected by the means of these services, but we have already occupied a fair space. They present no striking novelty, but they illustrate the degradation of the classes whose characteristics we have described in this paper, and the power of God's grace in their conversion. The blessing which God has given to Mr. Sawday's work at Sadler's Wells has been most encouraging; and we hope he may be spared to enter more actively than ever into this noble enterprise.

John Welsh.*

A HERO OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

BY G. D. EVANS.

PROTESTANTISM took root more deeply, if it did not spread more rapidly in Scotland than in England. The people, characterised by solidity of thought and strength of judgment, less excitable than the inhabitants of more southern countries, were ready to embrace the Calvinistic doctrine, and proclaim war against prelacy and priestcraft. The Reformers, by their moral prowess, soon gained the sway over their

* Compiled from the life of John Welsh, by the late Rev. James Young. Edinburgh: Maclaren, Princes Street.

hearers' minds, and the persecuted ones became rulers of their former foes. But startling changes in the government of a nation, religious or political, always leave some embers of discontent behind that will trouble more or less future actors on the scene. The hardest work is not always his who first steps into the fray, but rather theirs who, after the day of battle is over, and the sound of artillery is hushed, meet the sickening sight and pestilential odours from the field of the slain. The excitement of making the first breach in a fortress will carry the army through, but those who have to allay future animosities may meet with rough handling in the midst of their toil.

It was so with the after-work of the Reformation in Scotland. John Knox was dead. The great contest carried on by him against Popish prelacy had issued in the establishment of a Presbyterian government for the church. Darkness still brooded over the land, and the death of honest John, in the year 1572, would have crushed the faith of fainting hearts, but for the hope concerning "the faithful that God of his mercy should appoint to fight after him in these last and most wicked days." Of this band of faithful ones, few deserved more honour than John Welsh. His earliest years are shrouded in a degree of uncertainty. The year of his birth was probably 1568, and the place thereof his father's house at Colliston. It is likely that he descended from some good Scottish families on the south-west border of the kingdom. His father was, by the son's testimony, a godly man, for he styles him "his religious and affectionate father," and doubtless with all Puritan preciseness, he endeavoured to train up his son in the good old way. It would be interesting to trace the means by which these early Scottish Puritans became acquainted with the truth. There were few copies of the New Testament about. Here and there a family possessed one, of the version of Tyndale or Wickliffe, which descended from generation to generation as a valued heirloom. Tradition tells us that a family in Galloway held a copy, that clandestine meetings were held in the adjoining woods, and that neighbours would assemble to hear read to them the Word of life. The family of the Welshes, living near at hand, would attend these sacred festivals, and probably were thus led to embrace the gospel. However that may be, the religious instruction given by his pious father and the schoolmaster appeared for a season wholly lost on young John. Like many boys, of whose acquaintance we might boast, he was particularly wayward. From occasionally playing the truant he became an associate of gipsy thieves, and ultimately absconded from school. His clothes wore out, and his new friends forsook him, and then, prodigal-like, he repented. Through the mediation of an aunt, whose house sheltered him in his misery, he was brought back to his father's home. His vows of amendment, although he was then only ten or eleven years of age, were made in the divine strength; his subsequent career was marked by a devoutness remarkable in so young a child, and if not converted, the seeds of godliness had begun to germinate and spring within his breast. The revival of learning in Scotland gave facility for his future training, and he was ultimately sent to King James's College at Edinburgh. The political and physical atmosphere were both charged with disturbing elements, and the latter, perhaps more than the former, impeded the labours of the youthful scholars.

For eight months, during which time the plague was raging, they were prevented meeting; consequently their studies were interrupted, and much precious time was lost. But the unwearied energy of Welsh and his fellow-students overcame these obstacles, and successes were achieved that might have mantled with blushes the cheeks of many scholars in these happier times. To the supervision of the principal Rollock may, perhaps, be traced the development of principles displayed in after life. The religious instruction was not displaced by the secular on the Sabbath day; he questioned them diligently upon the discourses they had heard, and trained them in the catechism of Zachary Ursin, explaining difficult texts of Scripture, and removing prejudices from their minds. Having finished the course of study, Welsh took his M.A. degree in August, 1588. The extraordinary gifts displayed as a student were sanctified by endowments of a higher character, and the fact was clear that he was now a living disciple of Christ Jesus. A law of the church ordained that "none be admitted to the holy and weighty charge of the ministry but such as are twenty-five years of age, except those whom the General Assembly shall judge meet and worthy by reason of singular endowments and rare qualities." At this time superior Christian teachers were especially needed. Philip the Second of Spain had threatened to re-establish the Popish religion; many who favoured the Reformation in its sunshiny hours turned their back upon it now that the storm threatened, while ignorance and superstition reigned almost supreme. John Welsh, although five years younger than the prescribed age, was considered fit to take his stand for truth in these troublous times, and upon the recommendation of his tutors received the charge of the spiritual oversight of Selkirk, comprehending also the four parishes of St. Marie Kirk, New Kirk of Ettrick, Rankilburn, and Ashkirk. This was no small charge for a youth of twenty to undertake, but the surest presage of success was found in the deep humility that led him afterwards to exclaim, "Who am I, that Christ should first have called me, and then constituted me a minister of the gospel of salvation?" His devotional exercises, too, were exemplary. A son of a parishioner with whom he slept delighted to relate how the holy man used, when he went to bed at night, to lay a Scotch plaid above his bed clothes, and, when he awoke, to sit up and cover himself negligently therewith, while he prolonged his prayers. Thus his success, although the object of much malice, and the butt of great opposition, was large. He preached mainly the doctrines taught by Knox, and his sermons were filled with rousing sentences that stirred the hearts and kindled the love of many. He kept two horses that he might travel to distant parts and preach the word of God once every day, although by an ordinance of the General Assembly, which forbad ministers holding more than one parish, he might have excused himself these laborious efforts. He was represented by an old man many years afterwards in the significant and beautiful words, "Oh, sir, he was a type of Christ." The obstructions in his pathway, such as the opposition of large land-owning families, the enmity of Romanists against the truth, the malice displayed by one bigoted enemy in the mangling of his two horses till they bled to death, and consequent fears for his own personal safety, were too much for his sensitive heart to bear. The tragical end of David Blyth, who was

murdered at the same time as David Aikman, both of them eminent ministers of Christ, made way for his appointment to Kirkcudbright. But before his settlement in this place, so near to his own house, and although stained with the blood of its martyred minister, possessing for him more than ordinary attractions, an event occurred which it becomes us to relate. The family of John Knox, residing at Faldonsyde, on the banks of the Tweed, near the famous Abbotsford, afforded him shelter in many a lonely hour, and the sayings and doings of the brave father recorded by his godly children, steeled his nerves in many a day of battle, while the youngest daughter's loving spirit completely won his heart, and he discovered that she would be a helpmeet for him in his vicissitudes and joys. Before he left Selkirk they were united in the bonds of marriage, and subsequent events proved the wisdom of his choice.

The professions of King James in favour of Presbyterianism, his promises of assistance, and his expressed wish that every parish should be provided with a minister, blinded the people to his real character. But although he had thrown off the Popish garb, he was in heart a foe to everything tending to lessen his authority in ecclesiastical matters, and unwilling to bow to the will of Christ in the discipline of his own church. He possessed an insatiable thirst for absolute power, and the claims of God and man were alike disregarded in his attempts to reach it. For the assertion of the liberty of the pulpit, David Black of St. Andrew's, was imprisoned, and the commissioners of the General Assembly were commanded by sound of trumpet to quit the city of Edinburgh within forty-eight hours. Other brethren, among whom was Welsh, were appointed in their stead, and his Knox-like boldness was displayed in a sermon he preached soon afterwards. He is described by an unworthy and time-serving contemporary historian, as railing against the King, saying, "he was possessed with a devil; that one devil being put out, seven more were entered in its place; and that the subjects might lawfully rise and take the sword out of his hand." A more honourable testimony is that he "gravely, wisely, and soberly, in great liberty and freedom of the spirit, in the pulpit of Edinburgh, uttered the counsel and will of God to his majesty and his counsellors, not sparing to rebuke their known enormities." False representations of this sermon reaching the king's ears, his ire was raised, and orders issued to arrest and imprison the preacher. The blood-hounds for this time missed their prey. Afterwards the magistrates were ordered to apprehend him, but for some reason they disobeyed the mandate. Upon his non-appearance before the king and council, sentence was passed upon him that he be put to the horn,* and his goods be forfeited. Thus he was not only robbed of his earthly possessions, but precluded for many months engaging in his cherished work of preaching the gospel. The changeable king, in process of time, revoked the sentence, told the ministers that he approved the flight, and allowed them again to occupy their pulpits. Kingcraft once more played its part. A general assembly was called by the monarch himself. Encroachments upon the liberties of the church were proposed and carried. Some of the foremost in the ranks fell victims to the bribery and browbeating of their royal dictator; but amidst all

* *i.e.*, Outlawed.

the defection Welsh stood firm, and neither threats nor promises would move him. He had a loyal heart towards King Jesus, and other monarchs must bow before *his* throne.

A controversy in which he was engaged with a conceited Popish braggart named Gilbert Brown, abbot of Smutheart, or New Abbey, so successfully overturned his adversaries' doctrines, and so satisfied his brethren of his extraordinary gifts, that they counted him worthy of any higher honour they could confer upon him. The most important seaport next to Glasgow was the ancient town of Ayr. An invitation given him to the oversight of the church in that place for many considerations he readily accepted. Behind him he left great results in the amelioration of the miseries of the people, socially and spiritually, the establishment of schools and catechetical instruction, the downfall of Popery, the real conversion to God of many souls, and the enlightenment and strengthening of many Christians. Some of the converts were afterwards united with the flock of Samuel Rutherford at Anworth, and to them and their sons and daughters he addressed many of his choice "letters."

In August, 1600, the people of Ayr received their new pastor. The place was celebrated as the stronghold of Lollardism; the sentiments of Wickliffe had been preached by the martyr Wishart, while Popery had been declared against by the two Johns, Willock and Knox. Thus the memories of the place were not wanting in interest for its new pastor. In the first instance he was simply assistant to John Porterfield, at the yearly stipend "of three hundred marks with the house mail" [rent], to be retained or not at the will of the town council, after their present minister's decease. The moral and religious state of the town was exceedingly low. Ruffianism was abroad in the land. While the temples had been cleansed, and the monuments of idolatry pulled down, there were many trafficing priests working amidst the masses of the people. Two years after Welsh's settlement the neighbourhood was the scene of a bloody tragedy represented in one of Sir Walter Scott's dramas, in which an onlooker speaks in the following words—

> "Ay indeed,
> Linger such deeds of heathendom among you?
> And hath Knox preached and Wishart died in vain?"

Dangerous street-fights were of constant occurrence. When Welsh came across them he rushed into the midst of the belligerents with a helmet on his head to save him from their blows; having separated them, he brought them round a well-laden table in the street, offered a prayer, bade them be reconciled and eat together, and concluded by singing a Scotch psalm. Thus in time the town subsided into a state of comparative peace. The Sabbath was desecrated, not only by the common people but by his senior Porterfield himself, who "used to go to the bow butts and archery on the Sabbath at the close of the afternoon service." Welsh affectionately invited him to join himself and some lay brethren in devotional exercises on the Sabbath evening; this offer being accepted the stone of stumbling was removed, and the way paved for his anti-Sabbath-breaking labours among the humbler classes. Here again his devotional habits proved a tower of strength. While he read and meditated much he was specially earnest in prayer, and in the retire-

ment of his garden or church he would often repeat the cry, "O God! wilt thou not give me Scotland?" Sometimes he would enter his vestry before preaching, and tell his elders that he was afraid to ascend the pulpit for the weightiness of the message he had to bear, but when he had delivered his soul to the people the bulk of the congregation were bathed in tears. Such was his power over the ruling classes that an act of parliament was passed, "that hereafter at the time of the election of the magistrates, the pastor of the town shall offer up a prayer before the said election, so that the town may prosper the better for the glory of God and the town's weal." When offered preferments by the king he refused them all, counting it a greater privilege to occupy meaner posts. His loyalty found expression in a journey he took to Edinburgh, to offer a congratulatory address on the occasion of the king's accession to the English throne, and his faithfulness was displayed in warning him against following the pernicious examples of some Bible kings who lost their thrones for despising God. Upon the death of Porterfield, he succeeded, with the goodwill of the town, to the vacant charge. Not long after this, in October, 1604, the pest broke out. Ayr being a walled town, could only be entered by the ancient bridge. Two pedlars coming to the city bore with them clean bills of health from their last stopping-place. The magistrates sent for the minister to decide whether they should be admitted or not. After invoking wisdom from on high, he said, "Bailie, cause these men to put on their packs again and be gone; for if God be in heaven the plague is in these packs." On arriving at the next village and disposing of their wares, the plague broke out and "raged so violently that the living were scarcely able to bury the dead." This and other instances of simple faith in God invested him in the eyes of many with prophetic powers, making him almost a divine oracle.

No sooner was James an English king than his flattering words were proved to be lying utterances. He attempted to suppress the General Assembly, and set up in its stead a harsh episcopacy. Bishoprics were made and bishops appointed, while the Presbyterian government was sought to be overturned. Among the champions ready to fight with the proud Goliath, Welsh was not the least. In church courts, in pulpits, and in private, he denounced the unwarrantable interference, and predicted the evils that were sure to follow. The time for holding the general assembly was close at hand. Preparations were being made. A letter was despatched some twenty-five days before to prevent its meeting, as contrary to his Majesty's pleasure. But on the 2nd of July, at Aberdeen, it was held notwithstanding all. The king's commissioner in church affairs came down. A resolution was passed to dissolve without proceeding to business. The commissioner refused to name a place and time for the next meeting, so the ministers themselves appointed Aberdeen on the last Tuesday in September following. Welsh had not arrived in the city soon enough to join the meetings, but he boldly subscribed his name to the minutes ratifying and approving their acts. The commissioner persuaded the Privy Council "to denounce as rebels and put to the horn" all who had taken part. This was done. Welsh returned home, and on the two following Sabbaths preached from the words, "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from

whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Thus committing his actions, whatever the issue here, to the decision of the final day. Two nights afterwards, while spending a season in prayer, anticipating the severe separating stroke, he fell into a slumber till he was awoke by the king's messenger, who summoned him to appear before the Privy Council. He took a farewell of his people the next day in a sermon full of pathos and power. Three of them travelled with him to the Scotch metropolis. In the session-book of Ayr is a touching memorial of his people's love, who looked forward anxiously to his return—"Session penult. [30th] July, 1605. Ordanis to proclame out of the pulpit, that everie man continued paying his contributions to the pure [poor] until the minister his hame coming." When he arrived at Edinburgh he was led to anticipate his fate by the committal to Blackness Castle of his friend John Forbes, because he refused to acknowledge that the General Assembly was in the wrong. The same evening, while on the road to pay a visit to his suffering friend, he was commanded to appear on the following morning at seven o'clock, before the Privy Council. The Court was composed of earls, chancellors, archbishops, ministers of the Establishment, and others. When questioned by his inquisitors, he refused to answer their enquiries because they were illegally put, no notice having been given beforehand. The objection was overruled, and without the mockery of a trial he was consigned to a cellar in the same castle. A full description of this "foull hole" is impossible in our limited space. We extract a short account:—"The cell, or cells, in which Welsh was imprisoned—for he was not always confined in the same cell—it is impossible now to identify, if in point of fact they have not been destroyed by the alterations which the castle has undergone since his time. But several of the old dungeons still exist. One of them is still shown to visitors as that in which, according to tradition, Welsh was confined. It is on the ground-floor, on the western side of the castle. You enter it by a chamber nearly on a level with the rock on the outside, and are let down by a ladder through a hole in the wooden floor. On entering, you feel the floor is a shelving rock, on which, by reason of sharp-pointed irregularities, you cannot stand, or walk, or sit without pain. Its only aperture for the admission of light and air is a loophole fourteen inches long, and four broad, the scanty rays enabling you to read or write where they strike the opposite wall, but being too feeble to dispel the prevailing darkness. Its outer wall is washed by the sea at high water, and it has no fireplace. . . . . A friend of the author's, who has seen the Mamertine prison at Rome, where the Christian victims of Paganism and the Papacy were immured, pronounces the latter comfortable in comparison."

Nothing but the consoling presence of the Saviour could turn this hell-hole into a place of gladness. *That presence was afforded the sufferer.* Applications for his release were made by his own people and by various synods and presbyteries in vain. The king would not budge an inch from his severity. If the representatives of the Presbyterian Church

would but acknowledge the illegality of the General Assembly the prisoners might be released, but until such time they must remain in gaol. Some sympathizing friends were found. Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross, penned and addressed to him some lines expressive of her interest in his solitude, which, however lacking in literary merit, bear marks of pious and kindly thought:—

"My dear brother, with courage bear the cross;
Joy shall be joined with all thy sorrows here;
High is thy hope; disdain this earthly dross;
Once [soon] shall you see the wished day appear.

Now it is dark, the sky cannot be clear;
After the clouds, it shall be calm anon;
Wait on his will whose blood hath bought thee dear;
Extol his name though outward joys be gone.

Look to the Lord, thou art not left alone;
Since he is thine, what pleasure canst thou take?
He is at hand, and hears thy every groan;
End out thy fight, and suffer for his sake.

A sight more bright thy soul shall shortly see,
When store of gloir thy rich reward shall be."

The prisoners, who were hurried from place to place like malefactors, sought release, praying that they might at least be allowed liberty until their time of trial. Upon this being denied they asked for fifteen days to provide for necessary wants, and afterwards for only four or five to refresh their bodies, both of which requests were peremptorily refused. About this time Welsh's heroic wife journeyed from Ayr to Blackness Castle on purpose to see him, but it is probable that the order of the Privy Council was not relaxed in her case, and that she returned without beholding the object of her love. Had it not been for the contributions of his people he must have starved to death. Their liberality supplied the means of providing him with the necessaries of life, and when the Government grant was withdrawn, the voluntary principle achieved its triumph. Emissaries who sought to gain him over to the king, met with a gentlemanly but decisive reply. Further solicitations were made. Day after day the persuasive eloquence of smooth-tongued courtiers were used; but the arguments were addressed to worldly interests, and this matter, said Welsh, was one touching "Christ's royal crown and kingdom," and to depart from this point would be "high treason against the Lord Jesus." He and his fellows stood firm as a rock, "breaking and repulsing all the waves that Boreas could blow out of the sea against them." After long waiting, between five and six one morning, the tramp of horses outside awoke the prisoners within the cells. Without notice of their approaching trial, the king's guard dragged them forth to carry them to Linlithgow. The prisoners struck up a Psalm at the bidding of Welsh. Having no time for prayer and breakfast too, they spent their time before setting out in exercises of devotion. Brought to the door of the Judgment Hall, they were again reasoned with, but abode by their declinature, and would not allow that in matters spiritual the Privy Council held any jurisdiction. A mighty show of judges and councillors filled the bench. The prisoners were

accused of high treason for declining the judgment of his Majesty's Privy Council. Objections to the validity of the trial were overruled. The want of unanimity among the judges could not stay the merciless tyranny. The jury were threatened by the Lord Advocate, that unless they brought in a verdict of guilty they should forfeit their lands, goods, and lives to the crown. The speeches of prisoners Hope, Forbes, and Welsh should be written in letters of gold. Space fails us of quoting either. When the evidence had all been adduced and the answers given, the Justice Clerk, contrary to act of parliament, was closeted with the jury. They were on the point of discharging the prisoners. At last, moved by terrors and promises, they gave a verdict of guilty by a majority of nine to six. Sent back to prison, for nine long months the king hesitated to pass sentence. They expected death. But in the midst of all Welsh writes—"As for our estate, never had we such peace or rest since ever we knew Christ, and never had we such experience of true joy; so that we see it is good to suffer for Christ. The experience of this joy makes us willing with gladness, if the Lord will strengthen us, to be content to lay down our lives for his sake, and in testimony of the truth." Again: "These two points; first, that Christ is the head of his church; secondly, that she is free in her government from all other jurisdiction except Christ's! These two points, I say, are the special cause of our imprisonment, being now convicted as traitors for the maintaining hereof." His spirits sank beneath the petty persecution that he met with at Selkirk, but in this day of greater trial the supporting grace of God sustained him manfully.

At length his Majesty's will was made known in a letter to the Privy Council, wherein he declared that out of his wonted leniency he would spare them the full rigour of the law, but decreed that sentence should be given to depart out of the country within a month, never to return, and that if they failed to leave, or ever returned, they should suffer death. In a fortnight—for the king wanted to get them out of the way—a ship was provided, and they appointed to go to France, that they might have an opportunity of opening their mouths to preach the gospel. Having taken farewell of his wife and friends, Welsh and his companions went down to the shore, and seeing the concourse of people he preached to them out of the boat, exhorting and testifying that what he suffered "was the great joy of his conscience."

The exiled band arrived at Bordeaux in the depth of winter. The life of Welsh during his stay in France must be told in a few brief sentences. By extraordinary diligence he acquired the French language in fourteen weeks sufficiently well to address an audience in that tongue. The love of his former congregation manifested itself in a perilous journey undertaken by thirty of them to visit their exiled minister; and six months after he left the shores of Leith his wife and family came to share and bless his solitude. At one time he was nearly receiving the honours of the theological chair at Rochelle, but failing in this was appointed minister at Jonsac, where he laboured amidst discouragement and difficulty for six years, the fame of his eloquence spreading far and wide. During this time he published some celebrated treatises, proclaimed the gospel before the university at Saumur, endured many

indignities, resisted all entreaties to return and bow at the tyrant's feet, and amidst work and endurance continued faithful to his Lord. After this he removed to Nerac, and thence to a more important town, St. Jean d'Augely. Samuel Rutherford, evidently referring to his ministry in that place, remarks that "this worthy servant of Christ in France, in his exile converted many souls," and Robert Trail records in his diary that "he did ordinarily preach and pray with tears." The decline of piety on the Continent troubled him deeply, and he took an active part in declaring the doctrines of the Reformation against the advocates of the Arminian heresy. When the city was besieged by the army of Louis XIII., who designed the suppression by force of the Protestant cause, he had a narrow escape from death, a musket-ball passing through the bed on which he lay. When the inhabitants shrunk from contest with their stronger foe, with the iron-heartedness of a Cromwell he ventured to the deserted part of the wall and constrained the gunners to return, supplying the powder with his own hat, after a ladle he had used was blown from his hand, shouting as his war-cry, "Level well, and God will direct the shot."

When the city was taken he hesitated not to preach in the very presence of royalty the doctrines he had declared to his Selkirk flock, and the king, seeing his boldness, bade his soldiery keep him free from harm. At length, driven from France by the civil war, he went to Holland, and thence desired to return to Scotland. James refused to allow him the privilege, but gave him liberty to come to London. Here the sufferings he had endured brought on premature decay, and the constant kneeling in which he had engaged produced great weakness of the limbs. Yet he hailed the opportunity of preaching in a Puritan pulpit, although the effort cost him his life. He returned to his lodgings, and two hours afterwards "quietly, and without pain, he resigned his spirit into his Maker's hands." "When dying, he was so filled and overcome with the sensible enjoyment of God, that he was sometimes overheard in prayer to utter these words, 'Lord, hold thy hand, it is enough; thy servant is a clay vessel, and can hold no more.'" Thus departed a servant of the Lord, a champion for the truth, a loyal subject of King Jesus, a foe to all the usurpers of his government, a bitter enemy to priestly dominance and prelatic tyranny. His life reads its own lesson. No panegyric is needed to rehearse, or monument to record his virtues. Embalmed in the memories of Scottish saints, let him henceforth be an example to English champions of the truth; telling this simple tale, that the cause of God will never lack for champions in the day of battle; that faith is as mighty now as when Daniel and the holy children braved the wrath of a Babylonish king, that those who with the loudest voice give testimony for God's truth, must expect the persecutor's wrath to fall heavily upon their heads, but that God can fit the weakest of his saints to endure the bitterest sufferings, and when exiled from home and friends, from native land and kindred, he can pour into their souls so richly of his own presence as to make their exile a paradise, and their death-bed a place of holy triumph.

Mr. Muller's Report for 1865-6.*

WE know that our readers are interested in the great work of faith which Mr. Müller is enabled to carry on in the Orphan Houses at Bristol, and throughout the world; and although many of our constituents are subscribers, and will therefore receive the annual report, and read it *in extenso*, we mean, if the Lord will, to make it our annual custom to give a summary of it for the good of other readers who are not acquainted with the enterprise. The Institution at Ashley Down, consisting of three commodious edifices, is intended for those children only who are bereaved of both their parents, and these are received, irrespective of the religious denominations to which the parents may have belonged, in the order of application, without the weariness of an election, the assistance of patronage, or the payment of money. So economically is the establishment conducted that the average expense of one orphan during the past year, including every outlay without exception, was only £11 11s. At the period of the commencement of this report there were 1,150 orphans in the three houses, and during the year 123 were admitted, so that the total number on May 26, 1866, would have been 1,273 had there been no changes; but of these 1,273, eleven died during the past year. Upon this statement Mr. Müller remarks, "Only eleven! We own gratefully the hand of God in the smallness of the number, and the more so, as by far the greater part of the children under our care lost one or both parents through consumption. But while we gratefully ascribe this to God, yet, the longer we are engaged in this work, the more we are convinced, how, instrumentally, this extraordinary small rate of mortality is brought about through regular habits, thorough cleanliness, good ventilation, suitable clothing, and wholesome food. When it is considered that the mortality among the children of the poor is four or five times as great, how can the heart remain unaffected, on account of their misery! Out of these eleven, five died as decided believers, one as a young infant, regarding one we had some hope, and the state of four was uncertain." The goodness of God in gifting Mr. Müller with much practical common sense as well as strong faith is seen all through his history, and is discernible in all the details of his philanthropic work. The manner in which his youthful charges are prepared to go forth into the wide world strikes us as peculiarly wise; but we marvel at the way in which so much of forethought has been exercised, and at the methodical system by which one man is enabled to superintend such varied matters. We do a considerable amount of work in our way, but our brother has succeeded in packing far more into his day's work than our days seem capable of holding, and certainly no first-class business firm in London conducts its affairs with greater precision and punctuality. Let it be noted once again that faith in God, and careful, methodical economy and diligence should always go together. Faith is no merry gamester for fools to play with, but a steady, yet happy, plodding worker in the Lord's service: faith is no venturesome speculator, but in all her plans she dwells with wisdom and prudence, because she dwells with

* To be had of J. NISBET & Co., Berners Street, London. Price 6d.

God. Think of the amount of prudent thought and persevering industry indicated in the following passage:—"The girls, who are received into the establishment, are kept till they are able to go to service. Our aim is, to keep them till they shall have been sufficiently qualified for a situation, and, especially also, till their constitution is sufficiently established, as far as we are able to judge. We uniformly prefer fitting the girls for service, instead of apprenticing them to a business, as being, generally, far better for their bodies and souls. Only in a few instances have female orphans been apprenticed to businesses, when their health would not allow them to go to service. If the girls give us satisfaction, while under our care, so that we can recommend them to a situation, they are fitted out at the expense of the establishment. The girls, generally, remain under our care till they are eighteen or nineteen years old. They very rarely leave sooner; and, as we receive children from their earliest days, we have often had girls thirteen, fourteen, yea above seventeen years under our care. They are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, English history, a little of universal history, all kinds of useful needlework, and household-work. They make their clothes and keep them in repair; and, in a word, we aim after this, that if any of them do not do well temporally or spiritually, and do not turn out useful members of society, it shall at least not be *our* fault.—The boys are, generally, apprenticed when they are between fourteen and fifteen years old. But *in each case* we consider the welfare of the *individual* orphan, without having any fixed rule respecting these matters. The boys have a free choice of the trade they like to learn; but, having once chosen, and being apprenticed, we do not allow them to alter. The boys, as well as the girls, have an outfit provided for them; and any other expenses, that may be connected with their apprenticeship, are also met by the funds of the Orphan Establishment. It may be interesting to the reader to know the kind of trades to which we generally apprentice the boys, and I therefore say, that during the *last* seventeen years, all the boys who were apprenticed were bound to carpenters, or carpenters and joiners, basket makers, shoemakers, tailors and drapers, plumbers, painters and glaziers, linendrapers, printers, bakers, grocers, hair-dressers, ironmongers, tin-plate workers, confectioners, hosiers, builders, millers, gasfitters, smiths, outfitters, provision dealers, sailmakers, upholsterers, wholesale grocers, chemists, seed merchants, umbrella makers, or electro-plate manufacturers. The boys have the same kind of mental cultivation as the girls, and they learn to knit and mend their stockings. They also make their beds, clean their shoes, scrub their rooms, and work a little in the garden-ground round the Orphan Establishment, in the way of digging, planting, weeding, &c."

The statement of income is always a most interesting matter in the Report, and it appears under the head of—*Means for the twelve hundred and seventy-three orphans who were during the past year under our care; sent in answer to prayer.* From this it is seen that the year began with a balance of more than £7,200, and ends also with a balance, of a somewhat less amount, of very nearly £6,000; the actual income of the year having been more than £11,000, and the outgoings about £12,500. What a noble sum to have been devoted to so good a purpose by the

unsolicited willinghood of the Lord's people, and yet how little compared with what the Lord may claim at the hands of his church! From the various memoranda of receipts we cull the following:—

"June 3. From Devonshire, from a new donor, £100."

"August 29. From the neighbourhood of Norwich £7, 'Instead of insuring against hailstorms.'"

"Oct. 23. From London, £10 for ferns. The explanation is this. A Christian physician in Scotland has for the last three years cultivated ferns for the benefit of the orphans on Ashley Down, which he sells to gentlemen and ladies in various parts of Scotland and England, and all the money which he obtains for them he sends to me for the benefit of the orphans. Thus there has been already a considerable sum obtained. I refer to this as to one of the many hundred different ways in which the Lord is pleased to supply us with means; for it is he who works for us, in answer to our daily prayers, though we desire, at the same time also, to be grateful to the instruments used by him on our behalf."

"Nov. 20. From X. Y. Z. £1 11s. 6d., 'Instead of going to a public dinner, the ticket of which would have cost this sum.' The donor, by not going, and sending this amount for the benefit of the orphans, paid for a dinner for more than one hundred orphans. How little matters of this kind are considered! How much good may be done by the practice of a little self-denial! Moreover, the Christian donor, we have reason to believe, was not only spiritually benefited by not going, but even bodily; for such dinners often lead to excess."

"April 3. This day commenced with the receipt of only £26. A large sum to many, but a small sum to us, as our outgoings, on an average, are more than double that amount daily, for the various objects of the Institution. However, I thanked the Lord for this, and asked him for more; and my hope was in him, that he would send us more. Accordingly about 11 o'clock I received £10, and had thus £36. I thanked God for this further donation, and asked for more; about 2 o'clock £14 more came in, and I had thus £50 in all. After having thanked the Lord again for this, I received about 3 o'clock £20 more, which increased the sum to £70. I further thanked the Lord, and asked for fresh supplies, when shortly after I received £6, and had thus £76 in all. Yet again I thanked the Lord, and asked for more, when shortly after another £5 was left at my house, from H. B. of Clifton, and I had thus £81. I still again thanked the Lord for this £5, and about 7 o'clock in the evening I received about £16 more, and had thus altogether about £97. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, after having still once more thanked the Lord for the last amount, I said to my dear wife, in connection with the Lord's goodness to us during the day, in sending means, that he even now, this evening, could send us yet more than we had had all the day; and about 8 o'clock arrived a pen-box, well packed, secured and sealed. When I had opened it, I found that it contained an anonymous donation from Clifton, of £100 in Bank Notes, with the words, '£100 for the New Orphan House. Matt. vi. 3.' Thus the day, which began with £26, ended with about £200."

Not content with the present large number of mouths which he is the means of filling, this honoured man of God desires to erect two other houses for 850 more children, so that the present accommodation for 1,150 may

be extended to that for 2,000. Towards this design he has £34,000 in hand, out of which £9,366 has been sent during the period recorded in the Report. The careful manner in which this enlarged work is proceeded with commends itself to our judgment, and we advise those who confound faith with credit, and confidence in God with foolhardiness, to profit by the example.

"According to the estimate I had made about these two houses, judging from the expenses connected with the building of the New Orphan Houses, No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, we should have had enough money for meeting the amount of the contract for No. 4 and No. 5; but when the tenders came in it was found that the amount was about £8,000 more than my calculation made in the Spring, 1861; this arose from the fact, that since then almost all the building material is risen in price, particularly slates, and that the wages of the workmen are nearly one-fourth higher than they were when the New Orphan Houses No. 2 and No. 3 were built. The amount of the tenders for both houses, including the cooking and heating apparatus and drying stove, amounted to £41,147; but I had not this amount in hand, needing about £8,000 more. Now, what was to be done under these circumstances? My decision was made instantly. My heart longed to build two more houses to the honour of the Lord for the benefit of poor children, bereaved of both parents by death; I had brought before the Lord many thousands of prayers during the past five years; there were many hundreds of orphans waiting for admission, and their number daily increasing (for during the past year alone, as stated before, 611 were applied for to be admitted); but I could not contract debt: I would not sign contracts, which I had not money in hand to meet. Should it be said, 'But your work is so manifestly the Lord's work, it is surely according to his mind, that destitute children, who have lost by death both parents, should be cared for, so that you need not be afraid to build, though you have not yet all the money in hand, for God will surely help you;' my reply is this: Just because it is the Lord's work, and manifestly his, therefore I can wait, patiently wait his time. When his time is come, he will give to the last shilling all I need; but if I commence before his time, which I should do were I to begin that for which I have not the means, it would be like saying, 'God has not money enough to pay for his own work;' and, instead of acting in faith, I should act presumptuously. I therefore did this. As I had ample means to meet the contract for No. 4 (for separate tenders were given in for the two houses) I accepted it, and a written agreement was made between the contractor and myself, that on January 1, 1867, or at any time previously, I may accept his tender for No. 5 also, but I shall not be bound to do so. If it shall, therefore, please the Lord, by the 1st of January, 1867, to give me about £7,000 more than I have now in hand, the contract for No. 5 will be signed; but I cannot go in debt. For this amount I look and wait on God, and doubt not that he will help further, as he has always done."

Among the items of acknowledgment for aid to the Building Fund are many interesting matters, but we were most struck with the three following:—

"July 25. 'My dear Sir, I believe that it is through the Lord's actings

upon me, that I enclose you a cheque on the Bank of England, Western Branch, for £100. I hope that your affairs are going on well. Yours in the Lord * * * *.' This Christian gentleman, whom I have never seen, and who is engaged in a very large business in London, had sent me several times before a similar sum. A day or two before I received this last kind donation, I had asked the Lord that he would be pleased to influence the heart of this donor to help me again, which I had never done before regarding him; and thus I had the double answer to prayer, in that not only money came in, but money from *him*. The reader will now see the meaning in the donor's letter, when he wrote, 'I believe that it is through the Lord's actings upon me that I enclose you a cheque, &c.' Verily it was the Lord who acted upon this gentleman to send me this sum."

"Aug. 1. A few days since from one of the Missionaries among the heathen, whom I have sought for a number of years to assist with pecuniary supplies, as well as by prayer, in his service for the Lord, I received the following letter. 'My dear Brother in Jesus, I just write a line to inform you, that I have written to my father by this mail, requesting him to send you Five Hundred Pounds, being a portion of a legacy left me by an uncle, who departed to be, I hope, with Jesus.' Admire, dear Christian Reader, the hand of God together with me. Here is a missionary, labouring for years under many difficulties, trials, privations, and hardships, in order to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to poor benighted idolaters, himself having been repeatedly reduced to the last piece of money. Now all at once he is put into the possession of many hundreds of pounds, and instead of spending it on himself, or keeping it laid up in the bank or otherwise on interest, the love of Christ constrains him to spend it, and gladly too, for the Lord. I love to dwell on such cases; for though there is much to sorrow over, in these days, in connexion with the Church of Christ, yet there is the bright side too, and there are many things yet to be found among the children of God to gladden the hearts of those who love the Lord. It has been my own happy lot, during the last thirty-seven years, to become acquainted with hundreds of individuals, who were not inferior to apostolic Christians. And why might not all believers act in the spirit of apostolic Christians, seeing that the same blessed Spirit, which dwelt in them, dwells in all who believe in the Lord Jesus; and seeing that we have the whole revealed will of God in our possession in the Holy Scriptures; and seeing that, like apostolic believers, we are looking for the return of the Lord Jesus, with whom we shall share the glory? Verily, did we more abundantly enter into what God has done for us, and will do for us, what manner of persons should we be! Let us then encourage one another to live more fully, more habitually, yea altogether for God, while the honour is continued to us to be here on earth as his witnesses!"

"Oct. 31. From Monmouthshire £1, with the following *most uncommon* letter: 'My dear Sir, I have much pleasure in forwarding you a Post-Office Order for £1, as a thank-offering to God for a severe loss of income, which he will, I hope, sanctify to me. Please apply it, as you think fit. Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully, * *.' Not all Christians look on trials, afflictions, losses, pain, sickness,

bereavement, as on dispensations intended by God for their good; and yet they are invariably intended for our good. We should seek habitually to recognise the hand of God in all his dealings with us, and believe that all are intended for our real profit, according to Rom. viii. 28. If we do so, we can give to God even a thank offering for a severe loss; for it is intended for our good. Moreover, the loss might have been greater still, in most instances; and therefore, if for no other reason, it becomes us to give a thank-offering that it was not greater. The loss of £100 might have been £1,000; or that of £1,000, £10,000; or that of £10,000, £100,000. The sickness of one child might have gone through the whole family; or the death of one friend might have been the death of all our friends; and so on. Were we thus to look at the dealings of God with us, seeking to recognise him habitually, and taking them all as intended for our blessing; and, in addition to this, were we to remember how much heavier our trials might be, we should be more truly grateful for our lot."

It must not be supposed that orphans and orphan houses engross Mr. Müller's labours. His large heart roams over many fields, and his gracious God enables him to do service in many ways. In the matter of schools, Mr. Müller assists those only in which the teachers are believers, and in which the way of salvation is scripturally pointed out, and in which no instruction is given which is opposed to the principles of the gospel. There are six such day schools entirely supported by the funds of the Institution, while Sunday-schools of a like character are aided with Bibles and Testaments, and two adult schools entirely supported. For this good seed-sowing, £663 7s. 8½d. have been given and expended during the year.

The circulation of the Holy Scriptures has been promoted among the poorest of the poor, the aged, and the ignorant. A large number of copies of the Word of God have during the year been sold at reduced prices, or given away gratuitously at a cost of £423.

Missionaries have also been assisted to the extent of £4,235. By this sum 125 labourers in word and doctrine have been to a greater or less degree assisted; the largest gifts being £200 given to each of ten brethren labouring in Italy; and the smallest being grants of £5 to certain evangelists at home. Very pleasing notes of work done are added to the list of grants, but we have no space to give specimens. There can be no doubt that a great blessing is resting upon this Mission work, and that some of the very best men in the field are assisted by this means.

Tract publication, sale and distribution, is also so largely carried on, that nearly two millions of tracts and books have been circulated in the year at an outlay of £756.

We have reserved one of the most delightful records in the Report for the close of this article, but before we lay down our pen, we cannot but bless the Lord for the refreshment which we have received from the perusal of the account before us. We hope it has strengthened our faith, and will enable us to press forward in our own departments of service. We wish Mr. Müller a long life, that he may continue to prove to this faithless generation the truth of the Lord's promise, and the power of prayer. Our experience upon a smaller scale has been very

sweet, and we beg all the Lord's servants to believe that the case before us is no singular phenomenon; but only one out of many instances in which childlike faith obtains its desire at the Lord's hand. The cumbrous methods of unbelief are not needed; we may go about the Lord's work in the Lord's own way, and may rest assured that he will provide for both the work and the worker. The Bank of Faith is not affected by the panic; we may draw upon it by prayer, and we shall not meet with a refusal. The maintenance of men whom God has called to preach the word, while they study more fully the Word of God is a work which is very dear to us, but does not enlist the sympathies of so many believers as the maintenance of orphans; nevertheless the God whom we serve has for several years sent us according to our need, and we believe he will ever do so. We have but to serve with a single eye, and trust with an unwavering confidence, for all things are possible to him that believeth.

The good news to close with is thus told to us:—"At the beginning of this Report I stated, as the choicest answer to prayer which it had pleased the Lord to give to us during the past year, that he had been pleased at the beginning of this year, 1866, to stir up all at once above One Hundred Orphans to care about their souls, which, after the lapse of several months, is *seen* to have been the work of God. From the moment I heard of this blessed work of the Spirit of God among these dear children, my prayer has been daily that God would be pleased to deepen it, that he would extend it through each department of the three houses, and that he would not allow Satan to mar it. The like petitions, I doubt not, my dear fellow-labourers have brought before God since then."

A Strange Story.

GENTLE reader, I have an odd story to relate, and I would fain detain you while I tell it, holding you as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest of old, so that thou canst not choose but hear. "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful," and yet 'tis true, most true, most sorrowful, and I venture to assert that you yourself are not unlikely to have figured in it.

There is a grand old house of memorable history, well known to fame. I know it well, for I have been feasted as a happy guest within its walls in bright days of high festivity, and I have been sheltered beneath its hospitable roof in dark days and darker nights of storm. Its bountiful stores have supplied me with necessaries, and more, they have satisfied me with dainties. In its sweet chambers, upon its pleasant couches I have slept the sleep of God's beloved, and looking from its windows I have gazed upon enchanting landscapes such as I have seen nowhere else, though I have rambled over the fairest fields of nature. It is a house right royal in all its appointments, and one which stands in so unrivalled a position that I might call it as one said of Zion of old, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." But I must not linger to sing its praises, for my story must be told ere you grow weary of my speech.

My strange story has to do with this mansion; and although it has no ghosts in it, and recounts no blood-red murder or deed of mystery, but is pure matter of fact, it is more strange than fiction itself. Oft have I heard that man is a poor fool unless he be taught from heaven; and well does my tale convince me of it. I have seen thousands of persons who appear to be very anxious to enter the fair mansion of which I speak, but they are still outside its walls for a reason so unreasonable that it could only influence diseased minds. The house has a door. This door, as in every other house, is the appointed way of entrance. There is a stately portico of purest marble, with a door of workmanship most rare, too rare for me to describe it; nor is it needful that I should. Only one thing ought to be noted, for none can enter without observing it; the lintel of the door and the two sideposts bear the marks of blood, said to be the blood of him who built the house in days gone by. The door has never been bolted either by night or by day, and if it be shut for a moment, it opens as soon as a knock is given. The hinges are well oiled, and the door swings open readily when a guest desires to enter. The door is wide enough for persons of the greatest bulk to enter, and its ample dimensions look as if they invited the traveller. No guards are employed to keep off travellers, but porters are sent to invite them in. There is a fierce dog about, which howls occasionally at those who knock, but he does not belong to the house, he comes from an enemy's kennel; however, the dog is but a cur, and runs away if he be boldly faced. No denial of entrance to the great mansion was ever given to any applicant, and this the owner has mentioned often as one of the glories of the house; yet for all this there are crowds of persons who admire the mansion, profess great esteem for the Master of the house, and earnestly desire to be admitted, but still remain hungry and without shelter when plenty is prepared, comfort is provided, and the door stands open before them. From all that I can learn, their main reason for not entering is that *they do not care to come in by the door.* Every other house has to be entered by the door, but these persons despise such common modes of procedure, and want to do some great and unusual thing. "Any simpleton," they say, "can go in by a door," and they are too great to stand on the same level. Besides, the very menials and crossing-sweepers go in by the door, and they conclude that some superior mode of entrance should be provided for respectable persons like themselves. The door is the way by which hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands have gained admittance, but they had sooner perish with hunger than be reduced to so common an expedient. Surely they come from the land of fools, and do not belie their nationality. The company is divided into several sects and parties, all agreed in protesting against the door, but of different opinions as to their own methods of entrance. Many of them have been for a long time trying to force a passage *through an old door which has been altogether blocked up for several centuries.* This old door was originally an entrance, but it was meant for very different persons from those who now seek to reopen it. The steps leading up to the door were too high for ordinary feet, and the door itself went very heavily, so that it needed more than common strength to move it. Not one of the inhabitants of this country ever did or ever could pass through it, and therefore it has been bricked up, and so fast cemented and secured that no flesh living will ever be able

to enter by it. It was anciently used by the servants, and was called the workdoor; it was never meant for the children of the family, who have always entered by that noble door which is still open. Many, I say, are desperately determined to enter by the old, disused, and impassable door. They work very zealously, kicking at the stones with their feet, as an ox kicks against the goad; hammering with their naked fists till their arms have no more strength; using their tools to dig and batter till every tool is blunt or broken. I have known—sad thing to say!—I have known scores and hundreds who have died in the midst of this labour in vain, rejecting all good advice and spending their strength for nought. True, there is the door, and it is open, and they have been asked a great many times why they do not enter by it, but they shake their heads very knowingly and say, the door is for ordinary people, who have not skill enough to force a passage for themselves, but they are a better sort of people, and they believe that they can make their own way, at any rate they mean to try. Some of them are most respectable people, but they are still outside the house, while many of the poorest have gone in by the door, and are singing sweetly in the quiet chambers of the goodly mansion. I have sometimes looked out of the window and asked these respectable people why they do not come too, and they say, "Oh, the door suits you who are mean-spirited, but we shall enter in triumph one of these days, and have nobody to thank but ourselves." This is odd, is it not? yet I should not wonder but that some who hear my tale are themselves working away at cutting a passage through that stern old walled-up door.

Another group are equally determined to enter if they can, but not through the door, for they are resolved to enter *by a tunnel from below.* They can dig, though to beg they are ashamed. They have excavated a shaft so deep that they cannot see the daylight, but they draw long faces, and moan, "We have not gone deep enough yet." When they are so far down that no ray of light can penetrate their thick darkness, then they may perhaps be permitted to hope for entrance; but as yet they declare that they have not enough experience of the mire, and dirt, and stones, and darkness of the pit which they have opened. They have read of certain miners who, in days gone by, descended so far down into the gloomy caverns of earth that they lost even a thought of ever seeing light again; they wish to imitate their example, and go deeper still if possible. In their explorations some miners have reached dark caverns and hideous dens where unclean birds and dragons are congregated, and the company of whom I now speak are desirous to penetrate into the same congenial horrors, firmly believing that there is a subterranean passage from these dark recesses into the fair chambers above; but this is a mere delusion. It is currently reported that some of these grave-diggers and dirt-grubbers have declared that they had gone so deep as to hear cries like those of the souls in hell, and have thought that they were there themselves. These are envied for their misery, and are almost worshipped as prophets on account of their great acquaintance with the depths. It is wonderful how lovingly these people take to the earth, and how they enjoy the darkness, ever talking of it with a boastfulness of humility which would be laughable if it were not so mischievous. Thousands continue year after year drowsily digging their way into deeper gloom, and when a ray of daylight comes

near them they try to avoid it, and bandage their eyes with cloths made by one Mr. Prejudice, that the light may not reach them. They are warned time after time to go through the door, but they denounce that as a deceitful way, a way only fit for Arminians, and duty-faith people. They want a method which will allow them to glory in their experimental acquaintance with dirt and darkness. The door is much too simple an invention. Their hopes of entering in any way but by the door will be all vain, for I have it on the best authority that there never was one who did enter by the subterranean tunnel, but that all who have entered have had to come in by the door, giving up their digging, and mining, and grovelling, and coming through the door as others have done. This mining business is strange, is it not? and yet I should not wonder if some who hear my story are among the silly ones.

I have seen a third class of people who are always aspiring to get into the house *through the roof*. They have built up a great deal of very high scaffolding, some of it solid, but much of it very rotten and ricketty, and climbing upon it step by step, they strain for the uppermost windows or the chimney-tops, hoping to enter from above. True there never was a soul who did come in by that lofty method, but it is their belief that if they could but manage somehow or another to get the scaffolding complete, their entrance would be sure; at any rate, the height and the elevated view greatly charm them. Many have fallen to the ground and broken their necks, being giddy with their unsafe elevation, and hundreds more have done themselves serious damage by the grievous falls they have received in consequence of the height of the scaffold; but there is a strong liquor brewed by a famous brewer named Mr. Presumption, which is much relished by this company, and filling themselves with it, they venture to climb very dangerous places, under the idea that a fall can do them no hurt. These persons look down with contempt on those who go in by the door, and will scarcely allow that the house can be entered in that way. The one thing needful with them is a lofty standing, and if they would enter the house by the door they would find that it has safe stairs by which they might ascend as high as ever their scaffolding can take them; but no, the door is too common and open for them, although they might not object to it so much if they could have a latch-key all to themselves, and keep the door well locked against common applicants. Some of us are constantly crying to them, "Through the door! Through the door! Through the door!" but they answer, "We are high climbers, and do not believe in your door. It is yea and nay, for it opens and shuts, it is too wide, too open, too free; we have another way which is more select and more suitable to our minds." It is said that certain of these climbers claim to have seen, by means of strong magnifying glasses, right into the King's private library, where the book of decrees and the family registers are kept, but I have my doubts, for I have been told by an old prophet that the books are sealed, and I believe him. Now it is singular that the door should be neglected and the high scaffold preferred, but I should not wonder if there are some of these persons now hearkening to my tale.

I know a fourth sort of people who are much spoken against, but I believe they are as wise as the other three classes, which is not saying much in their favour. These people will have nothing to do, either

with making a hole through the old doorway, or with burrowing under the foundations, or with climbing through the upper windows, but *they have erected a very pretty, tasty, little porch against one of the side-walls of the house, and through this exquisitely-painted portico they profess to enter.* We are assured—and I believe it—that the wall is as hard as adamant, and that there is not so much as a crack in it on the side which they have chosen, but they certainly have built a very fine architectural and tasteful but rather gaudy archway, and they have trained sweet flowers over it, and altogether they make a very pretty show of it; although I am told it is built right over an old dunghill, and that most unsavoury smells come up therefrom. Perhaps this is the reason why they burn so much incense that the porch smells like a perfumer's shop. Within and around this sham doorway a great company of dupes amuse themselves with music, and a performance composed of droning words in one tone, and a sort of comic religious posture-making. They display gaudy banners and wear pantomimic dresses of different colours, which attract a great many persons weak in their intellect, and childish people who love pretty shows. They are an outlandish sort of people, and as nearly as I could judge they were half of them thorough knaves, and the other portion were their victims. Brick and mortar do not give way to mummeries, and therefore, notwithstanding all their performances, there is no way into the house in this direction, but the good man of the house is greatly angry that they should despise his own noble doorway, and try to set up a rival one of their own. Alas! poor people, they spend a great deal of money and labour over their vain attempt, but it is fruitless. In vain their sprinklings and bowings, their chantings and censings, their vestments and their banners, there is but one door, and all who boast of another are either arrant deceivers or else themselves deceived. It is remarkable that there should be so numerous a body of these last, and that their number is increasing every day. Yonder is the door, and it must be that I live among mad people, for surely else they would enter by it. Surely it must be the right plan to go through the doorway, and an absurd thing to desire to get into a house by some other way. There is an old Book which confirms me in my opinion, for it says, "He that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" and when I recollect what the door is, I am fully persuaded that it is the only proper way of entering into the house: however, the four companies of whom I have spoken are all of another opinion, and are as earnest in their views as I am in mine. I will ask you to judge between us, for here ends my story.

An explanation is scarcely required, but I will supply it lest so much as one should misunderstand me.

The house of mercy established by eternal love is opened for the reception of poor guilty sinners, that they might be there saved and supplied; but it has only one door, and that door is Christ Jesus, which door is to be entered by a simple trust. This simple trust seems to carnal minds such a common thing that they say, "No, we will not trust Jesus, we will not come by God's way, we will make a door of our own." Many strive after a way of safety by good works. Now that was once a way, but ever since Father Adam stole his Master's

fruit, nobody has ever been saved by his own righteousness. Over the entrance of that door is written, "By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified, for by the law is the knowledge of sin." Oh! why do men seek for life by that which cannot give anything except the knowledge of sin?

Then I have said that there were others who were digging down into the bowels of the earth in the hope of getting into the house. These are those who set up feelings as qualifications for coming to Christ. These covet earnestly a deeper sense of despair, a more bitter remorse, more law-work, more convictions, more terrors of conscience, more horrors and blasphemous thoughts. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is much too simple for them. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" is too general an announcement, but they will have to yield to it or perish, notwithstanding their fine experience.

As for those who are for climbing up on high, you know them well. They are always posing themselves and others with questions which are hard to be understood, while the simple gospel they neglect. If they could understand the mystery of predestination, and untie the knotty points of man's free-will and God's fore-ordination, they dream that things then would go well with them, whereas there is no more connection between salvation and the understanding of the mystery of predestination than there is between cracking nuts and healing the sick. The two things are entirely distinct. A man may know little enough about the doctrine of grace, and yet he may have the grace of the doctrine in his heart. It is well to know all mysteries, but without faith in Christ Jesus, who alone can save us, it would profit us nothing. It is vain to mount aloft with airy notions—the true door is an unfeigned dependence upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

As for those who have built up that little portico, you know them. They have several nests hereabouts, and indeed, they may be discovered everywhere. They started at Oxford, but they are booked for Rome, and are going there at express speed. They are seeking by exhibiting fancy wardrobes, by revivals of antique mummeries, by all kinds of "Sunday Theatricals," to win salvation, but as the depth saith, "It is not in me," so may their shallowness say, "It is not in me." The way to life, to peace, to heaven is through the door of faith in Jesus. Oh! that my hearer may have grace to come through the door. It is a common thing to trust Christ, but common as it is, it is the gift of God. Easy as it seems, it is the work of God to make us do it, and though to the carnal mind it seems a despisable thing, yet to the mind enlightened by God the Holy Ghost, faith is a very choice grace, insomuch that Peter calls it, "Precious faith." My odd story may fitly terminate with a rhyme or too from quaint old John Berridge:—

"See there is the door, without any lock;
A gate for the poor, go to it and knock:
The door gives a passage into the Lord's room,
Go there with thy message, and wait till I come.

I never could guess this passage to life;
But now the door bless which endeth my strife:
Lord, fasten my ear in the post of thy door,
That I may dwell therein, and ramble no more."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXI.

SUBJECT.—*The title gives us but little information; it is simply,* To the chief Musician, a Psalm of David. *Probably written by David, sung by David, relating to David, and intended by David to refer in its fullest reach of meaning to David's Lord. It is evidently the fit companion of Psalm Twenty, and is in its proper position next to it. Psalm Twenty anticipates what this regards as realized. If we pray to-day for a benefit and receive it, we must, ere the sun goes down, praise God for that mercy, or we deserve to be denied the next time. It has been called David's triumphant song, and we may remember it as* The Royal Triumphal Ode. "*The king*" *is most prominent throughout, and we shall read it to true profit if our meditation of him shall be sweet while perusing it. We must crown him with the glory of our salvation; singing of his love, and praising his power. The next psalm will take us to the foot of the cross, this introduces us to the steps of the throne.*

DIVISION.—*The division of the translators will answer every purpose. A thanksgiving for victory, verses* 1 *to* 6. *Confidence of further success, verses* 7 *to* 13.

EXPOSITION.

THE king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

2 Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips. Selah.

3 For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness: thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.

4 He asked life of thee, *and* thou gavest *it* him, *even* length of days for ever and ever.

5 His glory *is* great in thy salvation: honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him.

6 For thou hast made him most blessed for ever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

1. "*The king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord.*" Jesus is a Royal Personage. The question, "Art thou a King then?" received a full answer from the Saviour's lips: "Thou sayest that I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this purpose came I into this world, that I might bear witness unto the truth." He is not merely *a* King, but *the* King; King over minds and hearts, reigning with a dominion of love, before which all other rule is but mere brute force. He was proclaimed King even on the cross, for there, indeed, to the eye of faith, he reigned as on a throne, blessing with more than imperial munificence the needy sons of earth. Jesus has wrought out the salvation of his people, but as a man he found his strength in Jehovah his God, to whom he addressed himself in prayer upon the lonely mountain's side, and in the garden's solitary gloom. That strength so abundantly given is here gratefully acknowledged, and made the subject of joy. The Man of Sorrows is now anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows. Returned in triumph from the overthrow of all his foes, he offers his own rapturous *Te Deum* in the temple above, and joys in the power of the Lord. Herein let every subject of King Jesus imitate the King; let us lean upon Jehovah's strength, let us joy in it by unstaggering faith, let us exult in it in our thankful songs. Jesus not only has thus rejoiced, but he *shall* do so as he sees the power of divine grace bringing out from their sinful hiding-places the purchase of his soul's travail; we also shall rejoice more and more as we learn by experience more and more fully the strength of the arm of our covenant God. Our weakness unstrings our harps, but his strength tunes them anew. If we

cannot sing a note in honour of our own strength, we can at any rate rejoice in our omnipotent God.

"*And in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!*" Everything is ascribed to God; the source is *thy strength* and the stream is *thy salvation*. Jehovah planned and ordained it, works it and crowns it, and therefore it is his salvation. The joy here spoken of is described by a note of exclamation and a word of wonder: "*how greatly!*" The rejoicing of our risen Lord must, like his agony, be unutterable. If the mountains of his joy rise in proportion to the depth of the valleys of his grief, then his sacred bliss is high as the seventh heaven. For the joy which was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame, and now that joy daily grows, for he rests in his love and rejoices over his redeemed with singing, as in due order they are brought to find their salvation in his blood. Let us with our Lord rejoice in salvation, as coming from God, as coming to us, as extending itself to others, and as soon to encompass all lands. We need not be afraid of too much rejoicing in this respect; this solid foundation will well sustain the loftiest edifice of joy. The shoutings of the early Methodists in the excitement of the joy were far more pardonable than our own lukewarmness. Our joy should have some sort of inexpressibleness in it.

2. "*Thou hast given him his heart's desire.*" That desire he ardently pursued when he was on earth, both by his prayer, his actions, and his suffering; he manifested that his heart longed to redeem his people, and now in heaven he has his desire granted him, for he sees his beloved coming to be with him where he is. The desires of the Lord Jesus were from his heart, and the Lord heard them; if our hearts are right with God, he will in our case also "fulfil the desire of them that fear him."

"*And hast not withholden the request of his lips.*" What is in the well of the heart is sure to come up in the bucket of the lips, and those are the only true prayers where the heart's desire is first, and the lip's request follows after. Jesus prayed vocally as well as mentally; speech is a great assistance to thought. Some of us feel that even when alone we find it easier to collect our thoughts when we can pray aloud. The requests of the Saviour were not withheld. He was and still is a prevailing Pleader. Our Advocate on high returns not empty from the throne of grace. He asked for his elect in the eternal council-chamber, he asked for blessings for them here, he asked for glory for them hereafter, and his requests have speeded. He is ready to ask for us at the mercy-seat. Have we not at this hour some desire to send up to his Father by him? Let us not be slack to use our willing, loving, all-prevailing Intercessor.

"*Selah.*" Here a pause is very properly inserted, that we may admire the blessed success of the king's prayers, and that we may prepare our own requests which may be presented through him. If we had a few more quiet rests, a few more Selahs in our public worship, it might be profitable.

3. "*For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness.*" The word *prevent* formerly signified to precede or go before, and assuredly Jehovah preceded his Son with blessings. Before he died saints were saved by the anticipated merit of his death, before he came believers saw his day and were glad, and he himself had his delights with the sons of men. The Father is so willing to give blessings through his Son, that instead of his being constrained to bestow his grace, he outstrips the Mediatorial march of mercy. "I say not that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father himself loveth you." Before Jesus calls the Father answers, and while he is yet speaking he hears. Mercies may be bought with blood, but they are also freely given. The love of Jehovah is not caused by the Redeemer's sacrifice, but that love, with its blessings of goodness, preceded the great atonement, and provided it for our salvation. Reader, it will be a happy thing for thee if, like thy Lord, thou canst see both providence and grace preceding thee, forestalling thy needs, and preparing thy path. Mercy, in the case of many of us, ran before our desires and prayers, and it ever outruns our endeavours and expectancies, and even our hopes are left to lag behind. Prevenient grace deserves a song; we may make one out of this sentence; let us

try. All our mercies are to be viewed as "*blessings*;" gifts of a blessed God meant to make us blessed; they are "*blessings of goodness*," not of merit, but of free favour; and they come to us in a *preventing way*, a way of prudent foresight, such as only preventing love could have arranged. In this light the verse is itself a sonnet!

"*Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.*" Jesus wore the thorn-crown, but now wears the glory-crown. It is a "*crown*," indicating royal nature, imperial power, deserved honour, glorious conquest, and divine government. The crown is of the richest, rarest, most resplendent, and most lasting order—"*gold*," and that gold of the most refined and valuable sort, "*pure gold*," to indicate the excellence of his dominion. This crown is set upon his head most firmly, and whereas other monarchs find their diadems fitting loosely, his is fixed so that no power can move it, for Jehovah himself has set it upon his brow. Napoleon crowned himself, but Jehovah crowned the Lord Jesus; the empire of the one melted in an hour, but the other has an abiding dominion. Some versions read, "a crown of precious stones;" this may remind us of those beloved ones who shall be as jewels in his crown, of whom he has said, "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels." May we be set in the golden circlet of the Redeemer's glory, and adorn his head for ever!

4. "*He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.*" The first words may suit King David, but the length of days for ever and ever can only refer to the King Messiah. Jesus, as man, prayed for resurrection and he received it, and now possesses it in immortality. He died once, but being raised from the dead he dieth no more. "Because I live, ye shall live also," is the delightful intimation which the Saviour gives us, that we are partakers of his eternal life. We had never found this jewel, if he had not rolled away the stone which covered it.

5. "*His glory is great in thy salvation.*" Immanuel bears the palm; he once bore the cross. The Father has glorified his Son, so that there is no glory like unto that which surroundeth him. See his person as it is described by John in the Revelation; see his dominion as it stretches from sea to sea; see his splendour as he is revealed in flaming fire. Lord, who is like unto thee? Solomon in all his glory could not be compared with thee, thou once despised Man of Nazareth! Mark, reader: salvation is ascribed to God; and thus the Son, as our Saviour, magnifies his Father; but the Son's glory is also greatly seen, for the Father glorifies his Son.

"*Honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him.*" Parkhurst reads, "splendour and beauty." These are put upon Jesus, as chains of gold, and stars and tokens of honour are placed upon princes and great men. As the wood of the tabernacle was overlaid with pure gold, so is Jesus covered with glory and honour. If there be a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory for his humble followers, what must there be for our Lord himself? The whole weight of sin was laid upon him; it is but meet that the full measure of the glory of bearing it away should be laid upon the same beloved person. A glory commensurate with his shame he must and will receive, for well has he earned it. It is not possible for us to honour Jesus too much; what our God delights to do, we may certainly do to our utmost. Oh for new crowns for the lofty brow which once was marred with thorns!

"Let him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed his head to death,
And be his honours sounded high
By all things that have breath."

6. "*For thou hast made him most blessed for ever.*" He is most blessed in himself, for he is God over all, blessed for ever; but this relates to him as our Mediator, in which capacity blessedness is given to him as a reward. The margin has it, *thou hast set him to be blessings;* he is an overflowing wellspring of blessings to others, a sun filling the universe with light. According as the Lord sware unto Abraham, the promised seed is an everlasting source of

blessings to all the nations of the earth. He is set for this, ordained, appointed made incarnate with this very design, that he may bless the sons of men. Oh that sinners had sense enough to use the Saviour for that end to which he is ordained, viz., to be a Saviour to lost and guilty souls.

"*Thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.*" He who is a blessing to others cannot but be glad himself; the unbounded good-doing of Jesus ensures him unlimited joy. The loving favour of his Father, the countenance of God, gives Jesus exceeding joy. This is the purest stream to drink of, and Jesus chooses no other. His joy is full. Its source is divine. Its continuance eternal. Its degree exceeding all bounds. The countenance of God makes the Prince of Heaven glad; how ought we to seek it, and how careful should we be lest we should provoke him by our sins to hide his face from us! Our anticipations may cheerfully fly forward to the hour when the joy of our Lord shall be shed abroad on all the saints, and the countenance of Jehovah shall shine upon all the blood-bought. So shall we "enter into the joy of our Lord."

So far all has been "the shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast." Let us shout and sing with them, for Jesus is our King, and in his triumphs we share a part.

7 For the king trusteth in the LORD, and through the mercy of the most High he shall not be moved.

8 Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies: thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

9 Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger: the LORD shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.

10 Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men.

11 For they intended evil against thee: they imagined a mischievous device, *which* they are not able *to perform.*

12 Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, *when* thou shalt make ready *thine arrows* upon thy strings against the face of them.

13 Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength: *so* will we sing and praise thy power.

7. "*For the king trusteth in the Lord.*" Our Lord, like a true King and leader, was a master in the use of the weapons, and could handle well the shield of faith, for he has set us a brilliant example of unwavering confidence in God. He felt himself safe in his Father's care until his hour was come, he knew that he was always heard in heaven; he committed his cause to him that judgeth right, and in his last moments he committed his spirit into the same hands. The joy expressed in the former verses was the joy of faith, and the victory achieved was due to the same precious grace. A holy confidence in Jehovah is the true mother of victories. This psalm of triumph was composed long before our Lord's conflict began, but faith overleaps the boundaries of time, and chants her "Io triumphe," while yet she sings her battle song.

"*Through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.*" Eternal mercy secures the mediatorial throne of Jesus. He who is Most High in every sense, engages all his infinite perfections to maintain the throne of grace upon which our King in Zion reigns. He was not moved *from* his purpose, nor *in* his sufferings, nor *by* his enemies, nor shall he be moved *from* the completion of his designs. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Other empires are dissolved by the lapse of years, but eternal mercy maintains his growing

dominion evermore; other kings fail because they rest upon an arm of flesh, but our monarch reigns on in splendour because he trusteth in Jehovah. It is a great display of divine mercy to men that the throne of King Jesus is still among them: nothing but divine mercy could sustain it, for human malice would overturn it to-morrow if it could. We ought to trust in God for the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom, for in Jehovah the King himself trusts: all unbelieving methods of action, and especially all reliance upon mere human ability, should be for ever discarded from a kingdom where the monarch sets the example of walking by faith in God.

8. "*Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies: thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.*" The destruction of the wicked is a fitting subject for joy to the friends of righteousness; hence here, and in most scriptural songs, it is noted with calm thanksgiving. "Thou hast put down the mighty from their seats," is a note of the same song which sings, "and hast exalted them of low degree." We pity the lost for they are men, but we cannot pity them as enemies of Christ. None can escape from the wrath of the victorious King, nor is it desirable that they should. Without looking for his flying foes he will find them with his hand, for his presence is about and around them. In vain shall any hope for escape, he will find out all, and be able to punish all, and that too with the ease and rapidity which belong to the warrior's right hand. The finding out relates, we think, not only to the discovery of the hiding-places of the haters of God, but to the touching of them in their tenderest parts, so as to cause the severest suffering. When he appears to judge the world hard hearts will be subdued into terror, and proud spirits humbled into shame. He who has the key of human nature can touch all its springs at his will, and find out the means of bringing the utmost confusion and terror upon those who aforetime boastfully expressed their hatred of him.

9. "*Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger.*" They themselves shall be an oven to themselves, and so their own tormentors. Those who burned with anger against thee shall be burned by thine anger. The fire of sin will be followed by the fire of wrath. Even as the smoke of Sodom and Gomorrha went up to heaven, so shall the enemies of the Lord Jesus be utterly and terribly consumed. Some read it, "thou shalt put them as it were into a furnace of fire." Like faggots cast into an oven they shall burn furiously beneath the anger of the Lord; "they shall be cast into a furnace of fire, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." These are terrible words, and those teachers do not well who endeavour by their sophistical reasonings to weaken their force. Reader, never tolerate slight thoughts of hell, or you will soon have low thoughts of sin. The hell of sinners must be fearful beyond all conception, or such language as the present would not be used. Who would have the Son of God to be his enemy when such an overthrow awaits his foes? The expression, "the time of thine anger," reminds us that as now is the time of his grace, so there will be a set time for his wrath. The judge goes upon assize at an appointed time. There is a day of vengeance of our God; let those who despise the day of grace remember this day of wrath.

"*The Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.*" Jehovah will himself visit with his anger the enemies of his Son. The Lord Jesus will, as it were, judge by commission from God, whose solemn assent and co-operation shall be with him in his sentences upon impenitent sinners. An utter destruction of soul and body, so that both shall be swallowed up with misery, and be devoured with anguish, is here intended. Oh, the wrath to come! The wrath to come! Who can endure it? Lord, save us from it, for Jesu's sake.

10. "*Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth.*" Their life's work shall be a failure, and the result of their toil shall be disappointment. That in which they prided themselves shall be forgotten; their very names shall be wiped out as abominable, "*and their seed from among the children of men.*" Their posterity following in their footsteps shall meet with a similar overthrow, till at last the race shall come to an end. Doubtless the blessing of God is often handed down

by the righteous to their sons, as almost a heirloom in the family, while the dying sinner bequeaths a curse to his descendants. If men will hate the Son of God, they must not wonder if their own sons meet with no favour.

11. "*For they intended evil against thee.*" God takes notice of intentions. He who would but could not is as guilty as he who did. Christ's church and cause are not only attacked by those who do not understand it, but there are many who have the light and yet hate it. Intentional evil has a virus in it which is not found in sins of ignorance; now as ungodly men with malice aforethought attack the gospel of Christ, their crime is great, and their punishment will be proportionate. The words "*against thee*" show us that he who intends evil against the poorest believer means ill to the King himself: let persecutors beware.

"*They imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform.*" Want of power is the clog on the foot of the haters of the Lord Jesus. They have the wickedness to *imagine*, and the cunning to *devise*, and the malice to plot *mischief*, but blessed be God, they fail in ability; yet they shall be judged as to their hearts, and the will shall be taken for the deed in the great day of account. When we read the boastful threatenings of the enemies of the gospel at the present day, we may close our reading by cheerfully repeating, "*which they are not able to perform.*" The serpent may hiss, but his head is broken; the lion may worry, but he cannot devour; the tempest may thunder, but cannot strike. Old Giant Pope bites his nails at the pilgrims, but he cannot pick their bones as aforetime. Growling forth a hideous "non possumus," the dévil and all his allies retire in dismay from the walls of Zion, for the Lord is there.

12. "*Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, when thou shalt make ready thine arrows upon thy strings against the face of them.*" For a time the foes of God may make bold advances, and threaten to overthrow everything, but a few ticks of the clock will alter the face of their affairs. At first they advance impudently enough, but Jehovah meets them to their teeth, and a taste of the sharp judgments of God speedily makes them flee in dismay. The original has in it the thought of the wicked being set as a butt for God to shoot at, a target for his wrath to aim at. What a dreadful situation! As an illustration upon a large scale, remember Jerusalem during the siege; and for a specimen in an individual, read the story of the death-bed of Francis Spira. God takes sure aim; who would be his target? His arrows are sharp and transfix the heart; who would wish to be wounded by them? Ah, ye enemies of God, your boastings will soon be over when once the shafts begin to fly!

13. "*Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength.*" A sweet concluding verse. Our hearts shall join in it. It is always right to praise the Lord when we call to remembrance his goodness to his Son, and the overthrow of his foes. The exaltation of the name of God should be the business of every Christian; but since such poor things as we fail to honour him as he deserves, we may invoke his own power to aid us. Be high, O God, but do thou maintain thy loftiness by thine own almightiness, for no other power can worthily do it.

"*So will we sing and praise thy power.*" For a time the saints may mourn, but the glorious appearance of their divine Helper awakens their joy. Joy should always flow in the channel of praise. All the attributes of God are fitting subjects to be celebrated by the music of our hearts and voices, and when we observe a display of his *power*, we must extol it. He wrought our deliverance alone, and he alone shall have the praise.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 9.—"*As a fiery oven,*" where the burning is extremely hot, the heat striking upon what is in it from all sides, above, below, and about, on all hands, and the door closed from going out, or from suffering any cool refreshment to come in.—*David Dickson.*

Shall make them like a vault of fire, literally, "*an oven,*" as in our translation, or "furnace of fire.' Bishop Horsley remarks, "It describes the smoke of the Messiah's enemies perishing by fire, ascending like the smoke of a furnace. 'The smoke of their

torments shall ascend for ever and ever.'" How awfully grand is that description of the ruins of the cities of the plain, as the prospect struck on Abraham's eye on the fatal morning of their destruction. "And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Milton puts it,—

"Overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire."—*Richard Mant.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The joy of Jesus and of his people in the strength and salvation of God.

Verse 2.—The successful advocate.

Verse 3 *(first clause).*—Preventing mercies.

Verse 3 *(second clause).*—Jesus crowned. I. His previous labours. II. The dominion bestowed. III. The character of the crown. IV. The divine covenant.

Verse 4.—Jesus ever living.

Verse 5.—The glory of the Mediator.

Verse 6.—The blessedness of Jesus.

Verse 7.—Jesus, an example of faith and of its results.

Verses 8, 9.—The certainty and terror of the punishment of the wicked.

Verses 11, 12.—The guilt and punishment of evil intentions.

Verse 12.—The retreat of the grand army of hell.

Verse 13.—*A devout Doxology.* I. God exalted. II. God alone exalted. III. God exalted by his own strength. IV. His people singing his praise.

Thanks.

OUR personal thanks are due, and are hereby tendered, to certain fervid Churchmen who have published abroad an expression said to have been used by us at the Liberation Society, together with two letters by us explaining the same. These are printed as a leaflet, and are also inserted in Tory newspapers. The motives of these gentlemen we think we can guess, but their action causes us considerable satisfaction. Let them publish to the four winds of heaven that SPURGEON, as they call him, believes the present Puseyite Church of England to be an abomination, and that the sooner such a State Church is swept away the better for the land. The further they spread this the better pleased we shall be. We have no war with men, but to the very principle of a State Church we are constantly opposed, and to that form of it which is seen in the Anglican Establishment we have the further objection that it is the nurse and propagator of Popery. It saves us considerable expense when the opposite party are diligent, as in this case, in spreading our views; they have our cordial thanks, but we will not offer a return in kind. We suppose that they consider it to be a mortal sin and a terrible blasphemy to denounce their system; we think it would be a crime to be silent, or to speak in velvet words concerning a corruption which grows grosser every day.

The Grammar School.

MANY thanks to friends who have promised us aid; but as yet the number of children promised is not large enough to warrant us in proceeding. We have the day school in hand, the ground is purchased, and we hope to give an engraving of the plans in next month's magazine. These are not matters to be done in a day, and we must beg promptness from friends as to their own action, but patience as to our progress, for we have very much in hand. The other matter mentioned last month, viz., religious literature, is not forgotten, but we wish that we could more fully interest our friends in it. One gentleman has offered generous aid in establishing colportage, but no one else has written. We sometimes feel almost alone in these works, but we are not disheartened, for God is with us; we must have time, and something will, we trust, be done which may be lasting and effective.

Justification.

"HOW shall man be just with God?" is a question of infinite importance to every child of Adam; a question, however, which could never have been answered if Jehovah had not manifested his sovereign grace towards his apostate creatures. Far from being a merely speculative point, it permeates the whole system of Christianity, and lies at the foundation of personal religion, and of all right views of the character and moral government of God. Whatever else may be considered indifferent or non-essential this cannot be; it is a capital article of that faith which was once for all delivered to the saints, and a mistake here may prove eternally fatal. Well might Luther call it "the article of a standing or falling church," *i.e.*, the article on the reception or rejection of which the stability or subversion of the church depended. This then is the subject to which we invite the attention of our readers in this paper. And first, *as to the nature of justification*, or that in which it consists. The term *justification* is *forensic*, referring to the proceedings in a court of judicature, and signifies *the declaring a person righteous according to law*. It is not the making a person righteous by the infusion of holy habits, or by an inherent change from sin to holiness, this is sanctification; but the act of a judge pronouncing the party acquitted from all judicial charges. This is the sense in which the words *just* and *justify* are used in the Old and New Testament Scriptures. For example it is said, "If there be a controversy between men, and they come unto judgment, that the judges may judge them; then they shall justify the righteous and condemn the wicked." (Deut. xxv. 1.) Here it is evident that to justify the righteous, signifies not to *make* him righteous but to *adjudge* him to be so, just as to condemn the wicked *is not to make him* wicked but to *declare him* to be so. See also Prov. xvii. 15; Psalm cxliii. 2; Luke vii. 29—35; Rom. ii. 13, and chapter viii. 33. We must not confound justification with the doctrine of sanctification, for though inseparably connected, they are quite distinct and widely different, and ought, when we are treating of the way of a sinner's acceptance with God, to be kept apart. Justification respects the person in a legal sense, is a single act of grace, and terminates in a change of state. Sanctification regards him in a physical sense, is a continued work of grace, and terminates in a change of character. The former is by the work of Christ *without* us; the latter is by the work of the Spirit *within* us. That precedes as a cause; this follows as an effect. Justification, then, is a change of state in the eye of the law and of the lawgiver. It includes pardon, but it is something more than mere pardon. Among men and before an earthly tribunal these two things are opposed to each other, for an individual cannot be at the same time pardoned and justified; but before the bar of God, he who is pardoned is justified, and he who is justified is pardoned. When a person is pardoned he is considered as a transgressor, but when he is justified he is considered *as righteous*. A criminal when pardoned is freed from an obligation to suffer death for his crimes; but he that is justified is *declared worthy of life* as an innocent person. There are then two constituent parts in this justification, there is the pardon of sin and the acceptance of our persons; a removal of guilt and condemnation, and a right to life.

Secondly:—We shall now enquire into *the grounds* of a sinner's justification in the sight of God. If justification is, as we have seen, a judicial sentence, absolving man from guilt and accepting him as righteous, such a sentence can be passed only on *some valid grounds*, some just cause shown, for he who justifies is God, the holy and righteous Judge. How then shall man be just with God? I answer, Not on the ground of *innocence*, for all are by nature under guilt and condemnation. In the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, where the doctrine of justification is logically discussed, the apostle Paul establishes it as an undeniable truth, that every man in his natural state lies under the just condemnation of God as a rebel against him in all the *three ways* in which he

has been pleased to reveal himself, whether by the works of creation, the work of the law written on the heart, or by the revelation of grace. It has been well remarked that God having purposed to establish but *one way* of justification for all men has permitted in his providence that all should be guilty. For if there had been any excepted, there would have been two different methods of justification, and consequently two true religions, and two true churches, and believers would not have that oneness of communion which grace produces. "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin." Not on the ground of *human desert*. The apostle Paul having proved by an appeal to undeniable facts that the Gentiles and the Jews were both guilty before God, he draws the following obvious and inevitable conclusion, "Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight;" *i.e.*, by our own obedience to it, however sincere, shall no flesh be justified, accepted of God, and pronounced righteous. No law, human or divine, can justify the transgression, and the law of God far from justifying the offender denounces utter destruction against him. "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." We see from this that there is no acceptance with God on the ground of law without perfect obedience. Such an obedience none of the human race can possibly exhibit, and hence it follows that man cannot procure his own justification. There are two ways in which he might attempt it, but neither jointly nor severally could he accomplish it. First, by a voluntary return to his *former obedience*. But this he could not do. He has by his sin lost his original power, and a return to obedience is an act of greater power than a persistency in the way of it. As man could not effect his own justification, so he *would not* attempt it. He is entirely alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in him, because of the hardness of his heart. "He possesseth a carnal mind which is enmity against God, which is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

Secondly, man must make *satisfaction* to *justice*. This, added to obedience, would effect restitution and result in justification. But as a return to obedience is impossible, so was satisfaction for the injury done to the moral government of God by his rebellion. All that he could do under any circumstances was due from him in *that instant* of time in which it was performed. Impossible then that by anything a man can do well, he should make satisfaction for anything he has done ill. An old debt cannot be discharged by ready-money payments for the future. Man, sinful man, then, cannot merit his own justification. I notice, lastly, that justification cannot take place on *the ground of compromise*. A man must be justified wholly by law or wholly by grace. If by law, he must keep the law perfectly; if by grace, he must trust exclusively on the merit of another. There can be no compromise, no commixture. Paul's strong language in reference to the Galatian perverts is applicable here, "Behold, I Paul say unto you, that if ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing. Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace." Paul excludes all works of every kind, works before and after conversion, works moral and works ceremonial, yea, he even excludes the works of Abraham, the father of believers. (See Rom. iv. 2; Rom. xi. 6; Titus iii. 5; 2 Tim. i. 9.)

What, then, is the meritorious ground of a sinner's justification? If all mankind are sinners under condemnation, if the supreme Governor of the world neither will nor can justify any without a perfect righteousness, and if such a righteousness cannot possibly be exhibited by man, it is absolutely necessary that righteousness wrought out by a substitute should be imputed to us or placed to our account. Where, then, but in the *finished work* of Immanuel, can we find this vicarious, law-magnifying, justice-satisfying, God-honouring righteousness? "Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom." The justice of God had been trampled upon, and it must be satisfied; the law of God had been violated, and it must be fulfilled; the debt had been

contracted, and it must be discharged; heaven had been lost, and it must be regained; therefore on restoring the sinner, the lost sinner, God must, he cannot but have, respect to every attribute of his offended majesty, to every requirement of his unalterable law. In no other way could the forfeitures of the law be restored, in no other way could mercy be sent to the guilty. God sends his own Son, Christ undertakes our desperate cause and says, "Lo I come to do thy will, O God." In order to do this he assumes our nature, that as our kinsman redeemer, he might have the right of redemption. Justice recognises him as the sinner's surety, and exacts from him the full penalty due to sin. God puts the cup of wrath into his hand, and Jesus drains it to the very last dregs. The sword awakes against Jehovah's fellow; the shepherd is smitten that the sheep might go free. Hence he said to the representatives of justice, "If ye seek me, let these go their way." "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." "Christ," says the apostle, "redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." *Nor is this all.* If nothing beyond the suffering of the penalty of the law had taken place, men would only have been released from the punishment due to sin. If they were to obtain the reward of obedience, its precepts must also be obeyed; and this was accomplished to the utmost by Jesus Christ. To every requirement of God's holy law he yielded a complete and sinless obedience; every command it enjoined as well as every prohibition it contains were in all respects fully honoured by him. The righteousness of Jesus therefore is two-fold, consisting in his spotless obedience and meritorious sufferings, and this is that very righteousness by which sinners are justified before God. To this and to this only the Moral Governor of the universe has respect, when he pronounces the sinner just and acquits him in judgment. "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." This obedience of the Son of God conferred more honour on the law and on the lawgiver than could have resulted from the obedience of the whole human race had Adam never sinned.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

Christ's righteousness, then, is the meritorious ground of our justification.

Thirdly, *But to whom does it become actually efficient for justification?* or in other words, How does a sinner obtain an interest in this righteousness in order to justification? The Scriptures are very clear on this. *Simply by faith.* (See Rom. iii. 21—28; iv. 4, 24, 25; v. 1. Gal. ii. 16; Acts xiii. 38, 39.) Faith is the divinely-appointed medium of union to Christ, whose righteousness is imputed to the believer: "Even as David describeth the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works." It is of the nature of faith to lead the sinner away from self, self-confidence and self-righteousness, to the finished work of Jesus. Hence we are said to be justified by faith, not by love or humility, or any other grace, but by faith only, because faith is opposed to all works, and all graces too in the matter of our justification. Yet not for faith, or on account of faith, as if faith itself were our righteousness or that for the sake of which we are justified. This is obvious from the following considerations. No man's faith is perfect, and if it were it would not be equal to the demands of the law. That obedience by which the sinner is justified is called the *righteousness of faith*, *righteousness by faith*, and is represented as revealed *to* faith. Consequently it cannot be faith itself. This is apparent from Phil. iii. 9. Again, if we are justified *by the act* of believing, then, as there are degrees of faith, some believers are justified by a more and some by a less perfect righteous-

ness, in exact proportion to the strength or weakness of their faith; which is absurd. Faith is as necessary in justification as the righteousness of Christ, but necessary for a different purpose. Faith is the hand by which we lay hold on Christ, the eye that looks to Christ, the ear that hears the voice of Christ, the feet that run in compliance with Christ's invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I shall only add that this justification which is by faith, is *perfect and complete* at once, the moment a sinner believes in Jesus, so that he may triumphantly challenge the universe to lay anything to his charge: "Who shalll lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." It is also *irreversible* and *everlasting*; once justified, the believer can no more come under condemnation. "There is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. Whom he hath justified, he hath also glorified." (Rom. viii. 1, 30.) No justified person now dead ever failed to reach glory, and all believers are kept by the power of God unto final and eternal salvation.

Lastly, their justification *is evidenced by good works.* (Titus iii. 8; Micah vi. 8; James ii. 17, 18, 26.) Hence the decisions of the final judgment will be *according to men's works.* (Matt. xxv. 34—36.) Observe, however, that though it is said that men shall be judged according to their works, it is not said that any one shall be justified *on account of his works.* The righteous are bought unto the judgment to be there *manifested and acknowledged* as the Lord's people. Justified already in God's sight and in their own, they are now to be justified in the sight of men and angels, and that in such a way that the *equity* of the divine procedure will be apparent to all. Hence, then, works are appealed to as *fruits and evidences* of their union to Christ whose righteousness justified them. The sum of the whole is this: we are justified *freely* by God's grace, *meritoriously* by Christ's righteousness, *instrumentally* by faith, and *evidentially* by good works.

Wasting and Renewal.

BY PASTOR JOHN STOCK, DEVONPORT.

"Wherefore we do not shrink, but though even our outward man is wasting awa yet our inner man is renewed day by day."—2 Cor. iv. 16.

THESE words set forth the practical influence of the great truth asserted in the preceding verse. *Because* all things exist on behalf of the church, therefore the children of God do not shrink from suffering or death, or play the coward; but though the outward man wastes away, yet their inner man is renewed day by day. All things exist on behalf of believers, their very sorrows and persecutions included. Their trials are to them means of grace, and only bring them nearer to heaven and to God. *Therefore* they do not shrink, but while the body wastes the soul is renewed day by day. Let us notice—

I. THE WASTING DESCRIBED.

This wasting is ascribed to the outer man, i.e., the body. The body is the outward form by which we distinguish one man from another. No two men are precisely alike even in face and figure. Countenances are as diverse as minds, tempers, and ideas.

The body contains the organs through which the man acts upon external objects, and is acted upon by them. Through the eye we see, and through the ear we hear. Guided by the mind what wonders the human *hand* has achieved! Those four fingers and thumb have reared trophies of their skill and working power all over the world. Things requiring the most delicate manipulation,

such as a watch, and objects as grand and vast as the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash, have all been produced by the human hand.

Still the body is only the *outer* man, the tabernacle or tent of the soul. The soul is pre-eminently *the* man. The body is perpetually changing in form and vigour, but the soul lives on amid all. There is in each one of us an outward and an inward world, just as there is an outer and an inner universe. "In God we live, and move, and have our being." Who can penetrate the mystery of *being?* Behind all and in all is Jehovah, the Father of Spirits, who upholds all things by the word of his power, and by whom all things do consist. *And this outer man is destined to waste away.* The word "perish" is sometimes understood to mean "annihilation." The proper idea here is that of wasting away. This process commences with our birth. Growth and decay, building up and pulling down, are continuously going on in each human frame. In childhood and youth the building up goes on more rapidly than the pulling down. In mature years and in health the processes balance each other. In old age or disease the pulling down gets the upper hand, and unless arrested goes on until death supervenes.

The body is thoroughly changed about once in seven years. From beginning to end this life is change, change, change. The longest career on earth is a slow funeral march to the grave. Finally the body will fall in ruins, and will resolve itself back into its primordial elements. In the grave it will not, however, perish, but will be restored in a new and more glorious form at the resurrection, just as the chrysalis wakes to a new life in another element as a winged butterfly of dazzling beauty. It is sown a natural body, it will be raised a spiritual body It is sown in the image of the first, the fallen Adam; it will be raised in the image of the second, the unfallen Adam. The resurrection body will not be flesh and blood, for "flesh and blood *cannot* inherit the kingdom of God." It will be so purged and refined, and thoroughly transformed as to become "a spiritual body." The mystery of this change science fails to unriddle. The chemistry of animal bodies has become much better known during the last thirty years; by and by it *may* be able to throw some light upon the stupendous wonders of the resurrection. Meanwhile faith bows to the divine assurance that he who raised up the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead "will thoroughly change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorified body." And what a type of all beauty *that* model must be! The human frame in which the incarnate God is eternally to reside and resign!

II. Let us consider—The Concomitant Inward Revelation. "Yet our inner man is renewed day by day."

By our inner man we are evidently to understand the soul. This is *the* man; it is that which shapes the conduct, determines the character, and moulds the future destiny of the whole man. It is that which maintains the *identity*, and consequently the continued responsibility of the man amid all the changes of the body. It is the *inward* man, *i.e.*, the more recondite element of our nature, the very essence of the man. How and where it specially resides in the body we know not. How soul can dwell in body without confusion of the two is indeed a mystery. But are there not many analogous physical marvels? Who can say how such subtle and yet mighty agencies as magnetism and electricity can reside in material bodies; or how fire can dwell in a bar of red-hot iron? Consciousness tells us that this inward man *exists*. We know we have souls, notwithstanding our inability to explain many of the phenomena of their being. Thought, reason, and responsibility are the attributes of mind, just as animal life and motion are of organised bodies. We intuitively feel that the soul is pre-eminently the man.

This inward man is the subject of daily renewal in the Christian.

This implies a *first* great renewal at conversion. There is a day at which the process commences. It must be so. Naturally men are dead in trespasses and sins. God's renewal of the fallen soul commences at regeneration, when we are made "new creatures in Christ Jesus." The foundation must be laid before

the building of a true Christian experience can be reared. There must be life before there can be growth and development. But the process *continues* through life. It is carried on "day by day." The renewed soul will be dependent to the last upon the grace of Jehovah. Its advancement in the divine life is carried on by the Holy Spirit through various agencies. The soul *itself* is dependent upon God for its continued being. No creature is *necessarily* immortal: God only hath a necessary immortality: he alone exists by a necessity of nature. Angelic beings and human souls *are* immortal; but they are so only by the divine will and appointment. But if the soul itself be dependent, how much more must this new life in the soul be so! For this is the inner life in the inner man. If the soul be the life of the body, this "new creation" is a new life in the soul; it is the very flower of our being. It comes into existence in a nature originally and radically depraved, and has to live in a world whose very atmosphere is poison to it. Born of a miracle, how can it live on without a perpetual miracle of divine mercy and grace?

The renewing process goes on in the very midst of bodily decay.

Amid the wasting away of the body the renewal of the soul advances. Yes, God often makes use of the afflictions of the body as medicine for the soul. Pains and tears are means of grace. The decay of the body is in many cases life to the soul. Graces grow as the flesh gets weaker. Saints have to bless their Lord for their seasons of sickness. The darkened chamber is to them no other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven. In fact, the closing scenes of the bodily life often witness the noblest triumphs of the life divine. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;" yes, and the richest and ripest clusters are gathered *then*. It has often been our happy lot to witness this rapid and wonderful growth of Christian graces amid the loathsome processes of hideous diseases and agonizing deaths. The weaker nature became, the stronger did grace become. Trembling hands have laid hold of the cross with the firmest grasp; countenances overspread with the pallor of death have been lighted up with the radiance of heaven, and the loftiest ascriptions of praise to our glorious Jesus have been uttered by voices already feeble and indistinct with approaching dissolution. In the valley of the shadow of death the Holy Ghost has put the final and completing touches to the image of Christ; the last remains of indwelling sin have seemed to die out, and heaven itself to have come down to earth!

III. We shall reflect upon—THE HOLY COURAGE THUS INFUSED. "Wherefore we do not shrink," or prove faint-hearted, or play the coward.

This reminds us that naturally we do shrink from pain and sorrow. We are *prone* to shrink from suffering. The reason is obvious. Death is *in itself* a curse, and pain and decay are the preludes to death. They are parts of the curse, the premonitions of its full infliction. They are the bitter fruits of transgression. If the results of sin were pleasant, this would be putting a premium upon rebellion. But all iniquity brings forth pain and death, and we shrink from both instinctively because we hear in them the mutterings of Jehovah's thunders against sin, the dread omen of the terrible tempest of vengeance which is gathering! If conscience were without a stain, and the soul without the knowledge of evil, suffering (supposing for the moment that suffering and sinlessness *could* co-exist) would produce no rebellion. It would be accepted without shrinking, as part of the blessed will of God. The sting of death, and we may add, of every minor form of suffering, is sin. It is guilt which makes cowards of us all. We fear to suffer and to die because we know we have sinned.

The passage under consideration implies the insufficiency of our natural powers to arm us for the season of decay and death. "*For which cause* we faint not." This language implies that the writer would have fainted, would have shrunk back and played the coward, but for the considerations to which he refers, and which are matters of revelation and pure grace. For the special reasons named, for these *only*, was he kept from sinking. Without these grounds of

comfort he would have been like Samson, shorn of his locks, weak as other men. The gospel sets before us the only means of composure and joy in the day of pain and dissolution. Here our natural strength must fail us. Sneering, cynical, blaspheming Voltaire found his infidel philosophy to fail him in the hour of suffering. His death-bed scenes were a hell upon earth. Cold, calm, philosophical Hume could only speak of *a leap* in the dark at the hour of his decease.

Nothing short of the love of an atoning, justifying Jesus, and the renewing power of the Holy Spirit can lift us up on high when the outward man is nearly wasted away. Philosophy, science, learning, and mere morality must all fail in the presence of the King of Terrors. Riches may purchase a man a splendid funeral, but they cannot secure him a peaceful departure. Nothing can draw the sting of death but the blood of Christ. Philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and monarchs, are no exception to this rule. All mortal strength is unequal to the dread encounter with the last enemy.

We are reminded further by this verse of the all-sufficiency of gospel truth to sustain under the severest trials. Where nature fails grace triumphs. What philosophy and science cannot do the gospel can do. Where the mighty ones of the earth would have played the coward, the writer could say, "Wherefore we do not shrink!" But if ever a man was tempted to shrink this man was. Let us listen to his own recital, in this very epistle of the deep waters through which he had to wade. "Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten (by the Gentiles) with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, there is that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." (2 Cor. xi. 23—28.) Was there ever such an heroic record as this? Did ever man endure a tithe of such ills as these? Yet to the last he maintained his steadfastness, and could say, "We do not shrink!" Listen to his voice at the close of his career: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 6—8.) This was the style in which he could face death by the Roman sword. Yes, the gospel is able to sustain even when we are brought face to face with death in its most terrible form. Did not holy Mr. Draper and his beloved wife prove this in the foundering of that ill-fated ship "the London"? While the storm was raging and the elements seemed lashed into fury, and the ocean like some huge monster was roaring and opening its terrific jaws ready to engulf its prey, that man of God and his gentle wife could say, "Wherefore we do not shrink." Calmly he stood to proclaim the reconciling Word amid the uproar, and with his Master's name upon his lips he sank, never to rise until the sea shall give up her dead!

May every reader of "The Sword and the Trowel" know by happy experience how blessed is the courage which divine grace can infuse, even when the outward man is fast wasting away!

Before saints are urged to practical godliness, they must be reminded of their high privileges. If we urge them to more fruitfulness, they must be told that they *have a root;* if we urge them to greater activity, they want to be assured that they *live*, and that their life is hid with Christ in God.— *Rev. J. H. Evans' Vintage Gleanings.*

Reviews.

The Gospel Among the Masses; or, a Selection of Remarkable Scenes, Incidents, and Facts, connected with the Missionary Work and Experience of the Rev. Robert Key. Written by Himself. Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

We have been much amused and not a little stirred up by reading a little book entitled, "Home Mission Scenes, or the Gospel among the Masses," written by Mr. Robert Key, a superannuated minister among the Primitive Methodists. It is a record of his own doings, which were sufficiently remarkable, but abundantly useful. He was, to use his own words, "A red-hot bolt shot out of heaven, scattering the dense clouds of human darkness." The eastern counties owe much to his unceasing and vigorous exertion. One cannot but be interested in the eccentricity of the man, and stunned by his singular expressions, but his boldness and zeal win our cordial admiration. We have no doubt his volume will have a large and rapid sale, and with the view of promoting it and showing to our readers what sort of men the Primitives used to be thirty or forty years ago, we have selected two of his stories for our pages.

BAWDESWELL.

"Bawdeswell is a village in Norfolk, containing upwards of five hundred inhabitants. It is fourteen miles from Norwich, and ten miles from Fakenham. I entered this place in 1832. Nothing very striking occurred during my first few visits. I was preaching, however, one Sunday, to the greater part of the inhabitants, numbers from the surrounding villages being present; the work broke out in an extraordinary manner; scores were deeply affected and roused from their slumber of soul, and a number were set at liberty at the prayer-meeting in the open air.

"One poor, ungodly man came to hear, through curiosity, and the word took hold of his guilty soul. He returned home deeply affected, fell upon his knees, I suppose, for the first time, and earnestly prayed to God to have mercy upon him. The next day he went out with his team, fell off the shafts of the waggon, and was killed on the spot. This, with the mighty shaking the day before, produced a very extensive feeling of deep concern about the salvation of the soul. Twenty were added to the society that day, and a number more were awakened to a deep sense of their guilt and danger. Several were also added to the societies at different places, the fruit of this day's toil. I think at least fifty persons, on that memorable day, made a start for a better country.

"We held a very powerful camp-meeting in this place during the summer, that moved the neighbourhood. The speaking was very pointed, very powerful, and full of unction. While I was enforcing a present salvation, with all my powers of body and soul, a very sharp fire broke out in different parts of the congregation, and five or six were instantly brought to the ground. A powerful course of praying followed, during which several were set at liberty, and were led to rejoice in the God of their salvation.

"The love-feast in the evening was of a very high order. One poor man rose, and spoke nearly as follows:—'Bless God! I have not far to go for my experience. I came upon the camp-ground, dark, blind, guilty, and lost; but blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever! He met me there and brought me to the ground, and healed my poor guilty soul before I rose up; and now I am a happy man, bless His dear name for ever and ever! and if He be good enough to bring me to heaven, He shall never hear the last of it.' This simple, artless statement produced an electrifying effect; the cries of the mourners, the loud shouts of praise from pardoned criminals, liberated slaves, and forgiven Magdalenes, made the rafters and timbers of the old building shake. For two hours the work went on gloriously; numbers were set at liberty, and some washed in the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb.

"The following information I received from W. Breeze. Several young men, of a most daring character in this village, were in the fearful habit of going to a public-house, getting half drunk, and then making the highest derision of the work of God then going on around them. W. Breeze would mount a stool, or chair, or bench, and say to his companions in guilt, 'Now I shall be Key. I will preach you a sermon.' He would then begin to hold forth in imitation of me, and after a time one of the party would fall to the floor. Breeze would then immediately leave off his preaching, get down from his stand, and tell the pretended penitent to believe—only believe—that he must believe; and after a little while the fellow would rise, get upon his feet, clap his hands, and shout out, 'Now I am converted—my sins are all forgiven.' They would then commence singing—

'My soul is now united
To Christ the living vine;
His grace I long have slighted,
But now I feel Him mine.
I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in,
And freed my soul from danger,
And pardoned all my sin.'

Such daring wickedness is not often to be met with in a country village; but it was practised in this place.

"One night when I was preaching at Sparham, an adjoining village, W. Breeze came to hear; and what he had often done in mockery, he soon felt in reality. The word took hold of him like a vulture, and laid him prostrate; he roared out for mercy as if Satan himself was about to drag him through the dark doors of hell, and number him with the damned; and, double-dyed as he was, with a mouth black with blasphemy, steeped in the lowest sinks of pollution, crime, and open rebellion, he obtained mercy. Yes, W. Breeze, the devil's champion in vice, the daring rebel in wickedness, the leader of scoffers and mockers, obtained mercy, and became a useful member and class-leader with us, and continues so to this day.

"The society now became very mighty, both in numbers and spiritual power. Mr. Purdy, a local preacher, and the circuit steward, was brought in, in this glorious revival. I have generally found, that those persons who are brought to God in a revival, and whose conversions were sudden or instantaneous, have been the most stable, and are invariably the best class of labourers with penitents. A good man—a Baptist—once said to me, 'Mr. Key, I can neither understand you nor your converts; it takes us seven years to nurse up a convert, and then he is only a babe in Christ; but your converts come out at once, full-grown men and women, and never pass through a state of babyhood.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'that is very easily accounted for; we press them through the strait gate at once, and as soon as they get through we immediately set them to work; we do not feed them with a silver spoon for seven years, but give them plenty to do; and we find that this keeps them out of mischief, and rapidly promotes their spiritual growth. No, no, we cannot afford to keep rocking them in a cradle year after year; but we put them upon their feet, and tell them they must walk, and work hard, and do all the good they can. That is the want of the times—a working church, whose members are all employed to spread the religion of Christ.'"

SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW WITHOUT BREAKING A SQUARE.

"While missioning in the neighbourhood of Hadleigh, I made my way to Dedham (celebrated by the labours of Burkitt, the commentator on the New Testament), and succeeded in establishing a cause there. An old gentleman named Arnold kept a public-house with the sign of the Lamb, and had not heard a sermon for many years. One day, when at Colchester market, he told a person that a man by the name of Key had come to his parish and crazed all the old women in it. Being appointed there one evening, I thought the old man should hear a

sermon for once, whether he liked it or not. I went, and borrowing a chair, got under his sign-board, and commenced singing—

'Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,' &c.

The old gentleman became angry, and shut the door and windows to keep out the sound. But doors, bolts, dungeons, are of no avail when God works; and bonds, tortures, and death cannot destroy the force of divine truth. Feeling a little curious to know who was there, and what was going on, he went upstairs and peeped out of one corner of a window. The word the same instant was conveyed with power to his soul, and aroused his guilty conscience. He immediately came down, and stood before me until the service closed; then grasping me with both hands, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, 'I know you are a man of God: come into my house. I have a large room, which is seldom in use; you can have it to preach in at any time you wish; and you are perfectly welcome to anything my house will afford, and here is a bed at your service whenever you please.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I shall stop now I am here, for the night.' After taking supper, I said, 'Come, we must have prayer; I suppose you have not had much of *that* going on here.'

"'No, no,' the old man said, 'little else but swearing.'

"He and his wife went upon their knees; and probably it was the first time for many years, if ever before. A change was evidently wrought in his manner of life. A society was established in his parlour, and he became one of its members.

"Some time afterwards, Mr. S. Blythe, of Langham, fell into conversation with him at Colchester market. Arnold had been accustomed to the use of low, loose slang, but was now serious, cautious, and sedate. Mr. Blythe said to him, 'I am very pleased, Mr. Arnold, to see such a change in you; how did it take place, and what was the cause?'

"The old gentleman smiled—his face beamed with delight, and with a heart beating high with gratitude to God, he said, 'Mr. Key came one night and preached under my sign-board, and shot me through the window without breaking a square of glass.'

"'The right place to hit them is,' as the Welshman said, 'against the fifth button hole.' Some shoot too high, and some too low. A lady once said to me, 'Oh, Mr. Key, I should have enjoyed your most beautiful sermon to-night, but you were so loud, you made my head ache.'

"'Ah, my good lady,' I replied, 'that is one of my blunders; I aimed at your heart, but have only hit your head.'"

The Agency of the Church. By the Rev. THOMAS CROMPTON. W. Lister, Sutton Street, Commercial Road.

ONE great means of the extension of genuine Christianity in modern times has doubtless been the co-operation of churches with their ministers for that express purpose. However evangelical the Church of England may become, it will never be able to compete with Dissenting churches, either in piety or usefulness, until it gives due honour and scope to what it has been pleased to call lay agency. The Primitive Methodists, who are now doing the work originally accomplished by the general body of Methodists, are mainly indebted to this for their present success. The book before us is the result of the experience and observation of an eminent minister of that persuasion upon this subject, and will, we hope, become extensively useful.

The Praise Book, or Hymns of Praise with accompanying Tunes. By WILLIAM REID, M.A. Nisbet.

THIS magnificent volume has no rival, at least we know of none published in England. It is a standard book, both as to hymns and music. We fear that it will never remunerate the author, but it will abundantly reward the purchaser. It is a sign of good times when such a book can be produced, for revived religion is always indicated by a revival in sacred song.

A Commentary on the whole Epistle to the Hebrews. By that holy and learned divine, WILLIAM GOUGE, D.D. Vol. I. James Nichol, Edinburgh.

THIS work is the substance of more than a thousand lectures preached by the author, who after the age of seventy found leisure to mould his discourses into a written commentary. Gouge was so popular that country people coming to London never thought their business done until they had heard him in the favoured church of Blackfriars; but withal he was so learned that his exact knowledge of the original text was never excelled. The commentary is endeared to us by the author's longing desire to conclude it:—

"Though towards his latter end his fits of the stone were frequent and sharp, having sometimes four or five in an hour, yet such was his desire to finish that so much desired Commentary of his upon the Epistle to the Hebrews, that so soon as the bitterness of the pain of a fit was over, he returned to his work, and made some progress therein. And thus he continued labouring at his work, through much pain, till Tuesday, the 6th of December, 1653; about which time, as his natural strength was exceedingly decayed, so his intellectuals began to fail; and for the three following days drowsiness seized upon him, insomuch that he could not hold up his head to look into a book, but slumbered away his time in his chair; and upon the Friday, being the third day since he had given over his studies, inquiring what day it was he cried out, 'Alas! I have lost three days!' The day following being Saturday, he had no desire to arise out of his bed, neither indeed could, in regard of his weakness, which was such as he said, 'Now I have not long to live in this world; the time of my departure is at hand; I am going to my desired haven:' the apprehension whereof was no little joy unto him; for he had often said unto such of his friends as came to visit him in his sickness, 'I am most willing to die; having, I bless God, nothing to do but to die.' Indeed, he seemed sometimes to be in Paul's strait between life and death, 'having a desire to depart, that he might be with Christ, which was best;' but yet very desirous was he to finish his Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, which he knew would be useful to the church of God, and in that respect was willing to live; and God so far answered his desire in that particular, that he lived to finish it within half a chapter. But when he perceived that his time in this world could not be long, oh how sweet and joyful was the apprehension of death unto him! which he often termed his best friend, next unto Jesus Christ."

The Heavenward Road. By J. J. JONES. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

A CLEAR description of the road to heaven, and an earnest exhortation to enter upon it. It is a suitable present to the young from those who are greatly concerned for their highest welfare.

Footsteps of a Prodigal. By WILLIAM G. PASCOE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS work consists of a series of discourses upon the parable of the Prodigal Son. There is no attempt to define the precise object of the parable, and to give a critical analysis of its several parts. It is at once adopted in its ordinary acceptation, and as such is well illustrated and applied. It is calculated for great usefulness to young men, which has evidently been the author's sole design. He has managed to give freshness and attractiveness to a well-known theme. There is nothing dry or common-place. It is a book much needed by young men in our day. We sincerely wish it may have a wide circulation.

Poetic Ramblings. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON. Savill and Edwards, Chandos Street.

THE reader is entreated by the author not to read these ramblings as a critic, insomuch as not one of the pieces has been the result of careful study. After this confession and entreaty criticism is needless. The author devotes the proceeds of his work towards paying off the debt on the Scotch Church, Clapham Rise.

Notices.

VERY interesting services were held on Monday, July 23rd, in connection with the settlement of Mr. David Mace as pastor of the Old Baptist Church, Stotfold, Beds. In the afternoon the Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater, presided. The introductory prayer was offered by the Rev. W. J. Inglis, of Wootton. Mr. Taylor, one of the deacons, on behalf of the church, gave an account of the low state of the cause when application was made about two years ago to the College for supplies, the increase of the church and congregation under the ministry of the students, the consequent enlargement of the chapel, and the unanimous invitation of Mr. Mace to the pastorate. Mr. Mace gave a brief statement of his conversion, call to the ministry, and doctrinal sentiments. The Revs. W. Abbot, of Blunham, and P. Griffiths, of Biggleswade, implored the divine blessing on the union. The Rev. G. Rogers, theological tutor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the pastor. The Rev. W. G. Lewis addressed the church, and the Rev. W. Culpin, of Shillington, concluded with prayer. About 250 friends took tea in a marquee erected in Mr. Cocking's meadow, near the chapel. The meeting in the evening was presided over by D. Lloyd, Esq., of Hitchin, and appropriate addresses were delivered by Revs. W. G. Lewis; S. Stanbridge, the former pastor; G. T. Ennals; W. J. Inglis; J. Clark, of Godmanchester; G. Rogers; T. Voysey, of Sandy, and P. Griffiths. The services of the day were well attended, and the prospects of the church were very encouraging.

On Tuesday, July 24th, a tea meeting was held in the Exchange Hall, at Grantham, Lincolnshire, in connection with the recognition of the Rev. G. B. Bowler, as pastor of the Baptist Church, in Wharf-road, in that town. A public meeting was afterwards held in the same hall, at which Alderman Miller presided, who, in the name of the Independents with whom he was united, and Dissenters in general, cordially welcomed Mr. Bowler to his new sphere of labour. Mr. Waplington, the senior deacon, gave a clear and pleasing statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Bowler then gave a brief and appropriate address in relation to his Christian experience, his call to the ministry, and the circumstances which led to his settlement at Grantham. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Armstrong, B.A., of Lincoln. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle. The Rev. T. Baker, B.A., of Ramsay, gave an address to the church. Mr. Armstrong then gave an address upon "Our principles as Baptists;" Rev. J. Brewster, of Grantham, upon "Denominational differences not opposed to unity;" Rev. A. F. Cole, of Collingham, on "The need of more prayer in order to greater prosperity;" and Rev. J. T. Neale, on "The necessity of the church co-operating with the pastor in order to ensure prosperity." The meeting was well attended, and the interest was kept up without diminution to a late hour.

A new Baptist interest has recently been established at Paisley, in Scotland. The few friends with whom it originated having applied to the Tabernacle College for a student to be sent down to them, Mr. J. Crouch was selected for the purpose. His ministrations were blessed, and a church was formed, consisting of eighty-two members. A larger hall was taken for the accommodation of the hearers, which is already nearly full to overflowing. Ten have been added to the church since its formation. It is from no ill feeling towards others, but from a sincere desire for the advancement of those principles dear to all Christians, and especially to the Baptist denomination, that this step has been taken. The recognition of Mr. Crouch, as the pastor of this church, was held on Thursday, the 26th of July. At twelve o'clock a meeting was held in the hall where worship is usually conducted. The Rev. H. H. Brown, of Glasgow, read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. Allan Coats, one of the deacons, gave an account of the origin of the church, and the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Crouch as its pastor. Mr. Crouch then gave a full description of his leaving the world for Christ, and the

Church of England to join the Baptists. He also stated the several circumstances by which his attention was drawn to the Christian ministry, and he was led to prefer Paisley to other spheres of labour which had been offered him. The ordination prayer was presented by the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College; by whom also, after a suitable hymn had been sung, the charge was given. The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, then addressed the church. Mr. T. W. Macalpine concluded the service with prayer. A dinner was provided at the Globe Hotel for the ministers and other friends. In the evening a soirée was held in a very spacious hall. Tea and fruit were provided. Andrew D. Gibb. Esq., the senior deacon, presided. The chairman gave a lengthened and exceedingly appropriate address. The Rev. F. Johnstone, of Edinburgh, next spoke; then Mr. Crouch; then Mr. Rogers; then the Rev. John Martin, of the Scotch Church; then the Rev. S. G. Green, of Roydon College; then the Rev. A. McDougall, of Rothesay; the Rev. A. Pollock, of the Free Church; and the Rev. A. Dunlop, Independent. Mr. Macalpine offered prayer. Thus terminated proceedings which, it is hoped, will be long remembered in Paisley, and will form a new era in the history of the Baptists in that town. A full account of the meetings, in five whole columns, was given in "The Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette."

A new Chapel in Drummond Road, Bermondsey, was opened by Mr. Spurgeon in January last. It was erected at a cost of £1,750. Through the liberality and efforts of Mr. Spurgeon and friends £1,250 were raised, leaving a debt of £500 without interest to be cleared off by the church and congregation. Mr. J. Alex. Brown from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College has been supplying the pulpit, and the Divine blessing has accompanied the word to the conversion of souls. The congregations are very good, and have been steadily increasing. On Lord's day, 15th July, twenty-nine believers were formally constituted into a church of the same faith and order as the parent church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Messrs. W. Olney, and T. Cook, and several of the elders from the Tabernacle conducted the services. Mr. Brown has accepted the unanimous call of the newly-formed church to become its pastor. By the end of this month it is expected that the number of the church members will be more than double. The Sunday-school is in a very flourishing condition. Though only commenced in January, nearly 300 children now attend. As there is no school-room, the classes have to meet in the chapel. Help is needed, sought, and expected to clear off the chapel debt and build school-rooms.

On Thursday evening, August 2nd, a social tea-meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel at Brabourne in Kent, to congratulate and welcome the pastor, Mr. G. Wright and his bride, on their return from a wedding trip, when numerous friends assembled to give expression to their kind feeling and hearty good wishes. After tea a public meeting was held. Mr. C. J. Nickols of Sellinge was called to the chair. Mr. W. Wall, one of the deacons, after some kind and appropriate remarks, presented Mr. Wright (in behalf of the friends) with a valuable time-piece and a purse containing £9. The time-piece bears the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. G. Wright by the church, congregation and friends of Bethel Chapel, Brabourne, as an acknowledgment of his faithful ministry." Mr. Wright acknowledged the kindness of his friends in giving him such proof of their affection. The chairman stated that their attachment to Mr. Wright was on account of his clear and faithful manner of preaching to them the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the great amount of good that has been effected during his ministry. Mr. T. Marchant, another of the deacons, expressed great pleasure in being present at such a meeting, and said that, although he had been connected with the church over twenty-five years, he never knew a better state of things than at the present time. He expressed an earnest wish that their pastor might long be spared to minister to them in holy things, which was responded to by the whole of the congregation in an audible manner. Mr. G. B. File spoke to the same effect, and called upon the people to aid Mr. Wright by their efforts and their prayers.

On Wednesday, July 18th, the Rev. Thos. G. Hughes, late of Woodstock, Oxon, and formerly of Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the united churches of Culmstock and Uffculme, Devon. Addresses were delivered in the afternoon and evening by Revds. Thos. G. Hughes, pastor; G. W. Humphreys, B.A., Wellington; E. Webb, Tiverton; U. Foot, Collumpton; J. S. Spilsbury (Independent), Uffculme; J. Field, Exeter; J. Wood, Melksham; F. Wagstaff (Independent), Hartland; G. Binnie, St. Hill, and J. Adams, of West Leigh. Between the afternoon and evening meeting tea was provided in the orchard adjoining the chapel, of which a large company partook.

Mr. Chambers, of Romsey, is removing to Aberdeen. There will then be seven of the Metropolitan Tabernacle students labouring in Scotland.

A new Baptist interest has been commenced in St. Neot's. Mr. Wyard, late assistant to the venerable Mr. Murrell, having embraced clearer opinions upon the gospel of the grace of God, has with a band of faithful friends set up the banner of the Lord Jesus. Mr. Spurgeon visited the town, preached twice, and in the name of many friends presented Mr. Wyard with a valuable Bible. We wish the new cause all success.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from July 19th, to August 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Marsh	0	2	0
Mrs. Eliza Marsh	0	5	0
Christinia J. Holttum	0	2	0
Emily J. Holttum	0	2	0
Eulin H. Holttum	0	2	0
Miss Mary Hooper	1	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Jones, Upstreet	0	10	0
Mr. B. V. Scott	0	3	0
Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore	20	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore's Quarterly Subscription	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Conder	5	5	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
Mr. R. Scott, Dundee	3	0	0
Collection at Chadlington after Sermons, by C. H. Spurgeon	20	0	0
The First Class in the Baptist Sunday School, Bury, St. Edmunds	0	12	0
Mr. J. Hilditch	1	0	0
A Friend, by Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Mr. W. Knight, junr.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	12	3
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Simmonds	0	10	6
Mr. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. T. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	2	0	0
Master Hawkins	0	2	0
Mrs. Ayley	0	5	0
Walter's Birthday Gift	5	0	0
Mr. W. Wright, Birmingham	5	0	0
Mr. Templeton	1	0	0
Mr. Hellier	0	10	0
Mr. Carpenter	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs Churchill	2	0	0
Mr. W. F. Coles	2	0	0
Mr. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. Cook	1	0	0
Mr. Phillips	1	0	0
Mr. Hanks	0	10	0
Mr. Perkins	0	10	0
Mr. Longbotham	0	10	0
Mr. Payne	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	2	0	0
A Member of the Baptist Church, Candleriggs	1	0	0
Mr. Hanks' Class	25	0	0
Mr. Pope	0	10	0
A Friend, by Mr. Pope	1	0	0
Mr. C. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rossiter, Starcross	5	0	0
A. B. L.	1	0	0
John xvii. 20, 21	5	5	0
Mr. Croker	0	10	0
Part of Collection at St. Neot's, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon	4	7	10
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	2	2	0
Mr. T. H. Aston	0	2	6
Mr. Ellwood	5	0	0
Mr. Everitt	20	0	0
H. T. N.	5	0	0
Mr. F. Pool	2	0	0
Mr. G. Gowland	5	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Hackett	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Denny	1	0	0
Mr. Spurgeon	2	0	0
A Friend at Brighton, by Rev. G. Rogers	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, July 22	36	9	0
" " " " 29	24	8	6
" " " Aug. 5	26	4	1
" " " " 12	32	6	8
" " " " 19	33	18	6
	£371	15	4

In last month's statements, for Mr. Hanks' Class, £10 10s., read Mr. Dransfield's Class.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

"And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed."



[See page 479.]

"But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1866.

Peter and his Spiritual Children.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.

"Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied."—1 Peter i. 1, 2.

FROM these words, dear friends, I would have you to notice:

I. WHO WRITES THIS EPISTLE. "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ." 1st. *It is Peter.* The same Peter whom Andrew brought to Christ. Andrew "first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, and he brought him to Jesus." The same Peter whom Jesus called by the Sea of Galilee, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men;" and they left all and followed him. This teaches you that ministers should be *converted* men, men brought to Christ, men who have left all to follow him. God wishes to feed his church by the hands of such men. Oh! it is a sad thing to preach to others, if we ourselves are to be cast away. 2nd. *This is Peter that denied his Lord.* Peter that said with oaths and curses, "I know not the man." This teaches you that ministers are *sinful* men; not only sinners before conversion, but sinners after conversion; men, who like Peter, have denied their Lord times and ways without number. Why is this? (1.) That we may speak with *tenderness*, that we may say, "fellow sinners." (2.) That we may speak with *earnestness.* A man that has been nearly shipwrecked upon the treacherous seas can speak most feelingly of their danger; so those that have nearly made shipwreck of their faith can speak most feelingly, and say, "Little children, abide in him." (3.) *It is "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ."* He holds his commission from the Saviour. "No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." Peter took not this honour upon himself, but he that said unto him, "From henceforth thou shalt catch men," "Follow me." Learn from this that ministers are *sent of God.* We do not run unsent. We are not apostles, it is

* Copied from the Author's own Unpublished Manuscript. Preached Dec. 24th, 1837

true, we are but *ministers*, yet remember we are sent, and the meanest servant of the Son of God is worthy to be attended to. Do not listen to us for our worthiness sake, but for HIS sake whose message we bear. There is one grand reason of the little success of the preached gospel now-a-days. Never perhaps for the last hundred years has there been more of the truth preached than there is in our day, and yet where is the success? Where are the hearts broken, and the broken bound up? Where are the tokens of God's presence in your families? Where are they! Why is this? Because you are the very reverse of the Thessalonians; ye receive our word *not* as it is in truth the word of the living God, but as *if* it were the words of a man that shall die. One says, "I am of Paul, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." You say, "Will you go and hear that minister to-day, or will you go and hear this one?" You do not come to hear the word of Christ. Take heed, my dear friends. I do not say this to amuse you by a lively picture of the state of society among yourselves. I say it to awaken some of you who have got itching ears, and who while you are tickling your fancies are ruining your souls. God has sent down bread and wine for perishing souls, and ministers are as it were the vessels that contain it and show it forth to men. But you do not feed. Why? Because your attention is taken up with the basket that contains the bread. You do not drink the wine. Why? Because you are ever comparing the different cups that hold it. Oh! what folly is this when your souls are perishing!

II. TO WHOM DID PETER WRITE. They are designated in two ways. 1st, according to their *temporal condition;* 2nd, according to the *condition of their souls.*

1st. *Temporal condition.* 1. *They were "strangers."* They were the same as those to whom James wrote—"the twelve tribes scattered abroad,"—Jews who had been carried away into captivity, and who lived as strangers in those foreign countries. They were in a foreign land living amongst strangers; they were a hissing, a byword, and a reproach among all the countries whither they were driven, and yet grace found them out. Learn from this that *God often chooses the most unholy persons to be his children.* Often a stranger in a strange place, an outcast, an orphan. Often he leaves the rich, the noble, the possessor of houses and of lands, to enjoy their heaven upon earth, to eat, drink, and be merry, and chooses out some poor castaway, and lifts him up from the dunghill to sit at his right hand. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" His way is in the sea, his path in the mighty waters, and his footsteps are not known. Sweet if you know him in your happy experience. Oh! happy strangers. Poor worthless outcasts among men, yet you have the lovingkindness of God, which is better than life. Kings and queens have not such rich possessions as you have. Learn, Christians, to feel as strangers here. Seek a better country. Do not tie yourself to anything here. Feel as if living at an inn.

2nd. *They were "scattered."* These Christians would fain have been together in one holy, happy family; but God said, "Let them be scattered." So it is always: Christians love to be with Christians. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the sight of one Christian sharpen another. They would love always to be thus—to advance like an army

shoulder to shoulder against sin and the world, to unite like one man in their prayers and praises. It is sweet and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is fragrant as ointment, refreshing as dew. But it must not be. God says, "Let them be scattered." In glory all are one—one family, one flock, one sheepfold. On earth they are scattered, one in one house, another in another; one on a sick bed, another walking in a field. Why is this? For two reasons; first, that *their faith may be strengthened.* If we were always amongst Christians, then we would be leaning upon them. Christ leaves us alone that we may lean altogether on the Beloved. Faith grows best when it has something to contend against. It is like learning to swim; the best way to learn is to be among the waves. Often a young person is awakened in a godless family; he begins to weep and to pray, his friends begin to revile and to persecute him. He cries, "Oh that I were among Christians!" God says, "No such thing; you are better where you are." Faith has something to contend with. You must struggle or you will perish. Throw a little water on the fire it burns more fiercely, so does faith grow in the heart of a young Christian who is surrounded by the world. It is said of the palm tree that the more it is held down the more it grows. So is it with a young Christian, the more he is held down the more he will grow. Second, that *they may be witnesses for God.* When a king wants to make a proclamation he does not send his heralds all in a body, he scatters them, and sends one to one city and another to another. So does God. Christians, you are his heralds, and he scatters you that you may carry the message far and wide. In lighting a house you do not gather all the lights into one room, but you scatter them through the house, one in this corner, another in that. Christians, ye are the lights of the world, therefore God scatters you that ye may give light in every corner. In salting meat you scatter the salt, spreading it over the meat that the whole mass may be salted. Christians, ye are the salt of the world. God has scattered you that ye may keep the mass from putrefying; oh then, see that ye hold up your Saviour wherever you are. Do not be discontented with the corner God has put you in. Be a Christian man where you are, and so shall God be best glorified by you.

3rd. *They were "scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia;"* men from all Asia Minor. When I look to Acts, chapter two, I find that many of the three thousand that were converted under Peter's preaching came from these very countries. I cannot doubt then but that Peter here wrote to many who had first heard the way of salvation from his lips in the streets of Jerusalem. Learn from this that *ministers love to feed their own spiritual children.* "I have no greater joy," says the beloved John, "than to hear that my children walk in truth." Oh that this joy were mine! Learn also that spiritual children love to be fed by their spiritual fathers. Just as in ordinary life there is no teacher that can teach like a parent, so is it in the things of the soul. Ye may have ten thousand instructors in Christ, but ye cannot have many fathers. This is human nature. God does not forbid that it should be so.

2nd. THEIR SPIRITUAL CONDITION. Verse second, "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."

They were "strangers" and "scattered," yet not so in the eye of God. Peter shows them that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, were all interested in their salvation. They were lightly esteemed in the opinion of men, but precious in the sight of God. So is it with some amongst you, you are strangers and scattered, little known among men, yet precious jewels in the sight of God. Men perhaps despise you, but you are an object of infinite interest to the eternal Three—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. *See what the Father has done for them.* He has *foreknown* them: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father." (1) Even in *natural things* God determines beforehand everything that is to be. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning." He chooses one to be blind, another to be deaf; one to be rich, another to be poor; one to be born in this land, another in Judea. He chooses, not for the goodness or badness of people, but for his own glory, according to the good pleasure of his will. He has "power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour." "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" (2) *So in Salvation.* "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee." Such was the blessedness of these strangers, though scattered they were "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father." So is it always. He chooses whose hearts are like Lydias to be opened under the preaching of the word. He chooses what leaking vessels are to be bound up, so that as many as are ordained to eternal life believe. And here is a mystery. When a man chooses a jewel out of a heap of pebbles, he chooses it for its beauty, its excellency, or at least because it will polish well. Not so God. He does not choose his jewels because of their value, because of any good in them, or any fitness above others, but because it pleaseth him their owner. (1) Because there is none good, no not one; all were lost, all were vile. (2) Because he sometimes chooses the worst, the wickedest, the most unlikely. The most undeserving soul is chosen, and Gamaliel left. Mary Magdalen is chosen, and Simon the Pharisee left. Publicans and harlots are chosen, and many moral Pharisees are left. Sometimes the very worst sinners, very ignorant and of small capacity, are chosen; while our amiable favourites and learned intelligent men are left. Why is this? Christ shall answer: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight." "If," some will say, "God has chosen a certain number to be saved then it cannot be true that Christ is offered to all, and that God wishes all men to be saved." There are many answers to that objection. At present I shall only give this one: that both are true. It is true that God has chosen a certain number to eternal life, for you will find it so recorded in almost every page of the Bible. It is also true that Christ died that any sinner might look to him, and that God wishes every sinner to come to Jesus and live. This also you will find written in every page of the Bible. Believe both, even if you cannot reconcile them. Wait for a day of fuller light. The day is coming when you will see that both are quite true. Believe, meanwhile, the words of him that cannot lie. "It makes men proud," say others. I appeal to you who are

Christians. Does it make you proud to know that you are no better than the thousands in the world who are perishing around you? This surely will make you humble, and lead you to adore his sovereign grace. Is it true that you have committed more sins than some who are now in hell, and yet God has opened *your* heart, and washed *you* in his blood, and given *you* his Spirit. Does this make you proud? Ah! no. It makes you lie down at his feet and say, "Lord, what am I, and what is my Father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" "I will go softly all my days, because thou art pacified toward me. I will never open my mouth any more, for Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why." O Christians, you are saved by sovereign grace. Learn to adore a sovereign God. This is the work of the Spirit; no man can do it. Ministers and the Word are tools, but the Spirit is the workman. A hammer cannot break the rock of itself; it needs a strong arm to wield it. Just so, the Word is a hammer when read and preached, but of itself it can do nothing. It needs an almighty arm to wield it—to break the rock in pieces.

Seek, my dear friends, a work of the Spirit on your hearts. By this only shall you know that you are elected of God. Oh be not content with the outward call of the Word, but seek the inward call of the Spirit. One *break* of the Spirit on your heart will make you know more than ten thousand sermons can. Oh that you were all to-night born of God; and when you are, see that you work and pray for the increase of Zion's children.

2. *See what Christ did for them.* "Elect unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." (1.) To sprinkling of the blood of Christ. Wherever there is a real work of the Spirit in any breast, in any heart, he brings the soul to this—to be sprinkled with the blood of Christ. He convinces the soul of its sin and misery—that no tears can blot out sin, no amendment of life can atone for it. He then reveals Christ the bleeding Saviour, shows us that Christ undertook to suffer the wrath of God due to sinners, and suffered even to the shedding of his precious blood. He makes the soul willing to be pardoned in that way. He sprinkles his blood on the conscience, and speaks peace. Oh, my friends, have you been brought to the sprinkling of Jesu's blood? Remember that it is not knowledge that saves, but sprinkling. Many know that Christ died, who shall perish for all that. The vail is rent in twain that any sinner may enter in, but if you will not enter through that rent vail you will perish for all your knowledge. (2.) *Unto obedience.* This means new obedience. Every one that is sprinkled from dead works loves to serve the living God. His commandments are not grievous. Lay yourselves by this. If you be forgiven you will love to obey God—to obey him in your heart, by your tongue, in your life. Be not deceived, he that loveth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

3rd. *See what the Holy Spirit does for them.* "Through sanctification of the Spirit." Every one who is brought to Christ is made holy. You cannot be a Christian and live in sin.

III. The Apostle's wish. "Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied." Many knew what grace meant, for it came down upon them. Many felt what peace was, for it had sprung up within them. Now, says Peter, let this be multiplied—more and more of it till you die.

Christians, seek more grace and more peace. Look at a river, how it broadens and deepens, till it is lost in the ocean. So be the increase of grace in your souls. Warn others of the fire you, through grace, have escaped. Lead them to him who gives peace to the troubled soul. Hear him saying, "Oh that they had hearkened to my commandments! then had their peace been as a river, and their righteousness as the waves of the sea." Amen.

Among the Thieves and Tramps of St. Giles.

MR. M'CREE AND "BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL DOMESTIC MISSION."

No. I.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE air was still. Breezes had taken their summer holiday, as if tired with frolicking around the thousands of angles and corners of this irregular-shaped London, and meeting only the pestilential odours which abound in our courts and alleys, our yards and dens. This murky, close atmosphere, so allied to fevers, cholera, and distempers, brings out the pallid-faced people from the garrets and bedrooms, where year after year they strive to breathe sufficient oxygen to maintain life, into the streets and doorsteps of all crowded districts. Seven Dials was a scene of many-typed life. Here were the young and gay, frivolous and sad, careworn and careless, dark and fair, ill-clothed and well-clothed, mothers with babies nestling asleep, worn out with crying; diminutive-looking, squalid, unkept children—the boys noisy and roguish, the girls stupidly indifferent, with their heads propped up by their mother's lap or by the doorpost. There were Irish and there were Scotch, but the "chatter, mainly from the teeth outwards," seemed too outlandish for either. Here there was a knot of rough-haired, unbonneted women, with short dresses, flash birds-eye handkerchiefs thrown over their shoulders for shawls, and hobnail boots; there, a number of vagrants slouching, dirty, smoking, as if waiting for strong incitement to lead them to activity. On one side of the pavement groups of idlers were gazing on the idlers on the opposite side. Ill-dressed, battered-face girls were stalking up and down, grinning here and there, while lads were joking, laughing, swearing, and whistling. Black eyes, red noses, flattened faces, thick lips, cut lips, scarlet, blotchy heads, entangled hair, twisted and curled by the exigencies of life,—all were here mixing with a crowd of men and women whose aggregated lives represent a mass of sin, wretchedness, and want, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

Not far from the centre of Seven Dials may be seen a pebble-paved court, surrounded with stables, cowhouses, &c. Up this court there is a common lodging-house for thieves, tramps, beggars, crossing-sweepers, patterers, song-singers, herb and other vendors. Behind the house there is a low barn-like building, on the floor of which is a kitchen. Yes, a thieves' kitchen—a dirty, speckled, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, oblong large room, full of odours arising from dust, tobacco, and smoke,

closeness, cooked potatoes, steaming tea, and stale-smelling beer. A room with plastered walls, here and there showing signs of having been injured in some unknown way or other, with no traces of whitewash, but every trace of vermin and filth. There was one long bench stretching across the room, and another against the old-fashioned farm-house fire that was blazing so merrily. There were over a dozen men in the room. One old man was huddled up against the fire, "all of a heap," drunk, but all the others were sober. There was a rough-looking navvy, who would have made three of the writer—a man whom one would fly from in a dark lonely thoroughfare. He was quietly sipping a basin of tea. Several were busily engaged in scraping new potatoes, which they did most economically, and without injuring, as all amateurs would probably do, the external appearance of that esculent root. Some had a pot of ale and a pipe, others looked as if they would like to have the same. Nearly all had evidently passed the middle age of life, and some seemed not far from that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said our friend Mr. P——, who preaches at various times with others in this den. "How are you all? Haven't seen you a long while. Where have you been?" heartily grasping the hand of one or two men, who were greatly gratified at our visit. The big man in the smock looked sullenly on and sipped his tea. The drunken old man at the fireside pricked up his ears, tried to show signs of mental equilibrium, and of course utterly failed. He professed great respect for "Misther P——," and claimed a long acquaintance with that "gintleman." While the others were invited to an entertainment at the Mission Hall, in Moor Street, the wretched old fellow was assured that the honour of his company would be unsolicited for that evening. Poor man, he confessed he had had a drop too much, but treated it as a failure of ordinary occurrence, and one to which no great shame was attached. Ultimately we parted with these "gentlemen," with the assurance that several would pop in and occupy a seat at Mr. M'Cree's Mission Hall that evening.

"Misther P——," said a voice behind us as we were turning down the passage leading through the stables to another lodging-house. It proceeded from a good Christian man who had lived for many years in this place, and who was now a member of Mr. Brock's church in Bloomsbury. "I have been thinking," said this good man, (who by-the-bye obtains his precarious living by selling herbs which he has to gather in the country) "and asking myself, 'What is the greatest power on earth?'" The result of that day's contemplations was that the name of Jesus was "the greatest power in the world, for," added the good old man, "'at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,'" &c. &c., which he went on in his simple thoughtful way to explain. Why does this man still live in such a den? Because it is cheap and he is poor. Fourpence a night for sleeping and cooking accommodation is as much as a poor herb-seller can afford. Besides, he is of great service for his Master there. When a tramp or thief is ill, he attends his bedside and prays for him. He reports needy cases to Mr. M'Cree, and acts as a trustworthy authority in the den.

The second kitchen we entered seemed to be more respectable,

although we are assured that more dishonest persons live there than in the first place we visited. The men were much younger, and were probably nearly all thieves. There were two lads of—say fifteen years of age most respectably dressed: no doubt they had fallen into disgrace by robbing their employers, or running away from home. They get their livelihood in the best, or rather in the worst, way they can. Most of the men who live in these lodging-houses were at one time in respectable positions in society, but having fallen from the paths of rectitude they have been brought to this degraded life. A very old man, with a most genial face, had been a French senator, knew some nine or ten languages, and had been banished in the time of the French Revolution. A few years ago he returned to his native country, but during the trial of Felice Orsini for the attempted assassination of the Emperor, he was apprehended on suspicion, and as a refugee had his goods confiscated and was banished. Coming to England, he, an old man, without a penny in his pocket—what could he do but resort to the cheapest lodging-house? He ekes out his existence by selling nightingales, which he catches by means of a most ingenious trap. This trap, with its springs, is a marvel in its way; and the poor old man showed it to us with feelings of pride.

It may be added that altogether there are about two hundred of these lodging-houses in London, some of which are low haunts for lascivious boys and girls of from twelve to twenty years of age. In the majority of them missionaries are allowed to enter, and those who conduct themselves in a judicious manner are always listened to with great attention. There are eleven lodging-houses under visitation by the "Bloomsbury Mission," about six of which are under tolerably decent management. We were most respectfully treated on the occasion of our visit, and it is the testimony of all Mr. M'Cree's helpers that they are never insulted. Services are conducted in the kitchens at various times, and the word of God has been blessed to many out of these migratory tribes.

The history of Mr. M'Cree's mission may soon be told. In 1848, the Rev. W. Brock came to London, followed in a few days by Mr. M'Cree; they were both intimate friends, and were destined to see honourable and active but different work. Mr. Brock preached in Bloomsbury Chapel, and Mr. M'Cree sauntered alone to St. Giles. Arriving at a barber's shop in Short's Gardens, he commenced talking of the Lord Jesus Christ to those present. That was the origin of the mission.

In the course of time a Temperance Hall, situated in King Street, was obtained, and one Tuesday evening Mr. Brock had the satisfaction of opening the hall by preaching a sermon to a congregation consisting of twenty-four persons, from the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation," &c. On the first Sabbath evening, Mr. M'Cree preached to eighty persons from the words, "The common salvation." This was seventeen years ago.

Here is a contrast. There are now two mission halls. That in King Street will hold—say three hundred persons, but the larger hall in Moor Street, where Mr. M'Cree constantly preaches, accommodates five hundred. Both are frequently filled to overflowing, and it has often been the case that numbers have not been able to gain admittance. The hall in Moor Street was originally a Swiss chapel; it has galleries

all round, a deep broad pit, and a high platform. There are moveable seats, and the general appearance of the place is, if not altogether cheerful, comparatively comfortable. Two separate services are held in each building for Sunday scholars. There are two Temperance Societies connected with the mission, two Bands of Hope, two penny banks, three Mothers' Meetings, a singing class—and the choir is an interesting feature—a sewing class, a Bible and book society, by which the poor can, for a weekly trifle, obtain a good Bible or a religious book; two lending libraries—(the books we found to be well-thumbed, and the paper covers black); Bible classes for young men and women, prayer meetings, open-air preaching, cottage prayer meetings, Sabbath afternoon visitation of the poor, and teaching in lodging-houses, a society for the relief of the sick, religious services in the week evenings, popular entertainments, consisting of singing, lectures, magic lanterns, &c. Besides all these, there are the usual enquirers' meetings, conducted by Mr. M'Cree and others, and the services on Sunday and Wednesday evenings in King Street Mission Hall, at which Mr. G. Hatton preaches. In this hall early prayer meetings have been held in the summer months, and two prayer meetings a week have taken place in the homes of the poor, at which many who would not think of attending the hall services have heard the gospel tidings. Scarcely any of these meetings have been unattended with some case of blessing. This paragraph summarises an amount of work which could not be done by one person. There are many engaged in it, and one or two leading spirits energise the whole. There are separate organizations which work as far as possible in distinct grooves. And when the helpers meet together, as they were good enough to do for the assistance of the writer in this his task, they are all surprised at the varied operations and successes of their work. The popular entertainments are specially useful in keeping the poor from the gin shops, and in bringing them under superior attractions. Indeed, many who attend one evening out of curiosity, or for warmth or cheerfulness, come again, and so are brought within the sound of the gospel.

Mr. M'Cree has been designated the Bishop of St. Giles; and if there be any honour in the title, no man more deserves to wear it. In every way he has caught the old apostolic spirit, and it is gratifying to observe how thoroughly he has learned to understand the wants and to sympathize with the difficulties of the nomad wandering tribes of English heathens to whom he ministers the truth of Jesus. Next to the perpetual presence of Christ a greater blessing could scarcely be desired by a church than to have connected with it, for essentially aggressive work in outlying poor populations, a man of Mr. M'Cree's mental calibre and gifts. One excellent feature of his character is decision—a characteristic firmness which demands the respect of working men. His name has never been mentioned without the prefix "Mr.," even by those who are accredited with but little attention to even ordinary distinctions. But this would not be the case unless a spirit of gentlemanly sympathy were evinced to the most degraded. Kindness goes nearer to the heart than charity, and a courteous behaviour seldom loses its reward. The poor people of St. Giles are acquainted with Mr. M'Cree's genuine and unaffected nature and transparent motives, and honest purposes command respect everywhere but in the

most blasted of natures, withered by self-love or self-importance. The reader need not be surprised to learn that even thieves and ticket-of-leave men can trust Mr. M'Cree. We give an exact copy of a license which has to be presented at the police-office once a month, supplying, of course, a fictitious name, and omitting some of the circumstances. The certificate, which is of parchment, has been tolerably well-thumbed, and looks as if it had been carried about in the convicts' pockets. Some of the reformed convicts living in the neighbourhood entrust Mr. M'Cree with their certificate until the day arrives when they have to show it before the proper authorities.

Order of License to a Convict, made under the statutes 16 and 17 Vic., chap. 99, sect. 9, and 20 and 21 Vic., chap. 3.

Whitehall.

'—— day of ————, 1863.

HER MAJESTY is graciously pleased to grant to JOSEPH SPROUTS, in the Portland Prison, who was convicted of stealing from the person, at the Sessions of the Peace held at Clerkenwell, for the County of Middlesex, on the ———— day of ————————, and was then sentenced to Penal Servitude for the Term of Seven Years, Her Royal License to be at large in the United Kingdom, from the day of his liberation under this Order during the remaining portion of his said Term of Penal Servitude, unless it shall please HER MAJESTY sooner to revoke or alter such License. And HER MAJESTY hereby orders that the said JOSEPH SPROUTS be set at liberty within Thirty days from the date of this Order.

Given under my hand and seal,

True Copy:
J. M. GAMBIER.

(*Signed*) G. GREY,
Director of Convict Prisons.

The following is the Certificate for well-conducted men discharged on License:—

Joseph Sprouts.
Born at London.
Aged 44.

Period passed		Years	Months.
	In Separate or other Confinement		
	On Public Works	do.	do.

Original Trade or Occupation, Costermonger.
Prison Trade, Labourer.

These are to certify that his conduct under Penal Servitude has been as follows:—

On Public Works, Exemplary.
In other Confinement, Very good.

Given without erasure.

Date ————

A. H. SUTHERLAND,
Acting Governor of Broadmoor Prison.

On the back of the first document, there is a description of the person, and a notice of the conditions under which it has been granted. These need not be reproduced.

The Mission Hall in Moor Street on a Sabbath evening presents a striking appearance. It is always well filled. The congregation is indicative of the neighbourhood. There are clean and tidy people, and there are a few to whom soap and water seem needless luxuries. Some are decked out in their best, some in their only apparel. A few ill-conditioned, half-starved, poorly-clad persons might have been discerned

in some of the back seats, but nearly all were better dressed and more respectable in appearance than one would have expected. Mr. Lewis's smaller congregation in Spitalfields had a much more deplorable appearance. The singing was earnest, sometimes passionate, but excellent. The prayer was uttered with great fervency, and was responded to in subdued tones of earnest feeling. The sermon was from the solemn words, "A form of godliness." What most astonished us was the large number who remained to the after-sermon prayer-meeting. At least one-half the congregation were present, and the meeting was of a most interesting and soul-stirring character. No honest Christian heart could refuse to thank God for granting so much gospel light, love and holy joy, in so dark and benighted a district. As soon as this meeting was over, Mr. M'Cree visited a Servants' Home to conduct family worship, a service which is of an unusually interesting character.

If the reader anticipates a glowing description of results, and a table of statistics, he will be grievously disappointed. Statistics such as those published by certain revivalistic papers are invariably dangerously delusive. They give no adequate idea of God's work, nor are they to be depended on for accuracy. Conversions may be numbered, and remarkable cases may be described. So far so good; but, as daily experience teaches us, the operations of the Holy Spirit are often as silent as they are efficacious. "After many days" the seed shows us how deeply it has taken root; but were we to always obtain direct results from evangelistic efforts, there would be but little living by faith, and much more walking by sight. This is more especially the case in those missions to the wandering tribes of London we have described in this magazine. These tramps come and go, and are perhaps heard of no more. The word of counsel, the message of salvation, the earnest, cheerful and loving entreaty do not utterly fail: "For my word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish" the very purpose for which almighty love designed it. Fruit after many days—let us expect it, those who preach with their pen, those who show forth the riches of grace with matchless eloquence, and those also who stammer forth His praise. Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr. M'Cree's mission is without good, lasting results. Few men have been more blessed of God. Few have received greater comforts from the results of past labours, and more encouragement to renewed efforts.

Mr. M'Cree is a man of strong temperance principles, who winks not at those peccadilloes which unfortunately many Christian men are apt to look upon as harmless. With him total abstinence is a great power, and he treats it as a great means to a nobler end. And facts attest the immense advantage of the adoption of this principle among those who are tempted to indulge in strong drink. We heard, at the entertainment referred to in the first part of this paper, from the cheerful voices of nearly five hundred persons, the lustily-sung chorus—

"For I'm happy all the day since I threw the glass away,
And I'll never take to drinking any more;
With water from the fountain flashing in each sunny ray,
I have health and I have happiness in store."

And the appearance of many who entered into the noiseful song, as compared with the rags and tatters of their former lives, was a strong

argument for Mr. M'Cree's favourite principle of thorough abstinence. The degradation which drunkenness entails on its victims, the fearful hardening tendency of this vice, which brings in its train the direst evils, and the amount of infamy which it encourages, prove how elephantine is this curse. Mr. M'Cree was once visited by a *girl* who had been in prison ten times for drunkenness. We, ourselves, met with a woman who had been in prison between sixty and seventy times, had spent the best part of her life in gaol for indulging in this vice, a woman whose life in confinement was so exemplary that every one commiserated her, and yet whenever we take up a certain provincial newspaper, the heading, "*Ann Gardner again*," in italics, is nearly always there. For such inveterate cases confinement in an asylum, as the *Freeman* only recently proposed, would be an act of mercy. But even this would not touch the core of the evil, for it glares upon us everywhere and defies suppression.

We enquired whether Mr. M'Cree had ever been insulted in any way whilst engaged in his mission. The answer we give you in his own words:—"I never knew what it was to be openly insulted. On a certain occasion I was passing along Seven Dials, when a young thief thought it would be a capital joke to pick my pocket. He walked behind me, and was just going to make the attempt, when a woman who lived with a swell-mobsman saw him, and immediately came behind me, gave him a tremendous smack in the face which sent him reeling against the wall, as a punishment for his impertinence." Mr. M'Cree gave us another instance, which also we give, so far as we can, in his own words:—"I was preaching in the open air in Seven Dials one Sabbath morning, at a time when the streets were up for the laying of new sewage-pipes, and a young man, a stranger in the neighbourhood, was passing by, and stopped to hear me preach. A blacksmith saw him stoop down and pick up half a brick, and he then lingered towards the spot where I was addressing the people. The blacksmith observed the young man's motions, and quietly followed him and kept his eye on the position of the half brick. The man continued to listen to my sermon, and when I had closed he very quietly opened his hand and dropped the missile on the ground. The blacksmith, in relating the circumstance to me, assured me that he was quite prepared to seize the young fellow's hand if he made any attempt to throw the brick." Another case. Mr. M'Cree, visited the death-bed of the celebrated prize-fighter, "Champion of all England," Harry Broome. As he lay on his bed, he told Mr. M'Cree that he heard him preaching one day in Seven Dials, and he saw there some men who were disposed to make a disturbance. He went up to the men and said, "I won't allow you to insult that gentleman." "Oh," answered they, scornfully, "who are you? You are only Harry Broome." "Harry Broome or not, I'm not going to let you disturb that gentleman, and if you do I'll"—not show you the force of my physical eloquence—"have you locked up in Bow Street." Thus God protects his servants. Perfect order is generally kept in Seven Dials when Mr. M'Cree is preaching.

The Gilded Chest and the Golden Lid.

BY JOHN ALDIS, JUNIOR.

LET us transport ourselves in imagination to the encampment of the Israelites in the wilderness, and availing ourselves of our privilege of walking unseen, let us pass through the priests and Levites that surround the tabernacle, and enter within the sacred precincts. We will pass by the gilded table with the twelve loaves, the weekly offering of the twelve tribes; we will not stay to examine the seven-bowled lamp stand, or the golden altar whence the incense emblematic of intercession arose daily; but we will venture to draw aside the mystic vail and enter the Holy of Holies, whither none dared enter save the High Priest, and that with fear and trembling, bearing the blood of atonement once a year; but whither, now that the vail has been rent, we may enter without presumption, and perhaps with profit.

That little sanctuary must have been a most solemn and impressive sight. The gilded shittim boards and the curtains excluded the light of day, and yet it was not dark; for, like "Jerusalem the Golden," it "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." There was little in this sacred chamber save this central object of interest—the ark, and over it the mercy-seat, from the ends of which rose the cherubims, with their faces looking down upon the golden plate, and their wings spread aloft, overshadowing the same. And between the cherubim the Shekinah dwelt: the divine glory, the heavenly light. As to the appearance of this we will not venture to speculate, though we can well imagine that it lighted up and brought into distinct outline the bending golden watchers, and the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat.

But let us imagine that this bright glory is removed, that we may draw near and examine the ark and the mercy-seat. The Lord smote the men of Bethshemesh because they looked into the ark. And when Uzzah presumed to steady it with his hand, when they were illegally carrying it on a new cart instead of by the staves, "the Lord smote him also for his error." But now that these shadows are passed away and we have the substance, no such jealous care is exercised. Did these sacred relics remain, we might now examine them with impunity, and since through their destruction that is impossible, we may, in the light of Scripture, examine the form and meaning of the ark and mercy-seat. Though placed together they were distinct; the ark was THE GILDED CHEST, the mercy-seat was THE GOLDEN LID.

Let us examine THE GILDED CHEST. The ark was a box or chest made of shittim wood, which wood was chosen for several reasons. For one thing, it grew, and still grows, in the neighbourhood, and thus was easily obtained. Further, whilst light and portable, it was very durable, so that the Seventy translators have rendered it, "wood that will not rot." The size of the ark we cannot tell exactly, since it is uncertain whether the cubit of eighteen or twenty-one inches was employed. But as it was (Exodus xxv. 17) two and a half cubits long, one and a half broad and high, it must have been a chest about four feet long, and between two and three feet in breadth and height. It

was overlaid with gold and adorned with a crown or border of gold, and was carried by two gilded staves, passing through four golden rings. It was a chest with a bottom and four sides, but *without a lid.*

The ark contained the golden pot that had manna—a testimony to the fact that God had for forty years miraculously furnished a table in the wilderness. It contained, moreover, Aaron's wondrous rod that budded—a testimony to God's choice of Aaron and his sons to the priesthood, and of his wrath against Korah and his company, who ventured unbidden to discharge the sacred functions. But it contained also the two tables of the testimony. The manna and the rod were not there long, for when Solomon's temple became its resting-place we read, "There was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone which Moses put there at Horeb." The other things, then, we must conclude were incidental: the great purpose of the ark was to be a depository for the tables of stone. Just as important deeds and records are preserved in some safe chest, so these two tables of stone containing the decalogue—the ten words which God uttered on Sinai—were laid up in the ark before the Lord. Thus it was the ark of the testimony, the ark of the covenant, a solemn witness to the agreement between Jehovah and the people. It contained those solemn precepts which, if obeyed, would assure them of God's favour, and which they had promised to obey in their loud declaration, "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." Were they obedient, the ark would be a pledge of God's covenant faithfulness to them; but should they transgress, it would be a swift witness against them. Thus in one view it was a precious memorial, but in the other view a terrible memorial; and whilst Eli might tremble lest the ark be lost, he might with equal justice tremble that the ark, with its witness of terrible condemnation, was there. As Dagon fell before the ark in fear, so might every Israelite do.

Thus the ark viewed by itself was a curse to the Israelites, for they had broken these ten commandments, and there thundered forth this witness, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Some of the rabbins say that the ark contained not only the two tables that Moses hewed, but also the fragments of the original tables that Moses brake. This is probably not literally true, but the tradition contains this deep truth, that the ark contained the record of a covenant broken by man's sins, and which no human art could repair. That ark was the witness of law dishonoured, of commands broken by man's inability to make amends, of his exposure to God's just wrath. And the ark had *no lid* to it; there was no covering to hide these broken precepts, and thus they glared forth in their letters of fire, and God could not but see them, and the God of truth could not but carry out the curse, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

Whatever may be our view as to the relation sustained by the ten commandments to the Christian dispensation, we must admit that the moral law epitomised in the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," is perpetually binding on us, and by it we must be judged. There is still the ark laid up before the Lord, containing the tables of stone, the covenant of

works, under which we are by nature. And, dear friend, it contains *broken tables*, for there is scarce a moral precept which, in its higher spiritual meaning as explained by Christ, thou hast not broken. And thou hast no cement wherewith to join these broken stones. And remember, the ark has *no covering*, and thou canst not make a lid to fit it, thou canst not hide those broken mandates from Divine scrutiny. And when God sees his broken law, he must exact the penalty, and that will be eternal death. Sinner, thine is an awful state; how then can thy transgressions be hidden from God's sight? How can they be covered up?

This brings us to consider THE GOLDEN LID. Moses was commanded to make a mercy-seat of pure gold, which he was to place above upon the ark. You will perceive it was the same length and breadth as the ark; it fitted it exactly. It was thus a *golden lid* to cover the ark, with cherubim wrought above. The word *mercy-seat* does not convey this idea, but the word of which it is the translation means a covering, and comes from a word that not only means to cover but sounds so much like our word cover that one is tempted to fancy that the words are the same. Lay hold of that thought for it contains a world of meaning, *the mercy-seat is the lid, the covering to the ark*; that which hides these broken commands, so that the Lord no longer sees them or condemns us for our transgressions. Then the original word *to cover* had a derived meaning *to cover sins, to pardon*, and so the Seventy translators rendered it *propitiation*; and this enables us not only to guess, but definitely to know what is the typical meaning of the mercy-seat. For Paul speaks of Jesus Christ, "whom God hath set forth to be a *propitiation* through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God." (Romans iii. 25.) *Christ* then, is *the propitiation, the covering, the mercy-seat*. And John uses a cognate word when he says, "He is *the propitiation* for our sins."

We shall not, therefore, go astray in taking the mercy-seat as a type of Christ. The ark with its contents speaks to us of the law, the mercy-seat of the gospel; the ark points to Sinai, the mercy-seat to Christ; the ark thunders forth condemnation, the mercy-seat is the throne of grace. Let us notice its typical relation to our Lord.

You will observe that the ark and the covering are quite distinct. It would have seemed more appropriate as the tables of stone were to remain in the ark, to have a lid made of a piece with it screwed down or fastened by hinges. But the pattern showed in the mount required that they should be distinct, since the covenant of grace is not of a piece with the covenant of works; Christ is no part of the law.

You notice further, that whilst the ark was only made of wood overlaid with gold, the mercy-seat was made of pure gold; for though the law had a glory, the gospel has a far greater glory: the law was only shining timber, Christ is solid gold.

The mercy-seat was the lid or cover for the ark, and hid the broken commands. It was exactly the right size, neither too small nor too large. And we are here reminded of Christ's perfect obedience. He fulfilled the law entirely, and with his golden righteousness covered all its stern precepts, so that they are not seen; and we are not judged according

to our obedience, but according to his obedience, which is perfect. We often speak of the same thing under the figure of a garment :—

"That spotless robe which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found."

But the mercy-seat further reminds us of what so many would-be wise men in this wise age overlook or deny, that Christ's obedience, without his atonement, avails nothing. For mark :—that bright golden plate is sullied with gory stains. On the great day of atonement, the High Priest entered alone, within the vail; and as the incense rose from his censer, he sprinkled the blood of the bullock, and of the goat on the mercy-seat. That blood was never removed; year by year the stains remained, as a constant witness to the fact, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission." For, remember, the precepts in the ark were broken; the curse for disobedience must rest somewhere; on the sinner or his substitute: but "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Thus while we cannot repair these broken stones, Christ's death makes amends for the breakage; and the blood-stained mercy-seat becomes a covering for our sins, as well as the righteousness which for us fulfils the law. And the cloud of incense from the golden censer shows the necessity for Christ's intercession, to make his sacrifice and obedience complete. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; but God hath set forth Jesus Christ to be a *mercy-seat* through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

From the ends of the mercy-seat rose two cherubims with wings outspread above, and gaze intent upon this wondrous plate of gold. They probably represent angelic natures in attendance upon Christ and his church. They have their wings spread ready for flight, for "the angels ascend and descend upon the Son of Man;" and they are "all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." And they bend down with eager glance over the mercy-seat, for the angels "desire to look into" the mysteries of redemption. But the cherubims (as we gather from Ezekiel's visions) are symbols of the Divine presence; and this was the promise, "there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims." And now the vail is rent we have free access, and pleading Christ's blood shed for our transgressions, his golden righteousness to cover our imperfect obedience, his fragrant intercession, we may be sure of forgiveness, righteousness, and eternal life. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

"There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat."

The gilded ark and the golden mercy-seat perished in the Chaldean invasion, but they are not needed now. Thus Jeremiah predicts "those days" when "they shall say no more the ark of the covenant of the

Lord, neither shall it come to mind." "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." The true ark, then, is on high: "There was seen in his temple the ark of his testament," not an object of terror *there*, for it contains not the broken law, but it is the ark of his faithfulness to the covenant of his Son. May we worship in that temple, and behold that vision with joy!

Peter Bedford,

THE SPITALFIELDS PHILANTHROPIST.

BY DAVID GRACEY.

THE benevolent labours of the humane and the good spend not their whole vitality in the immediate benefits which they confer upon the erring and the suffering. They live when he that performed them and they that were blessed by them sleep together in the dust; and by the purity and grandeur of character which they reveal, continually recruit the ranks of those who devote themselves to the holy enterprise of saving him that is ready to perish. It were wholly contrary to the nature of such actions to limit their influence by the period of their performance. For as the seed sown in the spring time contains not merely the germs of a single harvest, but virtually the seed of every harvest that shall ripen to the end of time, so the loving and self sacrificing deeds of those who seek to mitigate human woe, transmit their influence from age to age by melting other hearts to pity and arousing other minds to energy in the cause of philanthropy. The mantle of an Elijah falls upon an Elisha, and the spirit of a John Howard reappears in a Peter Bedford.

Peter Bedford was born in July, 1780, at Old Sampford, in Essex. From his parents, who were members of the Society of Friends, he received the advantage of a careful and strict religious training. The truths of the gospel seem to have made an early and lasting impression upon his heart. Of a lively disposition, tempered with thoughtfulness, and tinged with occasional irritability, from his very childhood he gave indications of great decision of character. When under deep conviction of sin, whilst sitting alone by the fireside, so intense were his feelings and fears, that stooping down he deliberately placed his finger on the hot coals, in order to realise for himself a vivid conception of the future condition of the wicked in hell. At Plaistow, whither his family removed, he spent his school-boy days of shady memories. His comrades, unable to appreciate his conscientious scruples and peculiarities, made them the subjects of inextinguishable merriment. After leaving school he was placed for a while with his half-brother, a grocer, in Tooley-street, Southwark, but was eventually apprenticed to a worthy Quaker draper at Kelvedon, in his native county. Here he remained for some years beyond the term of his apprenticeship. His amiability, activity, and steadiness attracted the notice of a Mr. Joseph Allen, a silk manufacturer, of Spitalfields, who frequently visited the neighbour-

hood of Kelvèdon, with a view to secure the hand of a fair Quakeress. Thinking that a rustic village did not afford sufficient scope for the abilities of the young man, Mr. Allen invited him to the metropolis, and permitted him to make his house his home while looking out for some suitable opening in business.

Bedford came to London. He stayed with Mr. Allen as an assistant, and by means of this connection laid the foundation for his subsequent prosperity, and acquired the facilities for his future philanthropy. His moral worth, and his indefatigable energy in business, gained for him at first the high esteem, and afterwards the firm friendship of his employer. Of this he in a few years had a tangible proof; for Mr. Allen, having resolved to retire from active life, gave up the business to Peter Bedford and Robert Christmas, a fellow-assistant, who, however, soon afterwards withdrew, leaving Mr. Bedford the sole proprietor of the concern. In the wide circle of Mr. Allen's friends to whom he was introduced, he found many of those excellent men with whom it was his privilege in after life to co-operate in the various schemes of benevolence throughout the metropolis. Coming into daily contact with the Spitalfields weavers whom he employed to work for him at their own homes, Mr. Bedford obtained a thorough acquaintance with their mode of life, their frequent privations, their lamentable ignorance, and their glaring immorality. His heart sympathized with the needy wretches around, his lips counselled them, and his hands carried them substantial aid, till he found that his single and unassisted exertions were far from sufficient to cope with the abounding destitution. Before referring, however, to the beneficent machinery which our philanthropist set or kept or accelerated in motion, it will be necessary to glance at the evils against which it was directed.

During the closing years of Napoleon's public career the mind of the nation had been beguiled from the consideration of domestic affairs, either by the excitement of Continental wars, or by the dazzling glory of Continental victories. But when the flames of war were quenched, a fearful reaction ensued. The burdens unheeded before now fell with crushing weight. Commerce rent before by the hostilities of war, now languished through its desolations. Thousands were thrown out of employment. And upon no class whatever did these calamities inflict so much suffering as upon the weavers of Spitalfields. Of the 10,000 looms then in that district and its neighbourhood, 2,852 were unemployed, leaving the 9,700 persons dependent upon them destitute of their daily bread. Three thousand looms were only half employed, thus diminishing by one-half the subsistence of 10,000 other individuals. The tradesmen, the winders, quillers, dyers, and warpers, who mainly gained their livelihood by the weavers, were dragged to the brink of starvation by the common distress. Besides, the constant influx into the parish of the workpeople who could find no lodging elsewhere, contributed to swell the tide of misery. The scene in all its harrowing details may be imagined from the glowing words of an eye-witness:—

"From these rough minutes which I hold in my hand, taken on the spot, in the very houses of the poor, drawn not from the fictions of a warm imagination, but from scenes of actual life, from the sad realities before us, I could

disclose to you a faithful though a faint picture of such desperate calamity and unutterable ruin, that the heart must be strong indeed that did not sicken at the sight. First, I would lead you to the roof of a house hardly deserving the name of a garret; there sat three human beings, each seventy years of age—each with the ghastly lineaments of famine; a few bricks were their only chair and their only table; a little sour soup their only provision; a little straw and some shreds of an old coat their only bed! Next, I would show you a family of nine, the father disabled, the mother sickly; their furniture, their bed, their looms—every article of present use, the very implements of future labour—had been surrendered to the demands of hunger! . . . . I wish I could prevail upon you to see it with your own eyes. Come when you please, select almost your own house in that street, your own room in that house, and I will undertake that in that room you will find a proof that our picture is faint and feeble. Come amongst us, and we will show you the father of a large family whom we found in the act of pulling down his stove to exchange it for food. The dread of future cold was less violent than the cravings of immediate hunger. Come by day, and we will lead you to a widow in the last stage of illness, yet the only blanket of the dying wretch has been sent to procure bread! Come by night, and we will show you the baskets and the sheds of our markets filled with these wretched creatures. There they find their nightly lodging, and there, amongst its scraps and refuse, they pick out their daily food."

The cry of distress that rung through the metropolis from these abodes of wretchedness startled many, who had not before been troubled with "the disease of giving," into a fit of princely liberality. Earnest men were already at work. The Spitalfields Soup Society had been for some years in existence. To extend and render efficient the relief which it afforded, Mr. Bedford threw his energies into its operations. Daily, on the average, 3,100 quarts were distributed to about 1,000 applicants on behalf of families numbering in the aggregate 7,000 individuals. A penny per quart was paid with cheerfulness, by which half the expenditure of the society was defrayed and the spirit of independence preserved in the recipients.

But it was evident to the friends of the poor that this one sort of relief could by no means reach and reduce the variety of wretchedness that prevailed. And as long as aid was not carried to the homes, cases of the direst want would entirely escape observation through inability, by infirmity, illness, or want of necessary clothing, to come to the place of relief. From a consideration of these facts, the Spitalfields Association for the Relief of Special cases of Distress was formed, embodying in its rules the main principles of true charity—that no assistance should be given without personal enquiry. Spitalfields was divided into seventeen districts, each under the special care of two or more members of the committee—ladies and gentlemen—for the purpose of regular visitation. In this way they who gave and they who received were brought face to face with each other; on the one hand, to learn a deeper sympathy; on the other, to feel a truer gratitude. Frequent opportunities were afforded of soothing sorrows which food and clothing could never alleviate, and of enkindling hopes of a glorious immortality through faith in a Redeemer's blood, which want could never destroy. In the deliberations of the committee of this society, and in the duties of its agents, Mr. Bedford took a very prominent part. Often did he visit the Refuge for the Destitute established at Hoxton in connection with it, and his kind word won its way into many a heart. He was accus-

tomed to relate an instance in which his conversations were followed with marked success. A lad named Smith had baffled all the attempts of another visitor to touch his conscience. Mr. Bedford was asked to speak to him. He did so; and the lad was soon observed to seek to be alone and read his Bible. His health began to fail fast, and consumption set in. "At length, one day," says Mr. Bedford, "whilst I was surrounded by friends at my dinner table, I received a note, as follows: —'My dear Sir,—If you want to see Smith you must come quickly.' I left my company and went. There I found him in the infirmary, confined to his bed and greatly emaciated. I took my seat by him and had some serious conversation with him. I enquired into the state of his mind, and said I hoped his mind was brought into that state that he knew whom to look to, and was seeking for mercy and forgiveness where they may be found. And I told the dear lad that I hoped he was in that condition that he was not afraid to die. He looked at me, and his answer was, 'No, sir; when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou, Lord, art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' His cough came on, and he could not finish the passage. It was very touching. At length the time came for taking leave of him. He looked at me again and said, 'Good-bye, sir; good-bye;' threw his arms around me and added, 'We shall meet again. We shall meet in heaven.' Two days afterwards he died. His case shows what may be done with poor lost characters if proper care be exercised."

About this time another tract of moral desert was spread before the view of Mr. Bedford, and in order fully to appreciate his benevolent exertions to fertilise it, we must translate ourselves fifty years behind our present criminal code, our present reformatories, our present ragged schools, and view the virgin soil which these moral ploughshares have since turned into fields of future promise. It is no longer necessary to spend a wealth of argument and persuasion to induce the belief that the Arabs of the street and the youthful criminals in the cell may be reclaimed and educated into useful members of society. The case was different with the pioneers of these humane agencies. They had to deal, if not to reason, with men whose blood seemed "very snowbroth;" who on the weight of their own infallible authority affirmed that

> "To mend the people's an absurdity,
> A jargon, a mere philanthropic din."

Simply because it had never been tried. Even to the compassionate friends of the criminal class, insurmountable difficulties appeared; and the extreme deeps of poverty, ignorance, immorality and crime, concealed all hope of success from the eyes of any but the most sanguine Whole streets there were where the children knew of no other trade or occupation in life but thieving. Their parents were thieves; their model hero was the most accomplished thief. No ray of instruction, religious or secular, ever wandered into their abodes of infamy, to put to shame the men and women who gloried in their wickedness. Here it was fully seen that—

> "The mind untaught
> Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl."

Growing, or rather withering, under the training of men whose lives

were scandals, whose acts were curses on humanity, the young knew no language but oaths, no prayers but blasphemy, their greatest pride being to imitate the manly vices around them. Many, before they had passed beyond the years of childhood, had crowded into the narrow space of their existence the crimes that endanger, and the sentences of the severest penalties of law—

"*Had gathered* in that drop of time,
A life of pain, an age of crime."

Mr. Bedford knew, amongst others, of the case of one who, at the age of *thirteen*, had had sentence of death *twice* passed upon him; of another who, at the age of *ten*, was undergoing a sentence of seven years' imprisonment; of another who at *eight* years of age, had been brought up at the police-offices upon *eighteen* separate charges, had been twice confined in the House of Correction, and three times in Bridewell. Instead of coming from the prison branded with disgrace, they came to be regaled and magnified by their associates into heroes. Instead of forgetting some of their evil habits during the months or years of their confinement, it was considered that experience of prison life lent the last polish to the accomplished villain. The extreme severity of the criminal code which awarded death as a penalty in thirty-one cases, administered by inflexible judges with an unseemly haste, kept the hangman's hands constantly at work. He that stole five shillings from the person was due to the gibbet. It is not difficult for any one to conceive how a class of men reared in ignorance, hardened in wickedness, should fall like grass before the fearful sweep of such a law. Accordingly it was no uncommon thing to witness at Newgate, on a Monday morning, a score of executions. Like wolves, indeed, they prowled around the frontiers of society, and like wolves they were kept at bay by judicial terror and judicial cruelty. None had ventured near to try to overcome by kindness those who would not be subdued by punishment.

These, in brief, were the sad circumstances of complicated evil which touched and moved men of feeling heart and public spirit to set on foot some counteracting measures. The case of a lad named Knight, who was executed for a theft proved to have been committed by another, brought matters to a crisis. Mr. Bedford, Dr. Lushington, Mr. W. Crawford, and T. F. Buxton, put forth every endeavour to save his life, but in vain. When they found that he had been executed notwithstanding their remonstrances and intercessions at the Home Office, they determined to hold a meeting of juvenile delinquents in the neighbourhood where Knight had been known, with a view to impress some lessons upon their minds drawn from the affecting death of their companion. The meeting was fixed for the evening of the day on which the remains of Knight were buried. Dr. Lushington and Mr. Bedford were to go together to it. The following is the account given by the latter:—

"Dr. Lushington called at my house shortly before the time appointed; but before starting with me, he took out his pocket-book, gold watch, and gold snuff-box, all of which I locked up in my desk, and we then walked on arm-in-arm, threading our way through the dirty, narrow streets. As we were going along, the doctor said, 'Well, I don't feel quite as I should like.' 'Indeed, doctor,' said I, 'how is it? What is the cause?' On asking him further if he

was afraid of anything occurring, 'Oh, Bedford,' he replied, 'if it was that, I would tell you; but I should be ashamed to tell you—it was not on that account.' We then walked on in silence and missed our way. (Perhaps the good doctor felt a little regret at having divested himself of his property, rather than going forward on his benevolent work in perfect reliance on the Divine protection, if not with complete confidence in the persons he was going amongst.) After some time upon a sudden we came upon the place. The doctor here stood still, and for a few moments was engaged, apparently in silent prayer. 'Now,' he said, 'I am ready.'

"We went in and found the room filled; still there were many who did not like to show themselves, but kept in the passages. Ours was not intended to be a mere matter of talk, but of real usefulness, and we had a proposition to make. At the meeting at Plough Court £300 had been offered to place us in a position to admit every young delinquent into the Refuge if willing to enter.

"Well, the doctor began, and addressed them most impressively. He said, 'Young men! you know that when Mr. Bedford and I were here last, we came with the view of saving the life of your associate, if it were possible; *but his character was bad.* You know that he had been living in a course of life that was disreputable; and to that may, in a great measure, be attributed our want of success in endeavouring to save him, though we believe that he was not guilty of the crime for which he suffered. However, you know that his life has been forfeited, and I have to tell you, young men, every one of you, that your fate will be similar to that of your poor associate, Knight, if you do not forsake the course of life that you are in; or, at least, you will be transported to another country.'

"The doctor began upon a low key, but rose as he continued. It was most interesting. He then described the horrors of transportation, and concluded by recommending them to alter their life. He said, 'There are probably some amongst you that would be glad to alter your conduct, but who very likely may be so circumstanced that it is impossible for them to maintain themselves in a respectable manner, having lost their characters, and having departed from the paths of rectitude and honesty. But I have to tell you that some gentlemen have made arrangements for the assistance of any such characters as those who may be sorry for their past wicked course, and who may now repent and wish to alter their mode of living. Such may now be put into the way of becoming respectable and reputable members of the community.'

"I then made a few observations, and told them that any further information they might desire on the subject might be obtained on applying to myself, as I should be happy to aid them.

"It was about ten o'clock at night when we turned out of this place, and were surrounded by a crowd of thieves of different ages. One of them said to me, 'Mr. Bedford, are you afraid?' 'Afraid!' I said, 'What have I to be afraid of? I am sure that none of you would hurt me or this gentleman.' 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'if you were covered with jewels you would not lose one of them. But if you are at all afraid, we will form a guard, and see you safe to your own house.'

Undaunted by want of success in trying to rescue poor Knight from the gallows, these friends of the friendless met with better success in the case of Spicer and Kelly, which occurred soon after. The account of it will illustrate some of the enormous practices then in vogue:—

"These two lads were well known to the police as having committed forgery, and as still retaining forged notes in their possession. The system of giving blood-money was then in operation, and the sum of £40 was the usual reward given to persons rendering such information as resulted in the conviction of a forger. The police followed the lads Spicer and Kelly, until they entered the

shop and bought some pork, for which they presented a forged bank-note in payment. The officers then arrested them; and they were tried and capitally convicted.

"Dr. Lushington, Mr. Bedford, the Forsters, and Mr. Crawford, took up the case, and visited the boys in Newgate. Dr. Lushington drew up a most interesting document, speaking of them as having been born in iniquity, shapen in crime and vice, and proceeding further to denounce the horrible system of blood-money, and the conduct of the police in waiting till the boys had parted with the notes: for if they had arrested them before, as they were able to do, the penalty would only have been of a secondary nature. The youths were, however, respited the night before the day that had been fixed for their execution. Mr. Bedford, with two of his friends, went again to see these boys in Newgate, and was delighted to witness the penitence and grateful feeling manifested by them!"

To meet the necessities laid bare in such cases as these, the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents was formed. Mr. Bedford and Mr. W. Crawford agreed to act as secretaries. The first intention of the new Society was to investigate thoroughly the causes of juvenile delinquency. With what results we have seen. This was effected by personal visitation conducted as Mr. Bedford relates:—

"On one occasion, I went with a friend to a house in Petticoat Lane, with the owner of which I was acquainted. We told him that we were desirous of having an interview with juvenile delinquents, whom we thought he could get together for us. And we desired that we might see them separately, one by one. Such an interview was accordingly arranged for us; and we were shown into a parlour where the poor youths came to us one by one, acknowledging and describing their thefts, and their course of life. The amount of information we thus obtained for the Society was very considerable. Our character was up, and we were known as the friends of the thieves."

Though the title '*friends of the thieves*,' to most ears may have a slightly ambiguous or strongly discordant jingle, yet Mr. Bedford was doomed to rise or fall, whichever you will, into this equivocal distinction. The geniality and cheerfulness of manners which attracted and bound to him the friendship of those who moved in the higher circles of life, gave him a ready entrance into the confidence and affections of the very fag ends of humanity. Thieves did not dread, but love him. Indeed the familiarly influential terms on which Mr. Bedford stood with some of the most notoriously wild characters, scandalised not a little some of his Quaker brethren of the stricter sort. Others, however, were not ashamed to use his influence, which was almost unbounded, in obtaining the restoration of stolen property. His popularity was a safeguard for his own property and person wherever he went. One evening he was walking down Bishopsgate Street, and two young thieves observing him, one of them exclaimed to the other, "There goes a gentleman with a good watch, I'll be bound: and I'll have it!" "No, you shan't," replied his comrade; "that won't do; you don't know who it is. It's Mr. Bedford." And, explaining that he was the friend of thieves and others, he promptly prevented the proposed stealing of the watch.

The reformation of the discipline of prisons now began to engross Mr. Bedford's attention. Led to the prisons in order to obtain the names and addresses of the poor young creatures in confinement, he discovered a state of filth, wretchedness, and immorality, which would have equalled

the worst horrors of the worst of prisons, before Howard had entered upon his tour of inspection. Thus, in the Borough Compter, the accommodation for sleeping was found to be worse in respect to crowding than that of slaves in the middle passage. There was insufficient food, no work, no soap, and no school; vice reigned; filth and blasphemy were the daily life of the prisoners. The healthy and diseased were thrust together night and day. In a space twenty feet long and six wide, on eight stone beds with sixteen rugs, and with a piece of timber for a bolster, twenty prisoners slept side by side, and of necessity had to lie "edgeways." In the morning the stench and heat were so oppressive that on waking all had to rush undressed into the yard; and the turnkey told Mr. Buxton that "the smell on the first opening of the door was enough to turn the stomach of a horse." Yet persons afflicted with loathsome and infectious diseases were thus crowded together with others, and all alike swarmed with disgusting vermin. No cooking utensils were provided. The allowance of food was fourteen ounces of bread per day, and one pound of the "clods and stickings of beef" twice per week. It was no wonder that in such pandemoniums the wretched inmates should grow from bad to worse. A gaoler told Mr. Buxton that in nine years he had never known an instance of reformation. Such was the condition of English prisons at so recent a period as the concluding years of the regency of the "first gentleman in Europe." Into such refectories of the worst vices and foulest passions of fallen human nature, Mr. Bedford, in company with others, strove to carry cleanliness and comfort, and the sanctities of religion. He was fortunate in having a hand also in introducing Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to those noble labours which poured the purity and peace of the gospel into the heart of many an unfortunate victim of lust, whilst they shed an undying lustre around her own name.

The life of our philanthropist was not one that was wholly consumed in shining before the public eye; it poured beams of beneficence around his footsteps in private, and in circumstances where the allurements of public praise had lost their power to charm. Bedford's was evidently a seed life. He multiplied his own usefulness by implanting the germs of usefulness in others. He was always on the look-out for occasions of doing good. Being on a tour in Switzerland, he met with a talented, agreeable young man who was leading a somewhat unsettled life. Mr. Bedford after travelling with him several days became much interested in his pleasant acquaintance, and took occasion to address him in a private, sympathizing, religious appeal. These counsels induced a decided change in his auditor, an alteration which in after years was most gratefully acknowledged. The gentleman thus influenced most ably occupies a very influential position of public responsibility. Mr. Bedford's intimacy with the opulent and wealthy was often turned into a channel of supply to the funds of the institutions in which he was interested. A lover of peace, he was often included in deputations to British ministers and foreign princes to secure its establishment or prevent its infringement. A hater of slavery, he allied himself to Clarkson and Wilberforce, and their distinguished companions, whose—

"Names will be
A watchword till the future shall be free,"—

who rescued the black man from his thraldom, and won for him the heritage of freedom.

The exertions of kindred spirits on the Continent shared largely in Mr. Bedford's thoughts and sympathies. Several times did he travel through Holland, Belgium, France, Prussia, Germany, and Switzerland. In the latter country he visited on one occasion all the schools and prisons. He undertook an arduous and extensive journey with Mr. Yardley, a zealous missionary, in order to preach the gospel throughout Norway. The establishment for the care and instruction of destitute children, and for the reformation of juvenile delinquents, founded at Dusselthal Abbey, by Count Von der Recke, and supported like Mr. Müller's at Bristol, found in Mr. Bedford a warm and generous friend. In England he diffused information concerning it, and collected funds for its support; and when it was reduced by a disastrous fire to ashes in 1851, it was soon re-erected, principally through his vigorous efforts on its behalf. Mr. Bedford took an active part in purchasing and equipping the "Henry Freeling," to carry the missionary Wheeler to the Southern Seas on his evangelistic labours. The American poet, Whittier, plaintively sings of his friend, and records his success:—

"In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owhyhee's hills of blue
And Taro plains of Toobonai,
Are gentle hearts which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee.
For blessed by our Father's hand
Was thy deep love and tender care;
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,
Grateful as Eshcol's clustered vine,
To Israel in a weary land."

The power which Mr. Bedford exercised over the young was strongly fascinating; often was he found in the schools, where he was always received with hearty ovations; and sturdy young rebels who had persistently defied the schoolmaster's task and cane, were melted to tears under the fatherly tones of their good friend, and generally gave a promise of better days in future. Over the young men of his connection in places of business throughout the metropolis, he exercised an anxious and tender watchfulness. It was his general custom to invite ten or twelve of them to dine with him on Sundays, and spend the afternoon in useful and instructive conversation; and if a minister happened to be there a short address was usually given. Knowing in how many ways young men are shamed out of their religion, it was Mr. Bedford's main object to fortify, stimulate and encourage their piety by free and cheerful intercourse. He entered into all their plans of life; and though he led a single life himself, he was wont, with evident relish, to strike out in a humorous strain of advice to his visitors with regard to domestic joys and duties.

At Croydon, whither he removed in 1836, he divided his cares and his charities amidst the children in the lanes and streets, the labourers in the neighbourhood, and the soldiers in the barracks. One afternoon,

at the commencement of the Crimean War, a small party of raw recruits were passing down the Brighton Road. Suddenly they heard a firm voice call out, as if on the parade-ground, "Soldiers." They turned and saw the venerable Mr. Bedford beckoning to them from his garden gate. Subsequently he said that he "shuddered at the idea of their being riddled through with bullets." He invited them into his house, held a conversation with them, and they received a number of tracts from him. This led the way to several cheerful and instructive meetings with the red-coats.

Thus, in the midst of these various acts of good, this tender-hearted friend of sinners calmly "Moved on to meet his latter end." His sun began to set upon a laborious day, in peaceful serenity, and in glorious hope of rising in a fairer sky, and shining with a brighter brilliancy. With such exclamations as—"I know in whom I have believed; and I trust that through his great mercy, and not for works of righteousness that I have done, an entrance will be granted me into the courts above," Peter Bedford passed from the scenes of his labours to the mansions of his reward. *He was a worker;* and his highest eulogy was his own sweetest comfort in his closing days,—"*I have now nothing left to do but to die.*"

How Deacons of Churches may help the College.

THAT the Metropolitan Tabernacle College has grown for the last few years, and is still growing, in the estimation of the Christian public, will, it is presumed, be denied by none. In the revival of decayed churches and the establishment of new ones, and in stimulating other ministers and other churches to renewed activity, it has been singularly owned by God. To the Baptist denomination in particular it promises to become "as life from the dead." Had it been of men only it would long ere this have come to nought, but since it is of God it cannot be overthrown. So long as Heaven's best blessings attend it, it will not lack Christian sympathy and support. Its success must be known, however, before zeal can be enkindled on its behalf; and that zeal will often need to be directed and well applied. By the use of outward means the channels are formed through which Divine influence flows. The course of the stream shows where the channels should be dug, but dug they must be, and that by human hands, if we would secure and appropriate the benefit to ourselves. "Thus saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches, for the valley shall be filled with water." The ditches must be made that the water may be retained. Outward means must be used that Divine influence may be obtained and secured. Prayer and labour are the two principal means of spiritual good. To these instrumentally our College owes its prosperity; and especially to the due preponderance of the former. Prayer, when genuine, excites to effort, and that effort is far more stedfast and reliable than such as springs from the outward pressure of persuasion or reason. To the churches the College looks for its encouragement and support, and especially to churches of the same faith and order. To deacons still more particularly, as the representatives of those churches, it looks for fraternal sympathy and aid. The

deacons and elders of the Tabernacle stand nobly by the College; they both ennoble it, and are ennobled by it; they are one with their Pastor in this work, and not only act liberally but excite the liberality of others on its behalf. There are deacons of other churches who evince much zeal, but in general if they feel much, to say the least, they have an awkward way of showing it. It is desirable that students should have as favourable a view of the diaconate as possible, and that while they see much to admire in it at their College home, the charm should not be broken by what they witness elsewhere. They see here great readiness to anticipate every external and social requirement of the Pastor, and they naturally associate the same carefulness with the same office in others. In this they are often grievously disappointed. Allowing for all differences of circumstances, they are often made to feel that they do not receive the kindly and fraternal encouragement which, if not in their own name, in the name of their Lord and Master, they are entitled to receive. Of rude treatment, or a cold reception, or violation of the rights of hospitality, they have seldom or ever to complain. On returning from their casual visits to supply a lack of service in churches and congregations—for it is of such occasions principally we speak—they are ever ready to bear the most honourable testimony to the friendly entertainment they receive, and the kind appreciation of their services; but when the time arrives that their expenses are to be reimbursed and some practical return for their labour should be given, how often have warm-hearted deacons instantly grown cold! The proffered pittance ill accords with the previous professions, with the aspect of the congregation, or with the justice of the case. The least that should be done is to meet the expenses, but even this on some occasions is entirely omitted. Not unfrequently the question is asked, What the expenses are? not because they could not easily be calculated or were not already known, but in hope that for modesty's sake they will be stated to be somewhat less than they really are. The mere payment of the necessary outlay, all must be aware, and would be easily convinced if the case were their own, is no remuneration for the labour. This is not all that was intended by the apostle when he said, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" He says not *glean* but *reap* your carnal things; and yet now-a-days it is a great thing if but a scanty gleaning of carnal things follows the most bountiful sowing of spiritual things. That there are honourable exceptions we readily acknowledge, and that others have it in their heart but not in their power, we cheerfully admit. Ministers and students are ever ready, we trust, to give gratuitous services on all needful occasions, and even to make personal sacrifices when duty requires. They would be unworthy of their office if they were not prepared to suffer the loss of all things rather than cease to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Still as "the Lord hath ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," they have the same right to a remuneration for their labours as other men, and "whosoever resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." Many of their services are free-will offerings. They are ever willing to help a weak and afflicted brother. On charitable occasions they are disposed to be charitable, but do not want to be forced to be charitable

by others. The numerous instances in which they labour much and cheerfully without charge may have led some to suppose it to have all the force of a fixed law; whereas it gives a far greater claim upon those who are able to reward their toil.

In mercy to individuals and churches, and for the honour of the Baptist denomination in particular, we will not relate any part of the deep experience of our students upon this subject. We could speak of things in Israel at which both the ears of every one that hears it would tingle—but we forbear. We have no wish to speak evil of dignities, but are anxious rather that the dignity of church officers may be preserved in the estimation of those who are most interested in them. Let there be but some reasonable, if not liberal, treatment of students on the part of deacons and churches, and they will greatly help the College; encouragement will be given to those who are deserving of it, and a needless occasion for reproach and discontent will be removed. The neglect of this has generally risen either from erroneous principles, or from a want of due consideration.

Some object altogether to a paid ministry. They have no objection, we presume, to a proper remuneration of any other calling, and especially their own; then why make an exception of that which is more important than all? If they want not the aid of preachers of the gospel who live of the gospel, let them do the best they can without them. It is no business of ours. We speak of those who profess to value an educated ministry. It is the opinion of some that preachers should be poor, that they may preach better, and be better able to sympathize with the wants of others. Why not, on the same principle, hearers be kept poor, that they may hear better, and sympathize with the wants of their teacher? Whether the mind be in the best frame for hearing when harassed with worldly cares, judge ye! Then we may leave you to decide whether it be the best frame of mind for preaching. Some think they honour a minister by asking him to preach for them, and for that honour he should be willing to make some sacrifice. The honour may suffice those who had no honour before; but it can be no great honour to any to preach to a people who have such low and worldly notions of a minister's duty and of their own.

But ministers are servants of the church. Very true! Then pay them as such. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." A pecuniary recompense according to the nature and amount of his service there cannot be; yet is that no reason for making it less than others, or none at all. "We are a poor people," say some. And well they may be, if they do nothing for their spiritual teachers. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Was the widow of Sarepta the poorer for giving her last morsel of meat to a prophet of the Lord? One of the poorest of the early churches did most for its ministers; "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality;" and they were blessed with much spiritual prosperity. It has even been supposed in some places that the remuneration of students for their preaching engagements comes out of the College funds. What are we to think of deacons and churches that could consent to be thus pauperised! It were no wonder if their faces were burnt to a cinder for shame!

For churches to look to the College for secular aid, is to reverse the proper order of things.

We have said that the evil of which we are complaining arises in some instances from inconsideration rather than from erroneous views, and this perhaps more extensively prevails. On this account we offer no apology for directing attention to the subject. Because ministers do not complain they are often considered to be in easy circumstances, when at the same time they are oppressed by pecuniary difficulties. They cannot make known their wants with the same freedom as others lest they should be supposed to be too mercenary in their views; and from the peculiarity of their position, worldly embarrassments are more keenly felt by them. If these two considerations had their proper place in the minds and hearts of their people, they would see it to be their duty to calculate the proportion between their minister's income and expenses as well as their own, and would anticipate the difficulties in which he is often involved. The same inconsideration prevails with regard to occasional supplies. If a student's services be required of a church for one Sabbath or more, he gives up his time and labour, and is compelled to keep up a respectable appearance in dress for the benefit of others. He is allowed only that which barely suffices for his maintenance at College, which in justice to the Christian public could not be otherwise. His only prospect, therefore, in most cases of meeting numerous incidental demands, and of freeing himself from depressing cases, depends upon remuneration for his occasional services. It is during his collegiate course chiefly that he hopes to procure a library both for present and future use, as opportunities for that purpose seldom occur in after life. The churches that enable ministers to add to their libraries could not put their money out to better interest for their own advantage, or for the preservation and diffusion in the world of the faith once delivered to the saints. We solicit, therefore, a more generous feeling towards our students on this account. Some of them, moreover, are married and have a family to support. Let the deacons of our churches think on these things. Let them aid us in giving every encouragement to those whose talents, if employed in literary or commercial pursuits, might have secured to them an ample competence of the things of this life; and who are willing to expose themselves to much self-denial for the sake of bringing souls to Christ, and advancing the spiritual and eternal interests of their fellow men.

A Friend to Students.

Colportage.

THE agency of colportage has in past ages been honoured of God in the very highest degree. Sellers of trinkets carried the Bible in their packs, and sold it to noble matrons at the castle gate as the best of jewels, and thus the way was paved for the Reformation. Pedlars hawked throughout England the valuable works of the Puritans, and so spiritual truth was preserved in England amid general declension. We feel bound to wield afresh this well-tried weapon, and a committee has been formed, at the Tabernacle, of young and earnest brethren, who intend to push the work with all their might. The secretary of the Colportage Committee will be glad to receive donations, to hear of labourers, and to obtain information as to hopeful spheres for effecting sales.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXII.

TITLE.——"To the chief Musician upon Aijeleth Shahar. A Psalm of David." *This ode of singular excellence was committed to the most excellent of the temple songsters; the chief among ten thousand is worthy to be extolled by the chief Musician; no meaner singer must have charge of such a strain; we must see to it that we call up our best abilities when Jesus is the theme of praise. The words* Aijeleth Shahar *are enigmatical, and their meaning is uncertain; some refer them to a musical instrument used upon mournful occasions, but the majority adhere to the translation of our margin, "Concerning the hind of the morning." This last interpretation is the subject of much enquiry and conjecture. Calmet believes that the psalm was addressed to the music master who presided over the band called the "Morning Hind," and Adam Clarke thinks this to be the most likely of all the conjectural interpretations, although he himself inclines to the belief that no interpretation should be attempted, and believes that it is a merely arbitrary and unmeaning title, such as Orientals have always been in the habit of appending to their songs. Our Lord Jesus is so often compared to a hind, and his cruel huntings are so pathetically described in this most affecting psalm, that we cannot but believe that the title indicates the Lord Jesus under a well-known poetical metaphor; at any rate, Jesus is that Hind of the morning concerning whom David here sings.*

SUBJECT.—*This is beyond all others* THE PSALM OF THE CROSS. *It may have been actually repeated word by word by our Lord when hanging on the tree: it would be too bold to say that it was so, but even a casual reader may see that it might have been. It begins with, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and ends, according to some, in the original with "It is finished." For plaintive expressions uprising from unutterable depths of woe we may say of this psalm, "there is none like it." It is the photograph of our Lord's saddest hours, the record of his dying words, the lachrymatory of his last tears, the memorial of his expiring joys. David and his afflictions may be here in a very modified sense, but, as the star is concealed by the light of the sun, he who sees Jesus will probably neither see nor care to see David. Before us we have a description both of the darkness and of the glory of the cross, the sufferings of Christ and the glory which shall follow. Oh for grace to draw near and see this great sight! We should read reverently, putting off our shoes from off our feet, as Moses did at the burning bush, for if there be holy ground anywhere in Scripture it is in this psalm.*

DIVISION.—*From the commencement to the twenty-first verse is a most pitiful cry for help, and from verse* 21 *to* 31 *is a most precious foretaste of deliverance. The first division may be subdivided at the tenth verse, from verse* 1 *to* 10 *being an appeal based upon covenant relationship; and from verse* 10 *to* 21 *being an equally earnest plea derived from the imminence of his peril.*

EXPOSITION.

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? *why art thou* so far from helping me, *and from* the words of my roaring?

2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.

3 But thou *art* holy, *O thou* that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

4 Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

5 They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

6 But I *am* a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.

7 All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, *saying*,

8 He trusted on the LORD *that* he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

9 But thou *art* he that took me out of the womb: thou didst make me hope *when I was* upon my mother's breasts.

10 I was cast upon thee from the womb: thou *art* my God from my mother's belly.

1. "*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*" This was the startling cry of Golgotha: Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani. The Jews mocked, but the angels adored when Jesus cried this exceeding bitter cry. Nailed to the tree we behold our great Redeemer in extremities, and what see we? Having ears to hear let us hear, and having eyes to see let us see! Let us gaze with holy wonder, and mark the flashes of light amid the awful darkness of that midday-midnight. First, our Lord's faith beams forth and deserves our reverent imitation; he keeps his hold upon his God with both hands and cries twice, "*My God, my God!*" The spirit of adoption was strong within the suffering Son of Man, and he felt no doubt about his interest in his God. Oh that we could imitate this cleaving to an afflicting God! Nor does the sufferer distrust the power of God to sustain him, for the title used—"*El*"—signifies *strength*, and is the name of the Mighty God. He knows the Lord to be the all-sufficient support and succour of his spirit, and therefore appeals to him in the agony of grief, but not in the misery of doubt. He would fain know why he is left, he raises that question and repeats it, but neither the power nor the faithfulness of God does he mistrust. What an enquiry is this before us! "*Why hast thou forsaken me?*" We must lay the emphasis on every word of this saddest of all utterances. "*Why?*" what is the great cause of such a strange fact as for God to leave his own Son at such a time and in such a plight? There was no cause in him, why then was he deserted? "*Hast:*" it is done, and the Saviour is feeling its dread effect as he asks the question; it is surely true, but how mysterious! It was no threatening of forsaking which made the great Surety cry aloud, he endured that forsaking in very deed. "*Thou:*" I can understand why traitorous Judas and timid Peter should be gone, but *thou*, my God, my faithful friend, how canst thou leave me? This is worst of all, yea worse than all put together. Hell itself has for its fiercest flame the separation of the soul from God. "*Forsaken:*" if thou hadst chastened I might bear it, for thy face would shine; but to forsake me utterly, ah! why is this? "*Me:*" thine innocent, obedient, suffering Son, why leavest thou *me* to perish? A sight of self seen by penitence, and of Jesus on the cross seen by faith will best expound this question. Jesus is forsaken because our sins had separated between us and our God.

"*Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?*" The Man of Sorrows had prayed until his speech failed him, and he could only utter moanings and groanings as men do in severe sicknesses, like the roarings of a wounded animal. To what extremity of grief was our Master driven! What strong crying and tears were those which made him too hoarse for speech! What must have been his anguish to find his own beloved and trusted Father standing afar off, and neither granting help nor apparently hearing prayer! This was good cause to make him "roar." Yet there was a reason for all this which those who rest in Jesus as their Substitute well know.

2. "*O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not.*" For our prayers to appear to be unheard is no new trial, Jesus felt it before us, and it is observable that he still held fast his believing hold on God, and cried still, "*My God.*" On the other hand his faith did not render him less importunate, for amid the hurry and horror of that dismal day he ceased not his cry, even as in Gethsemane he had agonized all through the gloomy night. Our Lord continued to pray even

though no comfortable answer came, and in this he set us an example of obedience to his own words, "men ought always to pray, and not to faint." No daylight is too glaring, and no midnight too dark to pray in; and no delay or apparent denial, however grievous, should tempt us to forbear from importunate pleading.

3. "*But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.*" However ill things may look, there is no ill in thee, O God! *We* are very apt to think and speak hardly of God when we are under his afflicting hand, but not so the obedient Son. He knows too well his Father's goodness to let outward circumstances libel his character. There is no unrighteousness with the God of Jacob, he deserves no censures; let him do what he will, he is to be praised, and to reign enthroned amid the songs of his chosen people. If prayer be unanswered it is not because God is unfaithful, but for some other good and weighty reason. If we cannot perceive any ground for the delay, we must leave the riddle unsolved, but we must not fly in God's face in order to invent an answer. While the holiness of God is in the highest degree acknowledged and adored, the afflicted speaker in this verse seems to marvel how the holy God could forsake him, and be silent to his cries. The argument is, thou art holy, oh! why is it that thou dost disregard thy holy One in his hour of sharpest anguish? We may not question the holiness of God, but we may argue from it, and use it as a plea in our petitions.

4. "*Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.*" This is the rule of life with all the chosen family. Three times over is it mentioned, they *trusted*, and *trusted*, and *trusted*, and never left off trusting, for it was their very life; and they fared well too, for *thou didst deliver them.* Out of all their straits, difficulties, and miseries faith brought them by calling their God to the rescue; but in the case of our Lord it appeared as if faith would bring no assistance from heaven, he alone of all the trusting ones was to remain without deliverance. The experience of other saints may be a great consolation to us when in deep waters if faith can be sure that their deliverance will be ours; but when we feel ourselves sinking, it is poor comfort to know that others are swimming. Our Lord here pleads the past dealings of God with his people as a reason why he should not be left alone; here again he is an example to us in the skilful use of the weapon of all prayer. The use of the plural pronoun "*our*" shows how one with his people Jesus was even on the cross. We say, "Our Father which art in heaven," and he calls those "our fathers" through whom we came into the world, although he was without father as to the flesh.

5. "*They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.*" As if he had said, "How is it that I am now left without succour in my overwhelming griefs, while all others have been helped?" We may remind the Lord of his former lovingkindnesses to his people, and beseech him to be still the same. This is true wrestling; let us learn the art. Observe, that ancient saints *cried* and *trusted*, and that in trouble we must do the same; and the invariable result was that they were not ashamed of their hope, for deliverance came in due time; this same happy portion shall be ours. The prayer of faith can do the deed when nothing else can. Let us wonder when we see Jesus using the same pleas as ourselves, and immersed in griefs far deeper than our own.

6. "*But I am a worm, and no man.*" This verse is a miracle in language. How could the Lord of glory be brought to such abasement as to be not only lower than the angels, but even lower than men. What a contrast between "I AM" and "*I am a worm*"! yet such a double nature was found in the person of our Lord Jesus when bleeding on the tree. He felt himself to be comparable to a helpless, powerless, down-trodden worm, passive while crushed, and unnoticed and despised by those who trod upon him. He selects the weakest of creatures, which is all flesh; and becomes, when trodden upon, writhing, quivering flesh, utterly devoid of any might except strength to suffer. This

was a true likeness of himself when his body and soul had become a mass of misery—the very essence of agony—in the dying pangs of crucifixion. Man by nature is but a worm; but our Lord puts himself even beneath man, on account of the scorn which was heaped upon him and the weakness which he felt, and therefore he adds, "*and no man.*" The privileges and blessings which belonged to the fathers he could not obtain while deserted by God, and common acts of humanity were not allowed him, for he was rejected of men; he was outlawed from the society of earth, and shut out from the smile of heaven. How utterly did the Saviour empty himself of all glory, and become of no reputation for our sakes! "*A reproach of men*"—their common butt and jest; a byword and a proverb unto them: the sport of the rabble, and the scorn of the rulers. Oh the caustic power of reproach, to those who endure it with patience, yet smart under it most painfully! "*And despised of the people.*" The *vox populi* was against him. The very people who would once have crowned him then contemned him, and they who were benefited by his cures sneered at him in his woes. Sin is worthy of all reproach and contempt, and for this reason Jesus, the Sinbearer, was given up to be thus unworthily and shamefully entreated.

7, 8. "*All they that see me laugh me to scorn.*" Read the evangelistic narrative of the ridicule endured by the Crucified One, and then consider, in the light of this expression, how it grieved him. The iron entered into his soul. Mockery has for its distinctive description "cruel mockings;" those endured by our Lord were of the most cruel kind. The scornful ridicule of our Lord was universal; all sorts of men were unanimous in the derisive laughter, and vied with each other in insulting him. Priests and people, Jews and Gentiles, soldiers and civilians, all united in the general scoff, and that at the time when he was prostrate in weakness and ready to die. Which shall we wonder at the most, the cruelty of man or the love of the bleeding Saviour? How can we ever complain of ridicule after this?

"*They shoot out the lip, they shake the head.*" These were gestures of contempt. Pouting, grinning, shaking of the head, thrusting out of the tongue, and other modes of derision were endured by our patient Lord; men made faces at him before whom angels vail their faces and adore. The basest signs of disgrace which disdain could devise were maliciously cast at him. They punned upon his prayers, they made matter for laughter of his sufferings, and set him utterly at nought. Herbert sings of our Lord as saying,—

> "Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
> Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
> Reproaches which are free, while I am bound.
> Was ever grief like mine?"

"*Saying, He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.*" Here the taunt is cruelly aimed at the sufferer's faith in God, which is the tenderest point in a good man's soul, the very apple of his eye. They must have learned the diabolical art from Satan himself, for they made rare proficiency in it. According to Matthew xxvii. 39—44, there were five forms of taunt hurled at the Lord Jesus; this special piece of mockery is probably mentioned in this psalm because it is the most bitter of the whole; it has a biting, sarcastic irony in it, which gives it a peculiar venom; it must have stung the Man of Sorrows to the quick. When we are tormented in the same manner, let us remember him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, and we shall be comforted. On reading these verses one is ready, with Trapp, to ask, Is this a prophecy or a history? for the description is so accurate. We must not lose sight of the truth which was unwittingly uttered by the Jewish scoffers. They themselves are witnesses that Jesus of Nazareth trusted in God: why then was he permitted to perish? Jehovah had aforetime delivered those who rolled their burdens upon him: why was this man deserted? Oh that they had understood the answer! Note further, that their ironical jest, "*seeing he delighted in him,*" was true. The Lord did delight in his dear Son,

and when he was found in fashion as a man, and became obedient unto death, he still was well pleased in him. Strange mixture! Jehovah delights in him, and yet bruises him; is well pleased, and yet slays him.

9. "*But thou art he that took me out of the womb.*" Kindly providence attends with the surgery of tenderness at every human birth; but the Son of Man, who was marvellously begotten of the Holy Ghost, was in an especial manner watched over by the Lord when brought forth by Mary. The destitute state of Joseph and Mary, far away from friends and home, led them to see the cherishing hand of God in the safe delivery of the mother, and the happy birth of the child; that Child now fighting the great battle of his life, uses the mercy of his nativity as an argument with God. Faith finds weapons everywhere. He who wills to believe shall never lack reasons for believing. "*Thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's breasts.*" Was our Lord so early a believer? Was he one of those babes and sucklings out of whose mouths strength is ordained? So it would seem; and if so, what a plea for help! Early piety gives peculiar comfort in our after trials, for surely he who loved us when we were children is too faithful to cast us off in our riper years. Some give the text the sense of "gave me cause to trust, by keeping me safely," and assuredly there was a special providence which preserved our Lord's infant days from the fury of Herod, the dangers of travelling, and the ills of poverty.

10. "*I was cast upon thee from the womb.*" Into the Almighty arms he was first received, as into those of a loving parent. This is a sweet thought. God begins his care over us from the earliest hour. We are dandled upon the knee of mercy, and cherished in the lap of goodness; our cradle is canopied by divine love, and our first totterings are guided by his care. "*Thou art my God from my mother's belly.*" The psalm begins with "*My God, my God,*" and here, not only is the claim repeated, but its early date is urged. Oh noble perseverance of faith, thus to continue pleading with holy ingenuity of argument! Our birth was our weakest and most perilous period of existence; if we were then secured by Omnipotent tenderness, surely we have no cause to suspect that divine goodness will fail us now. He who was our God when we left our mother, will be with us till we return to mother earth, and will keep us from perishing in the belly of hell.

11 Be not far from me; for trouble *is* near; for *there is* none to help.

12 Many bulls have compassed me: strong *bulls* of Bashan have beset me round.

13 They gaped upon me *with* their mouths, *as* a ravening and a roaring lion.

14 I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.

15 My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

16 For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet.

17 I may tell all my bones: they look *and* stare upon me.

18 They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

19 But be not thou far from me, O LORD: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

20 Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog.

21 Save me from the lion's mouth: for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.

The crucified Son of David continues to pour out his complaint and prayer. We need much grace that while reading we may have fellowship with his sufferings. May the blessed Spirit conduct us into a most clear and affecting sight of our Redeemer's woes.

11. "*Be not far from me.*" This is the petition for which he has been using such varied and powerful pleas. His great woe was that God had forsaken him, his great prayer is that he would be near him. A lively sense of the divine presence is a mighty stay to the heart in times of distress. "*For trouble is near; for there is none to help.*" There are two "*fors*," as though faith gave a double knock at mercy's gate; that is a powerful prayer which is full of holy reasons and thoughtful arguments. The nearness of trouble is a weighty motive for divine help; this moves our heavenly Father's heart, and brings down his helping hand. It is his glory to be our very present help in trouble. Our Substitute had trouble in his inmost heart, for he said, "the waters have come in, even unto my soul;" well might he cry, "*be not far from me.*" The absence of all other helpers is another telling plea. In our Lord's case none either could or would help him, it was needful that he should tread the wine-press alone; yet was it a sore aggravation to find that all his disciples had forsaken him, and lover and friend were put far from him. There is an awfulness about absolute friendlessness which is crushing to the human mind, for man was not made to be alone, and is like a dismembered limb when he has to endure heart-loneliness.

12. "*Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.*" The mighty ones in the crowd are here marked by the tearful eye of their victim. The priests, elders, scribes, Pharisees, rulers, and captains bellowed round the cross like wild cattle, fed in the fat and solitary pastures of Bashan, full of strength and fury; they stamped and foamed around the innocent One, and longed to gore him to death with their cruelties. Conceive of the Lord Jesus as a helpless, unarmed, naked man, cast into the midst of a herd of infuriated wild bulls. They were brutal as bulls, many, and strong, and the Rejected One was all alone, and bound naked to the tree. His position throws great force into the earnest entreaty, "Be not far from me."

13. "*They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.*" Like hungry cannibals they opened their blasphemous mouths as if they were about to swallow the man whom they abhorred. They could not vomit forth their anger fast enough through the ordinary aperture of their mouths, and therefore set the doors of their lips wide open like those who gape. Like roaring lions they howled out their fury, and longed to tear the Saviour in pieces, as wild beasts raven over their prey. Our Lord's faith must have passed through a most severe conflict while he found himself abandoned to the tender mercies of the wicked, but he came off victorious by prayer; the very dangers to which he was exposed being used to add prevalence to his entreaties.

14. Turning from his enemies, our Lord describes his own personal condition in language which should bring the tears into every loving eye. "*I am poured out like water.*" He was utterly spent, like water poured upon the earth; his heart failed him, and had no more firmness in it than running water, and his whole being was made a sacrifice, like a libation poured out before the Lord. He had long been a fountain of tears; in Gethsemane his heart welled over in sweat, and on the cross he gushed forth with blood; he poured out his strength and spirit, so that he was reduced to the most feeble and exhausted state. "*All my bones are out of joint,*" as if distended upon a rack. Is it not most probable that the fastening of the hands and feet, and the jar occasioned by fixing the cross in the earth, may have dislocated the bones of the Crucified One? If this is not intended, we must refer the expression to that extreme weakness which would occasion relaxation of the muscles and a general sense of parting asunder throughout the whole system. "*My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst*

of my bowels." Excessive debility and intense pain made his inmost life to feel like wax melted in the heat. The Greek liturgy uses the expression, "thine unknown sufferings," and well it may. The fire of Almighty wrath would have consumed our souls for ever in hell; it was no light work to bear as a substitute the heat of an anger so justly terrible. Dr. Gill wisely observes, "if the heart of Christ, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, melted at it, what heart can endure, or hands be strong, when God deals with them in his wrath?"

15. "*My strength is dried up like a potsherd.*" Most complete debility is here portrayed; Jesus likens himself to a broken piece of earthenware, or an earthen pot, baked in the fire till the last particle of moisture is driven out of the clay. No doubt a high degree of feverish burning afflicted the body of our Lord. All his strength was dried up in the tremendous flames of avenging justice, even as the paschal lamb was roasted in the fire. "*My tongue cleaveth to my jaws;*" thirst and fever fastened his tongue to his jaws. Dryness and a horrible clamminess tormented his mouth, so that he could scarcely speak. "*Thou hast brought me into the dust of death;*" so tormented in every single part as to feel dissolved into separate atoms, and each atom full of misery; the full price of our redemption was paid, and no part of the Surety's body or soul escaped its share of agony. The words may set forth Jesus as having wrestled with Death until he rolled into the dust with his antagonist. Behold the humiliation of the Son of God! The Lord of Glory stoops to the dust of death. Amid the mouldering relics of mortality Jesus condescends to lodge!

Bishop Mant's version of the two preceding verses is forcible and accurate:—

"Pour'd forth like water is my frame;
My bones asunder start;
As wax that feels the searching flame,
Within me melts my heart.

My wither'd sinews shrink unstrung
Like potsherd dried and dead:
Cleaves to my jaws my burning tongue
The dust of death my bed."

16. We are to understand every item of this sad description as being urged by the Lord Jesus as a plea for divine help; and this will give us a high idea of his perseverance in prayer. "*For dogs have compassed me.*" Here he marks the more ignoble crowd, who, while less strong than their brutal leaders, were not less ferocious, for there they were howling and barking like unclean and hungry dogs. Hunters frequently surround their game with a circle, and gradually encompass them within an ever-narrowing ring of dogs and men. Such a picture is before us. In the centre stands, not a panting stag, but a bleeding, fainting man, and around him are the enraged and unpitying wretches who have hounded him to his doom. Here we have the "hind of the morning" of whom the psalm so plaintively sings, hunted by bloodhounds, all thirsting to devour him. *The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me:* thus the Jewish people were unchurched, and that which called itself an assembly of the righteous is justly for its sins marked upon the forehead as an assembly of the wicked. This is not the only occasion when professed churches of God have become synagogues of Satan, and have persecuted the Holy One and the Just. *They pierced my hands and my feet.* This can by no means refer to David, or to any one but Jesus of Nazareth, the once crucified but now exalted Son of God. Pause, dear reader, and view the wounds of thy Redeemer.

17. So emaciated was Jesus by his fastings and sufferings that he says, "*I may tell all my bones.*" He could count and re-count them. The posture of the body on the cross, Bishop Horne thinks, would so distend the flesh and skin as to make the bones visible, so that they might be numbered. The zeal of his Father's house had eaten him up; like a good soldier he had endured hardness. Oh that we cared less for the body's enjoyment and ease and more for our Father's business! It were better to count the bones of an emaciated body than to bring leanness into our souls.

"*They look and stare upon me.*" Unholy eyes gazed insultingly upon the

Saviour's nakedness, and shocked the sacred delicacy of his holy soul. The sight of the agonizing body ought to have ensured sympathy from the throng, but it only increased their savage mirth, as they gloated their cruel eyes upon his miseries. Let us blush for human nature, and mourn in sympathy with our Redeemer's shame. The first Adam made us all naked, and therefore the second Adam became naked that he might clothe our naked souls.

18. "*They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.*" The garments of the executed were the perquisites of the executioners in most cases, but it was not often that they cast lots at the division of the spoil; this incident shows how clearly David in vision saw the day of Christ, and how surely the Man of Nazareth is he of whom the prophets spake: "these things, *therefore*, the soldiers did." He who gave his blood to cleanse us gave his garments to clothe us. As Ness says, "this precious Lamb of God gave up his golden fleece for us." How every incident of Jesus' griefs is here stored up in the treasury of inspiration, and embalmed in the amber of sacred song; we must learn hence to be very mindful of all that concerns our Beloved, and to think much of everything which has a connection with him. It may be noted that the habit of gambling is of all others the most hardening, for men could practise it even at the cross-foot while besprinkled with the blood of the Crucified. No Christian will endure the rattle of the dice when he thinks of this.

19. "*But be not thou far from me, O Lord.*" Invincible faith returns to the charge, and uses the same means, viz., importunate prayer. He repeats the petition so piteously offered before. He wants nothing but his God, even in his lowest state. He does not ask for the most comfortable or nearest presence of God, he will be content if he is not far from him; humble requests speed at the throne. "*O my strength, haste thee to help me.*" Hard cases need timely aid: when necessity justifies it we may be urgent with God as to time, and cry, "make haste;" but we must not do this out of wilfulness. Mark how in the last degree of personal weakness he calls the Lord "*my strength;*" after this fashion the believer can sing, "when I am weak, then am I strong."

20. "*Deliver my soul from the sword.*" By the sword is probably meant entire destruction, which as a man he dreaded; or perhaps he sought deliverance from the enemies around him, who were like a sharp and deadly sword to him. The Lord had said, "Awake, O sword," and now from the terror of that sword the Shepherd would fain be delivered as soon as justice should see fit. "*My darling from the power of the dog.*" Meaning his soul, his life, which is most dear to every man. The original is, "my only one," and therefore is our soul dear, because it is our only soul. Would that all men made their souls their darlings, but many treat them as if they were not worth so much as the mire of the streets. *The dog* may mean Satan, that infernal Cerberus, that cursed and cursing cur; or else the whole company of Christ's foes, who though many in number were as unanimous as if there were but one, and with one consent sought to rend him in pieces. If Jesus cried for help against the dog of hell, much more may we. *Cave canem*, beware of the dog, for his power is great, and only God can deliver us from him. When he fawns upon us, we must not put ourselves in his power; and when he howls at us, we may remember that God holds him with a chain.

21. "*Save me from the lion's mouth: for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.*" Having experienced deliverance in the past from great enemies, who were strong as the unicorns, the Redeemer utters his last cry for rescue from death, which is fierce and mighty as the lion. This prayer was heard, and the gloom of the cross departed. Thus faith, though sorely beaten, and even cast beneath the feet of her enemy, ultimately wins the victory. It was so in our Head, it shall be so in all the members. We have overcome the unicorn, we shall conquer the lion, and from both lion and unicorn we shall take the crown.

Want of time compels us to leave off at this convenient pause. We pray the reader's courteous consideration for our consuming cares.

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

I.

When one scholar complains to his teacher that another scholar has had his "eyes open" during prayer, he forgets that his complaint necessarily condemns himself; and so do a great many complainants. In the eagerness of their haste to bring down retribution on the head of some poor offender, they forget to observe that they are bringing it down on their own. Haman is not the only plaintiff who has had to accept the sentence intended for defendant; and other men than he have built their own gallows. To complain of another is, in a sense, to judge him; and they who so judge should see to it that they are not themselves guilty of that of which they complain. It is *very* probable that their own guilt has "opened their eyes" to that of others.

II.

Locks are put on upside down sometimes; and, in such cases, you can only open them by inverting the key. There are many minds like said locks, and people need not wonder that they have to be opened by inverted keys. They are better, after all, than those minds which are not to be opened by *any* key, or which, when picked or forced, are found to have been so long empty that they are unfit to hold anything, or so long full of rubbish as to secure the same result.

III.

It is a blessed thing that our responsibilities and cares come upon us, as the months and years, by degrees. Our children are not all born to us at once; if they were, how many of us would shrink from the charge? But they come upon us as we get fitter to hail them; and, even so, our hailing of them is sure to be hearty and glad. We are thus brought, in all things, to bear our burdens; and when, in after years, they are all past, they seem to have been nought.

IV.

How very easy it is to *say* "a million;" but—to *count* it! And so it is with no few sayings and doings. We had far better say only ten, and count twenty, than say a thousand, and count only ten.

V.

The sky is over all; and, in *that* sense, it is quite true,—as they teach the little children, or as little children somehow teach themselves,—that God lives in the sky.

VI.

It is the *short* finger that tells the hours, the *long* one only tells the minutes; and, yet, *neither* of them could tell the time without the other. Can we not all agree to tell the time so? If short and long, little and big, high and low, would only tell *their* tale, each having a separate one to tell, as if it was the only tale to be told, and, yet, as if it could only be told by everybody else telling theirs, we should get along far better than we do. *Our* is but the sum of *your*; and the sum can never be reckoned if the figures are not all down, and down correctly.

VII.

Surmounting the Christian's life on earth as well as surmounting that earthly grave which is but the portal of the Christian's life in heaven, this inscription should constantly appear—"Sacred to the memory of the Saviour," or, "In memory of the Saviour's love;" and, around either of *those* inscriptions, all sorts of beautiful flowers would ever bloom; but, should the inscription run otherwise, and stand—"Sacred to the memory of self," or, "In memory of the love of self," it need not be wondered at if it should be found to stand unattended, sole record of its shame, or, if attested at all, attested only by a fruitless crop of weeds, that have neither life to flourish nor heart to die.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Sword and Trowel."

Dear Sir,—The subject of middle-class education for the children of Nonconformists has occupied my mind for a considerable time, and I have wondered that it has not been dealt with ere this. It has surprised me that our more affluent friends, who are ever ready to give large sums of money for educational purposes, and for the establishment of institutions, the management of which most frequently devolves upon the enemies of our religious liberties, should have so long overlooked the necessity of our raising up barriers to the progress of the "damnable heresies" which are fostered in the minds of the children who attend the schools that are being multiplied on every hand, for the purpose of counteracting the principles of Nonconformity, and of feeding the Puseyite section of the Established Church with material already prepared for use. I am rejoiced that the subject has forced itself upon your practical mind; but although my religious convictions accord with yours, and although I should like to see good Baptist schools, yet I do not think that your scheme would result in any great measure of good beyond your own immediate sphere of action. As Dissenters, it is our duty to take a decided position, and by a combination of the efforts of all classes of Protestant Dissenters, to establish Nonconformist day-schools and Nonconformist boarding-schools in every county throughout England, and to give to them the distinctive appellation of Nonconformist schools. It will be to the everlasting honour of our name, when every county can make its boast in a manner similar to the following:—

The Middlesex Nonconformist middle-class school, situated at——.
The Middlesex Nonconformist upper-class school, situated at——.

The scheme might be carried out without much difficulty. Unity is the chief element required to ensure success. The terms for the middle-class schools need not be more than thirty guineas for board, education, books, &c. Fifty boarders would render each school self-supporting. The terms for the upper-class schools for the education of boys intended for the learned professions ought to be sixty guineas, and then twenty-five boarders would render them self-supporting. Day-schools might be established in every large town at a charge of five guineas per annum; and the boarding-schools ought to be situated at a convenient distance from towns, so that the necessary supplies might be obtained without difficulty. Boarding and day-schools combined would be necessary for large villages. A committee of practical men would easily arrange the *modus operandi;* and if all our Dissenting brethren would be true to their convictions, it would not be necessary to raise a vast sum of money to set the machinery in motion. The great barrier to success is found in the timidity of Dissenters, who fear the loss of their daily bread by assuming a bold and independent position. It is a lamentable fact that we have in this country a great number of efficient educators who are secretly Nonconformists, but who are afraid to avow their convictions through fear of the ruin of their schools; and it is a fact still more lamentable that Dissenting parents withhold their patronage from the Dissenting preceptor from the supposition that a "Church school" is more respectable. The line of demarcation between Churchmen and Dissenters, in respect to education, was never so broad, as viewed by Churchmen, as it is at the present time, and the consequence is, that godly young men, who are members of a Dissenting community, withdraw from the scholastic profession, on account of the obstacles to their success, occasioned by their religious principles. When an usher wants a situation he almost invariably adds to his qualifications that he is "a member of the Established Church." I am not acquainted with a Dissenting schoolmaster who, in the present state of things, would recommend his own son to follow his profession. When, through the investigations of the Ecclesiastical Commission, many of our endowed grammar schools were rendered efficient, and certain concessions made to meet the conscientious scruples of Dissenters,

we were at first gratified, and gladly availed ourselves of the privilege of obtaining for our sons a liberal education on easy terms; but the truth is clear, that the advantage is only partial. Our sons are perhaps benefited intellectually; but the advantage is more than counterbalanced by the moral injury which they sustain by the influences surrounding them. Although they are not compelled to subject themselves to erroneous religious teaching, yet they hear these things impressed upon others, and they themselves are taught nothing better. The inevitable consequence of the admission of the sons of Dissenters to the endowed grammar schools is, that the private schools conducted by Dissenters have diminished in number, and the opportunities of inculcating correct principles are taken away. If learned Dissenters could obtain the head masterships of the endowed schools there would be nothing to complain of, but such is not the case. The clergy of the Establishment are so much more alive than Dissenters to the importance of exercising their influence over the young. I was told a few days since, that, at a recent meeting in connection with the Wanstead Orphan Asylum (which I believe was established by Dissenters), it was proposed that the nearest clergyman should visit the children and prepare them for Confirmation; but I heard of no counter proposition being made that the nearest Dissenting minister should have a like privilege. Depend upon it, Sir, that so long as the clergy and Church schoolmasters can have the almost exclusive teaching of the middle and upper class youths of our land, they can afford to laugh at the "Liberation Society," the day and Sunday-schools for the poor, and every aggressive and defensive movement of the Nonconformist body. My earnest belief is, that until we have efficient Nonconformist schools numerously planted over the land, and thoroughly recognised and exclusively patronised by Dissenters, we shall never have religious equality, and shall never stem the tide of error that is raging around us. Trusting that the pen of some ready writer may, without delay, be employed to stir up the minds and hearts of our brethren on this momentous subject, I subscribe myself, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

TESTIS.

Reviews.

"*A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public, Social, and Private Worship.*" Compiled by C. H. SPURGEON. Royal 12mo. London: Passmore and Alabaster. 1866.

AS we cannot very freely criticise our own works, we reprint with many thanks the lengthened and generous review which is given by our ever hearty friend, "*The Wesleyan Times*," a paper which is well edited in all respects, but has the subject of hymns for its *forte*.

"It will scarcely be a source of surprise that Mr. Spurgeon should have compiled a hymn-book. To those who have considered the subject it is surprising that he did not do it long ago. When Dr. Rippon compiled his selection, an early edition of which we have before us, he could not have hoped for anything approaching the popularity which it would attain. Through many changes the copyright of the book still exists; and, owing to the extraordinary popularity of Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Rippon's successor in the pastorate, the sale of that book has of late been like a resurrection from the dead. In New Park-street Chapel, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and in most of the new churches which have sprung into existence from Pastor Spurgeon's College, the sale of Dr. Rippon's book has been very large, although the price has been high, and no attempt was made by the proprietor to make it cheaper. Complaints from the poor of the high price of the book have been loud and long, until at length, after much persuasion, Mr. Spurgeon resolved to prepare a new book more adapted to the wants and characteristics of the age in which we live. The task at first appeared so formidable that, after more than one attempt, it was laid aside to be again resumed; and when during last year, considerable progress was believed to have been made, it

was again allowed to rest, partly owing to the care and responsibility it involved, when other duties were pressing heavily on the pastor's attention. With the opening of the year 1866 the hymn-book was again taken in hand, this time with a purpose and resolve to allow no other duties to hinder its steady progress. Six months, we believe, were allotted to the task of its compilation; but it has required nearly eight to complete the book, with all the help which could be obtained from every available and reliable source. Very few persons would believe the amount of painstaking care, research, reading, writing, classifying, and correcting which the preparation of such a book has necessitated; but it is done, and by the kindness of the publishers we have an early copy before us. Some have tried to retard the progress of the work by hinting that it might not sell; but such persons have not considered the character of the man on whose judgment, courage, and resolution the work depended. The same spirit of opposition was manifested to the erection of the great Tabernacle, to the founding of the Pastor's College, and to other great reforms which Mr. Spurgeon has inaugurated; all which have proved the correctness of Mr. Spurgeon's plans and the soundness of his conclusions: all have been successful; Mr. Spurgeon himself is a great success; and so also will be 'Our Own Hymn-book.' We take it that its very title will make it attractive to many congregations, as any church in the land may adopt the book; and to all such it will be 'our own.' Not less than 7,000 persons enter the Metropolitan Tabernacle every week, taking all the services into account. By far the larger portion of that number will require a copy of the new book; and, besides, there are many strangers there every Sabbath-day who will for a long time to come require a copy, prompted partly by curiosity, and encouraged by the fact that the work has the various advantages of being more modern, more varied, more accurate, more comprehensive, more handy, and less costly than the old book, with the additional attraction to many of having so many original compositions of Mr. Spurgeon's in its pages. The preface is dated September, 1866. An extract will best state the compiler's object and design:—

"'The range of our researches has been as wide as the bounds of existing religious literature, American and British, Protestant and Romish, ancient and modern. Whatever may be thought of our taste, we have used it without prejudice; and a good hymn has not been rejected because of the character of its author, or the heresies of the church in whose hymnal it first occurred; so long as the language and the spirit commended the hymn to our heart we included it, and believe that we have enriched our collection thereby. The range of subjects is very extensive, comprising not only direct praise, but doctrine, experience, and exhortation; thus enabling the saints according to apostolical command to edify one another in their spiritual songs. If any object that some of the hymns are penitential or doctrinal, and therefore unfit to be sung, we reply that we find examples of such in the Book of Psalms, which we have made our model in compiling our work; there we have Maschils as well as hosannahs, and penitential odes as well as hallelujahs. We have been unable to fall in with modern scruples, but have rested content with ancient precedents. For the glory of the triune God of Israel we have joyfully laboured, and to that one object we dedicate the result of our toils, hoping that in some few churches of the land we may be helpful to their service of sacred song, and so aid them in praising the Lord.

"'The features which distinguish this hymn-book are such as to justify its issue, at least in the mind of the compiler, upon whom it has involved immense labour—a labour which has been its own reward. Those features are as follows:—

"'1. The hymns have been drawn from the original works of the authors, and are given as far as practicable just as they were written. This is so unusual a practice as to be almost a novelty, while the mangling of hymns has grown into a system—a system, however, to be most heartily deprecated.

"'2. Subjects frequently passed over or pushed into a corner are here made conspicuously the themes of song; such, for instance, as the great doctrines of sovereign grace, the personal advent of our Lord, and especially the sweetness of present communion with him.

"'3. Hymns suitable for revivals, prayer-meetings, and earnest addresses to sinners, are given in larger numbers and greater variety than in any other selection known to the editor.

"'4. The Psalms of David are here, by the aid of various writers, more especially, Watts, the English and Scotch versions, Mr. Lyte, and Miss Auber, all presented, in whole or in part, in forms suitable for congregational singing, and our endeavour has been to preserve the devout spirit of that inspired book even where the Jewish expressions have been necessarily changed for Christian language.'

"Mr. Spurgeon then acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Sedgwick, 'without whose diligent assistance our work could never have been accomplished.' He further records his thanks to very many proprietors of original hymns for permission to use their compositions, and concludes with this sentence: 'We are thus indebted to all classes of Christians, and pray that all may derive a blessing from our labours.' There are about 1,130 separate psalms or hymns, numbered consecutively from one to 1,060. Such of the psalms as make more than one piece retain the same number, with Part I., Part II., &c., added. Thus Psalm xlv., Version I., Scottish; Psalm xlv., Version II., Harriet Auber; Psalm xlv., Version III., Joseph Irons; Psalm xlv., Version IV., Benjamin Wallin and A. M. Toplady,—four different authors presenting either some different portion, or the same portion in a different light. The psalms which form the first part of the volume offer 220 separate compositions, although the consecutive numbers only reach 150. In this portion will be found a number of Mr. Spurgeon's own compositions; he does not aspire to the dignity and title of poet, but he has made some sensible paraphrases of the Psalms. These are numbered consecutively 15, 30, 39, 41, 53, 58, 60, 70, 82, 83, 111, 112, 120; there are six others amongst the hymns, which are numbered as follows—451, 897, 904, 934, 939, 974, and four graces of one stanza each, written by Mr. Spurgeon, besides a few others to which he has made additions, in order to fit them more fully for the special purpose for which they are designed. Mr. Sedgwick has, with indomitable courage, searched out the authorship of all but some sixteen pieces; the author's name and date of first publication, with names of translators when from foreign originals, are given throughout, and in this respect we have to acknowledge that this book is more accurate than any which has preceded it, as several mistakes have been corrected, and some new authorships discovered and appropriated now for the first time. A classified table of subjects and an index of first lines is given, and the book, strongly bound in cloth, may be had for two shillings and sixpence. Watts, Wesley, Doddridge, Newton, Cowper, Hart, and Irons, of the past, and nearly all the best hymn-writers of the present day, such as Lyte, Bonar, Kelly, Denny, Neale, Bathurst, Davis, Monsell, Caswall, Shipton, Edmeston, Newman Hall, and others, are represented. A larger and more comprehensive edition of the book is in preparation; we shall then have an opportunity of entering more fully into the critical composition of the work. At present we can honestly say, it is the largest, cheapest, and most accurate hymn-book in the English language, and we shall be surprised if one hundred thousand copies of it are not in circulation before this time twelve months."

Our Hymns; their Authors and Origin. Being Biographical Sketches of nearly two hundred of the principal Psalm and Hymn Writers, with notes of their psalms and hymns. A Companion to the New Congregational Hymn Book. By JOSIAH MILLER, M.A. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A COMPACT digest of most valuable information. One of the most useful contributions to hymnology. The labour here expended cannot be measured by the bulk of the volume if multiplied a hundred times, and can scarcely be guessed except by those who have passed through the like. No Congregational minister will be kind to himself unless he studies this inseparable companion of his hymn book.

The Complete Works of Thomas Brooks. Volumes I. and II. James Nichol, Edinburgh.

THE lamented death of our esteemed friend Mr. Nichol has not prevented the continued issue of the great Puritan authors. The father has gone to his rest and his reward, but his worthy son continues this noble enterprise in the

same spirit. The two volumes of the new series now before us are by that marvellously rich author Thomas Brooks, whose wealth of imagery surpasses all others of his age. The mere marginal notes of Brooks are more valuable than pages of ordinary writers; we take pleasure in the stones of his temples, and the very dust thereof we favour. Of all the Puritans he is the most readable, if we except John Bunyan; and if he cannot display the depth of Owen or the raciness of Adams, he leaves them far behind in excessive sweetness and sparkling beauty of metaphor. There is a clear, silvery, refreshing sound in the name "Brooks," and as is the name such is the man. Every reader who can afford the money should purchase this incorrupt, unmutilated, unchanged, well printed, and perfectly edited copy of Brooks. When all the volumes are issued, the public can procure for twenty-five shillings works which at the present moment it would scarcely be possible to obtain complete for thirty-five pounds. In the present two volumes are "Precious remedies against Satan's devices;" "Apples of gold for young men and women;" "The mute Christian under the smarting rod;" "A string of pearls;" "An ark for all God's Noahs;" "The privy key of Heaven;" "Heaven on earth, or a well-grounded assurance;" and beside all this, a Memoir by that notable guide to the Puritans, who is himself one of them, only born out of due time, Mr. Grosart, of Liverpool, to whom we raise our hat, and offer our most respectful thanks.

The Lord's Portion Stored on the Lord's Day. A Handbook of Sacred Finance. By JOHN ROSS, of Hackney. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. ROSS, who is one of the world's greatest benefactors, shall state his own case in his own words:—"The habit of Sabbath storing and giving is ever gaining new converts, and is now above being ignored or despised. Even the busy and the affluent find it easy and delightful, on a candid trial. Eleven years ago I gave myself, from solemn conviction, to the advocacy of this practice by the pulpit, the platform, and the press, after several years of personal and pastoral experience of its efficiency, resolving to labour wherever invited, and to leave needful support and the spiritual issues to Divine Goodness. During this period I have travelled 12,000 miles, and had 230 services yearly on an average—have put forth about 1,200,000 tracts and pamphlets—have received, in the form of profits of publications, acknowledgments for services, but mainly in donations from a few generous friends, such help, as with small private means, nearly to meet all public costs and family subsistence, and to make me now, in a pecuniary condition, almost equal to what I was when I began the work. For this I gratefully bless God, and warmly thank my liberal friends. I am still at the service of any church that may apply to me, on their own terms. Among my different publications stands prominent, *The Weekly Offering Record*, a quarterly journal of facts, arguments, and appeals on Christian giving, which has now reached No. 27. A year ago two prize essays on this subject were given to the world. Being solicited to act as an adjudicator in relation to them, I temporarily laid aside an essay, which I had written in competition by desire of the donor of the prizes."

This essay is now before us, cloth lettered, at 1s. 6d.; if ordered in quantities beforehand, 1s. It ought to be disseminated thick as autumn leaves. If any duty be plain in God's Word, it is the duty of weekly storing. Many of our churches are guilty for remaining in needless poverty, when this practice would fill the Lord's treasury to the full. Men who love Jesus can hardly do better service to his kingdom than by scattering the works of Mr. Ross.

Salvation to the Uttermost. By Pastor G. D. EVANS, of Upton Chapel, Lambeth. With Preface by C. H. Spurgeon. Elliot Stock. Price 2d.

OUR dear friend Mr. Evans is a true lover of souls, and with the view of bringing wanderers to Jesus he has issued this little book. We need offer no other evidence that we cordially approve than the fact that we were happy to preface it with a few lines of our own. The work is well meant and well executed, and should be well circulated.

Notices.

IN the August number of "The Sword and the Trowel" a short account appeared of a meeting at The Bedford Gospel Hall, Sylvan Grove, Old Kent Road, where a new Baptist cause had been commenced, and the untiring zeal of Brother Rudall was crowned with success. This account had scarce appeared in print before the body of our friend was laid in the dust, and his spirit had returned to God who gave it. In him we have lost a valued fellow labourer. He was earnest in his studies and earnest in his endeavours to save souls. On his conversion, about four years ago, he joined the new Baptist Church at Stepney. Here he laboured energetically, both in the Sabbath School and by open air preaching until last January, when, by the recommendation of his pastor, Mr. Ness, he entered the College. In April, being grieved at the fearful spiritual destitution in the neighbourhood of Hatcham Road, he took a room and preached on Sunday evenings. In May he removed to Sylvan Grove to a more commodious room, the Bedford Gospel Hall. The congregations increased, and the labours of our brother increased too. He preached three, and occasionally four times every Sunday; but in the midst of his work he was called away. Mr. Rudall died July 31st, during the Midsummer vacation. He spent part of his holiday in the East end of London, where the cholera was raging. That messenger of death laid his hand upon him. Feeling unwell, and being very nervous about the cholera, he gladly accepted an invitation to spend a week in the country, at Stotfold, in Bedfordshire. It was to take part in the recognition services of Mr. Mace, who has lately settled there. He had preached in his own Hall on Sunday, July 22; his last sermon being from the text, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." (2 Cor. v. 10.) On Monday he went to Stotfold, but was too unwell to take any part in the services. On Tuesday evident marks of the cholera appeared. The following Sunday morning, after a very severe attack of cramp, he said to Mr. Mace, as he was about to leave for the chapel, "It's a glorious thing to preach Christ. I was doing it last Sunday, and hope I shall live many years to do it again, *if it be the Lord's will.*" (This last clause he said with emphasis.) After this, until his death, he was frequently delirious. On Monday night, about 12 o'clock, Mr. Mace said, "Is Jesus with you now?" He answered, "Yes." That verse in the twenty-third Psalm was then quoted, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." He replied, "Oh yes," and after a short pause said, with much feeling, "Precious Jesus! Precious grace! Precious blood!" He died at ten o'clock the next morning, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in the churchyard at Stotfold, August 3rd. The work in Sylvan Grove, so well commenced, is now carried on by another student, Mr. Wilkinson. A church is about to be formed, and there is every probability that before long a chapel will be required.

BAPTIST UNION AUTUMNAL MEETINGS AT LIVERPOOL.—Rev. JOHN ALDIS, Chairman. Tuesday, October 9th: Myrtle Street Chapel, 7 p.m., United Missionary Meeting; Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., Rev. J. Stubbins (from Orissa), Dr. E. B. Underhill, Rev. J. P. Chown. Wednesday, October 10th: Pembroke Chapel, 10 a.m., Devotional Service, Chairman's Address, Committee's Message, Paper on "The Financial Duties of the Deacon's Office," by J. Benham, Esq. (of London), Discussion.—Philharmonic Hall, Conversazione, 7 p.m., Addresses by Revs. W. Brock, C. Vince, T. Goadby, B.A., and others. Thursday, October 11th, Pembroke Chapel, 7 a.m., Prayer Meeting, 10 a.m., Devotional Service, Paper on "Public Worship," by Rev. S. G. Green, B.A. (President of Rawdon College), Discussions, Paper on "Home and Irish Missions," by Rev. C. Kirtland, Resolutions on the late Crisis in Jamaica. Philharmonic Hall, 7 p.m., Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.—E. STEANE, J. H. MILLARD, Secs. It is earnestly hoped that this meeting of the Union will be greatly blessed of God, and the prayers of God's people are desired that the assembled brethren may find the Lord manifestly in their midst.

Men and Brethren, Help!

THE minister of God, like other men, is subject to weariness. However willing the spirit, the flesh is weak. When Moses was upon the mountain his hands grew heavy, and Aaron and Hur, with friendly thoughtfulness, supported his arms. Oh that all church members would act in the same generous manner to their pastors! Alas, how many make them yet more weary by their inconsistency and lukewarmness! Dear reader, by the love thou bearest to the Lord Jesus, we entreat thee to remember us in thy prayers. All ministers crave a mention in your warmest petitions when things are at the best with you. Especially the man who has so much laid upon him to do for his Lord begs, even with tears, that he may not be left unaided by your intercessions and assistances. Amalek is mighty, God's ministers are weary. O ye Aarons and Hurs, take your place now, or Israel's foes will triumph. Men and brethren, help!

Is this your Business?

THE following paragraph is not penned for the benefit of curiosity, but for the eye and heart of such of the Lord's believing and working people as are content to throw in their energies with us. They will not read this page, and go their way to forget the Master's work, but will pray for the enterprise, and show their sympathy with it. We merely, for their guidance and information, mention the plans now before us, their position, and their need.

1. THE COLLEGE has been hitherto graciously provided for by our heavenly Father, and we believe it always will be; it needs and deserves the continual pecuniary aid of the Lord's stewards, for it is doing a great work. If our friends knew more of the results of this effort, they would oftener send us their contributions. Fresh spheres are needed for men ready to go forth, and friends willing to aid in breaking up new ground may communicate with us. Friends having surplus books would confer a boon on poor students if they would make them a present of the volumes, instead of letting them lie idle on dusty shelves or dark closets. N.B. Old magazines are not the most acceptable gifts.

2. THE DAY-SCHOOL AND ALMSHOUSES.—By the sale of New Park Street Chapel a considerable sum has been realized towards building, near the Elephant and Castle station, about twenty almsrooms, day-schools for boys and girls, and a schoolmaster's house. The schools are intended for those of the working classes who desire a good education for their children. It is estimated that an additional £1,000 will be required to furnish the whole cost; this sum will, we have no doubt, be very cheerfully contributed by the friends at the Tabernacle as the works proceed. We have no desire for help in this matter from any friends, except our own members and congregation, for whose benefit this work will be carried out, and who will, we are confident, very gladly bear their own burden; but they will please to remember that only six of the almsrooms are endowed, and that to render the work complete there should be a sum of money raised sufficient to endow the other fourteen, with at least four shillings a week, which will require nearly £5,000. This may be the work of time, and does not at all press at present. Our deacons heartily desire to see the building carried through with spirit, and by God's help it will be done.

3. THE ORPHANAGE.—A sister in Christ has requested us to take the care of £20,000, which she desires to consecrate to the Lord's service by putting it in trust for the maintenance of orphan boys with a special view to their godly education, in the hope that by divine grace they may be converted and become

ministers and missionaries in future years. Being weighed down with cares, we still hesitate in this business, but dare not do other than follow the intimations of the divine hand. Our church officers have promised their help as trustees and otherwise. Our sister's hope is that others will add their gifts to that which she most freely offers. Large as the sum is, when invested in the funds, as trust money must be, it will yield but a small annual income, especially when the capital is largely reduced by the cost of the Orphan House. Are there not to be found other lovers of Jesus, who could by their united gifts double the sum? If there were a willing mind and the Lord so purposed, we believe that his people could send ten times the amount. With prayerful anxiety and confidence we are seeking for the spot for the house, and maturing our plans; when these are ready and the house is built, we shall look to our readers for aid in furnishing it; meanwhile we pray for guidance and increased means to work with.

4. The Grammar School.—This is not forgotten. Information is being obtained, and some promises of aid have come in. A committee of gentlemen will soon be called together; but the work No. 3 is most urgent just now. If more friends promised their children we should feel more confidence in pushing forward. A letter in another part of this magazine is only one of many which go to prove that this design ought not to be long delayed, if only for example sake and as a stimulus to other Dissenters.

5. Colportage.—For this matter pecuniary aid is asked, and also co-operation with the colporteurs. In districts where gospel truth is little known the importation of religious literature by our book-hawkers may be of essential service. Many persons might render us valuable assistance in this very promising effort by their knowledge of needy or hopeful localities. Reader, this is a part of our Master's business which he has given us to do. What say you? Will you have a share in it? Let thine answer be according to what thou owest thy Lord.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to Sept. 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Amy	0	5	6
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
Mr. J. Eastty	1	0	0
C. C.	0	2	6
Proceeds of Tea Meeting at Tabernacle	27	5	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	2	0	0
Mr. W. Tuck	0	10	0
Two Friends, Exeter	2	5	0
Collection at Southampton, per Rev. J. Collins	4	0	0
X. Y. Z.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Melen	1	0	0
Mr. T. Slater	1	0	0
Mrs. Gaullond	0	10	0
Mr. J. Dew	0	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
Miss Simmer	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery	2	0	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	0	0
Mr. May	5	0	0
Part Payment of Legacy of late Rev. R. May	28	6	8
Mr. J. Ilott	1	0	0
Sale of Articles left from the Bazaar	23	0	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	0	0
Mr. Murrell	2	0	0
Mr. Mason	10	0	0
Miss Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hewitt	0	10	0
A Constant Reader	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Forth	0	10	0
Mrs. Brake	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. H. Amos	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Elliott	1	0	0
Romans, vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
Mr. Speight	0	3	6
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Aug. 20	26	4	1
" " " Sept. 2	20	10	7
" " " " 9	35	9	0
" " " " 16	32	6	8
	£240	18	6

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

God's Jewels.

A SHORT SERMON. BY C. H. SPURGEON.*

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Malachi iii. 17.

THESE words were spoken in a very graceless age, when religion was peculiarly distasteful to men; when they scoffed at God's altar and said of his service, "What a weariness it is! What profit is it that we should fear the Lord?" Yet, even these dark nights were not uncheered by bright stars. Though the great congregations of God's house were but a mockery, yet there were smaller assemblies which God gazed upon with delight; though the house of national worship was deserted, there were secret conventicles of those who "feared the Lord," and who "spake often one to another," and our God, who regards quality more than quantity, had respect to these elect twos and threes. He "hearkened and heard," and he so approved of that which he heard that he took notes of it, and declared that he would publish it. "A book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Yea, and he valued so much these hidden ones—"faithful among the faithless found," that he called them his "jewels;" and he declared that in the great day when he should gather together his "segullah," his regalia, the peculiar treasure of kings, he would look upon these hidden ones as being more priceless than emeralds, rubies, or pearls; and, "They shall be mine," said he, "in the day when I gather up jewels into my casket to be there for ever."

We will try to work out this metaphor of jewels. Our first point shall be that *God's people are jewels;* our second, *the making up of the jewels;* and our third, *the privilege of being found among them.*

I. THE LORD COMPARES HIS PEOPLE TO JEWELS.

From the remotest antiquity *men have thought much of precious stones.* Almost fabulous prices have been paid for them, and there have been instances in which most bloody wars have been waged for the possession of a certain jewel renowned for its brilliance and size. Men hunt

* Several readers have asked for a sermon from the editor, and in deference to their wishes we give one. We intend to issue it separately in a cover for one penny.

after gold, but the diamond they pursue with even greater eagerness. Five hundred men will work for a whole twelvemonth in the diamond mines of Brazil when the entire produce of the year might be held in the hollow of your hand; and princes will give whole principalities, or barter the estates of half a nation in order to possess one peculiar brilliant of rare excellence. We wonder not, therefore, that the God who elsewhere likens the precious sons of Zion to fine gold, should here compare them to jewels. However little they may be esteemed by men, the great Jewel-Valuer, the Lord Jesus Christ, esteems them as precious beyond all price. His life was as dear to him as life is to us, and yet all that he had, even his life, did he give for his elect ones. He counted down the price of his jewels in drops of bloody sweat in the gloomy garden of Gethsemane. His very heart was set abroach, streaming with priceless blood in order that he might redeem his people. We may compare our Lord to that merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found the one pearl of his church, for the joy thereof went and sold all that he had that he might make it his own. Our God sets great value upon those whom he calls his jewels, as we may gather not only from their costly redemption, but from the fact that all providence is but a wheel upon which to polish and perfect them. That great wheel which Ezekiel saw, and which was so stupendous that he cried out in astonishment, "O wheel!" is nothing but a part of the machinery of the great Lapidary by which he cuts the facets of his true brilliants and makes his diamonds ready for his crown, for is it not written that "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose"? The Lord values his people very highly; not the rich among them only, not the most gracious among them alone, but the very least and most unworthy among believers are Jehovah's jewels. To fear the Lord and think upon his name are very simple indications of piety, and yet if we only come up to the standard which these evidences indicate we are dear to God. What though we may possess no singular gifts or eminent graces; what though our voice may never be heard among the crowds of populous cities, yet still, if we "think upon his name," and our hearts are set towards the Lord Jesus, we are precious to him.

Jewels well portray the Christian, *because they are extremely hard and durable.* Most jewels will scratch glass; some of them will cut it, while they themselves will not be cut by the sharpest file, and many of them will be uninjured by the most potent acids. The Christian is such a one. He has within him a principle which is incorruptible, undefiled, and destined to endure for ever. In Pompeii and Herculaneum diggers have discovered gems in an excellent state of preservation, while statuary and implements of iron have been destroyed. Jewels will last out the world's lifetime, and glitter on as long as the sun shines; the rust doth not corrupt them, nor doth the moth devour them, though the thief may break through and steal them. The Christian is born of an incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever. The world has often tried to crush or consume God's diamonds, but all the attempts of malicious fury have failed. All that enmity has ever accomplished has only been in the hands of God the means of displaying the preciousness and brilliance of his jewels. The sham Christian, who is but a paste gem, soon yields to trial; he evaporates into a little noxious

gas of self-conceit, and it is all over with him. A little heat of persecution and the man-made Christian—where is he? But the genuine Christian, the true gem, the choice jewel of God, will survive the fires of time, and when the last dissolving day shall arrive, he shall come forth from the furnace without a flaw.

The jewel is *prized for its lustre*. It is the brilliance of the gem which in a great measure is the evidence and test of its value. It is said that the colours of jewels are the brightest known, and are the nearest approaches to the rays of the solar spectrum that have yet been discovered. Certainly there is no light like that which is reflected from the sincere Christian. The renewed heart catches the beams of the Sun of Righteousness and reflects them, not without some refraction, for we are mortal; but still with much of glory, for we are immortal, and God dwelleth in us. See how the diamond flashes and sparkles! It is of the first water when, with certain other conditions, it is also without cloudiness and without spots. And oh! when a Christian man is truly what a saint should be, what a lustre, what a brilliance there is about him! He is like the Lord Jesus Christ, humble yet bold, teachable yet firm, gentle yet courageous; like his Master, he goes about doing the will of him that sent him, and though the wicked world may not love him, it cannot but perceive his brightness. Look at Richard Baxter, in Kidderminster, what a flashing diamond was he! he had some spots no doubt, but his brightness was most surprising; even swearers on the ale-bench could not but know that he was a heaven-born spirit. We might quote honoured names out of all Christian churches, which would be at once discerned by you as God's flashing brilliants, because there is about them so little of the cloudiness of nature and so much of the brightness of grace that he must be blind indeed who does not admire them. Precious stones are the flowers of the mineral world, the blossoms of the mines, the roses and lilies of earth's caverns. Scarcely has the eye ever seen a more beautiful object than the breast-plate of the high-priest, studded with the twelve gems, each with its own separate ray melting into a harmony of splendour; and, albeit that the trickeries of pomp have but little influence over men of sober mind, I scarce believe that there exists a single person who is altogether impervious to the influence of a crown bedight with ruby, and pearl, and emerald, and a bright array of other costly gems. There is a beauty, a divine and superhuman beauty, about a Christian. He may be humbly clad and miserably housed, he may be poor, and his name may never be mentioned among the great; but jewellers value a rare stone none the less because of its ill-setting. Beloved, nothing so delights God, next to the person of his own dear Son, as the sight of one of those whom he has made like unto the Lord Jesus. Know ye not that Christ's delights are with the sons of men, and that the holiness, the patience, the devotion, the zeal, the love, and the faith of his people are precious to him? The whole creation affords no fairer sight to the Most High than an assembly of his sanctified people, in whom he sees the beauty of his own character reflected. May you and I have much of the "beauty of holiness" given us by the Holy Spirit! May the Lord look upon us with divine complacency, because he sees in us the rays of the solar spectrum of his own ineffable perfection!

Christians are comparable to jewels *because of their rarity*. There are not many precious stones abroad in the world. Of the smaller sorts there may be many, but of the rarer gems there are so few that a little child might write them, only six *very* large diamonds (called paragons) are known in the world; and so God's people are but few compared with the unregenerate multitude who are as the pebbles in the brook. The Christian belongs, like the ruby, the diamond, and the emerald, to the choicest of created things. These stones are the aristocracy of minerals, and Christians are the aristocracy of men. They are God's nobles. The roll of Battle Abbey—have you ever looked it through? Well, it is of little consequence. There is a better roll by far, and if your name is written there it will be of infinitely more consequence to you. Domesday Book—is there a name there at all like yours? Never mind whether there be or not. There is a doom's-day book which will be of more value in the day of doom than Domesday Book has ever been among the sons of men. Not many wise, not many great and noble are there; but all who are written in heaven are, in another sense, both wise, and great, and noble, for God has made them so through his own grace. Not many are the gems which enrich the nations, and not many are the saints which shine among men. The gate of heaven is strait, and the Saviour says sorrowfully, "Few there be that find it." There is a city where pearl, and jasper, and carbuncle, and emerald are as common things. O fair Jerusalem, when shall these eyes behold thy turrets and thy pinnacles?

It is worthy of observation, too, that *a jewel is the production of God*. Diamonds have been burned, and other jewels have been resolved into their elements; but after the most laborious attempts no chemist has yet been able to make a diamond. Men can cut the Gordian knot, but they cannot tie it again. Lives have been wasted in attempts to produce precious stones, but the discovery is still unmade; they are the secret productions of God's own skill, and chemists fail to tell how they were produced, even though they know their elements. So the world thinks it knows what a Christian is, but it cannot make one. All the wit in the world put together could not find out the secret of the heaven-born life; and all the sacraments, vestments, priests, prayers, and paraphernalia of Popery cannot create a Christian. "Yes," says one, "we take a little water, and we make an infant 'a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.'" Sir, you make yourself a liar and nothing better when you so speak, for it is neither in your power nor in the power of any man to regenerate a soul by any performance of yours, either with or without water. You may wash a flint long enough before you can wash it into a diamond. To make jewels for Christ's crown is God's work, and God's work alone. We might preach until our tongues grew dumb and men's ears grew deaf, but not a living soul would ever receive divine grace by our talk; the Spirit must go with the word, or it is so much wasted breath. The Lord alone can create a child of grace, and a Christian is as much a miracle as was Lazarus when he rose from the tomb. It is as great a work of Deity to create a believer as it is to create a world.

It is worthy of remark, too, that *jewels are of many kinds*. Perhaps there is not a single ray in the spectrum which is not represented

amongst them, from the purest white of the diamond, the red of the ruby, the bright green of the emerald, to the blue of the sapphire. So is it with God's people. They are not all alike, and they never will be; all attempts at uniformity must fail, and it is very proper that they should. We need not wish to be one in the sense of uniformity, but only in the sense of unity; not all one jewel, but many gems set in one crown. It little matters whether we shine with the sapphire's blue, or the emerald's green, or the ruby's red, or the diamond's white, so long as we are the Lord's in the day when he makes up his jewels. *Jewels are of all sizes, and yet they are all jewels.* One is a Koh-i-noor, a very mountain of light; but it is not any more a diamond because it is large, though it is more precious. The smallest dust of the diamond that comes from the lapidary's wheel is made of the same material as the richest jewel that sparkles in the monarch's crown; and even so, those Christians who have but little faith and little grace are still as much the divine workmanship as the brightest and most precious in the believing family, and what is more, they shall be in the casket when the others are there, for it is said of them all, "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels."

Once more, *jewels are found all over the world.* In the most frozen regions, on the tops of mountains, and in the depths of mines, jewels have been discovered; but they are said to be most numerous in tropical regions. So Christians are to be found everywhere. Blessed be the name of God, the Esquimaux have sung the praises of Immanuel in the regions of eternal ice, and the Children of the Sun have learned to adore the Sun of Righteousness in the midst of the torrid zone; but in England, which is the tropical region of divine grace, the land where the gospel is preached in our streets, we find the most of believers, as also in a few other happy lands which, like our own fair island, lie upon the Equinoctial line of gospel privilege, where the grace of God has given the gospel in its greatest purity. Wherever the jewels have been found, though they differ in some respects, yet *they are still alike in others, and kings delight in them, and are glad to use them as regal ornaments.* So, wherever the Lord finds his precious ones, east or west, or north or south, he sees something in them in which they all agree, and he delights in them. Our Lord Jesus counts them to be his true ornaments with which he arrayeth himself as a bridegroom adorneth himself with ornaments, and as a bride decketh herself with jewels. God delights in Christians, come from whatever part they may. Although they may be of many tongues, and though the colours of their skins may vary, yet are they still very, very precious in his sight, and they shall be his in that day when he makes up his jewels.

II. In the second place, let us consider THE MAKING UP OF THE JEWELS.

All the jewels mentioned in the text are God's own property, and he has not lost sight of them, for "the Lord knoweth them that are his;" but there is a day coming when they shall all be brought together into one place before the King, and shall all glitter in his crown. That day has not yet arrived. The jewels are at present scattered in all corners of the earth. The King has not yet read the schedule to see whether the list exactly tallies with the brilliants that are before him. We have not come to the day of the making up of the jewels, for *some of*

them are at this hour hidden and undiscovered. There is no doubt that many precious stones will be found out yet. Diamond-hunters are at this moment looking after them in the caverns of the earth, and washing the soil of the mines to find them. Many of the chosen of God are not yet manifested. The missionaries in heathen lands are toiling to discover them amid the mire of idolatry. My daily business and calling is that of a jewel-hunter, and this pulpit is the place where I try to separate the precious from the vile. Sunday-school teachers and other workers are diamond-hunters too, they deal with gems far more precious than millions of gold and silver. Oh that all Christians were seekers of souls, for there is much need of all hands, and it is a work which well rewards the labourer. All the chosen are not saved yet. Bloodbought multitudes remain to be ingathered. Oh for grace to seek them diligently! Because of the absence of so many of the Lord's gems the "making up" of the jewels has not yet taken place, but the time is hastening on.

Many jewels are found, *but they are not yet polished.* They are precious gems, but it is only lately that they have been uplifted from the mine. When the diamond is first discovered it glitters but little; you can see that it is a precious gem, but perhaps one-half of it will have to be cut away before it sparkles with fullest splendour. The lapidary must torment it upon his wheel, and many hundreds of pounds must be spent before perfection is reached. In some cases two or three thousands of pounds have been expended before the diamond has been brought to its full excellence. So it will be with many of the Lord's people; they are justified, but they are not completely sanctified. Corruption has to be subdued, ignorance removed, unbelief cut away, worldliness taken off, before they can be set in the crown of the great King; for this also the King tarries, and his jewels are not "made up."

Many of the Lord's gems are but partly polished; indeed there are none on earth perfect yet. This is not the land of perfection. Some persons dream of it; their pretensions are but a dream. We have heard some say that they were perfect, but they were *not* perfect in the virtue of humility, or they would not have boasted after so vainglorious a fashion. The saints are still in the Lapidary's hand. The Master is taking off first one angle and then another, and rending away much which we have foolishly cherished; but through this cutting process we shall sparkle gloriously ere long, so that those who knew us on earth will wonder to see the difference in heaven. Perhaps it will be part of the joy of heaven to perceive our conquest over sin, to see how the divine hand has shed a glory and beauty upon the poor dull stones of earth.

The making up is delayed, because *certain of the gems which have been partly polished are missing.* "Oh!" say you, "does the Lord ever lose any of his gems?" No, not for ever, but for a time they may be missing. A certain blue diamond that was very greatly renowned was by some means lost at the time of the French revolution, and has never been heard of since. It is somewhere, however, and God knows where it is, and it is a diamond still; and so there are some of his people who go astray, and we cannot tell where they are; but still "the Lord knoweth them that are his," and "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Backslider, you were once a jewel in the church; you were put down in the book as a church member,

but from the casket of the church Satan stole you. Ah, but you did not belong to him, and he cannot keep you. You have agreed to be his, but your agreement does not stand for anything. You did not belong to yourself, and so you could not give yourself away. Christ has the first and only valid claim to you, and will yet obtain his rights by the omnipotence of his grace. Because of these missing jewels the longsuffering of God waiteth; but the day is coming, its axles are hot with speed, when sardius, and topaz, and carbuncle, shall glisten in the same crown with emerald, and sapphire, and diamond, nor shall ligure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx, or jasper be wanting; they shall all be "set in gold in their inclosings."

III. Upon THE HONOURABLE PRIVILEGE of being numbered with the crown jewels of Jehovah we will utter hardly more than a few sentences, and we will preface them with words of self-examination.

"They shall be mine." This does not include all men, but only "them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Standing in the midst of this immense assembly, and remembering that a very large proportion of my hearers are professors of faith in Christ, I am happy to be in such a great jewel house; but when I reflect that it is a very easy thing indeed to imitate a jewel so that the counterfeit cannot be detected except by the most skilful jeweller, I feel solemnly impressed with the desire that none of you may be deceived. It is not very long ago that a lady possessed a sapphire supposed to be worth £10,000. Without informing her relatives she sold it, and procured an imitation of it so cleverly fashioned that when she died it was valued by a jeweller in order that the probate duty might be paid upon it, and the trustees of the estate actually paid probate duty upon it to our government on £10,000 for what was not really worth more than a few pence, for they imagined that it was the real sapphire. Now, if in examining material jewels men well skilled have been thus deceived, you will not wonder if in connection with the jewels of mind and spirit it is so difficult to detect an imposition. You may deceive the minister, the deacons, and the church; nay, you may easily deceive yourselves and even pay the probate duty; you may be making sacrifices and discharging duties on account of true religion as you think, but really for something which is not worth the name. Beloved in the Lord, be zealous for vital godliness, hate hypocrisy, shun deception, and watch against formality. I will make a pause and give you time in a few minutes of silence to pray that ancient and needful prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." All paste gems, and all the glass imitations, will surely be detected in the day which will burn as an oven. May we be found among the jewels in that dread testing day!

If we shall be the Lord's, then what privileges are ours? Then are we *safe*. If we really pass the scales at the last, there will be no more questionings, suspicions, testings, weighings, or cuttings. If the Great Valuer accepts us as being genuine, then we shall be secure for ever. Nor is this all, beloved; we shall be *honoured*. Remember where the jewels are to shine for ever. Jesus himself shall wear them as his glory and joy. Believers will be unrivalled illustrations of the glory of divine grace throughout all ages.

Can you see our glorious Well-Beloved? There he sits; the adored of angels and admired of men! But what are the ornaments he wears? Worlds were too small to be signets upon his fingers, and the zodiac too poor a thing to bind the sandals of his feet. But oh! how bright he is, how glorious! And what are the jewels which display his beauty? They are souls redeemed by his death from going down into the pit! Blood-washed sinners! Men and women who but for him would have been tormented for ever in the flame, but who now rejoice to sing—"Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto him be glory for ever and ever." So that, once acknowledged to be Christ's, you are not only safe, but you will be in the closest communion with Christ throughout eternity. It is a bliss the thought of which may well flash with vehement flame through your hearts even now, that you are one day to display the glory of Immanuel; that unto the principalities and powers shall be made known, through the church, the manifold wisdom of God. You are to be his "gold rings set with the beryl;" with you as his reward his person will be "as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires." You are so dear to him that he bought you with his own blood because you could not be "gotten for gold, neither could silver be weighed for the price thereof." Your redemption by his death proves that your soul could not be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire, and when the ever-glorious God shall exhibit your sanctified spirit as an illustration of his glorious character and work, no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for your worth will be above rubies; the topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal you, nor shall the precious crystal be compared to you.

But I hear a mournful voice crying, "All this is concerning the precious ones, but there is nothing for me; I was in hopes that there would have been something for a sinner like me." Well, what are you then? Are *you* not a jewel? "No," you cry, "I am not a jewel; I am only a common stone; I am not worth the picking up; I am just one of the many pebbles on the shore of life, and the tide of death will soon wash me into the great ocean of eternity; I am not worthy of God's thoughts; I am not even worth his treading upon; I shall with multitudes be swallowed up in the great deep of wrath and never heard of more!" Soul, didst thou never hear this text? "I say unto you that God is able of *these* stones to raise up children unto Abraham?" What stones were they? They were ordinary loose stones in Jordan's bed. John was standing in the river baptizing, and pointing to those worthless pebbles, not worth the picking up, he said, "God is able of these to raise up children unto Abraham." Even so this night God is able of these stones around me in this vast throng to make gems which shall be his treasure in the day when he makes up his jewels. You cannot thus exalt yourselves, nor can I do it for you, but there is a secret and mysterious process by which by divine art the common stone is transmuted into the diamond, and though you are a stone black with sin, or blood-red with crime, though you are a flinty stone with jagged edges of blasphemy; though you are such a stone as Satan delights to throw at the truth, yet God can new create you into a jewel. He can do it to-night, he can do it in an instant. And do you know the way? There is a wondrous rod with which he works matchless transforma-

tions; that rod is the cross. Jesus Christ suffered that sinners might not suffer. Jesus Christ died that sinners might not die, but that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." Sinner though you be, if you come beneath the cross, and trustingly look up to the sorrows of God's dear Son, you shall be saved, and that salvation includes a complete change of nature, by which you shall fear the Lord and think upon his name, and mingle with those who speak often one to another, with the certainty of being the Lord's when he makes up his jewels.

Among the Thieves and Tramps of St. Giles.

MR. M'CREE AND "BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL DOMESTIC MISSION."

No. II.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

OXFORD Street—one of the main arteries of London fashionable life—occupies a prominent position in the map of Vanity Fair. Walking through it in the daylight, and especially through that portion denominated *New* Oxford Street, we are in the midst of fashion, foppery, frizzed hair, chignons, long-trailing skirts, the richest attire, the superbest carriages, the gayest life; we are surrounded by the most pretentious appearances, and the most assuming airs, for here and there we have aspiring noses, scornful looks, affected movements, curious inspections of others' millinery vagaries, dressmaking whims, and butterfly fancies, created for the hour to be disarranged the next ———

Only half-a-dozen steps, and what a violent contrast! We have left high life behind, and are in the arena of the lowest low life. We are in the Rookeries—once, when its companion alleys were in existence, the terror of all honest folk, the perpetual bugbear of our street-protectors, the resort of law-depredators and of criminals of deepest dye—a true City of Refuge, with, not many years ago, iron gates at its entrance, beyond which no man who respected either the crown of his head or the sole of his foot dare enter, for the one would certainly be broken and the other tripped, unless a full deliverance were speedily rendered of all marketable and convertible things to appease the lawless cries of these criminal horse-leeches. The Rookery is a remnant of past days, when the followers of Jack Sheppard, on their way to some bold enterprise, would ride through with acclamations, and quench their thirst at the tap where their sad earnings were mostly spent. But it is only a remnant, smaller doubtless than a certain class would wish it to be, yet significant of what its past history must have been. I wonder what those fashionably-dressed waiters upon the upper class customers in Oxford Street must think—surely think they must!—of the contrast between high life and low life which daily meets their view. From the front rooms of their well-arranged, gorgeous marts, may be seen all the apishness of ultra-refinement and overstrained good breeding; from the back, all the filth and degradation which humanity in a

civilised nation can well have. Let us attempt to draw the picture. We are in an irregular, narrow, street of old, ricketty, smudged, parti-coloured, dingy hovels. Out of the windows of the first and second storeys, short poles, attached by strings on either side to the wall, and serving for clothes' props and lines, are protruding like so many masts—presenting the appearance of a gala-day in King Poverty's dominions—with smoky-white, tattered and torn rags that have seemingly done duty for aye, suspended as flags. In the road—walk it carefully—we see filth of kinds which delicacy forbids to describe—vegetable refuse, manure, sludge and soap-suds. On the pavement, sitting, sprawling, standing, are women and children of careless attire, with clattering tongues, discoloured faces, and many-tinted, strong-smelling clothes; the women with broad, hard, disfigured, flattened, expressionless faces, and the children growing not only in vice and in devotion to uncleanliness, but also in brutality of features and of actions. Leave nervousness in Oxford-street, and summon up courage to pierce your way through this unearthly maze. You are stared at, and consigned where—God be thanked!—his mercy will never permit us to go. Some of the gentler sex, with arms a-kimbo, growl deeply like ventriloquists. By some of the sterner manhood we, gentle rerder, inoffensive and harmless as we are, are looked upon with suspicion as if we were a policeman in disguise—to us an uncomfortable suspicion, which might have been extremely unpleasant but for the protecting daylight. Up one court, down another, looking in this corner, then in that—"Come Jem, they're —— cracks," or, according to interpretation, sanitary inspectors or swells. Still onward—through mud and stench, up a stone-paved alley, leading to whitewashed overcrowded dens, outside of which were half-nude squalid children rolling over each other; noting here a lodging-house at *three-pence* a night; and there a beer-house, patronised by the best quality—not of liquors, but of residents. Onward still, up another alley, whose houses seem as though they would fall with a shake, with shutters closed, windows broken; then into the street again, to meet another regiment of female squatters. Look below, there are dark, damp kitchens, filled with human beings, of all degrees of destitution and wretchedness—of one prevailing type of ignorance. Look on the ground floor, and in the midst of a worthless miscellany of maimed and mutilated furniture—beds, tables, seats, cracked mugs and jugs, headless, armless, shapeless ornaments, broken all in various ways—may be seen fowls and dogs, boys and girls, mothers and infants. Above, first and second floor, heads are peering out on the scene below. Everywhere you behold the seeds of disease and of premature decay, the offspring of sinful neglect, of vice and drunkenness.

The inhabitants of this street and its arterial branches are mostly low Irish, costermongers, and vagabonds. The costers sort their fruit—some of the peaches, apples, &c., are sold in the most respectable parts of London—in the middle of the street, hence the refuse. It is impossible that they can have any sensible appreciation of the laws of cleanliness, and to those who understand their habits it is a mystery how sanitary inspectors can manage to keep the houses as clean as they are.

* * * * * * * *

"Murder!"—still again, "Murder!"—yet again louder and louder, till the cry is echoed and re-echoed by lusty throats in the street—"Murder!" It is Sunday night; darkness has covered the light of heaven. There is a crowd—a noisy, excitable, vicious assemblage of the great unkempt, unwashed, irreligious residents of the Rookeries. The noise proceeds from a bedroom in a most desolate-looking lodging-house. Opposite, in a room containing seven or eight beds, each accommodating two and three persons of both sexes, a sick-visitor tending to the wants of one Bridget, fallen ill, hears the oft-repeated shriek of "Murder!" He ventures down the creaking stairs, into the street, and enquires the cause of the distress. "Murther was being done," answered some dogged, ill-conditioned lookers-on. "Why don't you go and stop it? Will any gentleman go upstairs with me?" There was no response. "Give me a light, I will go myself." "No, don't, you'll be murthered." But he went, burst open the door, and ran upstairs. One man was brandishing a poker, and trying to force his way into the second floor bedroom, which had been bolted and secured by the women inside. The intruder was struck at with the poker, but the blow fell short. "Halloo, Tim, is that the way in which you salute your best friend?" The maddened man was staggered, sat down on the stairs, and wiped his bleeding forehead. "If the Lord Jesus Christ hadn't sent me here, Tim, there would have been murder done, and your soul would have been lost." At the mention of Christ's name, Tim made, as all true Irish Catholics do, blackguards as they may be, the sign of the cross. "Tim, my boy, don't go on so. What is the matter? Come home along with me, and let us talk it over." The visitor succeeded in getting him home, and apparently the man seemed quieted, and so our friend left him to fulfil his duties in the sick room.

Another cry of "Murther," and yet another. Tim had got back to the scene of his murderous exploits. The poker was being vapoured in the air again, and again Tim was persuaded to leave the house. With light in hand, upstairs went our friend, and found a man beating the door from the inside to get out to execute his designs upon his offending brother Tim. As he broke the door the bottom panels fell out. The visitor put in his candle. The infuriated Irishman fell back for a moment staggered, and so allowed the heroic intruder to creep into the room. "Dan, my boy, what are you doing? Jesus Christ has sent me here (here a mechanically-made sign of the cross by both man and women) to stop you committing murder." The man was calmed, the poker was laid aside, and a lesson was patiently listened to in which the visitor, who was believed at the time to be a "praste," enforced the necessity of brotherly love and forbearance, instancing Peter's asking the Great Master how many times he was to forgive his brother. The name of Peter acts as a charm in teaching the ignorant Irish Catholic, for if he does not understand *one* principle of religion, he knows St. Peter—the rock on which the church is built. And so—to make a long story short—the quarrel was put an end to, the probable consequences averted, and an abiding lesson inculcated.

And all was due to the heroism of one of Mr. M'Cree's most useful helpers—one of the most singular visitors it has been our good fortune to meet with in our wanderings. This Mr. S. G———— has,

since his joining Mr. Brock's church at Bloomsbury Chapel, devoted his leisure time to visiting the sick, and the way in which this is done, and the methods he employs to win souls to the Blessed Christ of God can be best described by the apostle when he cynically retorts, "nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with guile" (2 Cor. xii. 16); or when he asserts the usefulness of any means—"that I might by all means save some." (1 Cor. ix. 22.) As an instance of this craftiness in engaging the attention, I will give two anecdotes.

One Sabbath evening our friend was distributing tracts on Seven Dials, when he saw a dirty-looking fellow with a pipe in his mouth, and a dog under his arm, and having his boots blacked. The following conversation ensued:—

"Good morning, my friend, will you have a little book?"

The stranger stretching out his hand, with a look of surprise cried out, "Halloo!"

From some reason or other—known to no one, not even himself—our friend cried out "Halloo!" also.

"How long have you been up to this dodge?" asked the dirty-looking man with the dog under his arm.

"About three years," was the answer of the man with the tracts in his hand.

"Does it pay?" shrewdly asked the inquisitive stranger.

"Very well indeed."

"Oh yes—anything for an honest living; you may as well do this as anything else."

"Well, rather," replied G———, "for Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"You said it paid well?"

"First rate."

"If it is a fair question to put, what do they stand?"

"A crown."

"A crown!" (drawing up his breath with surprise) "Not so bad either," thinking that a crown a-day was meant.

"The pay safe, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Does it want any introduction to get into it?"

"No; simply apply at the fountain head, and if you suit you'll be taken on directly."

"I suppose it's pretty lasting?"

"For life, if you are faithful."

"Then there's no fear of your getting the sack?"

"No. If you are ever so old, they'll never turn you off. Even then, there's a house to live in and a new coat."

"Well, it's a first-rate affair, and I should like to have a turn at it myself. Do you think I should suit?"

"Yes. I never knew a case yet where one sincerely applied that was refused. But you had better apply to the fountain head."

"Oh, of course I should go to the guv'nor. Where do you apply?"

"To KING JESUS." The spell was broken, and the man took his pipe out of his mouth, and gave a significant whistle. Mr. G——— whistled too, and after a pause said, "Look here, my boy. I've served

the devil for thirty-six years, and was faithful to him. Now I am serving Jesus Christ. He gives me good wages, has prospered me, has promised me a crown of glory, a robe of righteousness, and a mansion to dwell in. If that isn't worth working for, I don't know what is. Good bye."

* * * * * * * *

A steamboat was sailing from Margate to London. It was much crowded with passengers, who had spent the day in jollification. There was a party of fast young men, sitting at the forepart of the vessel, singing all the popular songs of the day, and proclaiming amidst the great approval of those by whom they were surrounded, the meanness of their origin and habits—they were "jolly dogs."

As soon as a slight interval ensued, some faithful Christian man walked up to the said jolly dogs and began to speak to them of the attractiveness of the love of the God-man. He was immediately hounded and hooted. Determined not to be put down, he raised himself on a barrel and began to speak more earnestly. He was thereupon received with redoubled scorn, and another comic song was called for.

G——— who had quietly watched these proceedings, here stepped up, and asked them whether they would like a good recitation. There were cries of "Hear, hear, hear," and "He's a jolly good fellow," "He's one of us." He thereupon gave them a simple ditty, known as "The Lady and the Pie," which thus commenced—

> "To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair,
> For she heard in the city that Jesus was there;
> She marked not the splendour that blazon'd the board,
> But quietly knelt at the feet of her Lord."

The countenances of the wild young fellows dropped, and they began to look upon him with suspicion. At the conclusion of the verses, one of them said, "Oh, he's another religious hypocrite!" and another, "Button up your pockets," while another added assuringly, "That's what I always do." "They're a set of villains and Spurgeon is a thief," for Mr. Spurgeon is the incarnation of every evil with those vapid minds who despise God and religious men. Our friend tried to reason with the rabble crew, as to the decency of their conduct towards the good man who had endeavoured to benefit them by his good advice. He said it was a good thing for some of them who had stigmatized God's people as villains that his Gentile jacket had been taken off him, or he would have thrashed them. For our friend has known what it is to fight fairly and openly in his unregenerate days. Having called them an ignorant lot, the rabble of the world, and by other uncomplimentary metaphors, he commenced to unlock the riddle, by saying that he had caught them like the apostle did others in his days with guile, and thus he preached Jesus the Saviour of the rabble, even for two hours, no signs of weariness and no interruption being shown. They were cooled down, and at the end of the voyage many shook him by the hand, begged his pardon, and assured him that they would never forget the circumstance to the end of their lives.

A popular impression seems to prevail among those who are somewhat fascinated by the symbolism of Roman Catholicism, or who at

least hope better than some of us can for the influence of a vivid externalism, that hidden under much that is superstitious there is a layer of granitic truth which forms a sure basis on which to erect a purer religious system. Unfortunately this is far from a realized fact. Impressible and intelligent natures may be affected by mere symbolism, although the Christianity which is the result of regeneration "profiteth nothing" under the most significant ritualism. But with the people—the mass, almost untold in numbers—who are accredited with the devoutest feeling towards "Holy Church" there is no affinity between symbolical circumstances and spiritual intelligence. Now there are two great contending forces in Seven Dials which are always coming into violent contact. There are a large number of most intelligent professed sceptics, and an equally large—perhaps larger—class of Romanists who profess to have some sort of aptitude for arguing about the truths of religion. The sceptics always get the best of the wrangle because they know most of the Scriptures, while the Romanist scarcely ever reads the Inspired Volume. The latter are reckoned amongst the ignorant who (according to the Missal) are not permitted to read the Word of God, lest they wrest it to their own destruction. Our eccentric friend does battle with these Romanists in a most scientific way, and even among the sceptics he has had some most successful battles. And grand consistent Christians these sceptics make when the power of divine grace has subdued them to Christ. Mr. G ———'s warfare is entirely of the guerilla type, and like Fiddler Joss* he neglects no opportunity to say a stray word for the Master. For instance, he once met an Irishman on the Dials, a real six-footer, who was three-parts drunk, and who was crying out most lustily, "Who are you for? The Pope or Garibaldi!" G——— answered, "I'm for Jesus Christ, who are you for?" "Shure and I'm the same," answered the Irishman. This conversation ultimately led the drunkard to become a teetotaller, and now he is a morally reformed man. To show the ignorance of the poor Irish of everything connected with the leading provisions of the gospel, I will give a sad illustration. G——— the morning following the adventure in the Rookeries already described, visited the house for the purpose of reading to the women who had counselled the violent brothers to listen to what "the gintleman had to say." He read to them, while they were washing, the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel. They were quiet until he came to the words, "Except a man be born again," &c. One of the women dropped her clothes into the tub, and burst out into a fit of laughter, and said, "Shure, ar'nt you pitching it now," and accused him of "making it all up," and argued

* The other day Joshua Poole, or "Fiddler Joss," was on a flying visit to London, and as he made me a visit, I am enabled to give the reader some further tidings of him since my article in p. 255 was published. He has been labouring night and day in Scotland with Richard Weaver with marvellous success; has been in prison for ringing his bell to call together the Glasgow roughs; and by hard and incessant labour he has it is feared injured himself physically. In p. 261, I stated that Joss's addresses to profligate women on a certain occasion had not been successful. He informs me, however, that a large number of women forsook their evil courses on that night; and from knowing one fact—viz., that such women cannot endure quiet thinking—he has managed to lead them to think, which is more than half the battle. I am happy to make this correction of a statement which I borrowed from the *Daily News*.

against the impossibility of a re-birth, just as Nicodemus did. Indeed it is the common experience of those who visit the Catholics of St. Giles that they know nothing of the way of salvation, and are content with believing in the efficacy of good works, by which they mean attending the ceremonial observances of the "Holy Catholic Church."

The last illustration I shall give out of this sick visitor's experiences, will serve to show the necessity of genuine manifested earnestness on the part of all labourers for Christ. Our friend once visited a dying man, a tailor, and his earnestness on that occasion was such that the poor man blessed and thanked God that he had sent some one to see him who really cared for his soul. It appears that a minister of the Episcopal sect had paid him a hurried visit, had read hurriedly and prayed hastily, without pressing eternal considerations upon him. "Sally," said the dying man, when the minister had left, "*that is slop-work;* that man does'nt care about my soul." Oh the evil of being a slop-worker! Had Christ been such where would have been our now steady hopes?

In the former paper, I mentioned that there was a Sunday Visitation Association, of which a very worthy person, Mr. G. Barnard, is the secretary, and a most enthusiastic worker. The room-to-room visitation, under his control, has been largely blessed to the conversion of many. Mr. Barnard preaches in the open air on the Dials, and his earnestness, combined with a temperate address, and appropriateness of subject and manner have made marked impressions on the roughest of men. It is found that the listeners in this district will take no notice of ranting; they must be addressed as men who have something superior to passions upon which to work. If you slightly compliment their understanding —and that you may conscientiously do of many of them—they will think all the better of your wisdom. They appreciate anecdotes and illustrations, especially those which are adduced from the newspapers of the past week. Newspapers they read, or will get some one to read to them. They have a great prejudice against those who are paid for their services as preachers, and would prefer a man living by sin than by the gospel. One of the helpers has a habit of watching the crowd collected to hear Mr. M'Cree preach, and should there be any one who is troubled with the gift of oratory and wishes to interrupt the speaker, the spy manages to draw him away to battle it out with him. Of course others follow to see "fair fight," and thinking there is a disturbance a number of watchers-on will join, and thus another audience is obtained and another sermon preached.

If the reader imagines all this I have been describing is easy work, let him try it, and the probability is that the first attempt would be a failure—perhaps worse. Men and women who patronise such establishments as that in Gibbett Street, where there is an announcement in a barber's window, that "Ladies and gentlemen who have met with a black eye, can have it effectually concealed by a perfectly harmless process!" or who need the application of such a process, are not the easiest characters to influence for good. Yet Mr. M'Cree and his excellent helpers, who devote the little leisure they have to evangelistic work, are possessed of a power which enables them to do pretty much as they please with the coarsest of men. A friend has aptly ascribed

Mr. M'Cree's influence to the invariable law of kindness on which he acts, swathing it always in unseen bands of iron. The following extract from a lecture by Mr. M'Cree will show the character of some of the people of his diocese:—

"In one of my visits I went into a back cellar; there was a bed, a kettle, and a pan,—that was all the furniture. The floor was drenched with filth, and the walls reeking with the wet, and yet they paid two shillings a week for it. I was struck with the ignorance of the man, and I invited him to come to my house to supper, telling him that I wanted to see him. I had this man to supper, and I gave him some coffee, and bread and butter, and other simple fare, and I sat down to talk to him. I asked if he knew anything of the ten commandments?—No.—Did he know who Moses was?—Oh yes; he is the great tailor.—Did he know anything of Jesus?—No; never heard of the name that he knew of.—Could he say the Lord's Prayer?—He could say Our Father; that's all. 'How do you get your living?' I continued. 'I goes into the country to gather herbs, and comes back and sells them. I get up at two o'clock in the morning sometimes, and walks twenty or twenty-four miles into the country, without anything to eat, or a copper in my pocket.' 'Well, and what do you do now on a stormy day, after walking so far without anything to eat or drink, and getting your herbs; what do you do then?'—'I does the best I can, sir.' 'Yes, I have no doubt you do; but how do you do?' 'Well, sir, I have sometimes felt so miserable that I have set down under a hedge and cried.'

"Now, that is only one little history which I have found in that street. One day a man came to me and told me his wife had died. I sympathized with the poor man, and said I hoped that she had died in peace? 'Yes, sir,' the man answered, 'she only asked for one thing, and that was a pork sausage.' Another case was that of a man who made portmanteaus. I went into his room, and found him at work, but he told me he did not want me; he was not a Christian, and did not believe the Bible. He said, 'I tell you what I do, I go into a public-house, and throw down a sovereign, and challenge any man to understand the first chapter he comes at in the Bible, and no one ever can, so I pick my sovereign up again and walk off.' 'Oh!' said I, 'we'll try that now, if you please.' 'I'm willing,' said he. So I sat down beside him. I pulled out my Bible; I opened it at random, and asked him if I had done it fairly. He said, 'Yes.' My eye fell on a verse, and I read, 'Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered;' and I then read the remainder of the 32nd Psalm, and said, 'Do you understand that?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I think I do.' 'Very well,' I said, 'try again.' I opened the book again at random, and read, 'Let all bitterness and wrath, all clamour and evil speaking cease from among you, and put away all malice; but be ye kind one towards another, forgiving one another, as God hath forgiven you.' 'Do you understand that?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said. 'Well, let us try again.' I opened again, and read the chapter which speaks of the duties of the husband and wife, the father and mother, and when I had finished, the man exclaimed, 'Why, bless me, sir, if any one had done that at the public-house I should have lost my sovereign.'"

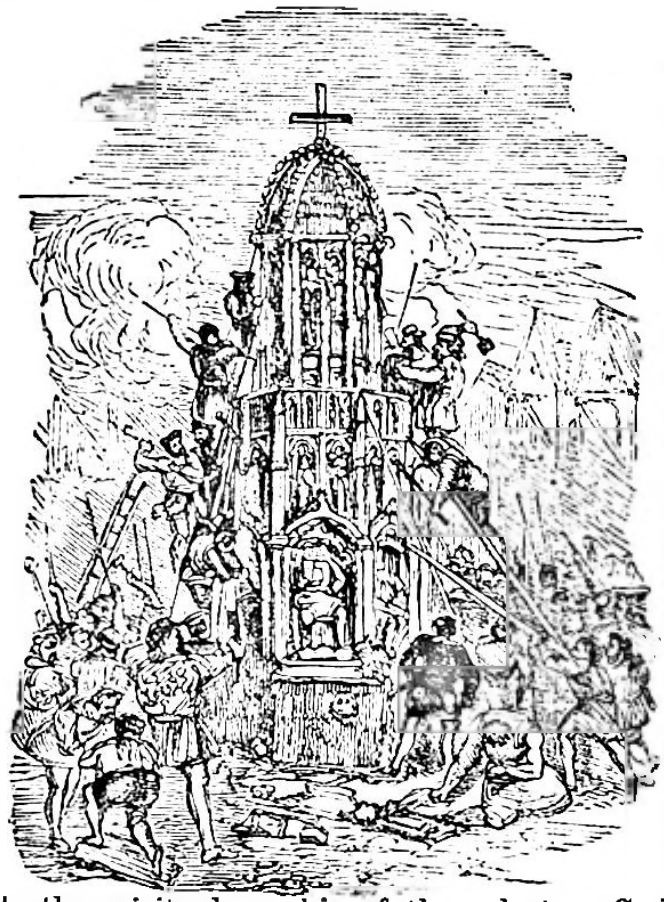
It must not be forgotten that this mission is supported by the church and congregation of Bloomsbury Chapel, over which the Rev. W. Brock presides. Nor would it be just to omit to add how much the whole mission is indebted to the sympathy and personal help afforded by Mr. Brock. The church has done itself high honour in its support of this organization for external aggressive work.

Popish Peltry rightly served.

THE powers of sarcasm, ridicule, and contempt, are never more fittingly exercised than upon the follies and blasphemies of idolatry. Elijah is gloriously scornful as he bids Baal's worshippers "Cry aloud, for he is a god;" and the psalmist is nobly contemptuous as he sings of the idols, "Noses have they, but they smell not, neither speak they through their throat." The godly Israelite never called the ox of Isis by any other name than a calf, and Beelzebul, the god of flies, was to him Beelzebub, the god of dung. Jehu's zeal against Baal found a most fitting form for its display when "they brought forth the images out of the house of Baal, and burned them. And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught-house unto this day." (2 Kings x. 26, 27.) On this account it was that "the Lord said unto Jehu, Because thou hast done well in executing that which is right in mine eyes, and hast done unto the house of Ahab according to all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel." (2 Kings x. 30.) This also was a statute and ordinance in Israel: "But thus shall ye deal with them; ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire." (Deut. vii. 5.)

Mindful of such venerable precedents, and moved by honest indignation, our forefathers, at the time of the Reformation and in succeeding years, poured abundant scorn upon the abominations of Romish idolatry. They were not content to remove the images of jealousy, they destroyed them; and not even satisfied with this, they put the fragments as far as possible to the most ignoble uses, thus showing the thoroughness of their abhorrence of the detestable Antichrist. In these days when superstition is threatening to renovate the shrines of Popish heathenism, it may be well for those who are on the Lord's side to refresh their memories with the records of the brave days of old, hopeful that the like horror of idolatry may yet again seize upon the people, and that the national edifices may be once more thoroughly purged. We at one time shared in the regret that so much architectural ruin was wrought in this kingdom by iconoclastic zeal, but in the light of Puseyism we see far differently, and are sorry that one stone was left upon another, even so much as to commemorate the defiling of this land by the harlot of Babylon. Let the nests come down by all means, and the trees too, rather than invite the unclean birds to return. Better to make antiquaries weep than to cause souls to be lost, better grind into the finest dust every specimen of emblematic tracery and superstitious imagery, however high their art, than leave them as a ladder by which error may again climb into the church of God. It is better when the plague is in a house to burn the most valuable garments than let them remain as a nest for the disease; and who that knows our poor humanity does not see with half an eye that the very beauty and taste displayed in superstitious emblems make them all the more dangerous as temptations to entice men to their use. It would be a good day for England if, with full allowance of the law, chisel and hammer could go to work once more in certain High-church haunts. Any lawless riot we should as much deprecate as

any one, but if our legislators who dictate the fashion of the national religion would but decree its purification from idolatry, every right-minded man would rejoice.



The destruction of the cross in Cheapside is a fair illustration of righteous iconoclastic energy; we doubt not that Heaven approved the deed, and the motives which suggested it. We have been reading with very considerable satisfaction the records of the destruction of superstitious monuments and church furniture in the parish churches of Lincolnshire, exactly three hundred years ago, and as a small tricentenary commemoration we shall give a few selections. We have first, however, a few words to offer. The High-church party shudder at these "works of impiety," but to us they appear to be fruits meet for repentance, the genuine results of loyal attachment to the spiritual worship of the only true God. When the worthy Dean of Durham made the coffins of the priors into swine troughs, and the stoups for holy water into vessels for ignoble kitchen uses, he was far more reverent and Godfearing than when modern ritualists profane the simple breaking of bread in memory of our blessed Lord into a sacrifice for the propitiation of sin. It is true reverence to God to be irreverent towards that which insults him, and a man can scarcely love the Lord Jesus Christ at all who does not hate the mass with all his heart, and soul, and strength. Martin Luther said, "There are many that think I am too fierce against Popedom; on the contrary, I complain that I am, alas! too mild; I wish I could breathe out lightning against Pope and Popedom, and that every word were a thunderbolt." To him it was sufficient recommendation of a caricature to say, "It will vex the Pope horribly and touch the consciences of Papists." Let no man in dealing with the modern revival of Popery be such a simpleton as to dream that moderation and soft speaking are possible, or if possible desirable. It has come to this, that to be loyal to the Lord Jesus we must constantly resent the usurpations of Antichrist. Ritualism is very bold, and so must we be. It does not attempt to conceal its hatred of Protestantism, and we must not compromise matters and prophesy smooth things concerning it. Tracts and volumes are scattered on all hands which teach undisguised Popery, and confidently declare that the Church of England is not and

never has been a Protestant church. For this we do not blame those who so think; on the contrary, we commend their zeal for what they believe; but that which they teach is so execrable, that it is a marvel that a still greater zeal to counteract their teaching is not evinced by all evangelical Christians. From a tract before us issued by the Ritualists as one of a series, entitled, "Tracts on the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England," we cull the following specimen extract concerning the celebration of that Tractarian hocus-pocus which they profanely call the Holy Eucharist:—

"First of all, there is required an *Altar* of wood or stone, which represents the Cross on which Jesus Christ offered himself as a propitiation for the sins of the whole world. This is raised on steps to represent how Jesus suffered on a mountain—the hill of Calvary. On the Altar the Church appoints two lights to be kept burning during the Liturgy, by which are set forth the two natures—His Godhead and Manhood, which are both shewn forth in this great and mysterious sacrifice, in which His Body and Blood, together with His Human Soul and His Sacred Divinity become present in sacramental mystery, and are offered to the Father on behalf of His Church. Between the lights there is usually a cross, to remind us still further that in this mystery the Passion and Death of Christ are set forth in an especial manner. All the ceremonies of the Priest are full of meaning—When he goes to the south side of the Altar to recite the Collect and Epistle, and passes to the north side to read the Gospel, and returns to the middle to repeat the Creed and so on. The carrying of the elements from the credence to the Altar, shews forth how Jesus was led as a lamb to the slaughter. The mixing of the cup of wine and water shews the mysterious union between Christ and His Church, and also represents the blood and water, which flowed from the wounded side of our Lord on the cross. These elements are properly prepared and are then offered on the Altar, not then as a proper sacrifice, but as a kind of first-fruits of our substance; but at the Prayer of Consecration—in which the sacrifice proper consists—a great change takes place. The Priest lifts the paten to commemorate the lifting up of Christ on the cross; he breaks the bread to signify the breaking of that Holy Body: he lays his hand upon it to transfer the sins of the people to the victim, and as he pronounces the words of consecration 'THIS IS MY BODY'—'THIS IS MY BLOOD' the great action is accomplished, the Christian Sacrifice is completed. The sacred Humanity and Divinity of Christ have come into the elements: by the separate consecration of His Body and of His Blood, He has undergone not a *real* (that He did once only on the Cross), but a mystical death, corresponding to the slaying of the victim in the Jewish sacrifice, and He lies on the Altar concealed under the lowly form of bread and wine, ready, like the victim of old, to be consumed by the Priest and the people. This then, Jacob, is the most important and holy rite of the Christian Church, the rite which alone constitutes Church worship, and to which all other acts of prayer and service—whether of the Church, or families, or of individuals—are but subordinate and dependent parts. And the essence of the Sacrifice consists in the consecration of the bread and wine, to be the Body and Blood of Christ."

After this, let the reader's patience submit to the perusal of a direction for obtaining pardon of sin offered in "The Little Primer," another precious production of the Anglican clergy. "If you find the burden very heavy, and if you wish to be entirely washed of the sins, go to a priest and ask him to give you absolution. Tell him what is on your mind, and ask his advice; but the advice alone will do no good, the thing you must have is absolution. That is the way appointed by Christ for blotting out sin." As we are not every day personally pestered with such silly pretences we can think of them with some patience, but if they were now, as they soon will be, thrust constantly in our way, would it be at all wonderful if the coarser spirits even exceeded the bounds of propriety and manifested their justifiable indignation in ways to be regretted. Certain violent persons in the Reforming days hanged a cat on a gallows beside the cross in Cheapside, arrayed in a chasuble, with its head shaved to imitate the priestly tonsure, and a representation of the wafer between its paws. Those whose errors provoked such mockery were vastly more to be blamed than those who perpetrated it, but this form of ridicule was too weak to answer any desirable end. It would be perfectly legitimate for the sellers of dolls to dress them after the fashion of the clergy, and so allow the children in the nursery to participate in the sports practised by infantile minds in the churches, but the sorrowful side of the business forbids that our ridicule should be mere frivolity. Our contempt for sacramentarianism should be deep and solemn, and our words of ridicule must be dictated by an overwhelming sense of indignation at the insults offered to the majesty of Heaven by the system of which the ceremonial and the ritual are but an outgrowth. When Bonner had forcibly dressed Rowland Taylor in priestly robes, that brave servant of God set his hands to his sides, and walking up and down said, "How say you, my lord, am I not a goodly fool? How say you, my masters, if I were in Cheapside, should I not have boys to laugh at these apish tricks and trumpery?" Such ridicule which came from a heart prepared to endure the flaming faggot is such as the noblest instincts of nature will not only excuse but commend. If my neighbour's idols are not matters of horror to me, it is indecorous that they should excite my scorn, but if I feel in my heart's core that they insult my God, I shall from purest love to God and my neighbour pour contempt upon his fond delusions.

We must, however, carefully guard against bearing the slightest illwill towards those who so grievously provoke us by provoking our God. Former ages have been unable to distinguish between hatred of error and hatred of men holding the error; but now we have learned the lesson we must not forget it. Evil and especially the evil of idolatry is to be loathed and denounced, but no weapon is to be used in its extermination but that which is spiritual; carnal force may be left to our opponents if they are witless enough to use it, but let the spiritual be ours. One reservation however we do make, we would not touch a hair of any man's head, but we would not spare his idols if we had a right to break them. To religious associations which sustain themselves and make no demand upon any but their voluntary votaries our laws allow a toleration which is their right before the secular tribunal; but when a sect accepts the pay of the state in the form of tithes, and puts itself under national jurisdiction, it has of its own accord become amenable

to human law, and every means should be used to prevent its violating the national will. It has appealed unto Cæsar, and unto Cæsar it should go. If we were churchwardens we would remove every rag, candle, flowerpot, vestment and instrument of Popery from the national edifices over which we had charge, and if we were in any degree connected with the Anglican establishment and held evangelical views, we would in a quiet, orderly, but very decided way purge and cleanse the parish churches, and if the law punished us for so doing, we would have done with a community oppressed by such a law. If the Evangelicals had possessed the courage of mice they would have organized societies in all the parishes, and would have appointed discreet and respectable persons in each town to cleanse out all trumpery as soon as it was introduced into the churches, and they would have raised a national fund to defend all such appointed persons in case of their being prosecuted. If the Evangelicals had been as they should be, they would have had their heroes by this time, who would have run risks in resisting innovations, and have gloried in being martyrs in such a cause, but we fear that we must look in vain to that quarter. We turn from the churchwardens of the present to their predecessors in better days, and note with pleasure how they brake in pieces the images and defiled the altars. We give the items in the original spelling.

Sometimes the superstitious matters were put to serviceable purposes in connection with the church.

Itm̃ one cope whearof is made a clothe for the coïon *(communion)* table.

Itm̃ a hollie water fatt crwete and suche like—was the said fyrst year meltid and occupied aboute the mending of o^{r} church.

Itm̃ iij altar stones—Brokne in peces and Laid wth in the porch one of theim and thother ij wee have made stepping stones of at o^{r} church yard stile.

Itm̃ the roode lofte taken downe anno 1562 and was burnte sens christmas last by a plumer that we hired to amend o^{r} leades.

At other times the instruments of idolatry were utterly destroyed.

Itm̃ the mass bookes the processioners the manuell and all such peltrei of the popes sinfull service—was made away torne and defacid in the second or third yeare of the Reigne of o^{r} soueraigne Ladie that now is.

Imp^{9}mis the Image of the Rood mary and Johañ and an other ymage of papistry was burnt by Thoms pank in the p^{9}sens *(presence)* of Symond doddes & m^{tres} Elizabeth Lynne Thoms̃ panke & John normanton churchwardens then.

Itm̃ a sepulker wth litle Jack*—broken in peces one year ago but litle Jack was broken in peces this yeare by the said churchwardens.

Itm̃ one sacring bell†—willm̃ Eland had and hong it by his horse eare a long tyme but nowe yt is broken.

Itm̃ a messe boke a graile a portess and a mannell cutt in peces

* It was a common thing among the Reformed to call the wafer by the name of Jack-in-the-box, Little Jack, Round Robin, the Sacrament of the Halter, and such like terms. They did not treat tenderly this detestable mockery of our incarnate God.

† A bell rung during mass.

before my lord of Lincoln iiij yeres sens when he was there and preaching.

Itm the Rood marye and John and all other Idoles and pyctours mass bookes legend bookes and all other papisticall bookes and serymonyes was openlye burned at the Crosse called the markett Crosse in the seid yeare Master willm Porter then beyng alderman.

Itm the Rood wth Marie and John wth the rest of the Idolatrous Imageis belonging to th^r^abom^r^iable mass—was brent *(burnt)* iij yeares ago in or market place in the pnce *(presence)* of the pishners *(parishioners)* Thomas Rawlinson and Richard Cater being churchwardens.

Frequently the matters were sold and put to excellent use by the purchasers, or sent home to those who had formerly lent or given them.

Itm the Sensors crwetes and such like trash—was sold by the said churchward and defacid.

Itm all the mas bookes and all bookes of papistrie—were torne in peces in a° pmo Eliz and sold to pedlers to lap spice in.

Itm one crewett cruste in peces and sold to a plu^r^mer *(plumber)* for sawdar.

Itm one hallywater fatt of lead sold to george verna^r^ 1565 and he haith melted y^t^ and made (*sic*) mylke vessell thereof.

Itm a rood loft—sold to Richard Langlandes of the said pishe *(parish)* sence M^r^ Archdeacon his visitacon Anno Dni 1565 by Willm walton and Richard ffoorman and is by the said Longlandes broken in peces who haithe nowe made a bridge for his sheep to go over into his pasture.

Itm one candlestick and one hallywater fatt sold to willm Brinckill sens the last visitacō.

Itm a towell sold to Laurene Pane sens the last visitacon And he occupieth yt on his table.

Itm to Robert Bellamee ij corporax^r^* sold this yere wherof his wief made of one a stomacher for her wench and of thother being ript she will make a purse.

Rood loft was take^r^ down parte of it ij yeres agoe & part at Christems last and it is sold to Mr. John Shefleild to mak scaling.

Itm one vestmt one alb ffanell stools wth such like linnen appertaininge to the popishe preist a mass book and a pax wth such trifling tromprie belonging to the sinfull service of the popish preist—was delieuerid to S^r^ James Bancroft A° pmo Elicabth of whome wee had ye same the fyrst yeare of Quene Marie the said preston and Skipworth being churchwardens.

Itm ij altar stones—whch is defacid and Laid in high waies and serveth as bridges for sheepe and cattall to go on so that their nowe remaineth no trashe nor tromprie of popish peltrie in or said church of Keilbie. *(Churchwardens of Keilbie, how is it now?)*

Itm one holly water fatt of stone wch or said vicare haith made a swines troughe of.

Itm one sacringe bell wch Thomas Carter had and he haith made a horse bell therof to hange at a horses eare.

Itm a sacringe bell—sold to Austen Earle to put about a calues neck.

* A linen cloth used in the mass.

Itm̃ the roode loft was sold by the said John Somercote & John flowers vnto the said John Audeleye who made a bedde of yt.

Itm̃ one old awble geven awaie to poor folkes in the towne in a° pm̃o Eliz and the haue made clowtes for their childerne ther of.

Itm̃ one pillowe wch laie on thaltare *(the altar)* geven to a maide to make her a stomacher of.

Itm̃ one amysse* geven a waie to a poore woman wch she made her child a sherte of.

Itm̃ iij altare stones—lynge in o̅r churche at this pn̄te vnpavid two of them wch shalbe broken and one lieth at M'. Harr'gt'ns fier back *(the back of the fire-place)*.

Itm̃ the roode loft—taken downe and sold to Johnne Templema' who haith defaced the same and made a hovell therof.

It may be long before a reformation so godly and thorough shall again be made, but there is need of it, and it ought to be attempted by every legal process known. Perhaps the statutes which purified the churches so long ago may still remain unrepealed; if so, let them be enforced. The sooner we have no national church the better for all concerned, but if we must have such an incubus, at any rate let it be kept commonly sweet and decent. When our law cannot remove a nuisance, it restrains it within limits, and if no act of Parliament can at present be passed ridding us of state-patronage, at least let it not patronise what many believe to be quite as gross an evil as the Pope of Rome and his detestable enormities.

Across the Irish channel, where as yet ritualism has done but little in the Establishment, there comes a voice which perhaps may stir to action some sluggish Anglican who would sneer at our cries of alarm. Bishop Gregg of Cork gave the following manly utterance in his late charge. Episcopalians hear it and act upon it. "What claims, then, those persons can have to the title of true ministers, or sound members of our Church, who call the holy table 'altar' and the consecrated bread 'sacrifice,' it is not easy for us to say. Their attachment to Protestantism, and their loyalty to their Prayer-book, seem, to say the least, doubtful, and their inclination to a kind of Romanism and to a kind of mass is, I fear, undoubted. We see men in these degenerate days, ministers and pastors of our Church, as they are called, perverting, not preaching the Gospel; subverting, not building up souls; making very little of Christ and his work, and very much of themselves and their own. They turn away the minds of men immortal, so far as they can, from the fulness and all-sufficiency of Christ and the gracious work of the Spirit to beggarly elements of human device unknown to pure and early time, and endeavour to fix them on sights and shows, or dresses of clergy, on colours and forms and figures on turning now to this side and this thing, and again bending and bowing to that side and that thing; one time they gabble in one part of the service and again they mutter in another, as if clergymen were showmen or necromancers, and the laity were only babies to be amused, and fools to trifle with, not to teach. Frivolities and fantasies are such things; they act only on the senses, or perhaps at best engage the imagination, but satisfy not in any degree the deep require-

* A linen vestment worn by the priest at mass.

ments and longings and yearnings of the soul. Such trifling and puerility the people could have equally well, and with as much benefit, in theatres, or even in heathen temples, with an idolatrous service, and from pagan priests. Such teachers wrong the laity, and rob them of their rights. I wonder the laity can submit to it. The laity constitute the largest portion of the church by many degrees; for them are the clergy maintained, and for them are the fabric of the church and its system upheld, and yet they allow a state of things to go on in the service of the church which pains every pious mind while it starves the soul, and from which the manly mind recoils—a state that is an insult to the understanding, a perversion and misrepresentation of the Christian religion, and a degradation of the church. Ritualism, as it is called, is childish—not bad enough of itself to do us harm, but as symbolizing corrupt doctrines it bodes us no good, but is ominous of evil. It pretends, indeed, religion and promises peace, but it is an engine of war—a device of the foe. It menaces our safety, and a breach has been made for it in our walls; but draw it not in, allow it not to enter; '*Equo ne credite Teucri.*'"

The Minister's Aim, and the Saviour's Work.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for *the sins of* the whole world."—1 John ii. 1, 2.

THE chief end of the Christian ministry is to bring our spiritual children to forsake sin. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not." It is not *to feed ourselves*, like those mentioned in Ezekiel xxxiv. 2, 3: "Wo to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed: but ye feed not the flock." It is not *to exalt ourselves*, like the Pharisees, who loved the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief places at synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, "Rabbi, Rabbi." It is not *to attract the eye of men to ourselves*, like the wandering star in the winter sky—"Wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." It is not *to please you*—to flatter and console you, and thus to make you slip easily into eternity. "For if I please men, I shall not be the servant of Christ." And the more abundantly we love you the less will we be loved. It is not even *to save your souls from hell*, though that be part of the work of the Christian ministry—to awaken you who are slumbering on the brink of perdition, to draw you to the Lord Jesus Christ, to fill you with joy and peace in believing—even this is not the *chief end of our ministry*. What then?

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* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript.

I. To bring you to give up your sins. "Little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not." This was the end of all John's preaching, and it is the end of mine—to bring you to give up your heart sins, your eye sins, your hand sins—to bring you into the image of God. If we stop short of this, we stop short of what Christ aims at—what Christ died for. He gave himself for us that he might redeem us and purify us; and when he prays to the Father, he says, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." It were an easy thing for Christ to take his own out of the world along with him. He has only to say the word, and we should be this day with him in Paradise; but no, he wants us to stay and glorify his Father in the world—with a wicked heart within and a wicked world without, yet to be kept from the evil. James says, that if you convert a sinner, you save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins. If you are really brought to Christ you will be saved from many a dishonour that would have been done to God. Is it so with you, dear friends? Many of you think you have been saved. Have you been saved from your *sins?* Have the fountains of corruption been stopped up? If not, our labour is lost labour.

Observe again, that *it is believing these things that will save you from your sins.* John had told them of the way of fellowship with God, and of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. If the Spirit carry home these things to your heart you will no more be the slave of sin; these truths, and these alone, will keep you from sin. See the error of many with respect to temperance societies. They make them another gospel; they try to keep you from sinning by something different from this, whereas nothing but heart-fellowship with God will do it. See the error of those who think to keep the people from crime by multiplying the police of the country. You may multiply your police, and jails and judges as much as you will, you will never turn one heart from sin. The truth as it is in Jesus freely preached and wrought into the heart by the Holy Spirit alone; that will keep you from sin. See the error of cold, moral preaching. Some pastors spend their strength in telling their people to avoid sin—to be honest, to be sober, to be industrious, to follow Christ as a pattern—but they do not show them how they are to be forgiven and to be born again; they keep back the very truths which the Spirit uses to make people avoid all sin. These are blind leaders of the blind. How well might a sinful man reply, "I cannot follow these virtues so long as I have this load of guilt on my back, and an unholy heart within"! Believe me, there is nothing but a living reception of the truth as it is in Jesus that will lead men to flee from sin. Rowland Hill used to say, that no sermon was worth anything that had not three "R's" in it—"*Ruin* by the fall, *Righteousness* by Christ, and *Regeneration* by the Spirit." Are any of you thirsting after holiness, and feeling the hardness and vileness of your heart? Come, cleave to this Jesus; try this sweet fellowship with God. Come into the light, and walk in the light, then, filled with his sweet light, you will be kept from the power of all sin.

II. It is possible to sin after conversion. "If any man sin." It is a deeply interesting enquiry by one newly come to Christ, "Shall

I ever sin any more?" Now, it is the answer of the Bible, that it is, alas! too possible to sin after conversion. The sins of Bible-saints are recorded just to show you this. You read of David, the man after God's own heart, falling into adultery. You remember Hezekiah, when God healed him of his sickness, he said, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee as I do this day. I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul." And yet, in a few days after, when the ambassadors from Babylon came, his heart was lifted up with vanity, and he showed them, out of pride, all that was in his treasures. How many of you are like Hezekiah! You remember Peter, when he sat at the Lord's table, he said, with all his affectionate heart, "Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake." And yet, the same night, before the cock crew, denied him with oaths and curses. Are there none of you like Peter? At the last communion you resolved to follow Christ to death, and yet, how soon have you denied him! You remember Paul says, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) there dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not," &c. Are there any of you who do not feel this? Then that is a proof that you are dead, for the dead have no feeling. Those of you who know your own hearts, know that your sins since believing are your *most grievous* sins. They are the sins that are most hateful to God, and they lie heaviest on you.

1. *They are done against God the Father.* Before you came to Christ you did not feel the love of the Father, you were without God in the world, and therefore it was no wonder that you sinned against him; but you have come into the love of God and have left it again. Suppose the prodigal, newly come into the embrace of his father, having the best robe put upon him, the ring on his hand, and the shoes on his feet, suppose he should leave his father's house once more, trample on the best robe, fling away the golden ring, and leave his father's arms to go again to feed the swine; would not this grieve the father? Are there none of you that thus grieve your heavenly Father?

2. *It is done against the Son.* "If it had been an enemy that reproached me then I could have borne it; but it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance." You remember how sad it made Christ at the supper table, when he thought that Judas was to betray him, "Then was Jesus troubled in spirit." Not that Judas ever was a child of God, for Jesus expressly says, "He was a devil," but he was amongst his disciples. How much more will he feel it if one who is really a disciple sins against him! When Peter denied his Lord, the lie had not ceased to echo through the vaulted palace when the cock crew, and the Saviour turned and looked on Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly. The thorns were sharp that pierced the Saviour's brow, but Peter's lie pierced deeper; it pierced the Saviour's *heart.* And so do your lies, O children of God!

3. *It is done against the Holy Spirit.* In Ephesians iv. 29, 30, Paul says, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Which shows that the sins of the tongue, rash, angry words, impure, vile words, from the lips of God's children, go to the heart of the gentle Spirit. His own words are all pure words, as silver purified in a furnace of earth seven times. Ah!

how often you have grieved him! If sins before believing are like mountains, what are sins after believing like? Sin is nowhere so vile as in the heart of a child of God. The spots of sin are filthiest upon the fine linen of a believer's garments. When the men of the world sin, they know not what they do. They never saw the evil of sin; but you have seen it, you have seen it on the head of Jesus. How vile to sin more that grace may abound! "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me!" Oh if you felt the evil of sin as you ought to feel it, surely you would long to be freed from it, and would not be unwilling to depart and be with Christ, where no sin can enter.

III. THE WAY OF FORGIVENESS TO BACKSLIDERS.

1. *You cannot plead your own cause.* Backsliders always attempt this. When a saint falls into sin, and falls into darkness and discomfort, he even thinks he will plead his cause with God. He tries to excuse his sin, to make it appear less vile than it really is. He speaks of his temptations, tries to throw the blame on Satan or on friends, sometimes even he throws the blame on God, as Adam did: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Many secretly blame God that he did not keep them in the hour of temptation. My beloved, if there are any of you thus filling your mouths with arguments, learn that it is all in vain. "He that hideth his sins shall not prosper." In the balance of God you are weighed already, and found wanting. In the light of his countenance your excuses are only aggravations of your sins. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity." "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." "Return unto me, O Israel, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Your mouth must be stopped, and you must stand again guilty before God. "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy."

2. *Lay your case in the hands of your Advocate.* "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous." Now here I will just show you how willing he is to undertake your case. (1st.) *Remember how willing he was to receive you at first.* You were a lost sheep, under wrath, under condemnation, and under the curse. You were cast out into the open field to the loathing of your person, polluted and lying in your own blood, and the Saviour found you; he spread his skirt over you. He washed you and justified you when you were ungodly. Now you have fallen into sin again, are you afraid to go back to him? Did he use you so ill the first time, that you dare not go again? But you say, "I am worse than I was then; I have fallen into deeper guilt." True; but you are still lost. Go to him *as lost.* You are not lower than lost, unless you have fallen into hell; that is to be lost beyond recovery. But as long as you are out of hell you may go freely to Christ. (2nd.) *He is engaged to carry every one of his sheep home.* In Luke xv. it is said, when he findeth the lost sheep, "He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home,"—no word of losing his sheep by the way, no word of letting it down off his shoulder, no word of the sheep missing its eternal home. Oh no; it cannot be. "He that scattereth them shall gather them, and keep them as a shepherd doth his flock." If ever it leaps down off his shoulders, you may be sure he will quickly gather it again; for he says,

"This is my Father's will, that of all which he has given me I should lose nothing, but raise it up at the last day." Go to him, then, because he is a faithful Shepherd. Put him upon fulfilling his Father's will, and he will take you up again. You "shall never perish." (3rd.) *Remember how he has received penitent backsliders.* "Go, tell his disciples *and Peter* that he goeth before you into Galilee." "Children, have ye any meat?"

IV. Last of all, this shows that IF HE UNDERTAKE YOUR CASE HE WILL OBTAIN PARDON FOR YOU.

1. *He is* "*an Advocate with the Father.*" If it were an advocacy with some great enemy, then the matter might be doubtful; but he is "an Advocate with *the Father.*" The Father's heart is as much inclined to aid us as the Son's. "I and my Father are one." They have but one will between them, one heart. "God is love," and Christ is love; love manifested by death. If the Son takes up your case, you may be sure the Father will grant it. When the Judge and the Advocate are of one mind, you may be sure of pardon and acceptance. Indeed, the Father gave us to the Son to be redeemed. And Christ says, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." The Father gave us in charge to Christ, so that he will be sure to redeem us, and not lose any of us, and therefore Christ has not cast us out; and when he takes us to the Father, the Father will not cast us out.

2. *He is* THE "*righteous,*" *and* THE "*propitiation.*" The office of an advocate is to plead law and justice. He does not stand to beg anything as a favour. He stands with the statute book in his hand to prove, that according to law and justice the prisoner at the bar should be acquitted. Such is the office of Christ at the bar of heaven. He is an advocate with the Father. He stands there with the law of God in his hand. He pleads nothing but what is according to that law, and magnifying to that law: "I am not come to destroy the law but to fulfil it." This is his word in heaven as much as it was on earth. He admits that we have sinned, and sinned infinitely. He admits the load of guilt that is on our souls. He sees it in all its malignity and vileness. His eye is quick to discover sin upon his people. That eye that looked upon Peter sees all the sin that is in the believer. He freely confesses it; but then he pleads that *he is righteous:* "I do always those things that please him. 'I fulfilled all righteousness.' Thou sentest me into the world to stand in the place of sinners—to obey for them, to suffer for them. 'I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.'" He pleads that *he* has suffered the penalty. "He is the propitiation for our sins." He shows his wounds; he shows his blood. Just as the high priest carried in the blood of the sacrifice, and sprinkled it seven times on the mercy seat, and before the mercy seat, so Jesus has passed into the heavens with his own blood, there to appear in the presence of God for us. He bears the marks of his Father's wrath. He bears the scars of God's lightnings. Even in glory, he is the Lamb as it had been slain—the marks are as fresh as if it had been done yesterday. He pleads that this was all suffered for that soul. "I died for that sinner; he does not need to die. The vial of wrath due to that sin was emptied on me." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do

right?" Oh! beloved, why will you live under a guilty conscience, when you have such an Advocate with the Father? Put your case in His hand. He stands there for such as you. "I do not know," says one, "that I ever was one of his people; therefore, I fear he is not an Advocate for me, for he says expressly, 'I pray for them, I pray not for the world.'" It is added, just for such as you: "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." There is not one in all the world that is excluded from that propitiation; then he will be your Advocate also. He is like a well that all may come to—common property. It is a free gift; and if only you will come to this propitiation, he will be your Advocate. But you say, you are of the world; then here is a propitiation for you. Suppose it be so, that you never did come to Christ; still he offers himself to the world. To avoid this you must needs go out of the world. This fountain for sin is a free fountain to the whole world. He that stands beside it cries, "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXII.

(*Concluded from page* 471.)

22 I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

23 Ye that fear the LORD, praise him; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.

24 For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.

25 My praise *shall be* of thee in the great congregation: I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

26 The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the LORD that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.

27 All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the LORD: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

28 For the kingdom *is* the LORD'S: and he *is* the governor among the nations.

29 All *they that be* fat upon earth shall eat and worship: all they that go down to the dust shall bow before him: and none can keep alive his own soul.

30 A seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.

31 They shall come, and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done *this*.

The transition is very marked; from a horrible tempest all is changed into calm. The darkness of Calvary at length passed away from the face of nature, and from the soul of the Redeemer, and beholding the light of his triumph and its

future results the Saviour smiled. We have followed him through the gloom, let us attend him in the returning light. It will be well still to regard the words as a part of our Lord's soliloquy upon the cross, uttered in his mind during the last few moments before his death.

22. "*I will declare thy name unto my brethren.*" The delights of Jesus are always with his church, and hence his thoughts, after much distraction, return at the first moment of relief to their usual channel; he forms fresh designs for the benefit of his beloved ones. He is not ashamed to call them brethren, "Saying, I will declare thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee." Among his first resurrection words were these, "Go to my brethren." In the verse before us, Jesus anticipates happiness in having communication with his people; he purposes to be their teacher and minister, and fixes his mind upon the subject of his discourse. The *name*, *i. e.*, the character and conduct of God are by Jesus Christ's gospel proclaimed to all the holy brotherhood; they behold the fulness of the Godhead dwelling bodily in him, and rejoice greatly to see all the infinite perfections manifested in one who is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. What a precious subject is the name of our God! It is the only one worthy of the only Begotten, whose meat and drink it was to do the Father's will. We may learn from this resolution of our Lord, that one of the most excellent methods of showing our thankfulness for deliverances is to tell to our brethren what the Lord has done for us. We mention our sorrows readily enough; why are we so slow in declaring our deliverances? "*In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.*" Not in a little household gathering merely does our Lord resolve to proclaim his Father's love, but in the great assemblies of his saints, and in the general assembly and church of the first-born. This the Lord Jesus is always doing by his representatives, who are the heralds of salvation, and labour to praise God. In the great universal church Jesus is the One authoritative teacher, and all others, so far as they are worthy to be called teachers, are nothing but echoes of his voice. Jesus, in this second sentence, reveals his object in declaring the divine name, it is that God may be praised; the church continually magnifies Jehovah for manifesting himself in the person of Jesus, and Jesus himself leads the song, and is both precentor and preacher in his church. Delightful are the seasons when Jesus communes with our hearts concerning divine truth; joyful praise is the sure result.

23. "*Ye that fear the Lord praise him.*" The reader must imagine the Saviour as addressing the congregation of the saints. He exhorts the faithful to unite with him in thanksgiving. The description of "fearing the Lord" is very frequent and very instructive; it is the beginning of wisdom, and is an essential sign of grace. "I am a Hebrew and I fear God" was Jonah's confession of faith. Humble awe of God is so necessary a preparation for praising him that none are fit to sing to his honour but such as reverence his word; but this fear is consistent with the highest joy, and is not to be confounded with legal bondage, which is a fear which perfect love casteth out. Holy fear should always keep the key of the singing pew. Where Jesus leads the tune none but holy lips may dare to sing. "*All ye the seed of Jacob glorify him.*" The genius of the gospel is praise. Jew and Gentile saved by sovereign grace should be eager in the blessed work of magnifying the God of our salvation. *All* saints should unite in the song; no tongue may be silent, no heart may be cold. Christ calls us to glorify God, and can we refuse? "*And fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.*" The spiritual Israel all do this, and we hope the day will come when Israel after the flesh will be brought to the same mind. The more we praise God the more reverently shall we fear him, and the deeper our reverence the sweeter our songs. So much does Jesus value praise that we have it here under his dying hand and seal that all the saints must glorify the Lord.

24. "*For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted.*" Here is good matter and motive for praise. The experience of our covenant Head and Representative should encourage all of us to bless the God of grace.

Never was man so afflicted as our Saviour in body and soul from friends and foes, by heaven and hell, in life and death; he was the foremost in the ranks of the afflicted, but all those afflictions were sent in love, and not because his Father despised and abhorred him. 'Tis true that justice demanded that Christ should bear the burden which as a substitute he undertook to carry, but Jehovah always loved him, and in love laid that load upon him with a view to his ultimate glory and to the accomplishment of the dearest wish of his heart. Under all his woes our Lord was honourable in the Father's sight, the matchless jewel of Jehovah's heart. "*Neither hath he hid his face from him.*" That is to say, the hiding was but temporary, and was soon removed; it was not final and eternal. "*But when he cried unto him, he heard.*" Jesus was heard in that he feared. He cried *in extremis* and *de profundis*, and was speedily answered; he therefore bids his people join him in singing a *Gloria in excelsis.*

Every child of God should seek refreshment for his faith in this testimony of the Man of Sorrows. What Jesus here witnesses is as true to-day as when it was first written. It shall never be said that any man's affliction or poverty prevented his being an accepted suppliant at Jehovah's throne of grace. The meanest applicant is welcome at mercy's door:—

> "None that approach his throne shall find
> A God unfaithful or unkind."

25. "*My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation.*" The one subject of our Master's song is the Lord alone. The Lord and the Lord only is the theme which the believer handleth when he gives himself to imitate Jesus in praise. The word in the original is "from thee,"—true praise is of celestial origin. The rarest harmonies of music are nothing unless they are sincerely consecrated to God by hearts sanctified by the Spirit. The clerk says, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God;" but the choir often sing to the praise and glory of themselves. Oh when shall our service of song be a pure offering? Observe in this verse how Jesus loves the public praises of the saints, and thinks with pleasure of the great congregation. It would be wicked on our part to despise the twos and threes; but, on the other hand, let not the little companies snarl at the greater assemblies as though they were necessarily less pure and less approved, for Jesus loves the praise of the great congregation. "*I will pay my vows before them that fear him.*" Jesus dedicates himself anew to the carrying out of the divine purpose in fulfilment of his vows made in anguish. Did our Lord when he ascended to the skies proclaim amid the redeemed in glory the goodness of Jehovah? And was that the vow here meant? Undoubtedly the publication of the gospel is the constant fulfilment of covenant engagements made by our Surety in the councils of eternity. Messiah vowed to build up a spiritual temple for the Lord, and he will surely keep his word.

26. "*The meek shall eat and be satisfied.*" Mark how the dying Lover of our souls solaces himself with the result of his death. The spiritually poor find a feast in Jesus, they feed upon him to the satisfaction of their hearts; they were famished until he gave himself for them, but now they are filled with royal dainties. The thought thoe joy of his people gave comfort to our expiring Lord. Note the characters who partake of the benefit of his passion; "*the meek*," the humble, and lowly. Lord, make us so. Note also the certainty that gospel provisions shall not be wasted, "*they shall eat;*" and the sure result of such eating, "*and be satisfied.*" "*They shall praise the Lord that seek him.*" For a while they may keep a fast, but their thanksgiving days must and shall come. "*Your heart shall live for ever.*" Your spirits shall not fail through trial, you shall not die of grief, immortal joys shall be your portion. Thus Jesus speaks even from the cross to the troubled seeker. If his dying words are so assuring, what consolation may we not find in the truth that he ever liveth to make intercession for us! They who eat at Jesus' table receive the fulfilment of the promise, "Whosoever eateth of this bread shall live for ever."

27. In reading this verse one is struck with the Messiah's missionary spirit. It is evidently his grand consolation that Jehovah will be known throughout all places of his dominion. "*All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord.*" Out from the inner circle of the present church the blessing is to spread in growing power until the remotest parts of the earth shall be ashamed of their idols, mindful of the true God, penitent for their offences, and unanimously earnest for reconciliation with Jehovah. Then shall false worship cease, "*and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee,*" O thou only living and true God. This hope which was the reward of Jesus is a stimulus to those who fight his battles.

It is well to mark the order of conversion as here set forth; they shall "*remember*"—this is reflection, like the prodigal who came unto himself; "*and turn unto Jehovah*—this is repentance, like Manasseh who left his idols and "*worship*"—this is holy service, as Paul adored the Christ whom once he abhorred.

28. "*For the kingdom is the Lord's.*" As an obedient Son the dying Redeemer rejoiced to know that his Father's interests would prosper through his pains. "The Lord reigneth" was *his* song as it is ours. He who by his own power reigns supreme in the domains of creation and providence, has set up a kingdom of grace, and by the conquering power of the cross that kingdom will grow until all people shall own its sway and proclaim that "*he is the governor among the nations.*" Amid the tumults and disasters of the present the Lord reigneth; but in the halcyon days of peace the rich fruit of his dominion will be apparent to every eye. Great Shepherd, let thy glorious kingdom come.

29. "*All they that be fat upon earth,*" the rich and great are not shut out. Grace now finds the most of its jewels among the poor, but in the latter days the mighty of the earth "*shall eat,*" shall taste of redeeming grace and dying love, and shall "*worship*" with all their hearts the God who deals so bountifully with us in Christ Jesus. Those who are spiritually fat with inward prosperity shall be filled with the marrow of communion, and shall worship the Lord with peculiar fervour. In the covenant of grace Jesus has provided good cheer for our high estate, and he has taken equal care to console us in our humiliation, for the next sentence is, "*all they that go down to the dust shall bow before him.*" There is relief and comfort in bowing before God when our case is at its worst; even amid the dust of death prayer kindles the lamp of hope.

While all who come to God by Jesus Christ are thus blessed, whether they be rich or poor, none of those who despise him may hope for a blessing. "*None can keep alive his own soul.*" This is the stern counterpart of the gospel message of "look and live." There is no salvation out of Christ. We must hold life, and have life as Christ's gift, or we shall die eternally. This is very solid evangelical doctrine, and should be proclaimed in every corner of the earth, that like a great hammer it may break in pieces all self-confidence.

30. "*A seed shall serve him.*" Posterity shall perpetuate the worship of the Most High. The kingdom of truth on earth shall never fail. As one generation is called to its rest, another will arise in its stead. We need have no fear for the true apostolic succession; that is safe enough. "*It shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.*" He will reckon the ages by the succession of the saints, and set his accounts according to the families of the faithful. Generations of sinners come not into the genealogy of the skies. God's family register is not for strangers but for the children only.

31. "*They shall come.*" Sovereign grace shall bring out from among men the bloodbought ones. Nothing shall thwart the divine purpose. The chosen shall come to life, to faith, to pardon, to heaven. In this the dying Saviour finds a sacred satisfaction. Toiling servant of God, be glad at the thought that the eternal purpose of God shall suffer neither let nor hindrance. "*And shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born.*" None of the people

who shall be brought to God by the irresistible attractions of the cross shall be dumb, they shall be able to tell forth the righteousness of the Lord, so that future generations shall know the truth. Fathers shall teach their sons, who shall hand it down to their children; the burden of the story always being "*that he hath done this*," or, that "It is finished." Salvation's glorious work is done, there is peace on earth, and glory in the highest. "It is finished," these were the expiring words of the Lord Jesus, as they are the last words of this Psalm. May we by living faith be enabled to see our salvation finished by the death of Jesus!

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

The Psalm.—This is a kind of gem among the Psalms, and is peculiarly excellent and remarkable. It contains those deep, sublime, and heavy sufferings of Christ, when agonizing in the midst of the terrors and pangs of divine wrath and death which surpass all human thought and comprehension. I know not whether any Psalm throughout the whole book contains matter more weighty, or from which the hearts of the godly can so truly perceive those sighs and groans, inexpressible by man, which their Lord and Head, Jesus Christ, uttered when conflicting for us in the midst of death, and in the midst of the pains and terrors of hell. Wherefore this Psalm ought to be most highly prized by all who have any acquaintance with temptations of faith and spiritual conflicts.—*Martin Luther.*

Verse 1.—When Christ complains of having been forsaken by God, we are not to understand that he was forsaken by the Second Person, or that there was a dissolution of the hypostatic union, or that he lost the favour and friendship of the Father; but he signifies to us that God permitted his human nature to undergo those dreadful torments, and to suffer an ignominious death, from which he could, if he chose, most easily deliver him. Nor did such complaints proceed either from impatience or ignorance, as if Christ were ignorant of the cause of his suffering, or was not most willing to bear such abandonment in his suffering; such complaints were only a declaration of his most bitter sufferings. And whereas, through the whole course of his passion, with such patience did our Lord suffer, as not to let a single groan or sigh escape from him, so now, lest the by-standers may readily believe that he was rendered impassible by some superior power; therefore, when his last moments were nigh, he protests that he is true man, truly passible; forsaken by his Father in his sufferings, the bitterness and acuteness of which he then intimately felt.—*Cardinal Bellarmine.*

Verses 2, 3.—They that have conduit-water come into their houses, if no water come they do not conclude the spring to be dry, but the pipes to be stopped or broken. If prayer speed not, we must be sure that the fault is not in God, but in ourselves; were we but ripe for mercy, he is ready to extend it to us, and even waits for the purpose.—*Joseph Trapp.*

Verse 3.—Were temptations never so black, faith will not hearken to an ill word spoken against God, but will justify God always.—*David Dickson.*

Verse 7.—"To protrude the lower lip is, in the East, considered a very strong indication of contempt. Its employment is chiefly confined to the lower orders."—*Illustrated Commentary.*

Verse 10.—"I was like one forsaken by his parent, and wholly cast upon Providence. I had no father upon earth, and my mother was poor and helpless."—*Poole.*

Verse 23.—Impure and wicked men may sing the praises of God with open mouth, but assuredly they do nothing but pollute and profane his holy name.—*John Calvin.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Whole Psalm.—The volume entitled "Christ on the Cross," by Rev. J. Stevenson, has a sermon upon every verse. We give the headings, they are suggestive. *Verse* 1. The Cry. 2. The Complaint. 3. The Acknowledgment. 4—6. The Contrast. 6. The Reproach. 7. The Mockery. 8. The Taunt. 9, 10. The Appeal. 11. The Entreaty. 12, 13. The Assault. 14. The Faintness. 15. The Exhaustion. 16. The Piercing. 17. The Emaciation. 17. The Insulting Gaze. 18. The Partition of the Garments and Casting Lots. 19—21. The Importunity. 21. The Deliverance. 22. The Gratitude. 23. The Invitation. 24. The Testimony. 25. The Vow. 26. The Satisfaction of the Meek; the Seekers of the Lord praising Him; the Eternal Life. 27. The Conversion of the World. 28. The Enthronement. 29. The Author of the Faith. 30. The Seed. 31. The Everlasting Theme and Occupation. The Finish of the Faith.

Verse 1.—The Saviour's dying cry.

Verse 2.—*Unanswered prayer.* Enquire the reasons for it; encourage our hope concerning it; urge to continuance in importunity.

Verse 3.—Whatever God may do, we must settle it in our minds that he is holy and to be praised.

Verses 4, 5.—Ancient saints. I. Their life. "*They trusted.*" II. Their practice. "*They cried.*" III. Their experience. "*Were not confounded.*" IV. Their voice to us.

Verse 4.—God's faithfulness in past ages a plea for the present.

Verse 6—18.—Full of striking sentences upon our Lord's sufferings.

Verse 11.—A saint's troubles, his arguments in prayer.

Verse 20.—"*My darling.*" A man's soul to be very dear to him.

Verse 21.—*First clause.* "*Lion's mouth.*" Men of cruelty. The devil. Sin. Death. Hell.

Verse 22.—Christ as a brother, a preacher, and a precentor.

Verse 22.—A sweet subject, a glorious preacher, a loving relationship, a heavenly exercise.

Verse 23.—*A threefold duty,* "praise him," "glorify him," "fear him;" *towards one object.* "the Lord;" *for three characters,* "ye that fear him, seed of Jacob, seed of Israel," *which are but one person.*

Glory to God the fruit of the tree on which Jesus died.

Verse 24.—A consoling fact in history attested by universal experience.

(First clause.)—A common fear dispelled.

Verse 25.—Public praise. I. A delightful exercise—"praise." II. A personal participation—"My praise." III. A fitting object—"of thee." IV. A special source—"from thee." V. An appropriate place—"in the great congregation."

(Second clause.)—*Vows.* What vows to make, when and how to make them, and the importance of paying them.

Verse 26.—*Spiritual feasting.* The guests, the food, the host, and the satisfaction.

Seekers who shall be singers. Who they are? What they shall do? When? and what is the reason for expecting that they shall?

Life everlasting. What lives? Source of life. Manner of life. Why for ever? What occupation? What comfort to be derived from it?

Verse 27.—The order of conversion. See the *Exposition.*

The universal triumph of Christianity certain.

Verse 28.—The empire of the King of kings as it is, and as it shall be.

Verse 29.—Grace for the rich, grace for the poor, but all lost without it.

(Last clause.)—A weighty text upon the vanity of self-confidence.

Verse 30.—The perpetuity of the church.

(Last clause.)—Church history, the marrow of all history.

Verse 31.—Future prospects for the church. 1. Conversions certain. 2. Preachers promised. 3. Succeeding generations blest. 4. Gospel published. 5. Christ exalted.

Landslip near Lyme Regis.

A MOONLIGHT VISIT

IN search of health and recreation on a fine summer's evening, I had recently wandered to the humble little village near where the river Axe discharges itself into the sea, when, as there was a probability of early moonlight, I was induced to walk along the pebbly beach towards Lyme Regis to view from its western end the grand effects of this remarkable landslip. Some time since, on a bright day in summer, in company with a genial, warm-hearted friend, I had walked right through the wondrously beautiful undercliff. Starting from Lyme we followed the only narrow path over hillock and dell, through great masses of the most luxuriant tangle of vegetation and amidst huge lumps of rock that had long since fallen from the sides of the hills and cliffs, ever and anon out into open glades where the sun made its influence felt, and then into the cool refresh-

ing glade where the shadow of many a great rock invited to rest and friendly converse; our voices, the only sounds to break the silence, save the occasional cry of a sea-bird, or the chirp of a field cricket, for animated nature seemed to be taking its mid-day *siesta*. It was indeed a time and place for rest and tranquil enjoyment, and what is a holiday worth unless it be entered into heartily, or it might be said lazily? Thus we enjoyed ours, and while we rested our limbs and drank in the beauties of this charming spot, our tongues were active, and my companion awoke the slumbering echoes and startled the rabbits from their sleepy propriety by the grand reverberations of his deep-toned, jolly laughter. Now the circumstances were different, I was alone, the sun had sunk to rest, the shades of evening were drawing on apace as I scrambled over huge rocky fragments that having years since fallen upon the beach still survive the battering of the fierce artillery of the waves, and at length approached the scene of the last slip which is still terribly rugged, though nature has clothed it with much beautiful drapery.

It is singular that while the Isle of Wight undercliff is so well known, that of the Dorset coast, although as I think far more picturesque and beautiful, is comparatively unknown. It stretches for a distance of about six miles west of Lyme Regis; it is probably constantly undergoing change, especially next the sea. The last great disturbance of the land here occurred at Christmas, 1839, and affords, as the Rev. W. D. Conybeare says, "The most remarkable example ever recorded to have occurred within our island of that class of change of the earth's surface which results from the undermining agency of water." On the undercliff beneath the lofty heights, there formerly existed some cottages occupied by labourers working upon the farm above. These men going up to their work on the 24th December found a fissure in the ground over which their path lay, but as these were not uncommon, it did not attract particular notice. The men stayed at the farm to partake of Christmas hospitalities and did not return until near midnight, when they observed that while the fissure seen in the morning still existed, the land on one side of it had sunk about a foot. They seem to have retired to rest, but awoke in great alarm about four o'clock, on finding the cottage walls opening, the floors heaving, and the ground splitting. With great difficulty they scrambled up the cliffs to give the alarm to the farmer. During the whole of Christmas-day the fissures seem gradually to have extended, until at midnight, when the moon was fortunately shining with great brilliancy, two men of the neighbouring coastguard station distinctly saw the great fissure commence, which soon became three-fourths of a mile in length from east to west, about four hundred feet in breadth, and not less than one hundred and sixty-five feet in depth! About the same time two men were crossing the field above when the leg of one sank into the earth and became jammed in a crack, from which he was extricated with difficulty, when they found to their no small fright that the ground was cracking in every direction. There seems to have been no tremulous or shaking motion, and only the noise as of "the tearing of cloth." While this was being observed above, the huge weight of vast masses of rock sinking down into the earth was producing an extraordinary effect upon the beach and sea bottom. Upon the shore were two coast-guardsmen, who seem to have been frightened almost out of their wits, and to have quickly taken to their heels; but they stated that they observed the beach to rise and fall, and that some great dark mass appeared to rise from out the sea amid deafening noises of crashing rocks. It was indeed found that a reef had been formed at from three hundred to five hundred feet distant from the previous water-line, extending fully three quarters of a mile, and was at its highest point forty feet above high-water mark; so that visitors clambered over rocks covered with marine animals and sea-weed which formerly flourished in the sea. This great reef has now entirely disappeared; but from a boat great irregularities of the sea-bottom may be observed as it occasionally passes over large masses of rock upon which the waves have had less effect.

The result of this grand landslip was, that no less than forty acres of what had been valuable agricultural land were entirely broken up and rendered useless, the hedges in many instances were left standing, and portions of them may even now be seen upon detached parts of the soil; an orchard was transplanted, but the trees continue to bear fruit, and the two cottages of the labourers were moved bodily forward to a lower level, the walls being much shattered. This stupendous movement of the earth was not occasioned by earthquake. Happily in this country we know but little of the terrific result of earth movements caused by the action of heat beneath the surface. Mr. Conybeare and Professor Buckland have shown from the nature of the cliffs that water was the agent which in this case wrought so much devastation. They inform us that immediately beneath the surface-sod is a rocky mass of Chalk and cherty sandstone having a thickness of about two hundred feet, which rests on beds of loose sand varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet thick; these again repose on beds of retentive and hard clays (belonging to the formation termed by geologists "the Lias,") which shelve gently down toward the sea. Rain-waters soaking through the pervious strata of rock would wash out and convey to the sea much of the loose sands, by which means, continued for a great length of time, a vast cavity would in part be doubtless formed, while the remainder of the sand would be saturated by water. The superincumbent mass of rock having its vast weight much increased by the rain of a long-continued wet season, at length became so heavy as to crush in upon and squeeze out along the sloping beds of clay great quantities of soft, sandy matter, which of course permitted the rocks above to follow.

It was to renew my acquaintance with this grand work of nature and to observe it from another point of view that I had walked out from Axemouth in the now fading light. Leaving the beach and wending the way through bushes, over and between detached fragments of rock which are everywhere scattered around, I at length struck upon a narrow pathway which led between two great rocky masses so entirely covered by vegetation and brushwood that the feeble evening light was quite obscured, and in total darkness pushed on until voices of children struck upon the ear and induced a deviation in search of them. They proved to be part of the inhabitants of two small cottages built to replace those which had formerly existed, but were destroyed when the land slipped. Here a woman came in answer to an enquiry for a path to Axemouth, and said there was one, but difficult for a stranger, indeed she was not sure that she could find it although she had been there three times in her life! It was a journey of three or four miles. "There was a better way over the top by the path up the cliff past the farm house to a lane which led to the village." The moon had now risen and was shining gloriously, casting a long path of silvery brightness over the sea, which was scarcely disturbed by the gentle summer breeze which played over its bosom. Scores of rabbits gambolled in every opening, scampering off with the utmost alacrity as they caught the sound of my approaching footsteps. On reaching the top, some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, the scene presented to the eye was grand and impressive in a high degree. The beams of the moon reflected back from a bare rock here and there rendered it as visible as at noon-day, while behind it the shadow was so dense that nothing could be distinguished, and when the eye tried to penetrate into the depths immediately below, it was baffled by the impenetrable gloom, which produced impressions of the most profound depths. Pursuing the path, a narrow chasm was skirted over which one could readily have stepped on to a mass of rock of gigantic size which had moved bodily away, leaving a fissure of great depth with perpendicular sides, but nowhere of any great width. Away out in the area between the cliff and the sea lie the rocks in all imaginary confusion; here a mass covered with turf as when it formed part of the farm, now it has sunk a great depth, but yet presents perpendicular sides of considerable altitude on which a footing would be sought in vain; there is a mass nearly as large which has toppled over in its fall, scattering fragments far and wide, while it seems half buried in its own ruins. The play of light and shade form

contrasts of great beauty, while the imagination is awe-struck by the gloomy depths and the remembrance of the mighty power by which the rocks have thus been rent from their foundation. Gradually the face of the heavens became obscured by clouds, and as they veiled the moon the rugged deeps became more and more involved in gloom and darkness. The great growth of shrub and tree and bush, which under daylight afford charming effects of colour and shade, are now one undistinguishable mass of blackness. Not a human sound was to be heard save that of one's own breathing; but the shrill field cricket, the long-continued, sharp and startling whirr of the night jar, and an occasional hoot from an owl with the piercing but plaintive cry of the sea-bird, made a concert such as a lover of nature pent up in London would at any time make a long journey to hear. The track, when it could be distinguished, was in very close proximity to the edge of a precipice of great altitude, and continuing on, one began to look rather anxiously for the farm which was to be the indicator of the lane to the village; as now that the view was obscured and night fast approaching, there was certainly no inducement to be prowling about on the heights; but no farm could be seen, and the path, if such it could fairly be called, soon became lost in a ploughed field bounded by a hedge which so projected over the face of the precipice as to look decidedly ugly under the small amount of light the moon occasionally gave out. However as it was now clear that the right path had not been taken, there was no help for it but either to retrace one's steps and try in the darkness to discover it or to push on, following the general line of coast as closely as possible, in the hope of meeting with some pathway in that direction. As it is never pleasant to journey backwards, it did not require much consideration to determine to scramble through the hedge down a steep bank into a large field, round which on the coast side an opening was sought in vain. Another hedge had to be penetrated which divided a field, descending rapidly toward the sea. This we followed, over very rough ground and through a very scant crop of grain until an opening was seen in the line of hedge. On nearing this we were not a little startled by something which appeared to leap across our path whichever way we determined to go; however, it turned out to be only a poor rabbit caught in a gin hid in the rank foliage near the ditch. Surely, we thought, the sportsman or poacher had acted upon the proverb, "In vain is the snare spread in the sight of any bird." The opening proved to be a gate, scaling which we found ourselves on an open down, where at least the walking was easy; but as there appeared to be no means of descent, it became interesting to consider the best mode of spending the night with the sky for a canopy and the clouds for bed curtains, but as the prospect was not agreeable, notwithstanding just then a glowworm shone out brilliantly, as if ready to light us to rest, we journeyed on and at length came to a descent, so steep indeed that it was difficult to keep one's footing; but still, down, down, (oh! how easy it is to go down!) when lo! suddenly were we brought up by a hedge, that not only was very thick and high, but which, on pushing aside some bushes, we found bounded a deep descent that must not be ventured upon. Now again to ascend! Ah! it is very toilsome work rising in the world! especially when you meet with bogs and sloughs on the way; but after all the labour is repaid, for it is only from the heights physically or mentally that you can see your whereabouts. In the distance a gate was espied; over it, wheel-tracks are here! Follow them, they must lead somewhere! They do; they terminate in a farm-yard. Shall we enquire our way? Alas, the house is all darkness; the place is as still as death. Everybody has been in bed long since. We run the risk of being seized by the leg if the watch-dog is loose, and of being charged as a burglar should we be discovered prowling about the yard in search of another road; at length we find it, open the gate stealthily to awake no one, and am not at all sorry to hear the gushing of a tributary of the Axe, which finds its way from the hills to the village street, and we shortly gain the cottage where rest awaits us. Thankfully we lay down, being soothed by the gently murmuring song of praise ever ascending from the stream which flows beneath our window.—W. R. Selway.

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(Concluded from page 472.)

VIII.

THERE is not a grander thought than that of a man's "wrestling" with his God, if you only think of it under cover of the truth that it is of that God's divine condescension, for the growth and development of the man.

IX.

I WILL not call the church God's committee on earth, "with power to add to its number," but I will call the church God's committee on earth, *to* add to its number, and with abundance of "power from on high" for that purpose. It is only *minus* this power when it contents itself with the formal assertion of it, and ignores the fact that that is its prime purpose in the world. The power is committed unto it for the task, and the task is not to be remitted because there is the power. *Other* committees do not forget this; *they* subject all powers possessed to the object before them; and why this committee of committees should be so guilty of this thing is matter that may fill the heart of us all with remorse, as it cannot but fill the heart of God, so speaking, with inexpressible grief.

X.

ALL earthly life is *subterranean;* but, to the Christian, every Sabbath is like one of those beautiful chambers into which, ever and anon, the subterranean traveller emerges, and from which he derives encouragement to press forward to that Grand Chamber which is at the end of all, and of which these lesser chambers are but kindly promises. The intervening passages may be very difficult, and there may be much hard work to get along *uprightly;* but these beautiful places repay for all; and, at the last, there shall be far too much joy for the traveller even to recall his pains. We only "count the cost" of journeys that disappoint us; and there need be no fear of our journey heavenward on the score of disappointment.

XI.

PEOPLE cannot bear to hear you talk of death; and, certainly, I am anything but one of those who would be always declaiming about it; but the very fact that "people cannot bear it" is proof positive, in this case, that they need such talk; and, if they are terrified by it, *that* is their fault, not yours,—besides, it is good that they should be. Take a case in point. Away, where the wild moorland tells of well-stored coffers in the vaults of nature's bank below, there are yawning cellar-windows, telling of vaults entered, and coffers emptied. Aye, and these cellar-windows come right out on to the footpath sometimes,—I shall never forget my sensations when I once all but stepped down one!—and what do you think the people have gone and done? Why, the strangest thing, surely, you ever heard of in your life. Instead of letting the cellar-openings be, especially when they were all but in the very line of the road, they have gone and grated them over, or walled them round, and erected great posts and signboards, whereon you may read, in black letters on a white ground, or white letters on a black one, "Pit here! Pit here!" What consummate folly! Why could they not let the pitheads be? Terrifying people so! Sending poor strolling beggar-women into frights of fear! Alarming adventurous school-boys! "Pit here! Pit here!" Is not *that* a case in point; and see you not the point of it? Know you not that life's footroad is full of cellar-windows, all leading to one darkest pit of all; and know you not that many are cellar-*openings* rather than cellar-*windows*, and that many of those that are covered are even worse than these—pit-falls, indeed, so strewn as to beguile? Be very thankful, then, and breathe no complaint when we up with our notice-boards, and declare that there is

danger here, danger there, danger everywhere; and do not forget that the evil of a warning, if it be an evil, is in precise ratio with the evil of the danger warned against, though it be the least evil of the two.

XII.

The Christianity that goes into the world's "Highways and Byways" with a scent-bottle, in the one hand, and a white handkerchief, in the other, had much better stay at home, and call in its "private medical attendant."

Morning, Noon, and Night:

OR,

THREE COURSES AT THE BANQUET OF MEDITATION.

Morning.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Malachi iii. 6.

THIS day before I venture into the world I would listen to the voice of my Lord. While the dew is on the grass I would ask for dew upon my soul. I must look for changes, for I am in a world where nothing is fixed and certain. My outward circumstances, my bodily health, my home comforts, all these may undergo an entire change during the fleeting hours of this day. My spiritual experience will, in like manner, be sure to vary; I may this hour awake rejoicing in Christ, and when I have for a little while mingled with the busy world, I may lose my joy and sink into doubts and fears. I am a poor fickle creature; the colours of a chameleon are not more changeable than the feelings of my unstable soul. Let me then listen with *awe* to the words of the Lord, my God. How far is he beyond my comprehension! his immutability is high; I cannot attain unto it. Teach me, O Holy Spirit, evermore to reverence the great and unchangeable Jehovah. But my soul sees an amazing beauty in these words, and I am filled with *delight* in reading them, especially when I mark the concluding sentence, "therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Here is something for my hopes to rest upon; oh that I may have grace to stay myself upon it! The Lord Jehovah is the same in *essence*, for from everlasting to everlasting he is God. In his *attributes*, he suffers no shadow of a turning; he is ever full of wisdom, power, justice, love, and truth, and in none of these can there be a variation. If he loved me yesterday, I may rely upon him to-day. I need not fear that his power or truth shall fail me, for he is like the great mountains and abideth fast for ever. God of my past days, thou hast been my help, and since thou art ever the same, I securely trust in thee for days to come. My Lord is also unchanging in his *plans*. His mind hath from eternity settled the predestined order in which his purposes shall ripen, and the great result which they shall produce; from his intention he will never swerve, but perseveringly pursue his one undeviating course. And now, my soul, refresh thyself with another thought, which is sweeter than the droppings of the honeycomb; his *promises* abide sure. Are not all his promises, yea and Amen in Christ Jesus? Which of them hath he broken? Blessed be his name, *not one good thing hath failed*, and from this I encourage my faith, for since he is the same, none of them ever shall be violated; but all shall be fulfilled. And now I close my morning's meditation with one more precious thought; he is not mutable in the *objects* of his love. He does not love to-day and hate to-morrow: "he hates to put away." His beloved church shall never cease to dwell in the centre of his heart, and never shall the least of her members be allowed to perish. Oh what consolation! I cast my anchor of faith into the depth of this doctrine, and let

everything earthly rock beneath my feet, this truth applied by the Holy Spirit shall hold me fast in the trying hour. May this be my sweet portion all the day—truly it is like "wafers made with honey"—

"Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows."

Noon.

"I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."—Canticles vi. 3.

Oh! for grace to remember in the midst of this day that I am my Beloved's. Blessed be the name of my adorable Lord, he is the *beloved* of my soul. I dare not deny that my heart is enamoured of his beauties and enchanted by his glories. He is better unto me than all things in the world beside. Father, mother, wife or husband, children and friends, all these are dear, but Jesus is dearer far than these. He is my best beloved, the chief one of my heart. How precious is that little word *my!* how delightful to repeat it with the confidence which the gracious Spirit hath fostered in my soul! Yes, he is mine, by his own loving gift. "He loved me, and gave himself for me." And I have taken him to be mine, my hope, my trust, my aim, my strength, my comfort, my heaven, and my all. Thou art *my beloved*, O thou lovely Jesus, and as such, my heart cleaveth fast unto thee.

The text reminds me, that not only is he mine, but I am his, and to this truth I give my hearty assent. I am his by his father's gift, by his own bloody purchase, by his triumphant conquest of my heart, and by my own surrender to him. Remember, my soul, the solemn dedication which thou hast made, for thou hast publicly avouched thyself to be the Lord's. Look back to the solemn hour when thou didst give thyself unreservedly to him, and confess how ill thou hast fulfilled thy promise and covenant. Adored be the grace which has had patience with an unworthy servant whose false heart has so continually violated the most solemn engagements, and forgotten the most pressing obligations. And now let me remind myself of the purport of my vow, or rather the measure of my duty. I am to be Christ's *wholly* without any reserve. All that I am, and all I have, belong only to my Lord Jesus. I must not rob him of his righteous due, or defraud the king's exchequer of the little reverence it claims from me. Then again, I am Christ's *alone*. No one else can share with him, he is the sole owner of my entire being. Rivals he will not endure; let me therefore beware of setting up any idol in my heart, and let me daily pray that I may be preserved as a chaste virgin, having neither love nor look for any but my espoused Husband, Emmanuel, *my Beloved*. It will, under the divine influence of the Holy Spirit, be very useful for me to recollect that I am *always* the rightful property of my Redeemer. I pray that this day, I may acknowledge this truth in the shop, the market, the counting-house, the family, or wherever Providence may call me. My dedication must not end here, I must carry it further than my chamber and my closet. Whatsoever I do, whether I eat or drink, I must do all to his glory.

Have I grace to acknowledge one more fact, I am his *absolutely*, without conditions or limitations? Whatsoever he pleases to do with me I must not murmur, for I am so entirely his that if he slay me he has a right to do what he wills with his own.

Oh that I may henceforth live out these weighty truths, and especially let me seek to do so during the remainder of this day! What shall I do for him to prove my love? How much can I afford to offer to him of my substance before the sun goes down? I will at this time pay a quit-rent to my liege Lord as an acknowledgment, that all my stock belongs to him and not to myself. If he

be pleased to take away some of my treasures ere nightfall, I must endeavour to be resigned, for he does but take of his own, which he had graciously lent unto his servant, yea, if he removes all my comforts from me, it is my business to yield without a murmuring word, for only by so doing can I prove that I am my Beloved's.

My soul, is this painful to thee? then chide thyself and remember who it is to whom thou resignest thyself. Does a wife weep because she is her husband's? Is it not her joy and delight? Surely, when the Spirit enables me to feel aright, I can say, Jesus, I am thine, and it is my honour to be so, I would not be mine own if I could, for my heart's highest ambition is to be thine, entirely thine for ever.

Night.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."—Isaiah xxxv. 4.

Oh how precious is the Word of God! for it contains a cordial for every sickness, a balm for every wound, and here at the close of the day let me console myself with it. How often does a fearful heart weaken and vex the people of God! how well it is that the Holy Spirit has given this word to cheer them in their distresses!

Sometimes GREAT TROUBLES cause the heir of heaven to be much cast down. But why is it so? Are not our fears *groundless*? Do not our troubles work our lasting good? Why need we fear the issue when it is in Jehovah's hands? Our fears *grieve us* more than our afflictions. Our greatest pains spring from our unbelief, not from our trials, for if we had more faith our trials could not make us afraid. Besides this, such fears *weaken us*, they cut the girdle of our loins and take away the staff of our support. We shall have need of all the strength we have; it is neither prudent nor right to allow the life-blood of that strength to flow away from the wounds of our fears. Do not our anxieties *dishonour God*, and cast a reflection upon his power, his wisdom, or his grace? Away with that which casts a slur upon the attributes of God, it is not fit that such a thing should be harboured by a Christian. Once more, Are not such fears very useless things? Who ever derived any advantage from them? Can fears fill an empty cupboard, or restore the health of a dying child? There is something reasonable in strong prayer and earnest activity, but of what value are our fears? When we can prove that they benefit us, we may be almost excused for indulging them, but till then, let us be strong and fear not.

GREAT DUTIES also have a tendency to alarm our poor timorous flesh and blood, but let us remember that the work is the Lord's, we do not go a warfare at our own charges. Our Master will never set us upon a work which is too hard for us. When we have his command we are sure to have his assistance.

BE STRONG, FEAR NOT.

C. H. S.

The Union Meetings.

THE gatherings of our brethren in Liverpool were unspeakably delightful. The hospitalities of the Liverpool friends were beyond all praise. Nothing could exceed the cordial spirit of brotherly love which reigned among us. There was about the whole affair a life of loving earnestness, which augured the happiest future for the Baptist body. It is our assured conviction that the time to favour us, yea the set time is come. Our days of bickering and jealousy have been repented of and left behind; we abjure all petty animosities and self-seekings, and by God's grace we are banded together to build up for the Lord Jesus a firm bulwark for the defence of the truth. One felt when listening to the

prayers and addresses of our brethren that it was no mean thing to be one of them; and when the Holy Spirit's presence was distinctly manifest, one had hope for the future and joy for the present. We must now determine, as far as possible, to get all our churches into associations, and to stir up all the associations to labour both for home and foreign missions with greater zeal. If every one of our churches could endeavour to be the parent of another, it would itself be strengthened by the very process which perhaps it dreads as the means of weakness. We ought to double our numbers in the next ten years, and by God's blessing it may be done, and England's needs require that it should be done. At home our principles are growing, and if we were more bold in proclaiming them, we might soon bring candid minds to decision upon them; abroad we have been honoured in the past with most cheering success; let us put our hand a second time to the work, and expect a renewed blessing. True we are little in Israel, but our time is coming, and as Neander once said, "there is a future for you, Baptists," a future for which we only care because we believe that the spread of our views would promote the purity of the churches, and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Day of Fasting and Prayer.

A MOST remarkable blessing was vouchsafed by the great Head of the church upon a day of fasting and prayer which was solemnly kept by about 120 ministers and students at the Tabernacle in the month of September. It was such a season as few present had ever enjoyed before—a time of melting penitence, and intensely earnest wrestling with God. The result has been felt by those present in the increased power of their ministry, and in a larger measure of success attending their labours. It gave the brethren so distinct an accession of spiritual strength that they long for such another season. Fasting was found to be a great help to prayer; and the devotions being unbroken by the necessary distractions occasioned by taking refreshment, grew more and more fervent, till around the table of the Lord all hearts appeared to glow with love most vehement.

At a meeting of the London Baptist Association this great blessing was spoken of by several who had partaken in it, and the ministers and deacons of the Association were all intent upon setting apart another day, and meeting in a similar manner. The day fixed is one memorable in the history of British Christendom—the fifth of November, and the place selected is in the very heart of London's teeming myriads, viz., Commercial Street, Whitechapel. From eleven to six is to be the season of prayer. The meeting is not public, but is purposely restricted, that only those believed to be in harmony with the engagement and with each other may be present. The constant incoming and outgoing of strangers would mar the quiet solemnity so much desired. It is hoped that believers everywhere, who are aware of the meeting, will, at the appointed hour, as far as possible, join their prayers with ours, that a remarkable blessing may descend upon the whole church of our Lord Jesus Christ. A singular blessing is just now resting upon many, if not most of the Baptist churches in London, and if the auspicious season be earnestly improved, who knows what may come of it? If the Lord would vouchsafe a real and lasting revival of vital godliness, and not allow us to be satisfied with a delusive excitement, we should have new reasons for praising him to all eternity.

Reviews.

God's Sovereignty. A Practical Discourse. By ELISHA COLES. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

OUR esteemed friend Mr. Medhurst, of Glasgow, has sent us the following notice of Elisha Coles, from the pen of the famous Toplady. Having just issued the work at a cheap rate, we are greatly obliged by this paragraph, which must tend to increase the sale:—

"It would be entirely needless to say anything in favour of a book which has given such profitable and universal satisfaction to God's people, of all denominations, for almost a century past: it will, and must ever be considered as one of the choicest treasures which the God of infinite wisdom has vouchsafed to his church since the days of the apostles. It is a work calculated for the instruction, establishment, and consolation of little children, of young men, and of fathers in Christ. Would the newly awakened penitent, the advanced convert, and the repenting saint, wish to read merely for the sake of seeing the light of truth, of feeling the warmth of grace, and of rising into the holy image of God, let them make Elisha Coles their companion, their guide, and their own familiar friend. O ye believers in Jesus, whom God has intrusted with anything above a bare sufficiency of this world's goods, seize the opportunity of furnishing the poor and needy with a book, the best calculated of almost any other to extend the knowledge of gospel salvation, to diffuse the fragrance of gospel comfort, to elevate the glorious standard of gospel grace, and to promote the vital interests of gospel holiness and good works."—From "The Complete Works of Augustus M. Toplady, B.A." In one volume. P. 546.

Essays for the Times on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects. By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THESE essays are all upon popular subjects, and such as are much discussed at the present time. One of them has been delivered as a lecture in Exeter Hall, two have appeared in "The London Quarterly Review," and the rest are of recent date. They display much thought, and contain much good writing. The writer has evidently a powerful mind and a powerful pen. Amidst great charity to others, it is everywhere apparent to what denomination he himself belongs. Wesleyanism is the model Christianity of the age, and combines the excellencies both of Episcopacy and Dissent, without being either the one or the other. There is a vast body of information in the book as a whole, which is indispensable to those who would form right views upon nearly all the stirring questions of the day, and it is conveyed in a literary and attractive form.

The Use of Organs and other Instruments of Music in Christian Worship Indefensible. By JAMES BEGG, D.D., Edinburgh. W. R. M'Phun & Son, Glasgow and London.

WHATEVER our views may be upon the subject here discussed, the arguments adduced are sufficiently clear and powerful to demand impartial consideration. We have seen this book condemned as childish and illogical, but without any attempt to prove it to be such. It is not enough, we are here told, that the New Testament does not forbid any observance in the church, but a positive command is absolutely requisite for the purpose; and upon this, as a first principle, much of the reasoning is based. A goodly array of honoured names are adduced on the author's side. Those, in fact, who wish to see the question of the propriety of introducing instrumental music into the worship of the sanctuary cannot do better than consult this treatise.

Letters on the Social and Political Condition of the Principality of Wales. By HENRY RICHARD. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THESE letters are republished from "The Star" newspaper. They contain a vast mass of information in relation to the

civil, moral, and religious condition of Wales, and have been cordially accepted as a faithful representation by those who are most interested in them. Mr. Richard writes in a correct and vigorous style. His great labour and care to serve the interests of his countrymen will not, we presume, be soon forgotten by them.

God's Day and God's Book. By the Rev. ANDREW BRYDIE, B.A. Andrew Elliot, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

THE recent attack upon the sanctity of the Sabbath has called forth many able defenders in Scotland. Several of the treatises upon the subject have not been controversial merely, but have thoroughly entered into the whole question, and established principles for the benefit of future generations. The one before us is of this class. The history of the Sabbath is traced through the whole of the Sacred Volume, and is presented in a form so new and independent that it will be read, without any sensation of dryness, by all who are really interested in the subject.

Sacred Hours by Living Streams. By the Rev. ROBERT KERR. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THESE Living Streams are pulpit discourses. Well would it be if all pulpit discourses were equally flowing and clear and life-giving. There is a simplicity and genuineness about them that captivates, and more of the beautiful, perhaps, than the sublime. If the living streams do not swell into mighty cataracts, neither do they dwindle into murmuring rills. They are well adapted to spread life and fertility in their course. They are not, strictly speaking, Puritanical in their style or forms of thought, and much less in their rhetorical structure. They furnish excellent examples of the observational method of explaining texts of Scripture, and may be consulted advantageously by many preachers on that account. We readily join in the author's prayer:—"May He, whom to know is life eternal, lead many weary, thirsty, dying souls to rest beside these Living Streams, there to drink new strength and life, and to be, in some measure, thereby fitted on earth for passing up to heaven, to drink with ever-increasing delight from the river of life which issues from the throne of God and the Lamb."

Nest. A Tale of the Early British Christians. By the Rev. J. BONER. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS work is for the most part fictitious. The design is to exhibit the beauty and force of religious freedom, and to speak a good word on behalf of the author's own particular views. We prefer fact to fancy in illustration of gospel principles, but the book is good of its kind.

Home Piety. Vol. I. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS promises to rank high amongst the periodicals of the present age. Its articles are exceedingly diversified; many of the most direct religious tendency, and none in any way injurious to the interests of virtue and true piety. It is calculated to improve both the head and the heart. It is at the same time sufficiently entertaining to render the acquirement of knowledge and good feeling generally attractive.

Notices.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Elders' Bible Class was held on Tuesday evening, September 18th. After tea, Mr. Macgregor, the president of the class, took the chair. Prayer having been offered by Mr. Dransfield and an address given by the chairman, the secretary was called upon to read the report, an epitome of which is appended. The accounts of the "Pastor's College," and "Incidental Expenses" Funds, having been read by the treasurer, the class proceeded to elect their officers for the ensuing year, and the meeting was brought to a close by addresses from Messrs. T. Cook and B. Hackett, and also from some of the members of the class. Annual Report, 1865-66.—In presenting the Second Annual Report of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Elders'

Bible Class, your committee desire to record their gratitude to God, for all the goodness and favour which has attended its course throughout the past year. Since the last annual meeting many changes have taken place with respect to both president and members. Our first president, Mr. Stiff, left us early in the present year, in order that he might devote the whole of his time and energies to the work which he had undertaken for the Lord in his new chapel at Stockwell. On the 16th March the class invited him to tea, in order to present to him a token of their esteem and appreciation of his efforts on their behalf during the fifteen months of his presidency. Mr. Dransfield succeeded Mr. Stiff, and has continued amongst us until September the 9th, on which day he paid us his farewell visit, finding the work of the Lord's-day was more than his strength would permit; and the class would take this opportunity to express their gratitude to him for the many kind words of instruction and advice which it was his delight to give, and would assure him that he will ever hold a place of esteem and respect in their memory. Mr. Macgregor has been appointed by the pastor, acting on behalf of the Elders of the church, and your committee trust that the blessing which has attended the labours of his predecessors may be none the less enjoyed by him. The number of members with which the class commenced the present year, dating from 1st October, 1865, was thirty-seven, of whom eleven have left us, while at the same time we have received an increase of five, leaving thirty-one as the present number on the books. Among the members who have left, your committee would mention Messrs. Heath, Kent, and Pinker, whose loss, though greatly to be regretted, is relieved by the fact, that they are all now employed in spreading abroad the truths and lessons which it was their delight to study while amongst us, and are at the present time engaged, either in the Sabbath school or other similar works. The subjects which have been under consideration during the past year have been varied, though at the same time your committee have endeavoured in the selection to classify them, so as to prevent, as much as possible, a needless disconnection of ideas. The following is a synopsis of the subjects which have engaged our attention:—"Types of Christ; Kings of Israel from Saul to Solomon; Attributes of God; Cities of Palestine; Christian Graces; Mountains of the Bible; New Testament Characters; The presence of the Sacred Trinity;" and others of a miscellaneous description. Ninety papers have been read by thirty members, giving an average of three papers to each during twelve months; the correct account, however, for the members who have been amongst us for the whole of the past year, is as follows, viz.:—one member has read seven papers; two have read six; three have read five; seven have read four; four have read three; three have read two, and six have read one. . . . . In the month of July a quarterly collection was established in order to meet the expenses of the class, which enables the members to feel and exercise an individual interest in its affairs. Your committee desire also to record their conviction that the rules as they now stand are fully adequate for the efficient working of the class, and more especially the Rule numbered 9, providing for the proper regulation of the attendance which has been on the whole, fair; the average of each Sunday being twenty-five out of thirty-four. . . . . Your committee would call your attention to the importance of recognising the mutual dependence of the members, and would suggest that the careful study of the subjects, Sunday by Sunday, if not confined to those reading the papers so much as at present, would lead to a fuller investigation of the Scriptures, and the objects of the class be thereby more thoroughly accomplished. In conclusion, your committee would pray that God, who has graciously led so many of our number to unite themselves to his church on earth, since the commencement of the class, would continue to work by the power of his Spirit on the heart, until we all shall be enabled to rejoice in Christ as our Saviour, and look forward with joy to that meeting, which shall never break up, before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

A tea meeting was recently held in the Assembly Room of the Rosemary Branch Tavern, Southampton Street, Camberwell, in aid of a building fund for the erection of a chapel in connection with the South Street Mission in that locality. Mr. Field, one of the elders of the church at the Tabernacle, has taken this infant cause under his care. Mr. Brown presided at the public meeting, and addresses were given by Mr. Smith, Mr. Bowker, Mr. White, Mr. Charles Brown, Mr. W. Jones, and Mr. Field. The collection amounted to upwards of six pounds, and about fifty-seven pounds had previously been obtained.

On Monday, October 1, 1866, Mr. W. H. J. Page of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at Calne, in Wiltshire. The Rev. J. Lamplough, Wesleyan, of Calne, commenced the afternoon service with reading and prayer. An introductory address was given by the Rev. S. S. Pugh, of Devizes. The usual questions were put to the church and minister by the Rev. J. H. Wood, of Melksham. The Rev. S. S. Pugh offered up special prayer for the pastor. The charge was delivered by the Rev. G. Rogers from the Tabernacle College. The Rev. J. C. Whittaker, of Chippenham, concluded with prayer. Tea was provided in the schoolroom, at which about two hundred attended. At an evening meeting, the pastor presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. H. Wood, the Rev. H. Young, of Melksham, Independent; the Rev. J. C. Whittaker; the Rev. J. Lamplough; the Revs. G. Rogers; J. Murphy, of Swindon; H. Perkins, of Warminster; E. Blewett, of Westbury Leigh; P. F. Pearce, of Frome, and Mr. Spurrier, from Colchester. Seven students met on the occasion, which gave special interest to these meetings. On the previous Sabbath two sermons were preached by Mr. Rogers on occasion of the anniversary of of the chapel, which has recently been greatly improved, and is an ornament to the town. Mr. Page has commenced his ministry here with the most encouraging prospects.

The recognition of Mr. W. Hillier, of the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist church at Cambridge Street, South Shields, took place on Friday the 5th of last month. A service was held in the afternoon, at which the Rev. E. Edwards, of Hartlepool, read and prayed. The Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle, put the usual questions to the church and pastor, and offered the ordination prayer. The Rev. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the pastor. The Rev. Walter Hanson, of South Shields, addressed the church. The Rev. E. Baker, of South Shields, Independent, concluded with prayer. A tea meeting was held in the schoolroom of Zion Chapel, and a public meeting afterwards in the adjoining chapel, belonging to the Methodist New Connection in the same vicinity, and kindly lent for the occasion. Upwards of 300 were present to tea. The chapel, which holds about 800 persons, was nearly filled. Henry Angus, Esq., sheriff of Newcastle, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Walters; Rev. C. Morgan, of Yarrow; Rev. J. Marsden, minister of the chapel; John Candlish, Esq., Member of Parliament for Sunderland; Rev. G. Rogers; Rev. M. Kinnaird, M.A., of the United Presbyterian church in the town; Mr. Kitto, of Sunderland, and Mr. Hillier. Towards the close of the meeting the chairman retired, and his place was occupied by Councillor Strachan, an active deacon of the church under the pastorate of Mr. Hillier. The singing was of a superior kind, accompanied with a powerful organ. This Baptist interest was commenced about four years ago, by the Rev. J. Brooks, now of Shelley Bridge. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. P. Chipchase, who, after the short period of two months, was removed by death. Application having been made to Mr. Spurgeon, a student was sent, who was invited to settle; but on account of an invitation to another place, declined it. Mr. Hillier was then sent, and was unanimously approved by the church and congregation. The present chapel which will accommodate about 400 is crowded, and efforts are about to be made to erect a larger and more suitable building. Two sermons were preached on the following Sabbath by Rev. G. Rogers, and the special services were closed by the administration of the Lord's Supper to the church and members of neighbouring churches.

Marlborough Crescent Chapel, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been almost entirely rebuilt for the congregation recently worshipping in the New Town Hall under the pastorate of the Rev. B. W. Carr, and has lately been completed. On Tuesday evening, September 22, 1866, with a view of celebrating its inauguration, a tea-meeting was held in the chapel. There was a very large attendance, and not less than 300 ladies and gentlemen partook of an excellent tea, which reflected great credit on the ladies who presided at the tea-tables. After tea, a public meeting was held, the Sheriff of Newcastle (H. Angus, Esq.) presiding. All the Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist ministers of the town were present, or sent letters of apology. The chairman, in opening the meeting, briefly expressed the pleasure he felt in being present at the inauguration of the beautiful place of worship they were in. He remembered the old chapel well, and was therefore able to speak to the great improvement that had taken place. He expressed a wish for the prosperity of the new church, its pastor, and his people. The Rev. G. Stewart gave an eloquent address from the sentiment, "May Christian union among our churches increase." He was followed by Mr. Ald. I. C. Johnson, the treasurer, who read the statement of the amounts expended, promised, and received; of which we give an account below. The Rev. J. H. Rutherford then gave an address, in which he congratulated Mr. Carr on his having been the means of erecting two chapels during the last five years, which was unprecedented in this town. He hoped and trusted that many more such buildings would be erected, and that in every one of them Christ would be worshipped sincerely. Dr. Murray spoke at some length on the gift of Mr. Sanderson, which all would view as a boon to the town, and especially to the Baptist denomination; and he had no doubt that they would join with him in passing the following resolution:—"That the gift of the original freehold of Marlborough Crescent Chapel to the Baptist denomination, to be held in trust for the preaching of the gospel, is a noble act of Christian generosity, which reflects the highest praise on our esteemed friend, Richard Burdon Sanderson, Esq., and it calls alike for the acknowledgment of the evangelical denominations in the town, and the particular denomination to which he is attached." The motion was seconded by Mr. Johnson, and after being supported by the chairman, was carried amid great applause. Mr. Sanderson returned thanks for the manner in which the last resolution had been passed, and the spirit in which his gift had been accepted. He concluded by moving the second resolution, which was as follows:—"That our hearty thanks are due to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for the liberal assistance he has rendered, by which he has substantially proved his interest in the religious welfare of this town; and we cherish the hope that the auspices of Mr. Carr, as the pastor chosen severally by the church, by Mr. Spurgeon, and by myself, will realise the ardent aspirations for his successful career." This was seconded and carried unanimously. The Rev. B. W. Carr, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Joseph Burn, and Mr. H. Mann, briefly addressed the meeting. The original structure of the chapel was given by R. B. Sanderson, Esq., and the cost of the alterations will be about £1,200. Mr. Spurgeon, towards this sum, on certain conditions, finds £400, about £300 has been collected, and Mr. Sanderson, besides giving the building, takes upon himself the responsibility of paying the interest on the other £500, which has been borrowed for several years. About £100 more will be expended on fittings. There are schools behind the chapel, which are attended by about 200 children in connection with the chapel previously, under the superintendence of R. Burdon Sanderson, Esq.

A social tea and public meeting was held in the Vauxhall Baptist Chapel, Kennington Lane, to celebrate its third anniversary, on Wednesday, October 3rd, 1866. Between 200 and 300 were present at tea. The chair of the public meeting was taken by J. Cook, Esq., one of the elders at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. J. S. Morris, of Romney Street, prayed. Addresses were given by Messrs. W. Jones, H. Hanks and J. W. Brown, elders at the Tabernacle; by Mr. Brown, of Bromley, Mr. Lauderdale, Mr. Julyan, and Mr.

Hearson. This chapel, after passing into the hands of several denominations in November, 1864, was opened in connection with the Baptists, by a sermon from Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. G. Hearson, who had been preaching for some time in a room in the vicinity, then removed to this place. The church which at first consisted of nine members, now amounted to more than seventy. The congregation numbers about 400. There is a Sabbath-school, the average attendance of which is nearly 200. An extensive Bible class is conducted by Mr. Cook, on Sunday afternoons. The only remaining debt upon the chapel was twenty-six pounds, which at the above meeting was entirely removed. A donation of five pounds from the chairman, and a similar sum from G. Hanbury, Esq., with the collection, amounted to twenty-eight pounds. Mr. Hearson is still in regular attendance at the Tabernacle College.

The third anniversary of the Baptist Church, worshipping at the Lecture Hall, Deptford, took place on Lord's day, Oct. 14th. Mr. R. J. Beecliff, the pastor, and still a student in the Tabernacle College, preached in the morning; and the Rev. J. Trestrail, of East Greenwich, in the evening. On the following day a tea and public meeting was held, at which about 220 persons attended. Mr. T. Cook presided at the public meeting. The Rev. J. Trestrail, B. Davis, Messrs. Hearson, Julyan, Bunning, and the pastor delivered appropriate and impressive addresses. Mr. Cook formed this church three years ago, which has contended with great difficulties, and its progress has been much retarded. Now, however, through the blessing of God, it is rapidly prospering. It is hoped that a chapel will shortly be erected to assist in meeting the spiritual wants of the teeming population of Deptford.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th, to Oct. 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
A Resisted Church Rate	0	11	3
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
A Mite from J. L.	1	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Amy	0	10	0
W. G.	0	5	0
The Contents of a dear departed Boy's Money Box	0	4	0
Mr. S. Goodhead	0	5	0
First Donation of H. E.	1	0	0
Mr. T. Crowley, Birmingham	25	0	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	0	10	0
Master J. L. Pledge	0	2	0
Mr. J. Bloodworth	5	5	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Baptist Messenger"	0	2	0
Hopeful	0	2	6
Horny Hand	0	10	0
Miss Marshall	2	2	0
A Friend, by Miss Heath	2	2	0
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield	6	6	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	15	0
Mrs. Ware	0	7	6
A Token of Gratitude	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Waterbeach, £2 16s., Mr. Toller, £2 4s.	5	0	0
Mr. Toller	5	0	0
Mrs. Red	0	2	6
Mr. W. Barclay	0	2	0
Miss Lightfoot	2	0	0
Miss Pointer and Mrs. Davis	2	0	0
Mr. T. J. Field	1	1	0
Miss Simmer	0	2	6
Mr. W. C. Pitt	1	1	0
Mr. H. Gifford	1	0	0
A Friend from the Country	5	0	0
Mr. Hargraves	2	0	0
A Thankful Reader, per Rev. H. S. Brown	2	0	0
Mr. Conolly	2	2	0
A Farm Servant	1	0	0
Mrs. Maria Bolton	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Muskett	2	2	0
Mrs. J. L.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bamford	0	4	0
The Elders' Bible Class	5	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Sept. 23	24	8	6
" " " " 30	40	3	11
" " " Oct. 7	31	8	5
" " " " 14	30	9	10
	£236	8	5

For Orphan Home, a Thursday Night Hearer, £5; for Colporteur's Society, a Thankful Reader, per Rev. H. S. Brown, £2; for Schools, Mr. J. George, £5 5s; a Widow, 5s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1866.

What is a Revival?

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE word "revival" is as familiar in our mouths as a household word. We are constantly speaking about and praying for a "revival;" would it not be as well to know what we mean by it? Of the Samaritans our Lord said, "Ye worship ye know not what," let him not have to say to us, "Ye know not what ye ask." The word "revive" wears its meaning upon its forehead; it is from the Latin, and may be interpreted thus—to live again, to receive again a life which has almost expired; to rekindle into a flame the vital spark which was nearly extinguished.

When a person has been dragged out of a pond nearly drowned, the bystanders are afraid that he is dead, and are anxious to ascertain if life still lingers. The proper means are used to restore animation; the body is rubbed, stimulants are administered, and if by God's providence life still tarries in the poor clay, the rescued man opens his eyes, sits up, and speaks, and those around him rejoice that he has *revived*. A young girl is in a fainting fit, but after a while she returns to consciousness, and we say, "she revives." The flickering lamp of life in dying men suddenly flames up with unusual brightness at intervals, and those who are watching around the sick bed say of the patient, "he revives."

In these days, when the dead are not miraculously restored, we do not expect to see the revival of a person who is totally dead, and we could not speak of the *re*-vival of a thing which never lived before. It is clear that the term "revival" can only be applied to a living soul, or to that which once lived. To be revived is a blessing which can only be enjoyed by those who have some degree of life. Those who have no spiritual life are not, and cannot be, in the strictest sense of the term, the subjects of a revival. Many blessings may come to the unconverted in consequence of a revival among Christians, but the revival itself has to do only with those who already possess spiritual life. There must be vitality in some degree before there can be a quickening of vitality, or, in other words, a revival.

A true revival is to be looked for in the church of God. Only in the river of gracious life can the pearl of revival be found. It has been said that a revival must begin with God's people; this is very true, but it is not all the truth, for the revival itself must end as well as begin there. The results of the revival will extend to the outside world, but the revival, strictly speaking, must be within the circle of life, and must therefore essentially be enjoyed by the possessors of vital godliness, and by them only. Is not this quite a different view of revival from that which is common in society; but is it not manifestly the correct one?

It is a sorrowful fact that many who are spiritually alive greatly need reviving. It is sorrowful because it is a proof of the existence of much spiritual evil. A man in sound health with every part of his body in a vigorous condition does not need reviving. He requires daily sustenance, but reviving would be quite out of place. If he has not yet attained maturity growth will be most desirable, but a hale hearty young man wants no reviving, it would be thrown away upon him. Who thinks of reviving the noonday sun, the ocean at its flood, or the year at its prime? The tree planted by the rivers of water loaded with fruit needs not excite our anxiety for its revival, for its fruitfulness and beauty charm every one. Such should be the constant condition of the sons of God. Feeding and lying down in green pastures and led by the still waters they ought not always to be crying, "my leanness, my leanness, woe unto me." Sustained by gracious promises and enriched out of the fulness which God has treasured up in his dear Son, their souls should prosper and be in health, and their piety ought to need no reviving. They should aspire to a higher blessing, a richer mercy, than a mere revival. They have the nether springs already; they should earnestly cover the upper springs. They should be asking for growth in grace, for increase of strength, for greater success; they should have out-climbed and out-soared the period in which they need to be constantly crying, "Wilt thou not revive us again?" For a church to be constantly needing revival is the indication of much sin, for if it were sound before the Lord it would remain in the condition into which a revival would uplift its members. A church should be a camp of soldiers, not an hospital of invalids. But there is exceedingly much difference between what ought to be and what is, and consequently many of God's people are in so sad a state that the very fittest prayer for them is for revival. Some Christians are, spiritually, but barely alive. When a man has been let down into a vat or into a well full of bad air, you do not wonder when he is drawn up again that he is half-dead, and urgently requires to be revived. Some Christians—to their shame be it spoken!—descend into such worldly company, act upon such unhallowed principles, and become so carnal, that when they are drawn up by God's grace from their backsliding position they want reviving, and even need that their spiritual breath should as it were be breathed into their nostrils afresh by God's Spirit.

When a man starves himself, continuing for a long time without food, when he is day after day without a morsel of bread between his lips, we do not marvel that the surgeon, finding him in extremities, says, "This man has weakened his system, he is too low, and wants

reviving." Of course he does, for he has brought himself by low diet into a state of weakness. Are there not hundreds of Christians —shame that it should be so!—who live day after day without feeding upon Bible truth? shall it be added without real spiritual communion with God? they do not even attend the week-night services, and they are indifferent hearers on the Lord's day. Is it remarkable that they want reviving? Is not the fact that they do so greatly need it most dishonourable to themselves and distressing to their truly spiritual brethren?

There is a condition of mind which is even more sad than either of the two above mentioned; it is a thorough, gradual, but certain decline of all the spiritual powers. Look at that consumptive man whose lungs are decaying, and in whom the vital energy is ebbing; it is painful to see the faintness which suffuses him after exertion, and the general languor which overspreads his weakened frame. Far more sad to the spiritual eye is the spectacle presented by spiritual consumptives who in some quarters meet us on all hands. The eye of faith is dim and overcast, and seldom flashes with holy joy; the spiritual countenance is hollow and sunken with doubts and fears; the tongue of praise is partially paralysed, and has little to say for Jesus; the spiritual frame is lethargic, and its movements are far from vigorous; the man is not anxious to be doing anything for Christ; a horrible numbness, a dreadful insensibility has come over him; he is in soul like a sluggard in the dog-days, who finds it hard labour to lie in bed and brush away the flies from his face. If these spiritual consumptives hate sin they do it so weakly that one might fear that they loved it still. If they love Jesus, it is so coldly that it is a point of question whether they love at all. If they sing Jehovah's praises it is very sadly, as if hallelujahs were dirges. If they mourn for sin it is only with half-broken hearts, and their grief is shallow and unpractical. If they hear the Word of God they are never stirred by it; enthusiasm is an unknown luxury. If they come across a precious truth they perceive nothing particular in it, any more than the cock in the fable, in the jewel which he found in the farmyard. They throw themselves back upon the enchanted couch of sloth, and while they are covered with rags they dream of riches and great increase of goods. It is a sad, sad thing when Christians fall into this state; then indeed they need reviving, and they must have it, for "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." Every lover of souls should intercede for declining professors that the visitations of God may restore them; that the Sun of righteousness may arise upon them with healing beneath his wings.

When revival comes to a people who are in the state thus briefly described, it simply brings them to the condition in which they ought always to have been; it quickens them, gives them new life, stirs the coals of the expiring fire, and puts heavenly breath into the languid lungs. The sickly soul which before was insensible, weak, and sorrowful, grows earnest, vigorous, and happy in the Lord. This is the immediate fruit of revival, and it becomes all of us who are believers to seek this blessing for backsliders, and for ourselves if we are declining in grace.

If revival is confined to living men we may further notice that *it*

must result from the proclamation and the receiving of living truth. We speak of "vital godliness," and vital godliness must subsist upon vital truth. Vital godliness is not revived in Christians by more excitement, by crowded meetings, by the stamping of the foot, or the knocking of the pulpit cushion, or the delirious bawlings of ignorant zeal; these are the stock in trade of revivals among dead souls, but to revive living saints other means are needed. Intense excitement may produce a revival of the animal, but how can it operate upon the spiritual, for the spiritual demands other food than that which stews in the fleshpots of mere carnal enthusiam. The Holy Ghost must come into the living heart through living truth, and so bring nutriment and stimulant to the pining spirit, for so only can it be revived.

This, then, leads us to the conclusion that if we are to obtain a revival we must go directly to the Holy Ghost for it, and not resort to the machinery of the professional revival-maker. The true vital spark of heavenly flame comes from the Holy Ghost, nd the priests of the Lord must beware of strange fire. There is no spiritual vitality in anything except as the Holy Spirit is all in all in the work; and if our vitality has fallen near to zero, we can only have it renewed by him who first kindled it in us. We must go to the cross and look up to the dying Saviour, and expect that the Holy Spirit will renew our faith and quicken all our graces. We must feed anew by faith upon the flesh and blood of the Lord Jesus, and so the Holy Ghost will recruit our strength and give us a revival. When men in India sicken in the plains, they climb the hills and breathe the more bracing air of the upper regions; we need to get nearer to God, and to bathe ourselves in heaven, and revived piety will be the sure result.

When a minister obtains this revival he preaches very differently from his former manner. It is very hard work to preach when the head aches and when the body is languid, but it is a much harder task when the soul is unfeeling and lifeless. It is sad, sad work—painfully, dolorously, horribly sad, but saddest of all if we do not feel it to be sad, if we can go on preaching and remain careless concerning the truths we preach, indifferent as to whether men are saved or lost! May God deliver every minister from abiding in such a state! Can there be a more wretched object than a man who preaches in God's name truths which he does not feel, and which he is conscious have never impressed his own heart? To be a mere sign-post, pointing out the road but never moving in it, is a lot against which every true heart may plead night and day.

Should this revival be granted to deacons and elders what different men it would make of them! Lifeless, lukewarm church officers are of no more value to a church, than a crew of sailors would be to a vessel if they were all fainting and ill in their berths when they were wanted to hoist the sails or lower the boats. Church officers who need reviving must be fearful dead weights upon a Christian community. It is incumbent upon all Christians to be thoroughly awake to the interests of Zion, but upon the leaders most of all. Special supplication should be made for beloved brethren in office that they may be full of the Holy Ghost.

Workers in the Sunday-schools, tract distributors, and other labourers for Christ, what different people they become when grace is vigorous

from what they are when their life flickers in the socket! Like sickly vegetation in a cellar, all blanched and unhealthy, are workers who have little grace; like willows by the water-courses, like grass with reeds and rushes in well-watered valleys, are the servants of God who live in his presence. It is no wonder that our Lord said, "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth," for when the earnest Christian's heart is full of fire it is sickening to talk with lukewarm people. Have not warm-hearted lovers of Jesus felt when they have been discouraged by doubtful sluggish people, who could see a lion in the way, as if they could put on express speed and run over them? Every earnest minister has known times when he has felt cold hearts to be as intolerable as the drones in the hive are to the working bees. Careless professors are as much out of place as snow in harvest among truly living Christians. As vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes are these sluggards. As well be bound to a dead body as forced into union with lifeless professors; they are a burden, a plague, and an abomination. You turn to one of these cold brethren after a graciously earnest prayer-meeting, and say with holy joy, "What a delightful meeting we have had!" "Yes," he says carelessly and deliberately, as if it were an effort to say so much, "there was a good number of people." How his frostbitten words grate on one's ear! You ask yourself, "Where has the man been? Is he not conscious that the Holy Ghost has been with us?" Does not our Lord speak of these people as being cast out of his mouth, just because he himself is altogether in earnest, and consequently, when he meets with lukewarm people he will not endure them? He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot," either utterly averse to good or in earnest concerning it. It is easy to see his meaning. If you heard an ungodly man blaspheme after an earnest meeting, you would lament it, but you would feel that from such a man it was not a thing to make you vexed, for he has only spoken after his kind, but when you meet with a child of God who is lukewarm, how can you stand that? it is sickening, and makes the inmost spirit feel the horrors of mental nausea.

While a true revival in its essence belongs only to God's people, it always brings with it a blessing for the other sheep who are not yet of the fold. If you drop a stone into a lake the ring widens continually, till the farthest corner of the lake feels the influence. Let the Lord revive a believer and very soon his family, his friends, his neighbours, receive a share of the benefit; for when a Christian is revived, he prays more fervently for sinners. Longing, loving prayer for sinners, is one of the marks of a revival in the renewed heart. Since the blessing is asked for sinners, the blessing comes from him who hears the prayers of his people; and thus the world gains by revival. Soon the revived Christian speaks concerning Jesus and the gospel; he sows good seed, and God's good seed is never lost, for he has said, "It shall not return unto me void." The good seed is sown in the furrows, and in some sinners' hearts God prepares the soil, so that the seed springs up in a glorious harvest. Thus by the zealous conversation of believers another door of mercy opens to men.

When Christians are revived they live more consistently, they make their homes more holy and more happy, and this leads the ungodly to envy them, and to enquire after their secret. Sinners by God's

grace long to be like such cheerful happy saints; their mouths water to feast with them upon their hidden manna, and this is another blessing, for it leads men to seek the Saviour. If an ungodly man steps into a congregation where all the saints are revived he does not go to sleep under the sermon. The minister will not let him do that, for the hearer perceives that the preacher feels what he is preaching, and has a right to be heard. This is a clear gain, for now the man listens with deep emotion; and above all, the Holy Spirit's power, which the preacher has received in answer to prayer comes upon the hearer's mind; he is convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, and Christians who are on the watch around him hasten to tell him of the Saviour, and point him to the redeeming blood, so that though the revival, strictly speaking, is with the people of God, yet the result of it no man can limit. Brethren, let us seek a revival during the present month, that the year may close with showers of blessing, and that the new year may open with abundant benediction. Let us pledge ourselves to form a prayer-union, a sacred band of suppliants, and may God do unto us according to our faith.

"Father, for thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before thy throne;
For the time of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from thee alone.

"Blessed earnests thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest,
Blessings still with thee are hidden,
Pour them forth, and make us blest.

"Wake thy slumbering children, wake them,
Bid them to thy harvest go;
Blessings, O our Father, make them;
Round their steps let blessing flow.

"Let no hamlet be forgotten,
Let thy showers on all descend;
That in one loud blessed anthem,
Myriads may in triumph blend."

The Young Men of London.

MR. HANKS' CATECHUMEN CLASS.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

WHAT becomes of the large numbers of young men that annually swarm to London? Do they all obtain the prize for which they struggle? What is the history of those hopeful sons of pious parents who quit the serenity of a country life for the external sensuousness of a metropolitan career? Do they religiously attend to the last parting injunction of their godly sires? Do they strengthen our churches, overcrowd our temples, assist in our works of charity, or forward our home missionary enterprises? Do they become studious, thoughtful, earnest, holy—a standing protest against the sins of the age, the evils surrounding them? Do they retain their native simplicity, and exhibit to their neighbours the grandeur of a true and honest life?

I confess to answer these questions makes one's heart ache, yet answered they must be some day. We have been too reticent respecting the almost universal departure from virtue and goodness which the young men of this gay metropolis have so sadly shown. And truth to tell, we do not know all the evils which infest us; we involuntarily shrink from learning more than we already know of the prevalence of wickedness. Yet a little enquiry made of competent authorities would reveal that which, if known, would make the ears of every Christian man in England to tingle with shame. *That enquiry ought to be made by our ministers*—who have the best opportunities for understanding human nature—and who, under God, are best fitted to stem the torrent of pollution which rolls down the abyss of Time like an infernal Niagara, irresistibly sweeping away for ever every honest purpose and good intent formed in hours of solitude and hope. I am not about to indicate what that enquiry should be: these pages are intended for family reading. But one may safely observe that the proportion of young men who attain the ambition they seek is remarkably small; that the history of their lives is not pleasant to think over; that they do not continue to be susceptible to noble influences, nor do they strengthen, but sometimes greatly weaken our churches.

A sad picture! Yes, very sad! And sad scenes have I seen of ragged, diseased, and embrutalised men, who once came to London with every prospect of prosperity, usefulness, and respectability. Thieves' kitchens, and common lodging houses receive them, and they soon become the demoralised occupants of a home common to the vagrant and social outcast. Nor is the tale of the hospitals less deplorable; and, alas! there are the unrecorded horrors of the lunatic asylum.

The first steps in the sliding scale of wickedness are easily, sometimes unconsciously, taken. The attractions of the midnight streets, of worldly society and pleasures, however soon become irresistible. Yet a warning, friendly voice heard when conscience is quick and tender, might turn the current of the stream. Young men are impressible, are worth being impressed, and can easily impress others. The great crying want of London is for godly young men of *intellectual competency*, who know how to do battle judiciously and fearlessly with the evils which beset young men. The existing types of ignorant street preachers, whatever may be their services in other directions, are of no use for this purpose but to do immense mischief.* The mere bawler of fervent emptiness belongs to a past generation, and his work, in London at least, is done. We must now employ those whose minds have been deeply imbued with the doctrines of divine truth, whose ordinary acquirements have been such as to warrant their teaching others—men of sterling, sound sense, shrewd in practical matters, and ready to meet the ungodly with heavenly wisdom. The question therefore arises, how are these men to be produced? We have them in our churches. Some of them are earnest, loving souls, whose society is devotion itself. They *will* speak; they should be encouraged to do so; and if by means of catechumenical and Bible

* These words may seem harsh, but harsh facts prove that illiterate street preachers have done irreparable mischief to open air missionary operations. It is only honesty and kindness to say as much.

classes they can be assisted in developing their natural abilities, or if by means of elementary instruction they can be fitted to bear the responsibilities of teaching their fellow-men, then in God's name let the work be done It should, however, be distinctly understood that the exigencies of the present day require much more than a mere superficial acquaintance with Biblical doctrine, argument and criticism. The children of this world are wise in their generation, and it is piteous to witness, as one frequently does, a poor brother driven to the most ridiculous subterfuges in answering a street opponent, when he might readily, had he been possessed of an ordinary stock of Scriptural knowledge, have silenced his "knowing" antagonist.

There are organisations in action at the Metropolitan Tabernacle which have for their object the association of Christian young men for purposes of evangelistic missionary labour, and also for instruction in the leading truths of Scripture. Of the class for the latter purpose I have something to write on this occasion. Mr. Spurgeon, it is well known, has a genuine sympathy with many points in Presbyterian modes of working. Through some conversation he had in 1859 with Dr. Fletcher, he became impressed with the importance of having a class at New Park Street Chapel, for the study of the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism." A class of young men—there were but three at first—was commenced under the direction of Mr. Henry Hanks, one of the elders of the church. At first it assumed the character of a Bible Class, having as one of its primary objects the study of the Assembly's Catechism, without proofs, so that the young men might be induced to search the Scriptures for suitable passages to prove the truth of the answers given. Born under the invigorating influence of Divine approbation, all the organisations at the Tabernacle thrive vigorously. This daily progression or continuous growth is the most marked feature of the College, of the Evening Classes, of Mrs. Bartlett's and Mr. Hanks' classes. The members of the latter class soon grew in numbers, so that a large room had to be obtained: this too was subsequently filled, so that the lauding and staircases were crowded. Best of all conversions came. A holy spirit of enquiry was manifested. The doctrines of grace were bettor understood and loved. Then came the exodus to the Tabernacle, where the class meets in a room which, large as it is, is now too small for the numbers that assemble every Sabbath afternoon.

Half-past two! and here are a number of men, some young, others middle-aged, with cheerful faces, recognising each other at the chapel gates. They are all "brothers," and they feel the relationship to be a close one They take their positions around an elder, whose business it is to hear them repeat the catechism. Some may think it *infra dig.* to do that which was a task to us in our boyhood. But these brothers are impervious to shame when their souls and minds are to be benefited. And so, raw and polished, young and old, poor and respectable, all join in a common duty, and feel how good a thing it is to understand, better than they have hitherto done, the mysteries of the gospel-kingdom.

It is three o'clock. The large room is comfortably filled. [There are over two hundred names on the class-books.] The catechumenical elder—Mr. White—has performed his part, and waits for the President

of the class to do his. Meanwhile the room is getting filled by the members, who are mostly constant attendants at the Tabernacle. There are not a few strangers, for some young men are inviting all the shuffling street idlers in. Some of these strangers look uncommonly wretched, compared with the bright, cheerful, smiling faces of the "regulars." There is a little singing—and true, boisterous, hearty singing it is too—then a short, pointed, earnest prayer mainly for the conversion of the impenitent and careless, and a lesson follows. One or two young men engage in prayer. The appeals are concise, impassioned, brotherly. Mr. White pleasantly announces the question from the catechism for immediate answer. A young man gets up and makes the necessary answers, not without blundering here and there; for a few weeks ago this good brother—a poor labourer—scarcely knew his alphabet. Another follows and does the business thoroughly. Mr. Hanks then enquires whether some one would state his experience as to the usefulness of the exercise. "I will do so," emphatically replies one honest-looking man. "Before I joined this class I knew but little of the doctrines of grace, but now I understand them, and the learning of the catechism has been much blessed to my soul." Up rises a second, and gives similar testimony, and another and another—all blessing God for the opportunities afforded them, and rejoicing in the good effected by the means so well put forth by the worthy President. Then the Divine Word is read, a few earnest, faithful comments by Mr. Hanks follow, and the members are invited to say what they think about the lesson which has been given them. The subject was the deceit which brought such serious consequences on Ananias and Sapphira (Acts v.) Some of the comments were exceedingly pertinent and devotional, others were grotesque and fanciful, but the practical duties of a religious life were almost universally enforced. One good brother saw in the lesson the importance of greater liberality in Christian beneficence. He had thought about the subject during the past week, and resolved to deny himself more than he had done for the sake of assisting the College. Another young man thought the awful lesson read should lead them to greater consecration of heart and life to God. Another urged the wickedness of vainglory, illustrating his moral by an anecdote told with singular honesty. He reckoned himself to be a good workman in his trade, and had fallen into the habit of claiming superiority over his shopmates. The sin in this he strongly condemned. You may smile, my dear sage, so did I; but these smaller details of daily pride are only unimportant because our consciences get corroded. But the great argument was that hypocrisy—hiding part of the truth—was especially detestable among Christian men. And while the concluding words of prayer were being pronounced, a solemn feeling possessed the soul, like unto those occasions when God speaks in the whirlwind of warning, or the still small voice of entreaty. Well, thought the writer, may we all be better men for this afternoon's study!

Concerning this class, I may say, that Mr. Hanks is the President, Mr. Bowker the Vice-President, and Mr. White is the teacher of the Catechism. Three earnest men, therefore, join together in a work which has a wide-spreading influence; and to use an undying figure, they move round the centre planet with charming harmony of spirit;

for when Christ is to be served, unity of purpose is as "the music of the spheres." The same affectionate feeling prevails among the members of the class, and practical proofs of attachment have been given to the conductors of the meetings. No institution, however, is largely valued at the Tabernacle unless it assume a practical form. Every organisation must help the Pastor's College, and right royally is that assistance given. Mr. Hanks informs me with feelings of satisfaction that the fund for the support of the College for the last half-year amounted to £25, and there is every prospect of a much larger sum at the half-year ending at Christmas.

A large number of the class are now members of the church, and in fact three or four join every month from its ranks. Several have entered the College, and are now studying for the ministry, and others are settled pastors. Of course, a larger number devote themselves to active labour in the Sabbath or Ragged School, or other branches of useful work; while some preaching stations are supplied by young men who belong to the class.

A motto is given every Sabbath, and in many cases God has savingly blessed it to those who have sought his face. There have been some striking illustrations of the omnipotence of Divine grace in the hearts of those who were "out of the way." A poor labouring man was invited to the class one afternoon, and desirous of not being observed, he sat in the corner of the room. An earnest brother very fervently supplicated for an unusual blessing, especially for the stray sheep. "Yea, Lord," added he, "do bless *the man in the corner*, and save his soul." The expression was simply intended to convey the desire that those who would not come to the light should be brought to it; but it was strangely answered. The poor labouring man thought the prayer was intended for himself, and he began to weep and pray. He is now a child of God, and, having found the "Light of the World," in his own humble way he endeavours to bring others under the genial influence of the gospel. Other instances might be given; but illness has robbed our memory, and cut short our narrative.

Personal Holiness.*

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN, SANDHURST, KENT.

JUSTIFICATION is necessary to sanctification. The relation of men to God must be changed before the heart is changed. The heart must be changed before the life can be well pleasing to God. Thus we see that morality is far removed from holiness, for although its external acts may be identical, yet it is not grateful to God. Once this appeared a hard saying to us. We reflected on the biographies of some great men, saw them in youth so reckless and dissipated, marked their noble renunciation of early follies, observed the self-discipline and self-denial by which they became the sedate, the philanthropic, and the wise. In youth like the rough, unsightly block; in manhood, like

* Being an Essay read at the Conference of Ministers and Students, on the 14th April, 1866.

the beautiful finished sculpture—*but stone still.* As we thus admired the beauty of their character, the nobility of their life, the completeness of their triumph over self, we asked, "Is it true God delights not in them?" The answer was readily found. The Scripture taught us, that the stone must be turned to flesh, that God wants not *statues* but *sons*, that he cannot delight in death however much it may resemble life, that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." The corpse must be hidden from his sight though robed in purple, the living shall stand before him though clothed in sackcloth.

The believer, then, is the only subject of that holiness of life in which God delights. As Isaiah says, "Every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem shall be called holy." These persons have been regenerated. Clothed upon with the righteousness of Christ they have been born again, therefore they "live not unto themselves." Their holiness is the sequence of their regeneration. These two must ever go together. God has joined them, let no man endeavour to put them asunder. "For if we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth."

I. Let us notice SOME MISTAKES MADE ON THIS SUBJECT. There are those who maintain that *personal holiness is meritorious on its own account, and therefore a ground of acceptance with God.*

This mistake is widespread. Its influence is mighty. The Romanist who immures himself within damp cloister walls, counting his beads (as though they were coins which would have everlasting currency), punctilious in his devotions, rigidly exact in his penance and prayers, is not the only one carried away by this delusion. It has been zealously maintained by men who have said a hundred times, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ." They argue, "If I am holy I shall be saved." Whereas the truth is, if I am saved I shall be holy. This mistake arises from a misapprehension of the gospel. Salvation is not a benefit to be attained by the believer;—he is saved—saved as much as he ever can be. Perfection is the object concerning which he says, "I have not already attained," but salvation is his privilege even now.

Holiness in the most holy of men is imperfect, and on that account cannot be accepted by God on its own merit. The most unblemished life, apart from the blood of Christ, is unnoticed by him. But through Christ God delights in every act and manifestation of holiness. Even as a loving father takes the faded and torn picture of his child, prizing it above rubies, not on account of its value as a work of art (for it has but little), but on account of its resemblance to his son; so God prizes the most imperfect and faint image of Jesus in our lives. Nowhere in God's Word is holiness mentioned as a means, or even as an auxiliary means to salvation; but we often find salvation used as an argument for holiness. The apostle Paul says, "Walk worthy of God who HATH CALLED you." "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty * * * use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh."

Others as strenuously maintain that *a believer's holiness is in no way acceptable to God*, though they admit it is wrought in him by the Holy Ghost. They represent it as all filthy and loathsome. To quote one of their most noted authors: "Our filthiness alters the property of the pure

motions of Christ's Spirit, as one drop of poison injected into the rarest cordial makes the whole mortal; so that except the best of our works can pass through us without the least touch or mixture of any defect or pollution of ours it cannot be but dung, rottenness, and filthiness." One may reasonably ask, If this be true what motive have we for holiness? If holiness and sin are one and the same thing in God's sight, why should I pray and strive as God tells me in his Word?

Why has he honoured those of his servants most who have been eminently holy? Why should the misguided prophet be torn by lions, and Elijah be carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire? Why should Miriam be stricken with leprosy, and Moses honoured with the confidence of God? Why should Alexander and Hymeneus be given over to the buffetings of Satan for a season, and Paul be caught up into the third heaven? Plainly there is no reason if God sees purity of life as "filthiness and rottenness." Moreover, experience flatly contradicts such a creed. When do we enjoy communion most? When does God smile most? When does he give us most success? Is it not when we are living nearest to him? We do not contend that of themselves God accepts even our best deeds; but that through Jesus they are well pleasing to him. Are we not enjoined "To live a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty, for this is *good* and *acceptable* in the sight of God our Saviour"? Are we not also told, "Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall be *received* of the Lord"? Our blessed Saviour says, "Thy Father which *seeth* in secret shall *reward* thee openly," and "If any man serve me, him will my Father *honour*." Oh! how great is the folly of those who cradle themselves with such a mistake, who sleep on in indolence, lulled by this delusion, who greedily eat of the forbidden fruit because paradise is regained, who pierce unrelentingly the side of the Crucified One because "his blood cleanseth from all sin;" who carouse with God's enemies because he pardons traitors! Truly, this is the way to hell that is near to the gate of heaven. The man who thus believes, throwing the reins on his lusts, may well search into the Book of the Lord and see if he be saved at all.

II. THE NATURE OF PERSONAL HOLINESS.

We might define it as the result of the Holy Spirit's work in the soul of the believer, shown by his inward experience and outward deportment; or, as the manifestation of the divine life in man, that is, the development of the principle of spiritual life implanted by God. Everything that has life must express it, and express it in its own way. The ivy by its clinging, the bird by its song, the beast of prey by its ferocity, the mind by its imaginings, reflections, and perceptions, the nation by its patriotism and public spirit. It is so with spiritual life, it must show itself after its kind in purity, honesty, and heavenly aspirations.

1. *The source of personal holiness.* Every pure thought or acceptable service is by the operation of the Holy Ghost. Our blessings, our instructions, our hopes, are traceable to his working. He reveals Jesus, inspires our prayers, teaches our hands to war and our fingers to fight. He is Supreme Pontiff in the temple of grace. He rends the veil, and leads us into the holiest of all. He gives us the censer, that our praise may go up acceptably before God. By him we are clothed with

righteousness, and the saints shout for joy. This work is carried on by his persuasions and suggestions. He is said to "strive" with us, to "help" our infirmities, to "rest" upon us. He thus works personally on every believer's heart.

2. *The influence of personal holiness.* It pervades the whole of the man's nature. Grace is the sap which does not remain in the roots or in a few branches of the trees of the Lord, but runs through the whole. It may not produce fruit or even leaves on every limb; but it will show some proof of its presence—there will be *buds*. The mind, the affections, the acts, will all be influenced though not in the same degree. In the case of Luther we see a man of dauntless bravery, of marvellous zeal, of great jealousy for God. All these qualities bear marked proof of the presence of grace, but in other things we see less of this. He hated with all the strength of his strong nature; he denounced most unmercifully all whom he disliked; yet there were times when he mourned over his infirmities, and prayed such prayers that we could almost imagine him embracing Erasmus, and supping with friar Augustine.

The all-pervading influence of the Holy Spirit is a source of great joy to the child of God. His meditation is sweet, as he thinks of the time when every unholy thought, and word, and act shall be gone—

> "When sin our worst enemy before,
> Shall vex our eyes and ears no more,"

when the prayer shall be fully answered, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

3. *The manifestations of personal holiness.* Austerity of manner, gloominess of countenance, and volubility in religious discourse are reckoned by some as infallible marks of personal holiness. There are those who think these high attainments, and aim to possess them. We should strongly urge them to desist, or they will come into the same condemnation with those they admire, viz., be disobedient children. For has not God admonished us to rejoice? have not some of his holiest servants said, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice"? Moreover, to be so would be the greatest ingratitude. Has not God given man faculties and dispositions for merriment? What are wit and humour for? Are these trees of joy to be cut down because their flowers are gaudier than some? Why did God plant them if man is to hew them? Let us be careful lest in assuming a miserable countenance and cultivating moroseness of disposition we become Pharisaical, thinking our sackcloth to be the garment of holiness. It should be borne in mind that if we have faculties that remain unemployed we are imitating that wicked servant who hid his Lord's money.

The legitimate manifestations of holiness are twofold, the internal and external; the *internal*, which consists in spiritual cravings, humiliation of heart, submission of spirit, passion for Christ, a sense of entire dependence on him, hearty acquiescence in all the dispensations of the Lord, whether joyous or grievous. The true Christian feels he has no will but his Lord's, and says with all his heart—

> "That I should bear the cross at thy command,
> Die to the world and live to self no more;
> Suffer unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
> As pleased when shipwreck'd as when safe on shore."

No wonder the Saviour said, "the kingdom of God is within you," for with such feelings as these we have all heaven in our breasts. We are rich to all the intents of bliss. Although sadness may furrow our brow and want hollow our cheek, "though there is little grass upon the mountain, there is much fine gold within."

But there are *external* manifestations, such as—

The faithful discharge of secular duties, whether public or private. The holy man is a good servant, a good master, a good father, a good son. He is an upright magistrate, a faithful statesman. He invests every office he bears with honour. Without self-assertion, or egotism, or pompousness, he serves God and man to the best of his power.

In the discharge of spiritual duties he is none the less faithful. He is earnest and generous.

He is earnest. "Seven times a day will I praise thee," said David. "I will not give sleep to mine eyes or slumber to mine eyelids," said he, when anxious to accomplish something for God. Earnestness is a great sign of spiritual life, even as vivacity is a sign of physical health. A facetious writer hints, that Jesus said to Judas, "What thou doest do quickly," to impress our minds with its importance.

With his earnestness the holy man unites *generosity*. Many are generous who are not earnest. They will give plenty of time, of talent, of money, and yet fail to acquire success on account of their indolence. Some ministers are most scrupulous in their preparation for the pulpit, most exact in their delivery, they spend much time and money in visiting; but, like an idle reaper, who has a strong arm, a sharp sickle, a long day, and a large field, but does not reap much—they lack power. On the other hand, there are those who are earnest and not generous. To employ the same figure: the reaper labours hard, expends all his strength, but is parsimonious, being content with an old and blunt sickle and a few hours for labour. But the eminently holy man gives to God's service his best sickle, his every hour, and all his strength.

4. *The development of personal holiness is progressive.* It begins on earth, to be perfected in heaven. Like some trees, which put forth their buds in winter, partially unfold them in spring, and bloom or bear fruit in summer. Here in this cold wintry world the buds of holiness appear and slowly unfold themselves; in the warmer clime of Paradise they will fully burst into eternal bloom. But there must be the bud and the budding here, or there will not be the complete fruition by and bye. On no point is the Scripture more clear. We are told to "grow in grace." The church is described as "increasing with the increase of God." The biographies of holy men illustrate this truth. Take, for example, Herbert the poet. In youth we see many an excrescence which was afterwards removed, such as *vanity*, love of fine raiment, *ambition*, a desire for courtly honours; gradually these clouds dispersed, as the bright sun rose higher, so that at last we see him an earnest, unaspiring, devout preacher of the Word. It is always so. We go "from strength to strength." Let us now mention some means by which this holiness may be developed.

Reading the Word of God is most essential. In it we find examples for imitation, commands for obedience, promises for com-

fort. The greatest wisdom dictated those lines of the poet when he wrote—

"The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely."

Communion with Christ is another means. Nothing is such an incentive to holy living as personal intercourse with Him. Even as the brightest star is the one nearest the sun, so the purest Christian is the one nearest his Lord. Like Moses, his face is radiant with the glory of the divine presence. Like him, he comes from the mount of communion bearing the law of God: for never does he more earnestly desire to keep the law than when he enjoys the privileges of the gospel. The men who sneer at such, branding them with "legality," describing their state as "bondage," are often free with other liberty than that of the gospel. It is to be feared, while God's chosen servants come down from the mount bearing the law, they are rioting in blasphemous freedom about the golden calf. Communion with Christ makes us to hate the very appearance of evil. It ennobles the man. He is so near the throne that he abhors the thought of disloyalty. His thoughts are sanctified, consequently, his life is holy. Pure thoughts are the silent dews that nourish the plants of grace; the gentle sunbeams that gild the life; the clear streamlets from the fountain head that fertilise the heart.

Again. *Success in Christian labour.* Every convert we have is a dove bearing the olive branch of peace to the soul; a fresh string to our harps making our melody the greater; another messenger from God, calling us to greater consistency and zeal. Which of us can look round our chapels, seeing faces radiant with joy, which we once saw pale with sorrow; or those full of concern, which before were careless; or eyes filled with tears, which were once wandering, and not breathe the prayer, "O Lord, make me to walk consistently before these thou hast given me!"

God sometimes uses *trials* for the developing of holiness in his people. Success is God's sweet cordial, trials are his bitter medicine. Both work for good; the latter is often more beneficial than the former. The pruning-knife is often better for the tree than the richest foliage; for Christians are like some rapidly growing plants, if the leaf be wounded or cut off, a bud springs from the spot, so that where there was but one leaf there are many. It was so with David. He says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray;" then he tells us of his wonderful gain—"Now I have learned thy law."

The last means we shall mention is *self-denial.* We are commanded to crucify the flesh, to wage war against every besetting sin, to take up our cross. Abstinence is set forth very prominently—not corporeal but spiritual. Many a man has fasted from animal food who has never abstained in the spiritual sense; like Baldwin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who boasted that he never ate flesh in his life, to whom a poor widow replied that he spake falsely, for he had eaten up her flesh. He demanded how. She replied, "by taking away my cow." Thus he devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made lon g fastings. But mistaken and perverted as this doctrine is, it behoves us to listen

to its teaching. The apostle Peter says, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." He here points out the true nature of a Christian fast, viz., abstinence from pride, sensuality, ambition, and ease. It appears to me a desirable thing for Christians (in order to facilitate their abstinence from these things) at times to be very moderate in the gratification of animal appetites. Far be it from me to advocate bodily torture; but we must admit that there are times when the viands are best untasted and the feast abandoned.

Thus, by study of God's Word, communion with Jesus, winning souls, bearing trials, denying self, the blessed work of sanctification is carried on by the Holy Ghost.

III. THE IMPORTANCE OF PERSONAL HOLINESS (1.) *To Christians in general.* This is shown by *the prominence given to the subject in Scripture.* We read, "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself so to walk even as he walked." "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." To be Christians we must be imitators of Christ is the language of all the Epistles: "Be ye followers of God." "Walk worthy of God." "Ye are Christ's." "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." "Walk in him." Indeed, this is the fundamental characteristic of Christian discipleship. Moreover, professors who live inconsistently are warned most solemnly: "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him." "Of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." "Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." Holiness of life is emphatically proclaimed to be no minor consideration, both by the blessed example of Jesus, the repeated exhortations of the apostle, and the awful future of the inconsistent. "Go and sin no more" Jesus said not only to the fallen daughter of Abraham, but to each one of us who have sought his grace.

Its importance is also set forth by *every doctrine of Scripture.* Is the believer elected? It is to holiness. Is he pardoned? It is that he may loathe sin. Is he adopted? It is not only to the name, but the nature of a child of God. Is Christ's righteousness imputed to him? He is told to keep his garments "unspotted from the flesh." Is he regenerated? It is that he may grow up into Christ's likeness. Are gifts bestowed? It is that they may be used for God. Indeed, the doctrines of the gospel are flowers all turning to the sun. They are different fruits, but all have this bloom of holiness on them. That we might be holy Jesus covenanted. That we might be holy he died. That we might be holy he intercedes. "He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, *zealous of good works.*" As one has said, "the seal of the covenant has two inscriptions upon it; one on God's part, that he will 'know them that are his;' and another on our part, that we shall 'depart from iniquity.'"

Again. Its importance is set forth by *the happiness it brings to the possessor.* The reason why many professors are so miserable is because they lack holiness. They do not enjoy religion because they possess so little; for it is eminently a joy-giving principle,—"a tree bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every month." To be enjoyed it must be heartily embraced. It must be loved as well as known. A mere creed, however divine, or noble, or pure, will never make a man happy, any more than an untasted feast or unplucked fruit can satisfy the appetite. The creed is the seed that must be hidden in the heart; tears must water it, watchfulness must guard it, and the smile of God, sun-like, will make it to germinate and grow into a plant bearing the flowers of joy. I repeat, holiness is a joy-giving principle, for what pleasure is comparable to his who in time of prosperity can look upward, feeling a brighter sun is beaming on him than fortune ever placed in his sky, or in adversity can feel there is one big, loving heart sympathizing with him, though every human pulse be still? When we are holy we are happy, because we know the mind of God concerning us. This is the Urim and Thummim by whose lustre each priest of Israel can tell what is the purpose of his God concerning him. But if we are like Saul, if we are inconsistent, as he found it so shall we, that the Urim and Thummim has no brightness for our eye.

Once, more, *its importance is shown by its beneficial influence upon society.* God has often used the holiness of his servants as a means for the awakening of sinners. We have observed some humble Christians who have been thus used. They were not noted for philanthropy or any very signal virtues; yet, their quiet unostentatious lives were blessed. The sword needs not a jewelled hilt to reach the hearts of the king's enemies. Gentle, continued, unaffected piety, this is what God owns. We have heard somewhere of the rock that storms could not move, or waves influence, or torrents shake, but which was divided by a simple spring. That rock is human society; the torrent of eloquence may rush over it, the tempest of anathemas may belch its fury upon it, the waves of argument may be launched against it, still it will stand unmoved; but by that unnoticed, insignificant spring—the good man's life trickling through its fissures it will be cleft in twain, not to-day nor to morrow, but some day. The holiness of the church must thus influence society. The promise is given. We with joy can now anticipate the day when holiness shall be graven on the bells of the horses, inscribed on the minaret of every temple, written on the phylactery of every priest.

(2.) *The importance of personal holiness to ministers.* Little experience as some of us have, we are assured of the fact that without this the minister is worse than useless. I cannot conceive of a greater calamity befalling us than to be preachers and not doers of the word. Oh what will God do unto us if we wear the garb, eat the bread, and stand in the temple of Israel while in our hearts we worship Baal, Ashtaroth, and the gods of the Philistines. If we cry Hosanna with the lip, and crucify him with the life; if we blow the alarm of war, and go not to the battle; if we cry out against the Canaanites, and yet keep open house for them; to do these things, is to commit the double crime of moral murder and suicide; to be a curse to others, and a curse to ourselves; to bring down on our own heads the awful sentence, "Thou wicked servant."

On the other hand, to be a holy, Christlike pastor is the greatest dignity I can conceive a mortal wearing. He is honoured among men and owned by God. No words of mine can adequately express the importance of holiness to us in every respect; permit me, however, to hint at one or two.

1. *Its influence upon our social position.* A holy pastor can be the most independent of men. The inconsistent *must* be the most servile. In the former case we see a man who feels, "I need not fear man, I preach the gospel I love, as I believe my Lord would have me; if men do not like it, if they are splenetic to me, if the rich retain their gold, if the offended abandon me, I shall not starve; there are ravens yet, and the God of Elijah lives!" The inconsistent, on the other hand, dare not speak outright. He must rock the cradle, or the child will trouble him. If Nathan be wicked, David will go unreproved. Sorry position! Such a man is the lacquey of the arrogant, the flatterer of the proud, the servant of the slave of sin! Sorry position! for such a man talks of "glorious liberty," while men hear the clanking of his chains. He talks of robes of glory, while they see his rags of shame. He speaks of honour, whilst men behold his degradation. Sorry position! Enough to make an angel weep, and the heart of pity break!

2. *Its influence upon our pulpit administration.* It will cause us to be earnest. Who pleaded like holy Richard Baxter, or devoted George Whitfield? Who of all the learned and the eloquent? Oh! "the pure in heart," not only "see God," but man, man in all his helplessness and need. The pure in heart SEE GOD, and as they catch the inspiration from his smile they go forth with conscious power to declare his will. They *see man*, as they behold his rags they can talk of robes they wear themselves, of honours which adorn their own brow, of joys which thrill their own hearts. This is the secret of real earnestness which no man can counterfeit, however free his speech or weighty his matter. Let an art student, however clever, attempt to copy the work of a great artist, let his be the same kind of canvas, the identical brushes, the veritable colours of the original painter, and he will fail of success, for the connoisseur will perceive a something wanting—although the outline is faultless, and the colours tastefully arranged—telling plainly he needed the master's inspiration as well as his brush. The same is true of the preacher who endeavours to be earnest without purity of heart; something will be palpably wanting which the voice however beautiful, the action however correct, or the subject however momentous, cannot supply. The fire must be from God's altar, or men will behold our zeal as strange fire. Oh! we need the presence of our Lord in the pulpit to give power to our discourses. He it is that must give brightness to our sun, or it will roll on without dispensing a ray of blessing to the heart of sadness or the eye of grief.

3. *Its influence upon our people.* They are thus taught that our message is a reality. They see we are in earnest, and on that account become more disposed to attend to our teaching. To use a somewhat coarse simile, our holiness of life is the ground bait by which we as fishers of men do the more successfully win souls. It is not my intention for a moment to hint that all preachers are unholy who do not attract large congregations; experience would contradict such a state-

ment: I mean rather that this is the general effect of a consistent life when its possessor has the gift for teaching. Even if the minister be not of the most eloquent, yet if he be thus holy, many would prefer to hear him rather than the fluent but inconsistent preacher; on the same principle that we should choose to look on the watch that keeps time, although its ticking is none of the loudest. The unholy minister may be eloquent, like the loud ticking watch, yet he will be seldom consulted, for the hands move not correctly. Let us pray not for the tongue of eloquence, nor the pen of learning, nor the pomp of greatness, but for purity of heart and life; then shall we be clothed with a richer robe than priesthood ever wore, then shall we be called by higher titles than bishop or cardinal ever coveted. Holiness shall be our vestment; "beloved of the Lord" our glorious appellation. Oh! let us pray "that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies;" thus we shall be abiding sources of blessing in our spheres of labour; pastors who all through life will richly enjoy the smiles of the Saviour, who in trials will be content, feeling every thorn we have

> "Was bound about that sacred brow,
> And buried half its sharpness there;"

who in joy will not be puffed up above measure, and who at death will rest from their labours, having the blessing of earth and the welcome of heaven!

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(*Continued from page* 519.)

XIII.

THERE are many things we cannot see—save in the dark. The stars shine all day long; but we cannot see them till the night cometh. And it is the same with many other starlights. *We* need the dark to see them; and God kindly lets some shadow fall upon us; and we grumble at him for his thoughtful goodness!

XIV.

IT is an axiom of physical science that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time; and it is a spiritual as well as a physical axiom. Christ and Satan, my brother, cannot, will not, occupy thy heart at the same time. If the one is in, the other must be out; and, when Christ comes in by the door, Satan goes out—anyway, and as quickly as he can. Not only are they *two*, but they are two *opposites*; and, as our language just hinted, they are like the two figures in the old household weather-tellers:—Christ out, and Satan in, *foul*,—Satan out, and Christ in, *fair!*

XV.

CALL not a wrong a wrong now-a-days, call it—"a weakness." Yet little think the crowd of self-excusers how subtle their new term is. It is a definition in itself. Wrong *is* weakness. Right *only* is might.

XVI.

How smooth and round and fresh and clean, are the many-hued pebbles in the bed of yonder stream; and they are so, as we all know, by reason of the

constant action of the soft and clear water upon them. And so it should be with the great river of the grace of God, so pure and gentle, upon the rough and cornered places of our hearts and lives. If we only keep under the water-line of *that* river, we shall become, though of all sorts and sizes, and colours and figures, alike and one in the beautiful form and purity of our subdued discipleship; and, then, when it shall please our heavenly Father to carry us onward to the mighty ocean of his eternal love, we shall all go on and in together—gently fitting and impelling one another, but leaving no unseemly scratches upon each other's skin!

XVII.

Dampness in a chapel, or a "church," may swell the frameworks of the doors and windows, but it never yet enlarged a single heart, unless, indeed, after the style of the other—*to keep them from opening!* There's nothing like a little warmth for making all go easily; and, though it should be a little *dry* sometimes, that will be easily cured; for the sunniness of the day brings its own showers, and, at eventide, "each blade of grass will have its own drop of dew." It is the bright sunshine that opens *most* flowers; and there's nothing like the same for letting you see them when they are opened.

XVIII.

There is too much snarling, and too little sympathizing, Christianity amongst us. The Christianity that is wanted is the Christianity of the heartier heart and the handier hand. The Christianity that we *do not* want, is the Christianity of the snarling speech and the speechless snarl.

XIX.

You may hide the sun with a pennypiece; and, so, with any of the "small change" of personal doubt or difficulty, or any of the "base coin" of worldly lust or license, you may shut out the sight of God; and, yet, after all said and done, you cannot darken your sight so much that, if the Great Light were to go out, you could not detect its absence—even behind the obstacle of *your* construction! And, as with your closed eyes in a sun-lit room, so is it with the closed eyes of men, or their darkened eyesight, in a God-lit world. Maybe, because it shows the dirt so horribly, and seems to raise the dust so fearfully, many people pull down the Venetian "blinds" of their own passions and pleasures, and think to shut out the sunlight; but the sun shines still,—aye, and it can be seen, and *felt*, to shine,—and, if those blinds remain down long enough, and are not pulled up, or torn down, to let in the flood of sunshine, it will take all the painted colour off them, and, having faded, let us hope, that, in good time, they will fall! *Stone*-blindness is the only perfect blindness; but all uncured blindness must end in that.

XX.

The quarters of our life should succeed each other like the quarters of the moon. To the pale modest light of *infancy* should succeed the brighter hopeful light of *youth*; and, to that, should succeed the deeper useful radiance of *manhood*; and, to that, the full face of the hoary maturity of *old age*. And as, as the moon advances in its quarters, there is less to be seen of what cannot be seen, and, not only a greater surface of light, but a greater circle of light, so too, the progress of our life should be—a greater and greater reflection, in the black night of earthly gloom and despair, of the light and love of the Father's countenance. Then, sweet and sacred as the universal recollection of the beautiful and ever-faithful Orb, sweet and sacred shall be the recollection,—aye, and the resurrection,—of our life and labour for God!

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXIII.

There is no inspired title to this psalm, and none is needed, for it records no special event, and needs no other key than that which every Christian may find in his own bosom. It is David's Heavenly Pastoral; *a surpassing ode, which none of the daughters of music can excel. The clarion of war here gives place to the pipe of peace, and he who so lately bewailed the woes of the Shepherd tunefully rehearses the joys of the flock. Sitting under a spreading tree, with his flock around him, like Bunyan's shepherd-boy in the Valley of Humiliation, we picture David singing this unrivalled pastoral with a heart as full of gladness as it could hold; or, if the psalm be the product of his after years, we are sure that his soul returned in contemplation to the lonely water-brooks which rippled among the pastures of the wilderness, where in early days he had been wont to dwell. This is the pearl of psalms whose soft and pure radiance delights every eye; a pearl of which Helicon need not be ashamed, though Jordan claims it. Of this delightful song it may be affirmed that its piety and its poetry are equal, its sweetness and its spirituality are unsurpassed.*

The position of this psalm is worthy of notice. It follows the twenty-second, which is peculiarly the Psalm of the Cross. There are no green pastures, no still waters on the other side of the twenty-second psalm. It is only after we have read, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" *that we come to* "The Lord is my Shepherd." *We must by experience know the value of the blood-shedding, and see the sword awakened against the Shepherd, before we shall be able truly to know the sweetness of the good Shepherd's care.*

It has been said that what the nightingale is among birds, that is this divine ode among the psalms, for it has sung sweetly in the ear of many a mourner in his night of weeping, and has bidden him hope for a morning of joy. I will venture to compare it also to the lark, which sings as it mounts, and mounts as it sings, until it is out of sight, and even then is not out of hearing. Note the last words of the psalm—"I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever;" *these are celestial notes, more fitted for the eternal mansions than for these dwelling places below the clouds. Oh that we may enter into the spirit of the psalm as we read it, and then we shall experience the days of heaven upon the earth!*

EXPOSITION.

THE LORD *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

1. "*The Lord is my shepherd.*" What condescension is this, that the Infinite Lord assumes towards his people the office and character of a Shepherd! It should be the subject of grateful admiration that the great God allows himself to be compared to anything which will set forth his great love and care for his own people. David had himself been a keeper of sheep, and understood both the needs of the sheep and the many cares of a shepherd. He compares himself to a creature weak, defenceless, and foolish, and he takes God to be his Provider,

Preserver, Director, and, indeed, his everything. No man has a right to consider himself the Lord's sheep unless his nature has been renewed, for the scriptural description of unconverted men does not picture them as sheep, but as wolves or goats. A sheep is an object of property, not a wild animal; its owner sets great store by it, and frequently it is bought with a great price. It is well to know, as certainly as David did, that we belong to the Lord. There is a noble tone of confidence about this sentence. There is no "if" nor "but," nor even "I hope so;" but he says, "The Lord *is* my shepherd." We must cultivate the spirit of assured dependence upon our heavenly Father. The sweetest word of the whole is that monosyllable, "*My*." He does not say, "The Lord is the shepherd of the world at large, and leadeth forth the multitude as his flock," but "The Lord is *my* shepherd;" if he be a Shepherd to no one else, he is a Shepherd to *me;* he cares for *me*, watches over *me*, and preserves *me*. The words are in the present tense. Whatever be the believer's position, he is even now under the pastoral care of Jehovah.

The next words are a sort of inference from the first statement—they are sententious and positive—"*I shall not want.*" I might want otherwise, but when the Lord is my Shepherd he is able to supply my needs, and he is certainly willing to do so, for his heart is full of love, and therefore "*I shall not want.*" I shall not lack for *temporal things*. Does he not feed the ravens, and cause the lilies to grow? How, then, can he leave his children to starve? I shall not want *for spirituals*, I know that his grace will be sufficient for me. Resting in him he will say to me, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." I may not possess all that I wish for, but "I shall not *want*." Others, far wealthier and wiser than I, may want, but "*I shall not*." "The young lions *do* lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." It is not only "I do not want," but "I *shall not* want." Come what may, if famine should devastate the land, or calamity destroy the city, "*I shall not want.*" Old age with its feebleness shall not bring me any lack, and even death with its gloom shall not find me destitute. I have all things and abound; not because I have a good store of money in the bank, not because I have skill and wit with which to win my bread, but because "*The Lord is my shepherd.*" The wicked always want, but the righteous never; a sinner's heart is far from satisfaction, but a gracious spirit dwells in the palace of content.

2. "*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*" The Christian life has two elements in it, the contemplative and the active, and both of these are richly provided for. First, the contemplative. "*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.*" What are these "*green pastures*" but the Scriptures of truth—always fresh, always rich, and never exhausted? There is no fear of biting the bare ground where the grass is long enough for the flock to lie down in it. Sweet and full are the doctrines of the gospel; fit food for souls, as tender grass is natural nutriment for sheep. When by faith we are enabled to find rest in the promises, we are like the sheep that lie down in the midst of the pasture; we find at the same moment both provender and peace, rest and refreshment, serenity and satisfaction. But observe: "*He maketh* me to lie down." It is the Lord who graciously enables us to perceive the preciousness of his truth, and to feed upon it. How grateful ought we to be for the power to appropriate the promises! There are some distracted souls who would give worlds if they could but do this. They know the blessedness of it, but they cannot say that this blessedness is theirs. They know the "*green pastures,*" but they are not made to "*lie down*" in them. Those believers who have for years enjoyed a "full assurance of faith" should greatly bless their gracious God.

The second part of a vigorous Christian's life consists in gracious activity. We not only think, but we act. We are not always lying down to feed, but are journeying onward toward perfection; hence we read, "*he leadeth me beside the still waters*" What are these "*still waters*" but the influences and graces of his blessed Spirit? His Spirit attends us in various operations, like waters—

in the plural—to cleanse, to refresh, to fertilise, to cherish. They are "*still* waters," for the Holy Ghost loves peace, and sounds no trumpet of ostentation in his operations. He may flow into our soul, but not into our neighbour's, and therefore our neighbour may not perceive the divine presence; and though the blessed Spirit may be pouring his floods into one heart, yet he that sitteth next to the favoured one may know nothing of it.

"In sacred silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find."

Still waters run deep. Nothing more noisy than an empty drum. That silence is golden indeed in which the Holy Spirit meets with the souls of his saints. Not to raging waves of strife, but to peaceful streams of holy love does the Spirit of God conduct the chosen sheep. He is a dove, not an eagle; the dew, not the hurricane. Our Lord leads us beside these "*still waters*;" we could not go there of ourselves, we need his guidance, therefore is it said, "*he leadeth me*" He does not drive us. Moses drives us by the law, but Jesus leads us by his example, and the gentle drawings of his love.

3 "*He restoreth my soul.*" When the soul grows sorrowful he revives it; when it is sinful he sanctifies it; when it is weak he strengthens it. "*He*" does it. His ministers could not do it if he did not. His Word would not avail by itself. "He *restoreth* my soul." Are any of us low in grace? Do we feel that our spirituality is at its lowest ebb? He who turns the ebb into the flood can soon restore our soul. Pray to him, then, for the blessing—"Restore thou me, thou Shepherd of my soul!"

"*He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*" The Christian delights to be obedient, but it is the obedience of love, to which he is constrained by the example of his Master. "He *leadeth* me." The Christian is not obedient to some commandments and neglectful of others; he does not pick and choose, but yields to all. Observe, that the plural is used—"the *paths* of righteousness." Whatever God may give us to do we would do it, led by his love. Some Christians overlook the blessing of sanctification, and yet to a thoroughly renewed heart this is one of the sweetest gifts of the covenant. If we could be saved from wrath, and yet remain unregenerate, impenitent sinners, we should not be saved as we desire, for we mainly and chiefly pant to be saved *from* sin and led in the way of holiness. All this is done out of pure free grace; "*for his name's sake.*" It is to the honour of our great Shepherd that we should be a holy people, walking in the narrow way of righteousness. If we be so led and guided we must not fail to adore our heavenly Shepherd's care.

4. "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*" This unspeakably delightful verse has been sung on many a dying bed, and has helped to make the dark valley bright times out of mind. Every word in it has a wealth of meaning. "Yea, though I *walk*," as if the believer did not quicken his pace when he came to die, but still calmly *walked* with God. To walk indicates the steady advance of a soul which knows its road, knows its end, resolves to follow the path, feels quite safe, and is therefore perfectly calm and composed. The dying saint is not in a flurry, he does not run as though he were alarmed, nor stand still as though he would go no further, he is not confounded nor ashamed, and therefore keeps to his old pace. Observe that it is not walking *in* the valley, but *through* the valley. We go through the dark tunnel of death and emerge into the light of immortality. We do not die, we do but sleep to wake in glory. Death is not the house but the porch, not the goal but the passage to it. The dying article is called a *valley*. The storm breaks on the mountain, but the valley is the place of quietude, and thus full often the last days of the Christian are the most peaceful in his whole career; the mountain is bleak and bare, but the valley is rich with golden sheaves, and many a saint has reaped more joy and knowledge when he came to die than he ever knew while he lived. And, then, it is not "the valley of death," but "the valley *of the shadow* of death," for death in its substance has been removed, and only the

shadow of it remains. Some one has said that when there is a shadow there must be light somewhere, and so there is. Death stands by the side of the highway in which we have to travel, and the light of heaven shining upon him throws a shadow across our path; let us then rejoice that there is a light beyond. Nobody is afraid of a shadow, for a shadow cannot stop a man's pathway even for a moment. The shadow of a dog cannot bite; the shadow of a sword cannot kill; the shadow of death cannot destroy us. Let us not, therefore, be afraid. "*I will fear no evil.*" He does not say there shall not be any evil; he had got beyond even that high assurance, and knew that Jesus had put all evil away; but "I will *fear* no evil;" as if even his fears, those shadows of evil, were gone for ever. The worst evils of life are those which do not exist except in our imagination. If we had no troubles but real troubles, we should not have a tenth part of our present sorrows. We feel a thousand deaths in fearing one, but the psalmist was cured of the disease of fearing. "I will fear *no evil*," not even the Evil One himself; I will not dread the last enemy, I will look upon him as a conquered foe, an enemy to be destroyed, "*For thou art with me.*" This is the joy of the Christian! "*Thou* art with me." The little child out at sea in the storm is not frightened like all the other passengers on board the vessel, it is asleep in its mother's bosom; it is enough for it that its mother is with it; and it should be enough for the believer to know that Christ is with him. "*Thou* art with me; I have, in having thee, all that I can crave: I have perfect comfort and absolute security, for *thou* art with me." "*Thy rod and thy staff*," by which thou governest and rulest thy flock, the ensigns of thy sovereignty and of thy gracious care—"*they comfort me.*" I will believe that thou reignest still. The rod of Jesse shall still be over me as the sovereign succour of my soul.

Many persons profess to receive much comfort from the hope that they shall not die. Certainly there will be some who will be "alive and remain" at the coming of the Lord, but is there so very much of advantage in such an escape from death as to make it the object of Christian desire? A wise man might prefer of the two to die, for those who shall not die, but who "shall be caught up together with the Lord in the air," will be losers rather than gainers. They will lose that actual fellowship with Christ in the tomb which dying saints will have, and we are expressly told they shall have no preference beyond those who are asleep. Let us be of Paul's mind when he said that "To die is gain," and think of "departing to be with Christ, which is far better." This twenty-third psalm is not worn out, and it is as sweet in a believer's ear now as it was in David's time, let novelty-hunters say what they will.

5. "*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.*" The good man has his enemies. He would not be like his Lord if he had not. If we were without enemies we might fear that we were not the friends of God, for the friendship of the world is enmity to God. Yet see the quietude of the godly man in spite of, and in the sight of, his enemies. How refreshing is his calm bravery! "*Thou preparest a table before me.*" When a soldier is in the presence of his enemies, if he eats at all he snatches a hasty meal, and away he hastens to the fight. But observe: "Thou *preparest* a table," just as a servant does when she unfolds the damask cloth and displays the ornaments of the feast on an ordinary peaceful occasion. Nothing is hurried, there is no confusion, no disturbance, the enemy is at the door, and yet God prepares a table, and the Christian sits down and eats as if everything were in perfect peace. Oh! the peace which Jehovah gives to his people, even in the midst of the most trying circumstances!

> "Let earth be all in arms abroad,
> They dwell in perfect peace."

"*Thou anointest my head with oil.*" May we live in the daily enjoyment of this blessing, receiving a fresh anointing for every day's duties. Every Christian is a priest, but he cannot execute the priestly office without unction, and hence we must go day by day to God the Holy Ghost, that we may have our heads

anointed with oil. A priest without oil misses the chief qualification for his office, and the Christian priest lacks his chief fitness for service when he is devoid of new grace from on high. "*My cup runneth over.*" He had not only enough, a cup full, but more than enough, a cup which overflowed. A poor man may say this as well as those in higher circumstances. "What, all this, and Jesus Christ too?" said a poor cottager as she broke a piece of bread and filled a glass with cold water. Whereas a man may be never so wealthy, but if he be discontented his cup cannot run over; it is cracked and leaks. Content is the philosopher's stone which turns all it touches into gold; happy is he who has found it. Content is more than a kingdom, it is another word for happiness.

6. "*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.*" This is a fact as indisputable as it is encouraging, and therefore a heavenly *verily*, or surely is set as a seal upon it. This sentence may be read, "*only* goodness and mercy," for there shall be unmingled mercy in our history. These twin guardian angels will always be with me at my back and my beck. Just as when great princes go abroad they must not go unattended, so is it with the believer. Goodness and mercy follow him always—"*all the days of his life*" —the black days as well as the bright days, the days of fasting as well as the days of feasting, the dreary days of winter as well as the bright days of summer. Goodness supplies our needs, and mercy blots out our sins. "*And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*" "A servant abideth not in the house for ever, but the son abideth ever. While I am here I will be a child at home with my God; the whole world shall be his house to me; and when I ascend into the upper chamber I shall not change my company, nor even change the house; I shall only go to dwell in the upper storey of the house of the Lord for ever.

May God grant us grace to dwell in the serene atmosphere of this most blessed Psalm!

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Work out the similitude of a shepherd and his sheep. He rules, guides feeds, and protects them; and they follow, obey, love, and trust him. Examine as to whether we are sheep; shew the lot of the goats who feed side by side with the sheep.

Second clause.—*The man who is beyond the reach of want for time and eternity.*

Verse 2.—The contemplative and the active element provided for.

First clause.—Believing rest. 1. Comes from God—"*He maketh*" 2. Is deep and profound—"*lie down.*" 3. Has solid sustenance—"*in green pastures.*" 4. Is subject for constant praise.

The freshness and richness of Holy Scripture.

Second clause.—Onward. The Leader, the way, the comforts of the road, and the traveller in it.

The soft silence of the Spirit's work.

Verse 3.—Gracious restoration, holy guidance, and divine motives.

Verse 4.—God's presence the only sure support in death.

Life in death and light in darkness.

The calm and quiet of the good man's end.

The tokens of divine government—the consolation of the obedient.

Verse 5.—The warrior feasted, the priest anointed, the guest satisfied.

The means and uses of the continued anointings of the Holy Spirit.

The blessedness of content.

Providential super-aboundings, and what is our duty concerning them.

Verse 6.—On the road and at home, or heavenly attendants and heavenly mansions.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—Here are many pastures, and every pasture so rich that it can never be eaten bare; here are many streams, and every stream so deep and wide that it can never be drawn dry. The sheep have been eating in these pastures ever since Christ had a church on earth, and yet they are as full of grass as ever. The sheep have been drinking at these streams ever since Adam, and yet they are brim full to this very day, and they will so continue till the sheep are above the use of them in heaven.—*Ralph Robinson*, 1656.

Verse 4.—*Rod and staff.* The shepherd invariably carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the shepherd's crook in the hand of the Christian bishop. With this staff he rules and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies. With it also he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. This staff is associated as inseparably with the shepherd as the goad is with the ploughman.—*Dr. W. M. Thompson in "The Land and the Book."*

Verse 4.—When Mrs. Hervey, the wife of a missionary in Bombay, was dying, a friend said to her, that he hoped the Saviour would be with her as she walked through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. "If this," said she, "is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it; all is light." She had, during most of her sickness, bright views of the perfections of God. "His awful holiness," she said, "appeared the most lovely of all his attributes." At one time she said she wanted words to express her views of the glory and majesty of Christ. "It seems," said she, "that if all other glory were annihilated and nothing left but his bare self, it would be enough; it would be a universe of glory!"

Among the Quakers.

SOME time ago we felt an intense desire to speak to the Society of Friends, hoping that it might be the Lord's will to arouse that most respectable community to greater energy and zeal. Our belief was, and still is, that it is the bounden duty of Friends in these perilous times to renew more distinctly their testimony against formalism, ritualism, and unspiritual worship in its many forms, and we hoped that a respectful brotherly admonition might be accepted by them and owned of God. Our doctrinal views widely differ, but on the vital point we are one. After the lapse of some months a door of utterance was opened, and on the evening of November 6th, with very great thankfulness, but bowed down under our responsibility, we found ourselves in the midst of a most cordial company of about twelve hundred Friends in their meeting-house at Bishopsgate Street. The great kindness of the brethren who met us made us feel at home at once, and although suffering much physical pain it was one of the happiest seasons of our life when we stood up in the crowded assembly to speak for Jesus to those who love his name. Our object was not to moot points of difference, but to stimulate brethren to strive for those precious things wherein we agree. We did not feel that we had any right to controvert, nor indeed does our spirit move in that direction; we felt full of love to the Lord's living people, and desired in tenderness and humbleness of mind to exhort them to more fervour and boldness. Oh that the Holy Ghost may seal our testimony! It was delivered with great solemnity of soul, and was attended with many cries to God; surely it will not be in vain. We only wanted one thing more viz., the permission to have poured out our soul in prayer upon the spot, but as our esteemed friend, Mr. Gilpin, seemed to indicate that silence would be preferable, we did not feel at liberty to do so. However, there was much heart-prayer in the assembly, and we humbly but eagerly look for results. We have been favoured by a copy of remarks sent to "The Friend" newspaper from one of the most eminent ministers among the Friends, whose name is dear to all who know his labours, our friend Jonathan Grubb; and we print his remarks in the "Sword and Trowel" because we think they will gratify our readers, and perhaps lead them to bear the Friends upon their hearts in prayer. The lecture has been issued by our publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and can be purchased for twopence. The following are the remarks of Jonathan Grubb which most singularly in the matter of the vocal prayer echo our own feelings:—

"*To the Editors of 'The Friend' and 'British Friend.'*"

"It was my privilege to attend C. H. Spurgeon's lecture on George Fox, at Devonshire House, on the 6th inst. It is almost superfluous for me to say how cordially I united with his powerful, truthful, and loving appeal to our Society.

Indeed his address altogether seemed to be an embodiment of what has been my own concern for years past, and which I have endeavoured, with far less ability, to impress upon my fellow-professors in religion.

"I cannot but view the whole thing as a message of mercy from the Almighty, and I am sure it will add greatly to our responsibility, as well as to our condemnation, if much fruit does not follow this renewed evidence of divine regard.

"I could really say in my heart, while listening to the earnest, simple pleading of this dear servant of Christ, 'It is the truth, the very truth, and nothing but the truth,' so entirely did my feelings and my judgment go with it all.

"One thing caused me sorrow, however, I do not think our views and our practice on the subjects of prayer and of worship were correctly represented on this deeply interesting occasion.

"No doubt there was a jealousy in some minds lest these views should in any way be compromised, and I apprehend that these honest, though groundless fears were the cause of their being, to a certain extent, misrepresented.

"Our worthy chairman told us, at the beginning and at the end, that it was to be a *silent* approach to the throne of grace. Now, if I know anything of Quaker principles we have no more right to *enforce* silence than to *enforce* a vocal offering. Either way, I believe the work of the Spirit upon or in the heart should be left unfettered.

"I am sure the spirit of prayer was over the meeting at the beginning, and still more evident was the spirit of thanksgiving at the end; and I believe there was a call from the Lord for vocal utterance, which was prevented by human interference.

"Surely we might have safely trusted our dear brother, the lecturer, to follow his own convictions of duty in this matter; and I know that if he had not felt called upon to address the Almighty there were other lips that would have been opened had liberty been granted; and I think such an end to such a meeting would have been altogether in accordance with Gospel order, and with our own belief on the subject of divine worship.

"In conclusion, I venture to express a hope that should we be favoured with another visit from one who is clearly prepared to appreciate and to approve our leading views of gospel truth, he may be left at liberty to do his Master's work in his own way, a condition to which he is fairly entitled, and which we claim for ourselves when similarly circumstanced."

"J. G."

Fasting.

THE fifth of November, 1866, was a day which will be remembered by the Baptist denomination of Great Britain as long as time shall last. In our calendar for that day we shall henceforth cross out the Popish plot, and insert the great Baptist fast. To see *our* denomination *fasting* is indeed a strange sight, but it is a sight which fills our hearts with gladness, for it is a presage of a glorious future. The rope of sand has become a firmly twisted cable of strength. The various *sections* of the denomination are no longer *divided*. The sharp sword of prejudice has been put into its scabbard, and the wounds which it has made will now soon be healed by the heavenly balm of prayer. Who could have imagined that Baptists, particular and general, strict communion and open, could thus have been brought together. Surely it is a miracle—a miracle of grace. Even our strictest brethren were not unrepresented, for some even of these were drawn to the meeting as by a divine influence. What does this all mean? Is not the Captain of our salvation rallying his forces for the day of battle? Is he not saying to us, "Your differences must be no longer

war cries, at the sound of which one battalion shall turn the sword against the other, but they must be watchwords whereby those of each regiment shall know their own men. In the coming conflict every troop will be required. Cease then your party strife. Leave me to defend my own table; I will fence it around and preserve it sacred. Go ye forth and unitedly engage in a nobler welfare, defending my cross, and spreading my gospel." Thus the Captain seems to have spoken, and a deep, cordial, and perfect unanimity has been the result.

Those who were present at the great Metropolitan gathering will never forget the spontaneity, quickness, and freedom of all the devotion, and the singular appropriateness of every prayer. What a marvellous spirit of humiliation was poured out upon the brethren, and how strangely were all brought to a level before the throne of grace! Venerable tutors and stripling students joined their supplications. Young men and fathers in the ministry mingled their tears. Oh for such another gathering, but a gathering on a still larger scale, a gathering of all the tribes of Israel to fast and weep before the Lord!

To promote such gatherings is the object of this paper. To promote the revival of an old Scriptural custom is the desire of its writer. He longs for the time when in all special cases fasting and prayer will go hand in hand, for then he believes that the blessing will be poured out. But the very subject of fasting has been almost forgotten amongst us, and many will have the impression that it must be a very unscriptural and unorthodox thing. Let us then consider this subject, and enquire—

I. *Is fasting now a religious duty*? To answer this question we must define what we mean, and refer to the unerring standard of God's holy Word.

Fasting is the natural expression of all-absorbing grief, or a soul-pervading earnestness. When the mind is in deep distress, the natural appetite is destroyed, and the body refuses to receive its food. The same result attends a soul-pervading earnestness, an earnestness which cannot stop to eat or drink until it has attained its object. As an example of the former we have the case of David, the king of Israel; as an example of the latter we have the case of Daniel, the earnest student of prophetic truth. How intense must have been the grief which weighed down David's heart when he saw the anguish of his dying child, and knew that all the little sufferer's pangs were caused by *his* sin. It was this which made him throw himself upon the bare earth, and there for seven days lie weeping and fasting before the Lord. How earnest must the prophet Daniel have been when he knew by books that the time for the restoration of Jerusalem was drawing near, so, that he might know the time, "he set his face unto the Lord God to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes."

But fasting may be regarded not only as the effect of grief or earnestness, but as a means of promoting that grief which we do not feel, or producing that earnestness which we do not exhibit. Hence on the solemn day of expiation the Jews were commanded to afflict their souls, and to offer up sacrifices that they might be clean from all their sins before the Lord. They are nowhere commanded to fast on this occasion, but as fasting is most helpful to affliction of soul they seemed to feel that they could not afflict their souls without fasting, therefore the day of atonement was everywhere observed as the great fasting day. Jer. xxxvi. 6. Acts xxvii. 9. When the stomach has been filled with dainty meats, and the heart is merry with wine, it is almost impossible to afflict the soul before God, but that depletion which is produced by fasting will be no hindrance but rather a help to devotion of spirit. "It is emptiness not fulness that makes a man capable of heavenly visions and divine glory." The soul of man is so sluggish and laggard in the performance of holy duties that it cannot be wrought at once into a state of intense and burning earnestness, and if we leave our devotions to obey the calls of hunger our souls will cool down again, and will never be melted under the intense heat of holy desire.

Fasting, then, is natural to the grief-stricken Christian, and it is necessary to

the Christian who cannot grieve. The earnest soul will fast for very earnestness, and the sluggish soul should fast that it may become earnest. God's people have fasted in every age. They have fasted because of intense grief. Nehem. i. 3, 4. Because of doubt and disappointment. Judges xx. 26. Ezra viii. 21. Because of imminent danger. 2 Chron. xx. 3. Ezra iv. 4. Yea, they have fasted that they might thereby promote their piety, and thus bring glory to God. 1 Sam. vii. 6. Nehem. ix. 1. They fasted not only under the old dispensation but under the new. The Pharisees, the hypocrites of those days, fasted. Luke xviii. 12. Anxious enquirers fasted. Acts x. 30. Apostles fasted. Acts xiii. 1, 2, 14, 23. 2 Cor. vi. 5, 11, 27. And best of all, our blessed Lord himself fasted. Like Moses and Elijah he fasted forty days, his soul so full of divine earnestness that he required no food. Now it is hardly possible that any man could fast forty days without a miracle being wrought to support his life; but it has been beautifully observed, "that when we take up our abode in any particular city we must live according to its customs. Moses in a certain sense ascended to heaven, where they neither eat nor drink, therefore he became assimilated to them. We are accustomed to eat and drink, and when angels descend to us they eat and drink also. It was in very truth a heavenly not an earthly life in the case equally of Moses, Elijah, and the Lord." We cannot therefore imitate in our fasting these three great fasters. As in the splendour of transfiguration glory these three stood alone upon Tabor's mount, so they stand alone in their extraordinary fasting.

We have no space to enlarge upon the many instances of fasting which are recorded in God's Word, or to chronicle the many testimonies which may be gathered from every age of the Christian church. The devout reader can examine these for himself, and he will find that although fasting is never by itself commanded as a law, yet it is everywhere regarded as the natural accompaniment of special and earnest prayer. And now let me ask, Why do you object to fasting? Do you say that fasting belongs to the old dispensation, and is contrary to the spirit of the gospel? I answer, Surely the example of Christ and his apostles ought to be sufficient to satisfy us upon this point, and we cannot do wrong in following such an example. The disciples fasted not whilst Christ the heavenly Bridegroom was with them, but they often fasted when he was taken away from them. Matt. ix. 15. Acts xiii. 2, 3; xiv. 23. 2 Cor. vi. 5; xi. 27.

Perhaps you object to fasting because it is a Romish custom; but you might just as reasonably object to pray because Romanists pray to saints, or object to sing God's praises because Romanists sing the praises of Mary. But after all, there is no such thing as true fasting in the Romish Church. It is but a mockery, and a show. Sincere Romanists may really fast, but it is altogether a work of supererogation, and is nowhere required of them by the laws of the church. Fasting and feasting are almost synonymous in the language of Rome. The former signifies a banquet of fish, and the latter a banquet of flesh. Surely it requires no very great self-denial for a man to abstain from flesh meat when he can have the rarest fish dressed in the most delicate manner, the choicest wines, and the most delicious sweetmeats. Hence Clarkson says, "Oh, how gladly would thousands of our people be condemned to such a maceration of the flesh for more days in the year than the Romanists are thus pitifully mortified, and never trouble Pope or prelate for a dispensation! Nay, they would purchase a license to fast if they would accommodate them with expedients to do it at such a rate." Thomas Adams also says on the same subject, "How deadly a sin is it to eat flesh on a Friday! Yet it is no sin with them to be drunk on a Friday. A poor labourer ploughs all day, at night refreshes himself with a morsel of bacon; he is a heretic. A gallant gentleman hawks all day, at night sits down to his variety of fishes, curious wines, possets, junkets; oh, he is a good Catholic. A hypocrite is he rather. They seek the credit of temperance among full tables, full pots. They desire praise, but they refuse hunger. But God is not mocked."

Let us not then reject the pure gold of Scriptural fasting because the Romish counterfeit is of similar appearance, but obeying the exhortation of the apostle let us "try or test the things that differ," so shall we "approve things that are excellent." Phil. i. 10. There is still another objection which will be brought against the practice of fasting; and it is the most powerful of all, and the most difficult to deal with. It comes not from the head, for it is disapproved by the intellect. It comes not from the heart, for it is censured by the affections. It comes from the stomach, and with a deep sepulchral unreasoning voice it says, "Fasting is a bad thing, and it will do no good." Now it is no use reasoning with objections which come from this quarter. Arguments may satisfy the intellect, or the affections, but no argument will satisfy the stomach. It will be of no avail to confer with flesh and blood. Gal. i. 16. Their voice must not be permitted in our solemn deliberations; but the soul must assert its rightful authority, and compel the body to submit to that which we believe to be best for our spiritual interests. Let those, however, who listen to the voice of carnal nature rather than to the voice of God be careful lest they should be found making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. Rom. xiii. 14.

II. *If fasting be a Christian duty, how should it be performed?* 1. There must be real self-denial in it. Whether there should be a total or only a partial abstinence from food is a question which each Christian must decide for himself. And this question should be decided not by the caprice of appetite, but by the solemn decision of the soul as in the sight of God. If we must eat on the day which we have given to fasting, let it be of such quantity and of such quality as shall preserve the health, but not hinder the soul in the sacred exercises of the day. We must keep under the body and bring it into subjection. 1 Cor. ix. 27. It will cost us a struggle to do this. The flesh will not be nailed to the cross without resistance. In classic story we read of one who had serpents growing from his shoulders, which were continually tormenting him with their poisonous fangs. Those serpents were a part of himself, they grew of his own flesh, and as he tried to strangle them he felt all their pangs; yet he dared not relax his grasp, or they would torment him afresh. So the inordinate appetites and desires of the body are as serpents which grow from ourselves; it will cost us many a pang to destroy them, but if we do it not they will torment our souls.

> "Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
> Where it prevails and rules;
> Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
> Lest they destroy our souls."

2. There must be real sincerity of heart. It is not enough for a man to "hang down his head like a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him," there must be real humility of heart and affliction of soul. "There are many," as old Trapp says, "who hang down their heads, but their hearts stand bolt upright within them. Such are the hypocrites spoken of by Christ. Matt. vi. 16. They disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast, and if men think them to be good fasters they care nothing for God's opinion. Like the friar in the picture they hold a punch-bowl in their hands, but hope that it may be taken for a skull. It is better not to fast at all than to practise the fast of the hypocrite. It is better even to be lukewarm than with the glowworm to appear to be all on fire when the soul, like that worm, is cold and clammy as death."

3. There must be real service done to God and man. The bands of wickedness must be loosened, the heavy burden must be undone, the oppressed must be liberated, every yoke must be broken. The hungry must be fed, the poor brought into the house, the naked must be clothed, and poor relations acknowledged. Isa. lviii. 6, 7. These good deeds will not merit the blessing, but the neglect of them will certainly bring the curse, and that man who fasts from food while he fasts not from sin will bring down Jehovah's hot displeasure on his head.

III. *If fasting be a Christian duty, should not those who have neglected it immediately attend thereto?* Do we not hear the Lord's voice saying in a very

remarkable manner, "Therefore, also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning." Joel ii. 12. We as a denomination have no earthly king to proclaim a fast, we acknowledge no universal bishop who has power to convoke the solemn assembly; but in a still small voice God has been speaking simultaneously to many hearts, and wafted upon the breezes from all parts of our land comes the soft echo of the sweet invitation, "Let us fast—let us pray." Surely this thing is of the Lord, or else among the defenders of our denominational faith some would have been found to lift their voice against a thing so strange and unusual amongst us. But surely there was never a time when deep humiliation before God was more needful than at the present. Does not the church need a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost? Does not personal piety in thousands of cases need to be rekindled? Are there not errors to be removed? Yea, are there not even devils to be cast out, and some of them of that kind which goeth not out but by prayer and fasting? Matt. xvii. 21.

There is another reason which may be urged why the duty of fasting should be neglected no longer, viz., the great benefits which are to be derived from the performance of this duty.

One of the old Puritans says that, "It is a foretaste of eternal life, when in holy practices we taste the sweetness of that heavenly manna; this angels' food, those soul-fattening viands that make us for a time to forbear our appointed food. It is a help to the understanding of heavenly mysteries, as Daniel found it. It ferrets out corruption, and is to the soul as washing is to a room, which is more than sweeping, or as scouring to the vessel, which is more than ordinary washing. It subdues rebel flesh which, with fulness of bread, will wax wanton as Sodom, Jeshurun, Ephraim. It testifies true repentance by this holy revenge, 2 Cor. vii. 11, while we thus amerce and punish ourselves by a voluntary foregoing of the comforts and commodities of life as altogether unworthy. Psa. xxxv. 13." Now this old Puritan knew what he wrote about far better than we do who read his words. He could speak from experience, which we cannot. He had probably spent many a day fasting, and if he speaks thus enthusiastically of the practice, had we not better try it for ourselves? In this matter, however, we need not be guided by man's testimony, for we have the testimony of God himself. The blessings which he promises to his fasting and praying people include every temporal and spiritual thing which we can seek or desire. See Isa. lviii. 8—12, with Joel ii. 18—27. Oh, then let us all join in this sacred duty; this duty so full of promise and blessing. Let us deny ourselves, and take up our cross to follow our Lord. Let us do battle with the flesh that we may reap the fruits of the Spirit. Oh, let us go forth and share the glorious spoil!

But some will perhaps refuse thus to deny themselves. We must leave such in the hands of the Lord; but let them rest assured that he who blamed the Pharisees for fasting amiss will much more blame those who fast not at all. If you will not fast when God calls to it, you will fast from choice when the heavenly Bridegroom is taken from you. Oh, that these poor words might induce you to try for once this long-neglected duty, then your fasting would be turned into feasting, and your prayers into praise.

BENJ. DAVIES.

Colportage.

OUR gracious Master has been pleased to smile upon the many works of usefulness which we have undertaken for him, and has vouchsafed abundant success to all of them. The gospel is constantly proclaimed to eager thousands at the Tabernacle; and through the length and breadth of the land, as well as in many other parts of the world, have been scattered those who were educated in our midst, and are now actively and successfully engaged in battling with our common enemy, and building up Christ's church upon earth. The Sunday-school has its records, not a few, of young souls won for the Saviour, and added

to God's people; and various classes, attended by persons of all ages, have been instrumental in bringing many to the feet of Jesus; and for those who will not come to the gospel-feast, means are unceasingly employed to take it to them; hence, many earnest brethren preach in the open air; others distribute tracts in the streets, or leave them from house to house. But while we rejoice in all these efforts, and in contemplating the marvellous results are astonished and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" we are yet painfully conscious that very much remains to be done before Satan's dominion shall be overthrown, and the millions who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death" shall bask in the rays of the Sun of righteousness.

We are, therefore, anxious to secure the attention of our readers to a branch of Evangelistic labour to which we have just put our hand; viz., the sending of colporteurs from house to house with the Scriptures and other good books, chiefly of a religious nature, and all of them calculated to elevate the characters and improve the minds of their readers. The work itself is by no means new, having been very effective at the time of the Reformation; and now that a second Reformation seems necessary, it is incumbent upon us to endeavour to revive the work in England. Our brethren in the North have set us a noble example. A few years ago they established an association bearing the name of the "Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland;" and we cannot do better than let them tell their own tale. In a pamphlet issued last August they say—

"It is little more than ten years since the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland started their first agents. Now they have about one hundred and fifty colporteurs at work, whose success has been so satisfactory as to lead to the establishment of similar agencies in many districts both of England and Ireland; and there is no doubt that they would very soon be greatly multiplied, if the benefits derived by the people from this agency were more generally known. The following brief statement of what has been accomplished by colportage in *one locality* may serve to illustrate and prove the importance and value of the work.

"About seven years ago, a colporteur was started in an agricultural district in the south of Scotland, with instructions to visit only the villages, hamlets, and separate dwellings, and to leave unvisited a populous town within it. When he began his labours, he found that the people read little except newspapers and frivolous or pernicious publications, and that they had so little interest in literature or desire for it, that it was often with difficulty they were persuaded even to look at the publications which he carried with him. But it was not long till a favourable change took place. Cheap and attractive periodicals found their way gradually into many families, the number of subscribers increased from year to year, till they have reached the vast amount given below; a result which bears the highest testimony to the power and value of the aggressive principle adopted by this and other agents of the Society.

"The monthly sale of periodicals and serials in this district by the hands of the colporteurs is now as follows:—400 Spurgeon's Sermons, 180 Sabbath School Messenger, 148 British Workman, 122 British Herald, 130 British Messenger, 122 Children's Friend, 101 Children's Record, 64 Band of Hope Review, 54 Herald of Mercy, 51 Cottager, 50 Sunday Magazine, 49 Record, 46 Happy Home, 38 Old Jonathan, 34 British Workwoman, 30 Tract Magazine, 28 Good Words, 28 Children's Paper, 22 Sunshine, 22 Sunday at Home, 20 Foxe's Martyrs (monthly parts), 20 Family Treasury, 20 Quiver (monthly parts), 20 Children's Prize, 16 Child's Companion, 14 The Adviser, 10 Leisure Hour, 10 Mothers' Friend, and several other magazines in smaller numbers, making a total sale of above 1600 monthly, and nearly 20,000 annually.

"Who can adequately estimate the amount of wholesome influence which these publications must be exercising from month to month over the minds and hearts of this people? and there is every reason to believe that, with few exceptions, the subscribers would have been without them still, had they not been carried into their dwellings.

"This, however, is only a small portion of the literature sold by the colporteur. A growing interest in religious books has been awakened throughout the district, and of these the annual sale is now very large, including between three and four hundred Bibles and Testaments.

"And let it be remembered that the Society's agents are no mere book-hawkers, but pious men, who know and love the truth, who commend it by their lips, as well as by the publications sold by them, and who feel it to be their privilege, and make it their endeavour to introduce the gospel message into all the families in their districts. They distribute tracts, read and pray with the sick, aged and dying, hold prayer-meetings, and are most valuable auxiliaries to ministers, missionaries, and all who are seeking to extend the Redeemer's kingdom."

The work has also been vigorously prosecuted in Ireland, the Society there having sold in one year 64,136 Bibles and books, and 367,752 periodicals.

Dr. Blackie, author of "Better Days for Working People," in a pamphlet entitled "The Colporteur in Scotland," gives several instances of the success which has attended this agency. Our limited space compels us to confine ourselves to one, showing the way in which publications of a demoralising tendency are superseded by the aggressive action of the Society. An agent reports:—"I find that some who formerly were constant readers of frivolous penny journals, now take one of my periodicals instead. Not long ago I was talking to a man who has been in the habit of hawking periodicals through C—— for about a dozen years, and he told me that formerly he sold about double the quantity of the London weekly cheap publications that he sells now!"

We have materials before us for enlarging very fully upon this subject,* but we think enough has been written to prove the beneficial effects of colportage, and there can be little doubt that an ample field of labour lies before us. The Scotch Society rejoices in our determination to extend the system in the South, and has materially assisted the committee in making the preliminary arrangements—whether we shall enjoy the same success depends chiefly upon the extent to which God is pleased to bless us (here, however, is no cause for fear), but it also depends partly, dear reader, upon your help. For the effectual accomplishment of the work funds will be required. The profits on books sold will go far in some cases towards maintaining the agents, but the Society cannot hope, at any rate for the present, to become self-supporting, and we have no doubt that those who are always willing to help us will stand by us in this matter. The Society will be conducted on principles of strict economy, having no paid officers, but being managed by a committee chosen from our church members, who will gladly do their utmost to further its interests.

Workers are also required. Earnest, devoted men who have the glory of God and the good of souls at heart, and are willing for a moderate wage to give their whole time to the work.

The committee will probably devise a plan similar to that adopted by our friends in Scotland, viz., to undertake to supply a colporteur in any district, in or for which £30 per annum is subscribed. Meantime they would be glad to receive information of specially needy localities, and proposals from benevolent persons to share the responsibility of supplying them with agents; they would also be thankful for recommendations of Christian men well fitted in every way for the work.

Communications should be addressed to "The Secretary, Colportage Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.," and all donations received will be acknowledged in the "Sword and Trowel."

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* We recommend those whose interest is awakened to read Mrs. Fison's "History of Colportage."

Christian Experience.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

A FRIEND of mine, a Presbyterian minister, who, for several years, was employed as a missionary in the City of New York, was in the habit of attending the Fulton-street daily prayer-meeting. On one occasion, a very respectable-looking man, with the deepest despondency marked on his countenance rose in the meeting, and in a low tremulous voice said: "Brethren, pray for me. God has shown me that my nature is awfully depraved—that my heart is desperately wicked, a cage full of unclean beasts; and the more I strive and pray against it, the worse I seem to become. I fear the Lord has given me up. Oh, brethren, pray for me!" Having thus spoken, he sat down and buried his face in his hands. A Methodist minister who was present instantly rose to his feet, and, in a flippant, self-confident tone of voice, thus expressed himself: "Thank God, I have no such experience as *that!* The Lord converted me twenty years ago, took away my bad heart, and gave me a new heart. Bless his name! I've always been happy since. Thank the Lord!" The humiliating confession of the first speaker deeply touching the sympathy and commiseration of my friend, brought him to his feet. Without preface or apology, but with much feeling and effect, he recited the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. "Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee and the other a Publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, *or even as this Publican*," &c. "And the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner! I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The effect upon the audience may be more easily imagined than described. What gave greater point and appropriateness to the parable, as recited under the peculiar circumstances narrated, was the fact that the first speaker was really a Publican (a Custom-house officer)—a fact, however, of which my good Presbyterian brother was ignorant at the time.

I remember a somewhat similar case, which occurred a few years ago, in my own neighbourhood. A humble Christian man, a member of a Baptist church, went one evening to a protracted meeting which was being held in his vicinity. At the close of the sermon, the preacher informed the congregation "that they were now going to hold an old-fashioned religious conference meeting, and he hoped the friends belonging to other denominations present would 'take right hold,' and feel themselves at home. He was delighted to see some of his Baptist brethren with them, and if they didn't believe in quite so much water as the Baptists, they believed, at least, in a good deal more spirit." After singing a hymn, it was announced that the meeting was now open to all. Nobody, however, seemed disposed to avail himself of the privilege thus generously granted. After a long and somewhat painful pause, the Baptist brother referred to got up to his feet, as he said, "just to break the ice." After speaking three or four minutes on the "inward conflict," and the deceitfulness of his own heart, he resumed his seat. The preacher was evidently annoyed by the remarks which he had just heard. Without waiting for another speaker, he rose, and in a blunt, abrupt manner said: "We don't want people here with bad hearts, throwing a damp over the meeting. They had better stop at home. Brethren, let us sing," &c. I believe my Baptist brother was the only volunteer speaker that evening. In vain the preacher coaxed and threatened the congregation by turns; the revival fire absolutely refused, though fanned with prodigious energy, to burst into flame. The meeting had to be closed and the audience dismissed.

The contrast between the religious experience of the persons referred to is striking, and suggests many useful remarks. While I believe that there is no

religion in doubts and fears, and in tormenting anxiety about our frames and feelings, I esteem the complaints and self-accusations of a broken and contrite heart a far better evidence of a Christian state than the loudest pretensions of the bold and self-confident.

It is questioned by some whether the experience so graphically described in the 7th of the Romans was really Paul's own experience after his conversion. With me it is a settled point, that the apostle not only describes in this chapter his own Christian experience, but the experience of all true Christians who have ever lived. I have devoted much study to this interesting portion of God's Word, and have read every book I could lay my hands on which promises to throw any light upon the subject, and I am now perfectly satisfied that whether Paul relates here his own experience or no, it is the daily experience of every child of God. And, however strange it may appear to some that so confessedly a good man as the great apostle of the Gentiles should complain so deeply of his sinfulness all his days, it can be clearly made out that—unless great violence be done to the plain, natural, grammatical sense of the passage—he evidently portrays his own daily inward conflict as a Christian.

"From the 7th to the 14th verse," remarks a pious author, "Paul speaks indeed of the past time, and is describing the former exercises of his mind with respect to the law of God, and which he experienced in his conviction and conversion. But from the 14th verse to the end of the chapter, he plainly speaks of the time present, and the very feelings of his soul while he was writing to the Romans." No other sense can certainly be put on them without offering an intolerable violence to all the rules of grammatical construction. Towards the end of the chapter he looks forward indeed to the time to come, when groaning in the bitterness of his spirit under present pressures and afflictions, he cries out, "O wretched man that I am!" &c., and relieves himself with the answer, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He certainly expected deliverance, but it was in the world to come: and in the next chapter he explains more distinctly how the saints "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." But here they wait for it with patience, and the Spirit helpeth their infirmities. This is the natural and obvious sense of the apostle; and if it need any confirmation, it may receive it from various other passages in his epistles. But as brevity must be studied, I would only desire the reader to compare the chapter which has been considered with Galatians v. The same inward conflict, which is more largely described in the former chapter, is thus briefly illustrated in the latter: "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would;" though, on the whole, they are "led by the Spirit" in their walk. Nor is there the least intimation given that things will ever be otherwise with them while they are "waiting for the hope of righteousness by faith." It is not true only of Paul then, but of all real Christians in the world, whether weak or strong, whether babes, young men, or fathers in Christ, that the conflict in the seventh of Romans belongs to them all.

I thank God for the 7th of the Romans. It has often kept my head above water when I seemed ready to sink into despair.—*Canadian Baptist.*

Above the Cloud.

"Oh, mother, why did he fly so high? why did he let the cloud swallow him up?" "Foolish children," answered the mother bird, "he is safe enough; I can hear him singing even now; that cloud which looks so gloomy to you, is dark only on the under side; he is above it, and sees a brighter blue sky than we do, who are down here. Be content; he will return to us happier and wiser than he left us, and tell us that if he had not pierced that darkness, he would never have believed how much glory and beauty were above it."—*Mrs. Prosser's Fables.*

Reviews.

The Book of Martyrs. By JOHN FOXE, revised, with Notes and an Appendix. By Rev. W. B. MOORE, M.A., with Illustrations. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

THIS magnificent volume should be *the* Christmas present to his children of every father who can afford it. In these days of the threatened revival of Popery, the lover of his country, the lover of liberty, the lover of gospel truth, can scarcely do a wiser thing than aid the circulation of this precious volume, as one of the best antidotes to the pernicious nonsense of Ritualism. The edition before us is worthy of any drawing-room table; it is profusely illustrated, beautifully printed, elegantly bound and exceedingly cheap, and deserves to be, as we have already said, THE CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

Henry's Outline of English History; a complete Synopsis of our National History and Constitutional Progress. With Genealogical Tables of each Family. Fifteen hundred Questions and Chronological Tables of Principal Events. By JOSEPH FERNANDEZ, B.A. Fourth Edition. Charles Bean, 81, New North Road. 1866.

THIS is a school-book to our mind, and should be forthwith introduced into Nonconformist schools, both public and private. We marvel that Christian parents should allow their children to be taught out of class-books in which history is wilfully, wickedly falsified to serve the turn of the Church of England. It is a burning shame and sin, that we should allow our own children to be taught by their schoolmasters the most shameful libels of our noble predecessors, and the most fulsome flattery of their tyrannical oppressors. Books such as the present, should be encouraged as much as possible. We quote Mr. Fernandez upon Cromwell as a specimen of his faithfulness to fact:—

"No man has been more persistently belied, as to character, than Cromwell. He is universally acknowledged to have been a man of great military talent, energy, and determination, but he is usually represented as a hypocrite, and as one whose ambition was the ruling passion of his life. This is a false view of his character, and one which our nation is bound in duty to deny. The publication of his life and letters must satisfy any impartial person that he was eminently pious as well as patriotic. Errors in judgment he may have committed, but he was beyond question the great champion of Protestantism in Europe, under whose sway, civil and religious liberty at home, and religious toleration abroad, enjoyed an unknown quiet. A man of harsh exterior, and of a rugged nature, he was susceptible of the tenderest emotions. Like many others who have lived in troublous times and circumstances, he was the man of the age, forced upward by the course of events. No man, less rigid in discipline, nor less arbitrary in his measures, could have ruled the nation in such a period of anarchy, and during the tumultuous bursting forth of new ideas. He was a man who lived in dependence upon God; a great soul, who was specially appointed for his work. Of his share in the death of Charles it may be said, that he was quite unprepared for any extremity against the king until after Naseby; when the publication of Charles's correspondence demonstrated clearly that he was not to be trusted, and that he was acting deceitfully by all those of his opponents with whom he had held any correspondence. This conduct of Charles caused such an excitement among the republican party, that Clarendon himself says, 'It was more than once proposed that there should be a general massacre of the royalists, as the only expedient to secure the government, but that Cromwell would never consent to it.'"

The Holy War. By JOHN BUNYAN, illustrated by H. Selous and D. Friston. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

THE Holy War is a deeper and far more experimental work than the "Pilgrim's Progress," and hence, although more

valuable, it has never been so popular. Those who are familiar with spiritual conflicts and inward corruptions, find the Holy War to be their choice companion; to them it is full of instruction and consolation, and their appreciation of its beauties daily increases. It is a volume for the grey-headed, for those who have attained to the stature of fully-developed men in Christ Jesus, and yet the babe in grace may read it with profit. We hope the Holy War will yet equal the Pilgrim in public esteem. The enterprising firm of Cassel, Petter and Galpin have issued an excellent edition, of which we cannot speak too highly. It is a copy for the library and the drawing-room. It is quite a treat to read one's favourite author in such clear letter-press, and to see his thoughts live before the eye in such masterly illustrations.

Do the Old Testament Saints belong to the Church of God? By EDWARD CROWLEY. Judd and Glass.

IT would be astounding that any man should ask such a question, but the wonder ceases when we know what novelties Plymouth Brotherism is in the habit of producing. Mr. Crowley is strong as usual in his dogmatism, but weakness itself in argument. He informs us, that "Christ did not exist as the Bridegroom before his ascension," although both John the Baptist and our Lord himself tell us the reverse, and therefore he concludes the saints of the Old Testament do not belong to that which forms the bride of Christ. The premises are worthy of the conclusion. We wish Mr. Crowley more light, and a greater sense of his present darkness. Arrogant ignorance is widely different from confident faith.

The Lost Child. A Ballad for Mothers and Fathers. By Mrs. SEWELL. Twentieth Thousand. Jarrold & Sons, 12, Paternoster Row. Price Twopence.

A MOST meritorious performance both for spirit and execution. This ballad should be read by every growing girl. It is a delicately-veiled description of the growth of sin in a child, and of the horrible results of unchastity. To the class of female servants it will be useful.

When were our Gospels Written? An argument by CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF, with a narrative of the discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscript. Religious Tract Society. One Shilling.

THIS pamphlet has already passed through three editions in Germany; it has also been twice translated into French. It has been issued also in Dutch and Russian, and an Italian edition is preparing. It will, we doubt not, be exceedingly instrumental in confirming the faithful in the certainty of those things in which they have been instructed. The blows of so profound a scholar as Tischendorf are enough to overthrow the whole "magic lantern school" of sceptical rationalists.

Hymns and Poems. By the late DAVID RAESIDE, Glasgow. Thos. Murray & Sons.

A SMALL collection of poetry which will be prized by those who knew the author, and will not be despised by those who have an ear for the music of holy rhymes.

Our Own Hymn Book. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Row.

THE edition in large type is now ready, and with its list of authors will be valuable to students of Hymnology. The collection itself has met with very great acceptance.

Scenes from the Life of St. Paul and their Religious Lessons. By REV. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., with illustrations by Paolo Priolo, Esq. Religious Tract Society.

PRINTED on the best toned paper, adorned with large engravings in the first style of art, handsomely bound, and beautifully printed, the external of this volume leaves nothing to be desired. As for the contents, they cannot but be of the highest order; the names of Conybeare and Howson will, for many a year, be linked with the name of Paul, as most learned, laborious, and exhaustive commentators and elucidators of his biographies. We believe that this volume is *the* Christmas Book of the Religious Tract Society, and it is worthy of our warmest recommendation.

Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Galleys for the sake of his Religion. Translated from the French. Religious Tract Society.

We predict that this shilling narrative will excite an interest only second to that awakened by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," over which it has this superiority, that it is no fiction. It has cut us to the heart while reading it, and made us adore the almighty grace which enabled the saints to triumph over agonizing tortures and bitter woes, and throughout years of misery to endure as seeing him who is invisible. The volume will deepen the hatred of the reader against that fiendish monster called Popery, and its foul cub known as Puseyism.

The *Baptist Messenger* has maintained a steady course of usefulness, and we are glad to commend it anew to the confidence of our friends.

People's Almanack for 1867. One Penny; and the same in a stiff cover, and interleaved. Threepence. *Pocket Book Almanack*, interleaved and gilt edges, Twopence. *The Scripture Pocket Book* for 1867.

All these productions of the Religious Tract Society are good and cheap. The Society has also published *Kings and Queens of England*, a set of cards with portraits of the monarchs, and pictures of the leading events. For One Shilling and Sixpence the juveniles may be both delighted and instructed.

Messrs. Cassels' yearly volume of the *Quiver*, is a fine volume, full of interesting matter.

The *Sword and Trowel* makes an elegant volume when bound in the case which our binders have prepared for it. Friends should at once complete their sets, or, if they prefer it, give an early order for the volume which is now ready.

Notices.

THE Rev. W. S. Webb, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, about three years since was called to labour at Blakeney, Gloucestershire. There he found himself in the midst of a large population, consisting for the most part of men connected with the quarries, mines, and coal-pits of the Forest of Dean. Mr. Webb yearned to make them better men and women, better servants and workmen, and, above all, to lead them to the Saviour. For this purpose he started an Industrial Institute, to promote the free education of working-men, and the spread of the gospel through this destitute locality. The Institute was well appreciated from the first by the class for whom it was intended, for within a few days after its commencement nearly 100 men and boys enrolled themselves as members. Since then it has been gradually progressing, and there are now 300 names on the books, besides about 100 young women and girls. In the educational department a good English education is given freely to all who are willing to avail themselves of it, without respect to denomination. A free reading-room has been opened, and a library is in course of formation. The classes are numerously attended in the winter, and many have been unfailing in their attendance all the year through. There is also a Home Mission department, in connection with which earnest Christian young men, who are members of Mr Webb's church, are engaged in the distribution of tracts, and in preaching at seven mission stations. For more than two years this work has been going on under the presidency of Mr. Webb, who loves his work and throws his whole energies into it. In the midst of many discouragements and great opposition he has been much cheered by the general improvement in the neighbourhood, and especially in some who have been brought to know Christ through this instrumentality. He purposes to extend its usefulness by establishing a day-school in connection with it. A printing-press will also be added, and it is very desirable that the Home Mission work should be augmented by the addition of ten or twelve more stations. Of this the Forest of

Dean has great need, and requires that some one should be wholly employed in the work. The funds, however, will not allow of this at present. It is intended to erect a building for the use of the Institute, as the classes at present meet in a house which is subject to a heavy rental. A minister in the vicinity, who has favoured us with this account, has several times visited Blakeney and seen the work, and cordially commends it to the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," as in every way worthy of their pecuniary help. Mr. Webb confidently believes the work to be God's. In his strength it was undertaken and is continued. To him he has looked for means to enable him to carry it on, and "hitherto the Lord has helped" him. In God he trusts for future supplies. He is admirably qualified for the work he has undertaken, and has a hearty co-worker in Mrs. Webb, who enters thoroughly into the objects of the Institution, and presides over the young women's classes.

On Monday, October 22nd, a meeting of an interesting character was held in the Baptist Chapel, Mill Street, Bedford, for the purpose of paying off the remainder of the debt incurred four years since in the enlargement of that place. After tea a public meeting was presided over by Pastor R. Speed. Prayer having been offered, the chairman stated the object of the meeting, and called upon Mr. Roff, the treasurer, to read the report. During the past year more than £70 has been collected, by which the whole of the debt is paid. Mr. Flanders, the senior deacon, in the name of the church and congregation, presented to Mr. Speed a valuable edition of Calvin's Works, consisting of fifty-one volumes. Mr. Speed in acknowledging the gift, referred to the mutual love existing between himself and his people, and expressed his heartfelt desire that it might be deepened and long continued.

The second annual tea and public meeting was held on the 12th of September, at Arnold's Place, Dockhead, Bermondsey. After tea some 300 were present at the public meeting, when Mr. J. B. Field, of the Tabernacle, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by A. G. Brown, of Bromley; A. J. Brown, of Bermondsey; Duncan Corken (Independent), of Bermondsey; C. Noble and J. Hillman, of the Pastor's College. C. F. Styles, who has laboured here for two years, gave an interesting account of the Lord's doings among them.

Mr. E. Spurrier having accepted the unanimous invitation of the Church at Eld Lane, Colchester, to become the assistant minister at that place, entered upon his duties there on Sunday, 21st October. On Tuesday evening, 23rd, a congregational tea meeting was held, to welcome Mr. Spurrier. At the meeting afterwards, Mr. Langford, the pastor of the church, presided, and expressed his sincere regard for his young friend, and his devout gratitude to God for the blessing that had hitherto attended his ministry. The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Rogers (one of the deacons), seconded by Mr. Fitch, supported by Messrs. Hill and Warmington, and carried unanimously:—"That this meeting desires to express its cordial and heartfelt thanks to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon for sending our esteemed friend, Mr. Spurrier, to our town, as well as for the deep interest Mr. Spurgeon has shown in the cause at this place." Mr. Langton then, in the name of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Spurrier with a purse containing £12, as a practical proof of their affection and esteem. Mr. Spurrier, by whom the present was entirely unexpected, thanked the people in warm terms for this one out of many proofs of kindness which he had received from them, expressed his gratitude to Mr. Spurgeon, the tutors, and his fellow-students for the good which he had derived whilst at the College, a place where he had not only gained much knowledge of God's Word, but had, he trusted, grown in grace, and declared his hope that he might live and die in the ministry of that gospel which had been the power of God to his own salvation.

On Sunday, 28th of October, the anniversary sermons of Vernon Chapel, King's Cross Road, were preached by the pastor, C. B. Sawday. On the following Tuesday a public meeting was held. Upwards of 500 friends sat down to tea, which was provided by the ladies of the congregation. The chapel was afterwards filled, and the interest of the meeting was well sustained. The pastor presided. After singing and prayer

the secretary read a short report, showing that the church had prospered greatly during the ministry of Mr. Sawday. During the past year 198 persons had been added to the church, and twenty-five had left or died, leaving a nett increase of 173. All the auxiliaries in the church are being energetically worked, and great results follow. The chapel is always crowded on Sundays, and sometimes at the week-evening services, insomuch that the church is about to commence an effort for a new chapel. A large sum has been spent during the year in improving the present chapel, the whole of which has been defrayed by the people. A debt of £1,340 has been reduced to £1,160, and arrangements have been made for its systematic reduction. After the report, impressive addresses were delivered by Mr. H. Varley; A. G. Brown, of Bromley; and Mr. Vine, of Ipswich. Donations for the new chapel will be thankfully received.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Oct. 20th, to Nov. 19th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Fairclough	5	0	0
Mr. Saggers	0	10	0
A Debtor to Mercy	0	5	0
Mr. Hose	2	2	0
Three Sermon Readers, Aberdeen	1	0	0
Miss J. C. Burdon Sanderson	5	0	0
Miss E. Burdon Sanderson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Pledge	0	2	6
J. G., Westbury	0	2	3
J. H., Bridgewater	0	5	0
Collections at Palace Gardens Chapel after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	42	2	6
Mrs. Macbeth	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	1	0	0
Collected at a Prayer Meeting at Lochee	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Drummond, Stirling	1	0	0
Miss Julie Moren	3	3	0
E. S.	0	5	0
J. G.	20	0	0
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Mr. Medhurst, Glasgow	8	6	6
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mr. Speight	0	5	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	1
Mr. J. Clarke	2	0	0
Miss E. Bontall	0	0	0
Friends at Wesleyan Chapel, Kentish Town	4	4	0
J. D.	1	0	0
Miss Phillips	0	7	6
Mr. J. Lang	6	0	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Mr. G. S. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward	5	0	0
Moiety of Collections at Oxford, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	17	12	11
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth	8	14	9
Collection at Baptist Church Assembly Room, Padiham	5	4	0
Miss Banting	0	0	0
Miss Congreve	1	0	0
Miss Amy Congreve	1	0	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	1	0	0
Miss Annie Congreve	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ryder	0	10	0
An Invalid, Tunbridge Wells	0	7	6
"Of thine own do we give thee"	0	10	0
Mrs. Burgess	0	2	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Miss Pavey	1	0	0
Faith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	10	0	0
A Friend in Kent	0	5	0
J. S. M., Cambridge	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	20	0	0
Mr. Whitehead	5	0	0
A. P.	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Sandhurst	6	10	0
Mr. Pike	1	0	0
Mr. Bunting	0	5	0
Mr. Knell, Bildestone	4	0	0
H. A.	0	5	0
Mr. T. D. Marshall	2	2	0
May	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Oct. 21	34	10	0
" " " " 28	30	9	10
" " " Nov. 4	40	3	11
" " " " 11	30	11	0
" " " " 18	28	7	8
	£417	11	8

Sums received from M. A. are gratefully acknowledged; they have been placed in the Weekly Offering, but will in future be acknowledged separately.

Contributions received for Colportage Association.—J. G., 5s; Part of Miscellaneous Collection at the Tabernacle, £19 7s. 6d.; Mrs Taylor, 2s. 0d.; Mr. Hobson, 10s.

For the Poor.—W., Manchester, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. Krell, £10.

For outfit of Mr. Gillett to India.—Friends at the Tabernacle after prayer meeting, Nov. 5th, £33 3s. 1d.; A. E. A. B., £2; "Of thine own do we give thee," 10s.; A friend, 0s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.