

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL
VOLUME 1

by C.H. Spurgeon

C.H. SPURGEON'S WORKS

AS PUBLISHED IN HIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

VOLUME ONE:

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In 1865, Spurgeon began publication of *The Sword and the Trowel*, a monthly magazine which not only contains valuable materials on the Scriptures, but also serves as one of the best autobiographical sources on the life of Spurgeon.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON

1865.

“They which builded on the wall, and they that bear burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so he builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me.”—Nehemiah 4:17,18.

PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

Whoever thinks a magazine worth the reading so soon as the month of its issue is over? Most people reckon it a waste of money to bind up magazines. “Every dog has his day,” and every magazine its month. Well,

friend, we agree with you and the world in general on this point, if it be conceded that the rule has exceptions, and if in the second place you will do us the favor to see if this volume is not one of them. The excellent Case which we have prepared for binding shows that we are vain enough to hope to outlive the present date. (Cases for binding can be had of the Publishers for 1s. 3d, or the volume bound for 4s. 6d.)

Our matter, for the most part, belongs not to 1865 alone, but to all time, and is of the kind which never grows stale; and wherein we chronicle work peculiar to a certain year, the record may stimulate you to do the like in the time now current. Read our pages therefore, without prejudice, because they were issued periodically in a monthly serial.

SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS,

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

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

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JANUARY 1865

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

Our Magazine is intended to report the efforts of those Churches and Associations, which are more or less intimately connected with the Lord's work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and to advocate those views of doctrine and Church order which are most certainly received among us. It will address itself to those faithful friends scattered everywhere, who are our well-wishers and supporters in our work of faith and labor of love. We feel the want of some organ of communication in which our many plans for God's glory may be brought before believers, and commended to their aid. Our friends are so numerous as to be able to maintain a Magazine, and so earnest as to require one. Our monthly message will be a supplement to our weekly sermon and will enable us to say many things which would be out of place in a discourse. It will inform the general Christian public of our movements, and show our sympathy with all that is good throughout the entire Church of God. It will give us an opportunity of urging the claims of Christ's cause, of advocating the revival of godliness, of denouncing error, of bearing witness for truth, and of encouraging the laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

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

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

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

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

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR JESUS?

BY C. H. SPURGEON

“What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor.”—Esther 6:6.

THE schemes of Haman were overruled to the honor of Mordecai, to the safety of the Jewish people, and to the glory of God; and so will the devices of evil always be turned by the Most High to the promotion of good. God may suffer his enemies to dig pits, but they shall themselves fall therein; they shall cast stones into the air, but their missiles shall descend upon their own heads: Satan hath a great scheme in hand for the dethroning of King Jesus, but as yet, he has only made him to be the more exalted among men. All the stratagems and subterfuges of the enemy have been rendered subservient to the greater glory of the Mighty One, and to the fulfillment of the divine decrees. So will it be to the end of the chapter, and we shall see, in looking back from the starry heights of heaven, how all the cruel malice and crafty subtlety of the serpent have been frustrated by

infinite wisdom, and overruled by divine love. Lucifer shall fall; and in his fall he shall bear witness to the glory of “the Seed of the woman” through whom he fell.

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

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

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

***“Christ be my first elect,’ he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head.”***

“According,” says the apostle, “as he hath chosen us in him from before the foundation of the world.” *Every after-manifestation of grace* has also been through the man Christ Jesus. When did Isaiah speak most evangelically? When did Ezekiel most sweetly comfort the people of God? When did others of the prophets dart bright flashes of light through the thick darkness of their times? Surely it was only when they spake of him who bore our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed. *In the great work of redemption*, God has honored Christ, by laying our help upon him alone, as upon “one that is mighty.” He hath “exalted one chosen out of the people.” In Bozrah’s battle no champion must fight but Jesus, and, covered with the blood of his foes, no hero must return in stately triumph from Edom but the lonely one who speaks in righteousness, “mighty to save.” He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him. In redemption there is but one price, found in one hand, paid by one Redeemer, that price the precious blood, found in the veins of the Savior, and paid own by him upon the accursed tree. In every other act of grace the design of the King is to honor the Lord Jesus. You cannot taste the sweetness of any *doctrine* till you have remembered Christ’s connection with it. You are washed from every sin, but how? Ye have “washed your robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” You are

sumptuously arrayed from head to foot; ye are appareled as the King's sons and daughters, but who is this that hath clothed you? Are you not robed in the righteousness of your Lord Jesus Christ? Up to this moment you have been preserved, but now? "Preserved in Christ Jesus." The Holy Spirit is the author of your sanctification, but what has been the instrument by which he has purified you? He has cleansed you by the water which flowed with the blood from the wounds of the expiring Savior. Our eternal life is sure; because *he* lives, we shall live also. We shall behold the face of God with transport and delight, because he has gone up to prepare a place for us, that where he is, we may be also. The Father has studiously linked every gospel privilege and every boon of the new covenant with the person of Jesus Christ, that in blessing you he might at the same time honor his own dear Son? "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor;" he shall be the king's almoner to the poor and needy; he shall be the golden pipe through which streams of mercy shall flow to all his saints; his head shall be anointed with the holy oil which shall afterwards bedew the very skirts of his garments with the richest drops of perfume.

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

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

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

As the subject is boundless, we may illustrate it for a moment by the honors of Mordecai. Is not Jesus *appareled with the King's raiment*? What splendor hath God which Christ hath not? Doth the Lord sit upon his throne? Christ says, "I have overcome, and have sat down with my, Father upon his throne." Is heaven the Court of the Great King? Where else doth Jesus dwell? Are angels the King's messengers? Was not Christ seen of angels even in his shame, and is he not adored by angels now? What can ye conceive of splendor blazing around the throne of the Most High, which will not also be seen gleaming with equal refulgence from the seat of him who is "God over all, blessed for ever?" It is with no trembling lip that we sing *his* praise.

*“Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honor and power divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord, for ever three.”*

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

The chosen man was honored to *ride upon the king's horse*, and this is true of Christ our Lord. Do you not see him as he rides forth in the gospel, conquering and to conquer? It is the power of the Eternal King whereon Jesus rides to victory. "Thou shalt send the rod of thy strength out of Zion; rule thou in the midst of thine enemies." The preaching of the gospel is not mere man's talk; it is Christ riding on his white horse, going forth conquering and to conquer. Think not because *we* stammer that *Christ* falters. Dream not because we go to our beds lamenting that few have "believed our report," that Christ is therefore defeated, or shall lose the travail of his soul. Ah! set yourselves together, ye kings and princes, and say as your sires of old, "Let us break his bonds asunder, and cast away his cords from us!" "*He* that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall

have you in derision!” Wiser were ye if ye would “kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little.” All the power with which God went forth in creation and in providence is given to Christ; yea, all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth, that he may do as he wills, and may fulfill his own good pleasure.

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

*“The Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor’s brow.”*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let us make this matter a practical one. London needs to have its spiritual destitution supplied. We must all give a stone towards erecting new places of worship. By the united help of friends far and near, could we not build four new places in the year 1865 The country needs help; let us aid in

forming Churches Where there are none. The field of work is boundless; there is no need to pause for spheres of labor. But a voice says, "Begin at home." I agree with the suggestion, and will proceed to carry it out. The penny post is a great tax on our time, but now and then we get a letter worth the reading; here is one addressed to us by one of the elders of our Church; it will do all pastors good to read it, and will be of no small service to Church members also.

"December *1st*, 1864.

MY DEAR PASTOR,

The fact that God has pleased of late more than ever to lay on your mind the necessity for a larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our Church and congregation, should be, and is, I believe, a matter of very solemn interest. There is, I know, a very general sympathy with you in the minds of the members of our Church; and to give a practical expression of this sympathy, I beg to lay before you for your consideration, the following suggestions:—

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

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

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

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

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

6th. That you should invite the Deacons and Elders, and from fifty to one hundred of the Members of the Church to open their houses from seven to nine on some particular evening, for special prayer for the same object. The subjects to be attended to at these meetings, and the list of the houses, to

be laid before us by yourself in a printed leaflet which should be placed in every pew in the Tabernacle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

among us, men of worth and influence, both in the Church and the world, either do not come at all, or are seldom there. If they could be induced to attend, I feel certain the results to themselves and the Church would be very gratifying.

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

I remain, my dear Pastor,
Yours in the bonds of Christian affection,
AN ELDER OF THE CHURCH.”

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

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

FEBRUARY, 1865

HE who wrote this paper prays God to give it his blessing, and begs the reader to afford it a thoughtful perusal. Mr. Rothwell, surnamed by the godly of his day the Rough Hewer, from the solemn and powerful manner in which he opened up the corruptions of the human heart, and delivered the judgments of God against all iniquity, was, in his early days, a clergyman without any true sense of religion: he was brought to know the power of divine things through an admonition given to him by a godly Puritan. Clarke, in his “Lives,” says, “He was playing at bowls amongst some Papists and vain gentlemen, upon a Saturday, somewhere about Rochdale in Lancashire. There came into the green to him one Mr. Midgley, a grave and godly minister of Rochdale, whose praise is great in

the gospel, though far inferior to Rothwell in points and learning. He took him aside, and fell into a large commendation of him; at length told him what a pity it was that such a man as he should be companion to Papists, and that upon a Saturday, when he should be preparing for the Sabbath. Mr. Rothwell slighted his words, and checked him for his meddling. The good old man left him, went home, and prayed privately for him. Mr. Rothwell, when he was retired from that company could not rest, Mr. Midgley's words stuck so deep in his thoughts. The next day he went to Rochdale Church to hear Mr. Midgley, where it pleased God so to bless the Word that he was, by that sermon, brought home to Christ," The earnest man who was sent by his Master upon this errand of rebuke, must have felt that he was well rewarded for his holy courage in the after usefulness of Mr. Rothwell; but even had the message failed to bless the person to whom it was delivered, it would not have lacked a recompense from the Great Taskmaster. We cannot command the winds, but he who spreads the sails has the consolation that he has done his duty. Duties are ours: events are God's. Timely, bold, kind, and wisely-directed rebuke is often used by the God of all grace as the means of awakening souls from spiritual death; this is an all-sufficient reason for our being ready to deliver it when occasion demands it. Can souls be won to God by any means? theta we will use that means, and- look to God the Holy Ghost to bless our efforts. It is frequently a hard and self-denying duty to administer admonition personally either to saints or sinners; but, if we love the souls of men, and would be clear of our brother's blood, we must school ourselves to it, and make as much a conscience of it as of our prayers. A little drummer-boy writing home from the Crimea, after giving his mother a description of the hardships of the terrible winter, and the hunger and nakedness which the army endured, concluded his letter thus: "But, mother, it is our duty, and for our duty we will die." The same sentiment. should reign in every Christian breast, and silence for ever all excuses which our flesh suggests for neglected service.

If men were not corrupt in heart, they would turn from sin of themselves; like life-boats, if for a time tossed out of position, they would right themselves: but, alas! their nature is so depraved that one sin is a prelude to another, and he who has begun to descend the ladder of iniquity is impelled to continue his downward career. Men's consciences should be sufficient monitors; but, like the dogs upon the Capitol of Rome, the watchers sleep, and the foes advance. Hence it becomes essential that, by

agency from without, warning should be given. Brands must be *plucked* from the burning, for of themselves they will never leave the fire. Sin makes men such sots — such madmen — that they are quite beside themselves, and sharp methods must be used to restrain them from self-destruction. An ox or an ass in a pit, will struggle to get out; but men are such silly creatures that they will not move hand or foot to escape, but rather delight in their own ruin; we music, therefore, as Jude puts it, “pull them out.”

The Word of God is very plain as to the duty of rebuking sin, although, from the neglect into which the work has fallen, one might have imagined that it was left optional, or *allowed*, rather than commanded. It is a most weighty observation that, according to God’s law, silence concerning sin is consent to it.

“And if a soul sin, and hear the voice of swearing, and is a witness, whether he hath seen or known of it; if he do not utter it, then he shall bear his iniquity:” (Leviticus 5:1.)

Trapp has pithily said, “By ill silence to leave men in sin is as bad as by ill speech to draw them to sin. Not to do good, saith our Savior, is to do evil, and not to save is to destroy”

“And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?” (Mark 3:4.)

To leave others in their sins unreprieved is to be “*partakers* of other men’s sins.” Paul teaches us this when he writes, “Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them “ — as much as to say if you do not reprove them, you have fellowship with them. If I see a thief breaking into a house, and give no alarm, am I not, by my silence, an accessory to the act? Without the aid of my silence the burglar could not perpetrate the robbery; if I lend him that assistance, am I not, morally, his accomplice? The same holds good in all cases; but we are not left merely to infer the fact, for the Lord has told us by the mouth of his prophet Ezekiel, “If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.” The ruin and sin of others we shall surely partake in if they perish through want of our admonition. Eli must break his neck for very grief when his sons are cut off in their sin; it was not meet that he should outlive those whom he had not endeavored to preserve from ruin by timely rebuke: had he made

their ears to tingle with his upbraidings, his ears might never have tingled with the news of the terrible judgments of God. How few Christians will be able to say with Paul, “I am pure from the blood of all men”? — none of us can be in that happy case if we neglect the duty of warning our neighbors for their good. It is to be feared that in this matter we have superabundant reason for using Archbishop Usher’s dying prayer, “Lord, in special, forgive me my sins of OMISSION.”

The law and the gospel with one voice call us to the duty we are now endeavoring to enforce.

The law:

“Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart:
thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor,
and not suffer sin upon him.” (Leviticus 19:17.)

The gospel:

“Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.” (Matthew 18:15.)

The first Christians were earnestly stirred up to this work, and were some of them well skilled in it. The Roman saints were full of goodness, filled with knowledge, able to admonish one another. (Romans 15:14.) The Colossians were directed to teach and admonish one another; (Colossians. 3:16) and the duty is coupled with sacred song, as if the one were as needful and acceptable as the other. The believers at Thessalonica were urged to exhort one another,

“Wherefore comfort one another with these words;”
(1 Thessalonians 4:18)

and the Hebrews were bidden to exhort one another daily, and to consider one another to pro-yoke to love and good works. (Hebrews 3:13-10:24.) Those who forget this duty cannot plead that they are not sufficiently reminded of it, for the Word is very full and clear upon the point; and yet the most of us are so negligent in it that one might imagine we respected the foolish and cruel law of the Spartans, that none should tell his neighbor of any calamity which had befallen him, but every one should be left, by

process of time, to find out his own troubles for himself. Alas! that sinners should hardly hear of hell until they come there!

The great usefulness of prudent reproof can be proved by a thousand instances. Scriptural testimony will have the most force with *us*; and what saith it? —

“The rod and reproof give wisdom.” (Proverbs 29:15.)

“Reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge.” (Proverbs 19:25.)

“Let the righteous smite me,” saith David, “it shall be a kindness.” He calls it “an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.” (Psalm 141:4.)

Christ styles it “a pear and a holy thing.” (Matthew 7:6.) Solomon prefers it before silver, gold; and rubies; it is the merchandise of wisdom which is better than precious treasures. (Proverbs 3:14, 15.) He describes it

“As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold.”
(Proverbs 25:12.)

Our Savior encourages us to this much-forgotten service by the prospect of success,

“Thou hast gained thy brother.” (Matthew 18:15.)

To gain a soul is better than to win the world, as he has assured us who knew the worth of souls better than any of us. Holy John Bradford was the means of preserving both Bishop Farrar and Bishop Ridley sound in their testimony for Christ by means of letters which he wrote them while they were lying in prison, and were willing to have made some compromise with their persecutors. How grateful was David to Abigail for her timely interposition! she saved his character from a great blot; and how much he revered Nathan whose faithful parable restored him to the paths of holiness! You cannot do your friend a greater kindness than to admonish him in the Lord, nor can you wish your enemy a greater injury than to go unrebuked.

On all sides there is need for the mutual exercise of exhortation. *Good* men need it; the royal preacher bids us “Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee;” and “Reprove one that hath understanding.” Abimelech had just

ground for rebuking the friend of God when he suppressed the truth and almost suffered the king to sin through Ignorance. Peter needed that Paul should withstand him to the face, for he deserved to be blamed. “The best of men must sometimes be warned against the worst of faults.” The *greatest* are not too high to need an honest rebuke. John dealt *very* plainly with Herod; and Nehemiah spared not the nobles and rulers who oppressed the poor. Naaman’s servants were not so overpowered by the greatness of their master as to be silent concerning his foolish pride; he would never have washed in Jordan had it not been for them. *Ministers* sometimes require this, stimulus. Paul writes to the brethren at Colosse —

“Say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfill it.” (Colossians 4:17.)

To the *ungodly* our lives should be a standing testimony for God against all unrighteousness; and, as to the godly, we should constantly watch over one another, and deal freely, tenderly, and faithfully, one with another, laboring to amend faults and foster graces. Have we not been guilty here? When we remember our many opportunities, must we not blush to think how we have wasted them? Ministers of the gospel, are you clear? The most of us are not. It is a very solemn word which we remember to have met with in J. A. James’ works;” The scrutiny which Christ will make at the last day will not only be into the manner in which we have dealt with the congregation as a whole, but with the individuals of which it is composed. It is an alarming idea that our responsibility extends to every single soul.” Who can receive this truth without a shiver as he remembers his own omission? Holy Mr. Hieron, who labored most faithfully in his day, when he lay on his death bed was heard to say, “I confess that in public I have been somewhat full in reproof, admonition, instruction — but in private, my backwardness, my bashfulness, my dastardliness, have been intolerable, and I may truly say, that if anything lie as a burden upon my conscience, this it is.” This acknowledgment full many a pastor might make. O for grace to feel the sin as a real load upon the heart, and to be rid of it, through Jesus Christ our Lord. An ancient pastor made this one of his memoranda — “I desire to account the commandment of not suffering sin to lie upon my neighbor, to lie principally upon me; and, therefore, if public reproof of all, in presence of the offender’ will not affect him, to reckon a wise and particular reproof in private to be a debt of love I owe him, and to defer the payment of it no longer than till the providence of God hath made him fit to receive it: bat specially not to let slip the season of sickness or

remorse for sin upon any other ground; because then he hath both more need of it, and it is like to do him more good.”

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

Do you, earnest reader, feel that you would rush at once into this work? Stay awhile, and hear another word or two; for it is well for you to know that it is no child’s play which is before you. Wisdom must guide you, or you will play the fool. A busy-body who is for ever babbling, is like a yelping cur which is no more esteemed than a dumb dog that cannot bark, and is thought to be a far greater nuisance. It has been said that “If a man were to set out calling everything by its right; name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street;” and he who sets himself up as a general reformer of every other man’s follies, will likely enough receive the same treatment, and will have nothing to blame but his own impertinence. Casting pearls before swine has often led to the simpleton’s discovering the truth of the Savior’s warning, “lest they turn again and rend you.” Sin may be foolishly rebuked, and so encouraged; it may be sinfully rebuked, and so multiplied. Much spirituality of mind is needed to speak for God: hence Paul puts it, “Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, *ye who are spiritual* restore such an one in the spirit of meekness.” Such are fit to be soul-surgeons whose tenderness and faithfulness give

them a lady's hand and a lion's heart. "The art of reproof," says Rayner," is like the husbandman's skill which his God doth teach him, in respect of the several kinds of grain, as to beat out cummin and fitches with a staff or little rod, and to bruise out the bread corn as wheat and rye by the force of the flail or the cartwheel. So God doth teach the spiritual man whom to touch with a twig of reproof, whom to smite with a rod, and whom to thrash with a flail of reproof:" We must consider both the offense and the offender, the sin and the sinner, so that our words may be fitly spoken, and prove effectual. It is written of Andrew Fuller, that he could rarely be faithful without being severe; and, in giving reproof, he was often betrayed into intemperate zeal. Once, at a meeting of ministers, he took occasion to correct an erroneous opinion delivered by one of his brethren, and he laid on his censure so heavily that Ryland called out vehemently, in his own peculiar tone of voice, "Brother Fuller! brother Fuller! you can never admonish a mistaken friend, but you must take up a sledge hammer and knock his brains out." Gentleness and affection should be evident in all our remonstrances: if a nail be dipped in oil it will drive the more readily. There is a medium in our vehemence which discretion will readily suggest: we must not drown a child in washing it, nor cut off a man's foot to cure a corn. Perhaps it will be less tedious to the reader if, instead of a long enumeration of the qualities required in a successful reproof, we instance the case of Dr. Waugh. There are two or three anecdotes which are eminently characteristic of his power: — "At one of the half-yearly examinations at the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar School, Mill Hill, the head master informed the examiners that he had been exceedingly tried by the misconduct and perverseness of a boy who had done something very wrong, and who, though he acknowledged the fact, could not be brought to acknowledge the magnitude of the offense. The examiners were requested to expostulate with the boy, and try if he could be brought to feel and deplore it. Dr. Waugh was solicited to undertake the task; and the boy was, in consequence, brought before him. 'How long have you been in the school, my boy?' asked the doctor. 'Four months, sir.' 'When did you hear from your father last?' 'My father's dead, sir.' 'Ah! alas the day! 'tis a great loss, a great loss, that of a father; but God can make it up to you, by giving you a tender, affectionate mother.' On this the boy, who had previously seemed as hard as a flint, began to soften. The doctor proceeded: 'Well, laddie, where is your mother?' 'On her voyage home from India, sir.' 'Ay! good news for you, my boy: do you love your mother?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And do you expect to see her soon?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do

you think she loves you?’ ‘ Yes, sir, I am sure of it.’ ‘ Then think, my dear laddie, think of her feelings when she comes home, and finds that, instead of your being in favor with everyone, you are in such deep disgrace as to run the risk of expulsion, and yet are too hardened to acknowledge that, you have done wrong. Winna ye break your poor mother’s heart, think ye? Just think o’ that, my lad.’ The little culprit burst into a flood of tears, acknowledged his fault, and promised amendment. On one occasion, a young minister having animaverted, in the presence of Dr. Waugh, on the talents of another minister, in a manner which the doctor thought might leave an unfavorable impression on the minds of some of the company, Dr. W. observed, ‘I have known Mr.____ many years, and I never knew him speak disrespectfully of a brother in my life.’ At another time, in a company of nearly forty gentlemen, a student for the ministry entertained those around him with some ungenerous remarks on a popular preacher in London. Dr. Waugh looked at him for some time, with pity and grief depicted in his countenance, and when he had thus arrested the attention of the speaker, he mildly remarked, ‘My friend, there is a saying in a good old book which I would recommend to your consideration: — The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.’“ Such rare powers of wise remonstrance may not be easy to acquire, but they are very precious, and should be greatly coveted.

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

Personal character is of the utmost moment in the work of admonition. We must not try to remove motes from the eyes of others while we have beams in our own. Quarles reminds us that

“He who cleanses a blot with blurred fingers, makes a greater blot.
Even the candle-snuffers of the sanctuary were of pure gold.”
(Exodus 37:23.)

We may not urge others to activity, and lie still like logs ourselves. A quaint old preacher of the sixteenth century has put this truth into homely, pungent words: “Beloved in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, it is a very monstrous thing that any man should have more tongues than hands. For God hath given us two hands and but one tongue, that we might do much and say but little. Yet many say so much and do so little, as though they had two tongues and but, one hand; nay, three tongues and never a hand. Such as these (which do either worse than they teach, or else less than they

teach teaching others to do well and to do much, but doing no whir themselves) may be resembled to divers things. To a whetstone, which being blunt itself, makes a knife sharp. To a painter, which being deformed himself, makes a fair picture. To a sign, which being weather-beaten, and hanging without, itself, directs passengers into the inn. To a bell, which being deaf and hearing not itself, calls the people into the Church to hear. To a goldsmith, which being beggarly, and having not one piece of plate to use himself, hath store for others which he shows and sells in his shop. Lastly, to a ridiculous actor in the city of Smyrna, who pronouncing ' O coelum,' O *heaven*, pointed with his finger Coward the ground. Such are all they which talk one thing and do another; which teach well and do ill."

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

Possibly the reader may feel so disheartened by the difficulties which we have, hinted at, that he may half resolve to let the matter go by default. If so, we commend to him the speech of a negro preacher, with which we conclude: "Brethren," he said, in his broken way, "whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book," holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-used Bible, I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it belongs to God — jumpin at it longs to me."

C. H. SPURGEON,

FALL OF JERICHO

BY C. H. SPURGEON, 1852.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*It must not be; her sons are dead,
 They with their mother burned or bled;
 Not one survives: the vip'rish race
 Have perish'd with their lodging-place.
 No more lascivious maidens dance,
 No youths with lustful step advance,
 No drunkard's bowl, no rite unclean,
 No idol mysteries are seen.*

*A warrior stands in martial state,
 And thus proclaims her changeless fate.*

*“Accursed city, blot her name
 “From mind of man, from lip of fame,
 “Curs'd be the mail, and curs'd him race,
 “Who dares his house on thee to place;
 “He founds it on his firstborn's tomb,
 “And crowns it with the brother's doom.”*

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

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

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

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

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE STATISTICS

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

The history of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, from the time that Mr. Spurgeon became its Pastor, needs not to be repeated here. It may suffice to observe that at the commencement of his Pastorate, in Park Street Chapel, in January, 1854, both the Church and congregation were in a low and scattered state. The Chapel, which is capable of accommodating about 1200, was soon filled to overflowing, and Exeter Hall, or the Surrey Music Hall was engaged for the Sabbath evenings, to meet the increasing desire for hearing. The continual overflow of these extensive buildings, led to the erection of a Tabernacle, as large as could be constructed within the natural compass of the voice of the preacher. This, which seats 5,500, and holds 6500, has been filled from the day it was first opened, unto the present time.

These are encouraging circumstances, but that which gives them their highest interest is, that the Church has proportionately increased. It has not been the wisdom of preaching that gratifies the natural man, but the

foolishness of preaching that saves them. that believe. This work has not been of man, but of God, and therefore it has not been overthrown. The work has been so much of God, that it has taken away the thoughts from man. The man appears only as Paul rejoiced, he had been recognized, when he says, "They glorified God in me."

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

This form of Church-government has risen out of the peculiar circumstances of a rapid increase, and is, we believe, in harmony with that

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

G.R.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED

It is by the grace of God that ungodly men are preserved From instant death. The sharp ax of justice would soon fell the barren tree if the interceding voice of Jesus did not cry, “Spare him yet a little.” Many sinners, when converted to God, have gratefully acknowledged that it was of the Lord’s mercy that they were not consumed. John Bunyan had three memorable escapes before his conversion, and mentions them in his “Grace Abounding” as illustrious instances of long-suffering mercy. Occasionally such deliverances are made the means of affecting the heart with tender emotions of love to God, and grief for having offended him. Should it not be so? Ought we not to account that the long-suffering of God is salvation? (2 Peter 3:15.) An officer during a battle was struck by a nearly spent ball near his waistcoat pocket, but he remained uninjured, for a piece of silver stopped the progress of the deadly missile. The coin was marked at the words *DEI GRATIA* (*by the grace of God*). This providential circumstance deeply impressed his mind, and led him to read a tract which a godly sister had given him when leaving home. God blessed the reading of the tract; and he became, through the rich :Face of God, a believer in the Lord Jesus.

Reader, are you unsaved? Have you experienced any noteworthy deliverances? Then adore and admire the free grace of God, and pray that

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

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

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

It is, no doubt, very important to settle the point of General or Particular Redemption; but for unconverted men, the chief matter is to look to the Redeemer on the cross with the eye of faith. Election is a doctrine about which there is much discussion, but he who has made his election sure, finds it a very sweet, morsel. Final perseverance has been fought about in all time; but he who by grace continues to rest in Jesus to the end, knows the true enjoyment of it. Reader, *argue*, if you please, but remember that *belching* in the Lord Jesus gives infinitely more enjoyment than disputing can ever afford you. If you are unsaved, your only business is with the

great command, "Believe!" and even if you have passed from death unto life, it is better to commune with Jesus than to discuss doubtful questions. When Melancthon's mother asked him what she must believe amidst so many disputes, he, knowing her to be trusting to Jesus in a simple-hearted manner, replied, "Go on, mother, to believe and pray as you have done, and do not trouble yourself about controversy." So say we to all troubled souls, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

OUR UNITED MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK OF PRAYER

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

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

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

At seven about six thousand persons were assembled in the Tabernacle probably the largest number of believers ever found together under one roof for prayer. Fully to characterize this meeting would be impossible. No pen could express the deep-thrilling power which pervaded the assembly. We can only present a brief outline of the proceedings.

The meeting was conducted by C. H. Spurgeon. The; guiding hand of the Holy Ghost was manifest in the wisdom shown in the brief and suggest there remarks made in reference to the subjects and manner of the prayers. This must have been evident to all. The brethren, Varley and F. White, pleaded with deep. and fervent earnestness for blessings to be then and there vouchsafed by the God of all grace to his people; and for a genuine revival of all the Churches of God in the land. Simple, direct, earnest, reiterated, were the desires of these servants of Jesus; and most fervent

was the response of the thousands of Christian hearts, which united, as the heart of one man, to bear up those desires to the throne of grace.

Two elders (W. Olney and Bridge) then pleaded with God on behalf of the pastors and students; the lowly, loving, touching breathings of these brethren, moved and bowed down the hearts of all the pastors around them. Old and young alike felt that blessing must descend upon them in answer to such heartfelt Spirit-wrought desires as those which were being poured forth on their behalf. Would to God that all elders and deacons might thus ever deeply feel, and earnestly plead, for the pastors of the churches that the full power of the Holy Ghost may rest upon them. Those brethren who were present can testify that they never, felt more solemnly the need and the value of such intercession. The responsibility, the trials, the necessities of God's servants, were made the subjects of most sincere supplication. Next came a confession of sin, through Brother Offord, the oldest minister on the platform. For this solemn act the whole assembly was prepared by the blessing already granted and felt; for all hearts and spirits were bowed down in deep repentance. Many details of the failures and sins of ministers were spread before the face of God! in the most solemn manner. Sins of omission and commission, neglect, and shortcomings, were acknowledged Solemn, simple, earnest appeal was made to the eye of the heart-searching God, that his servants might wish to hide nothing from that all the evil in them might in his sight. And when the "It is I! it is I!" were uttered, many broke forth saying, "It is I! it is I!" The beloved pastor of the Tabernacle Church wept like a child, and sobbed aloud, while the brethren around could not restrain their weeping and groaning before God. Nor were the assembled elders less moved when *their* sins and shortcomings were solemnly and affectionately confessed unto the Lord, and when they, as men of like passions with their brethren, and of like necessities too, were borne into the presence of God, before the mercy seat, Jesus. But it was when the people, the worldliness, the deadness, the lack of love to brethren and to souls, and especially the want of love to Jesus and the consequent grieving of the Holy Ghost; it was when these were in lowly, broken sentences, named before the great Father of All, that hearts seemed to be melted into one universal feeling of grief, and to bow in the dust in one solemn act of self-abasement. It was wont to be said of old time, that he had never seen sorrow who had not beheld the sorrow of Israel on the great day of atonement; and, verily, many who were present on that night, felt that they had never before seen such real,

awful, general grief as that which rolled over the spirits of that vast assembly. God, the Holy God, was there, and his people had a sight of themselves, and of their ways, in the very light of his holiness; and each took the place of the patriarch, saying, “I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes It was a solemn moment when the voice ceased, and all bowed in the silence of their souls’ agony before the holy God.

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

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

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

*“I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me”*

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

The time was now come for a few solemn words to the host of believers present; and the spirit of the pastor of the Tabernacle Church could no longer restrain its pent-up feelings. An earnest, loving, impassioned appeal broke from his lips. He led the hearts of the people into the depths of God’s everlasting love, and appealed to them as to what sort of persons men so loved ought to be. He gave forth a few burning words on the precious redeeming blood of Jesus, inquiring what manner of men they ought to be who knew themselves to be so redeemed? He pressed upon every conscience the great truth, that each loved and blood-bought saint is a temple of the Holy Ghost — the in-dwelling Spirit of God; and earnestly showed how holiness became the dwelling-place of the Lord; and he directed the hearts and hopes of God’s children to the home in the Father’s house, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and asked what manner of men its denizens ought to be? And then came the searching, thrilling, humbling question, have we, have I, have any of us, ever lived as it becometh those to live who have been loved of God with a sovereign and gracious love from eternity? Have any of us ever lived as it becomes men to live, who have been in very deed redeemed from wrath by the blood of God’s own Son, as it becomes men to live, in whom the Holy Ghost doth in very deed dwell, and who are destined to dwell with God

and his Christ for ever? Many hearts will never forget these questions; strong men could not restrain the audible “Never! never! have we so live;” while the deeply-moved heart of the great congregation gave forth the sit response that each and all were verily guilty before God. The power of the Almighty Spirit carried home those questions to the inner life of that great Christian gathering; and the grace of that same Holy One stirred the heavenly affections of that life with feelings of deepest humiliation before its great author.

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

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

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

“Come and welcome sinner come.”

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

The earnest work of supplication was ended by Pastors Stott and C. H. Spurgeon pleading with God for anxious and careless souls present. Each plea seemed to go straight to the throne of grace, while numbers felt that

such prayer must be and was accepted. These prayers, like all the others, as well as the confession, were evidently the result of a resistless power, moving the hearts of speakers and hearers, animating them with deep and earnest desire, and working in them a simple and mighty faith, that must surely prevail with him who said. "According to thy faith be it unto thee," and, "all things are possible to him that believeth." This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes Who shall tell what blessing may grow out of this wonderful display of the grace of our God! May he grant us to see yet greater things than these!

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

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

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

up to the throne of grace, while very many felt that blessing was already richly descending amongst the people.

Pastor Russell made a detailed confession of the sins of ministers, elders, teachers, parents and children, which were acknowledged in a calm, humble, and earnest spirit of self-abasement before the Lord. A watchful and holy jealousy as to the inward thoughts, feelings, and motives of the heart on the part of the ministers of God was evidenced in this heartfelt confession. No servant of the Lord could fail to lay his spirit in the dust as he listened to the simple and affecting statements of his fellow-servant, while thus pouring out the deep feelings of a stricken heart into the bosom of his God. No one could resist the conviction that he stood in the presence of the Holy One, and yet of One who was waiting to be gracious, and ready to forgive. Fervent and importunate supplication for a sense of pardoning love and the cleansing efficacy of the precious blood, followed this confession. C. H. Spurgeon earnestly exhorted those who had accepted Christ as *their* Savior to come forward amongst his people and avow their attachment to his person and name. Words of kindly encouragement and of loving persuasiveness, were addressed to the timid and retiring ones, who feared to avow themselves to be the Lord's, lest they should fall back 'into sin and dishonor his name. This was followed by an appeal to those who had confessed the name of Jesus — an appeal of so stirring and searching a nature, that many must have felt constrained to say, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Prayer for more earnest living abiding practical godliness, followed this address. Several brethren having pleaded with God on behalf of the unconverted, with fervency seldom equaled, Mr. Offord proceeded to set before them the way of access to God through the blood of Christ. The Lord gave him the heart of love and the lip of persuasion. He told of the awful distance and of the divine method of being made nigh. Substitution and sacrifice were his delightful theme, and when he closed with a most affecting story of an aged sinner who laid his finger on the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and said, "I die in the kith of that verse," there were few, if any, who could restrain the flowing tear. This assembly, in some points, exceeded all the others. It was none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven.

The meeting at Abbey-road Chapel, St. John's-wood, was very large, and was characterized throughout by intense earnestness. A spirit of ardent gratitude, and reverential adoration burst forth at the opening of the

service; and most fervent were the supplications for a present and rich blessing on the meeting. The outpouring of the penitential feelings of the hearts of the people, in a strain of deep contrition and child-like simplicity was most solemn, and affecting. The prayers for a revival of spiritual power, of holy devotedness, and of true practical holiness were, marked, by intense fervor of soul, and by a genuine, humble confidence in God. Promises were pleaded, the glory of God and of Christ urged, and the love and faithfulness of a covenant God appealed unto, with an energy which nothing but the power of the Holy Ghost could have wrought in the heart.

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

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

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

The final meeting was held on Friday evening, at Vernon. Chapel, Bagnigge Wells Road, which was crowded to excess. Again did the spirit of praise and adoration manifest itself. Blessing already so signally

vouchsafed and spoken of, stirred the hearts of the brethren with true gratitude. But not less thorough and contrite was the spirit of deep humiliation, nor less earnest the prayers and entreaties which went up to the heavenly throne for pardon and healing, for deliverance and full restoration of soul'

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

It must be acknowledged that the prayers presented to God, at this meeting, for the unsaved, were the most pointed and urgent of the unusually vehement pleadings which had gone up to heaven, during these services, for lost souls. Verily, the brethren and the people agonized with strong crying and tears for the salvation of sinners. Cries went up unto God, like the cries of men who call for help when their friends are ready to sink in the boiling waves, or to perish in the devouring flame. They seemed to see their fellow-sinners standing on the verge of the fiery lake, ready to plunge into its horrible torments; and they called upon God to pluck them as brands from the fire. We do not recollect ever hearing more awfully solemn, and thrillingly earnest, and yet more tender pleadings (we had almost said reasonings) with God, that he would then and there save souls from the wrath to come.

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

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

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MARCH, 1865.

IN A FOG

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

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

*“with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion’s mane.”*

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

*“Vapor importunate and dense,
It was at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.”*

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

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

art, and shall be like thee! We would not give up what little we do see of our Beloved for all the world, for though it be but a glimpse, it is, nevertheless, a vision so blessed that it enables us to wait patiently until we shall see “the king in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.”

Being once surrounded by a dense mist on the Styhead Pass in the Lake District, we felt ourselves to be transported into a world of mystery where everything was swollen to a size and appearance more vast, more terrible than is usual on this sober planet. A little mountain tarn, scarcely larger than a farmer’s horse-pond, expanded into a great lake whose distant shores were leagues beyond the reach of our poor optics; and as we descended into the valley of Wastwater, the rocks rose on one side like the battlements of heaven, and the descent on the other hand looked like the dreadful lips of a yawning abyss; and yet when one looked back again in the morning’s clear light there was nothing *very* dangerous in the pathway, or terrible in the rocks. The road was a safe though sharp descent, devoid of terrors to ordinary mountain-climbers. In the distance through the fog the shepherd “stalks gigantic,” and his sheep are full-grown lions. Into such blunders do we fall in our life-pilgrimage; a little trouble in the distance is, through our mistiness, magnified into a crushing adversity. We see a lion in the way, although it is written that no ravenous beast shall go up thereon. A puny foe is swollen into a Goliath, and the river of death widens into a shoreless sea. Come, heavenly wind, and blow the mist away, and then the foe will be despised, and the bright shores On the other side the river will stand out clear in the light of faith!

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

If the world-fog operates upon Christians who are the children of light, it is little wonder if it has a far worse influence *upon unconverted men*. They wander in a day of gloom and of thick darkness, in a “darkness which may be felt.” Concerning them we may say that their mists shut out the sun. The

mercy revealed in the gospel reaches not the sinner's eyes; his doubts, his sins, his follies keep it away from him. We have full often held up Christ crucified before the sinner, but he could not see him. We have preached a full salvation to the guilty one, but he could not discern it. The beams of gospel light are obstructed by the dense mist of carnality in which the sinner lives. Alas for the ungodly! their state is one of such darkness that *they lose their way*. In the firm belief that they are traveling to heaven, they choose the path which leadeth to destruction. They go gaily on, dreaming that they shall reach the rest which remaineth for the people of God, but 'they stumble to fall for ever. False teaching, sinful inclination, prejudice and predilection, east a cloud over the sinner's reason, so that he chooses his own damnation. Even when partially convinced of sin he betakes himself to his own self-righteousness and wanders like a blind man upon a vast plain, toiling hard to reach his destination but making no progress, for there is darkness over all his paths.

It is likely that in such a state as this *the sinner may be very near the home where there is rest to be had, and yet he may not know it*: in a dense fog it is no unusual thing for a person to be standing before his own door, in total ignorance of his own whereabouts. The sinner has heard the gospel preached, but he does not know it as good news for him. He has been present when the Spirit of God has been moving over the entire assembly, but he did not feel its power. When a mother's tears fell on his forehead he did not perceive that she was God's angel of mercy to him. When, afterwards, affliction came and he was laid on the bed of sickness to meditate, he did not know that God had designs of love towards him in bringing him low. Oh, that the Spirit of God would dispel these soul-destroying clouds, and make the sinner see that the knocker of mercy's gate is near his hand, and that if he do but knock the door will surely be opened, and he shall enter in to be housed, to be welcomed, to be feasted, to be blessed for ever!

This darkness, if it continue always, *will lure the sinner on to his own destruction*. It makes him wretched now, for to walk in spiritual darkness is misery indeed. Our London fog finds its way through your clothing, your flesh, and your bones, right into your very marrow, there is hardly anything more cold and penetrating, and the sinner's life is very like it; he tries to keep out the feeling of despondency and fear and apprehension, by a thousand inventions which the world calls pleasure, but he cannot do it. He is "without God," and he is therefore without hope; he is without Christ,

and he is consequently without rest. He is well-pictured by those poor shivering, half-clad, hungry creatures whom we see in a foggy night hurrying on to get a cold seat on the workhouse doorstep. The worst of all is, that the sinner is hastening to his own destruction. He little knows what is before him. His last step was on the firm earth, but his foot now hangs over the jaws of perdition. Beware, O man, whom we seem to see in yonder fog on the brink of a precipice! Beware! for when that fatal plunge is once taken, remonstrance's from friends and remorse from self will be all in vain!

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

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

When we are seeking our home in a fog, *how we prize company*. When you do not know where you are going, and have only half an idea that you are steering right, how cheerfully you make a friend of any poor laboring man who is going your way! If it be a rough-looking navvy, it does not matter,

he is in the same distress, and you salute him. There is a close kinship in trouble. There are no gentlemen on board sinking ships: every man then is taken for what he is practically worth. When Christians are in the darkness of affliction, it is delightful to observe how “they that fear the Lord speak often one to another.” Some poor old woman who knows the things of God by experience, becomes of more value to you in your hour of grief than the dainty gentleman whose company bewitched you aforetime.

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

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

your ways. You have been in a bad way up till now; for that road is always bad in which God is forgotten and Jesus slighted! You have had troubles and sicknesses, these have been mercy's fog-signals laid down on your road, and they have startled you with their explosion; but you have gone on, and on, until you dare not proceed further, for you cannot see an inch on either side. Stop, poor friend, and listen to the voice of one who careth for the sons of men, "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." When a ship is enveloped in fog, what can she do better than cast her anchor? But you have no anchor, for you are without hope in Christ. God give you of his grace to receive the hope most sure and steadfast, and then your vessel shall ride at anchor and fear no ill.

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

Self-righteous reader, you are ready to join with us in any censure which we may pass upon the madness of the sins we have just hinted at; but permit us to ask you, whether you yourself are not photographed in our picture? You are resting upon the bough of good works, and yet, every day, your faults, imperfections, and sins are rendering it less and less able to bear your weight. It never was a firm support, and if you know yourself, and are candid enough to confess your shortcomings, you will at once perceive that it has become, in the judgment of conscience, a very frail dependence, quite unworthy of your confidence. Had you never sinned, and, consequently, never made one gash in the bough, we might tolerate your trusting to it; but since you have cut at it again and again, and it is ready even now to snap beneath you, we pray you leave it for a surer resting-place. All reliance on self in any form or shape is gross folly.

Feelings works, prayers, alms giving, religious observances, are all too feeble to support a sinful soul. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid — Jesus Christ the righteous." "Whosoever believeth in him is not condemned." "He is able also to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Trust Jesus and he will never fail you.

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

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

MR. SPURGEON AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN 1861

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

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

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

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

“The political leaders of the Established Church have evidently lost their reason. Proven by the public census to be but a minority of the nation, the Episcopalian sect can only retain its favored position by the affection or the forbearance of the majority. *Affection* has become almost impossible. The notorious heresies within her bosom are going very far towards the ejection of the Episcopalian body from the 1st of Churches of Christ; and were it not for the noble few who maintain inviolate the holy faith of the Reformers, this fearful consummation would long ago have been reached. Towards the Evangelicals of the Establishment we cherish the most loving feelings; we blush for their inconsistency in remaining in communion with Papists and Infidels (these are plain names for Puseyites and Essayists), but we heartily rejoice in their vigorous protests and earnest testimonies against the errors of their denomination. In our very hearts we feel the sincerest affection for our brethren in Christ, who are the salt of Episcopacy and the lights of their dark Church. It is for their sake that many of us have handled too gently a sinful and corrupt corporation. We have feared to offend against the congregation of God’s people, and therefore we have kept back our hand from the ax, which we fear it was our duty to have laid to the root of the tree. The earnest ministry and eminent piety of many of our Episcopalian brethren have been a wall of fire around their camp; and many a Dissenting Christian has concealed his detestation of abuses lest he should provoke his brother to anger, or grieve one of the Lord’s anointed. Let not the wantonly perverse and cruel Church-fanatic Ion expect to find water in this well; the day is near when our affection for the good shall prove itself *not by a womanly sparing of the evil, but by a manly declaration of war against error, its adherents, and all who give it fellowship*. “As to forbearance, this, from the force of Christian charity, will endure many and serious trials; while the natural conservatism of the English people will aid their patience, until long-suffering expires under repeated injuries. This is not the age in which godly men fight for the wording of a sentence, Or dispute concerning mere forms of ecclesiastical government- We are disposed to be lenient to all; and the *prestige* of the dominant church ensures especial immunity for its mistakes. Among those who mourn over the solemn iniquities of the Establishment, there are a large number who would not see her despoiled. “She is our sister,” say they, “let us not see her shame; we, too, have our own failings, let us not be too severe.” The day of judgment shall declare how often the Dissenters of England have silently endured supercilious behavior in a clergyman when we would have resented it in another; how frequently we

have winked at priestly assumption and sacerdotal impudence, because we would not seem to be uncharitable; and how constantly we have borne, in humble patience, the oppression of parish popes and priest-loving squires, rather than disturb the quiet of Christian spirits.

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

“To Churchmen who are not so obtusely exclusive as to have become irrationally bigoted, we would say in honest remonstrance, What *right* has your sect to be patronized by the State in preference to all others? Do you not perceive that the power which has made you the State-Church can unmake you, and withdraw its golden sanctions? Your Church was originally fashioned by despotic will, and elected to supremacy by an arbitrary power; but there are no despots now to whom you can look, no irresponsible conclaves on whom you can rely. The people of England are free to cast you off to-morrow if they see fit. Shake off the delusion that you are never to be moved. Monarchical institutions are endeared to Englishmen by the wise concessions which the throne has so cheerfully made; do you not perceive that *your* strength also must be sought, not in a haughty rejection of all our demands, but in generous conciliation’s which shall ensure our esteem? When the throne presumed upon a fancied right divine, it reeled beneath the weight of its own folly, but since it has conceded the claims of justice, it has become firm as the ancient mountains, and like some mighty vessel it rides the waves in peace, having grappled for its anchorage the heart-love of every Briton. Will you follow another course, because you imagine you are strong enough to play the despot? In the name of reason and religion, be not so foolish. For your own sakes be wise in time, and bethink you of the maxim of him whom you profess to serve, and do unto others as ye would that they should do to you. Treat your brethren as you would wish them to deal with you, if they were supreme in the State, and you were unfavored and unendowed. Remember that *your position* requires the free Churches to exercise great forbearance

towards you; do not. increase the tax. upon their, patience by supercilious behavior. They consider that your alliance with the State is a spiritual fornication, wholly unworthy of the honorable virgins who wait in the Lord's palace. They lament your unchastity to the only Head of the Church, but they would not cast you out of the family; they weep over your sin, and hope that you may yet repent and forsake it. It ill becomes you to boast over your poorer sisters because you are richly adorned with the jewels and rings which your earthly alliance has procured you, ornaments, let us remind you, which your sisters would scorn to wear, if offered them to-morrow, for they regard them as loathsome badges of degradation, and shameful tokens of apostacy from the simplicity of Christ. Do not let that unhallowed union, which is both your weakness and your shame, excite you to a proud and boastful spirit. Walk humbly with your God, and kindly towards your neighbor. Or, mark the word (for it is a true and kind heart which writes it, not in bitterness and wrath, but in full and reverent charity), if you will, as a Church, lord it over us, and make our yoke heavy, your end is near to come, and your judgment will not tarry. Justice may in her magnanimity endure much insult, but repeated wrongs shall awake the lion spirit, and woe unto the oppressor in that day. We have been silent, and are willing to be silent still, but do not provoke the whole body of Dissenters to rise upon you; do not compel the spiritual Nonconformist to become political; do not extort our cries; do not wring lamentation from our patient hearts, or you shall know that we can cry aloud, and spare not. You shall rue the day in which oppression unloosed our tongues. We will expose your abuses to the very children in the street; we will teach the peasant at the plough to loathe the inconsistencies of your prayer-book, and the pauper on the road shall know the history of your ferocious persecutions in days of yore. We will collect statistics of your ministers, and let our citizens know how manor or how few are Evangelicals; we will demand scriptural proof for Confirmation and for Priestly Absolution; and we will never again permit the nation to subside into the apathy so favorable to proud pretensions. We court not the struggle, but we are ready for it if you are ambitious for the combat. We know your unhealed and unmollified wounds, and our blows will tell upon your putrefying sores. Our armory is filled with arrows leathered with your follies and barbed with your backslidings. Provoke not the fray. Let other counsels sway you; be content sorrowfully to reform within your own borders, and cheerfully to make concessions wherever a Christian spirit would suggest them; so shall a true evangelical alliance cover the land, and,

unmolested, your Church may increase in influence, and advance in purity, to the heart's joy of those who are now compelled by stern duty solemnly to upbraid you."

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

APRIL, 1865

SERMONS IN CANDLES

BY C. H. SPURGEON

FRIENDS at a distance who have heard of our lecture, entitled, "Sermons in Candles," have asked us to give an outline of it in the "Sword and Trowel." This is an easy task, since we cannot attempt to present more than the fleshless inanimate skeleton, for to convey the form and soul of the lecture is impossible. With the candles lit before the eye to act as illustrations, and with plenty of time to enlarge upon each point, and to give interesting anecdotes, it is far from difficult with a little preparation and animation, at once to edify and amuse an audience; but the same thing coolly written, calmly read, without the emblems, must, we fear, necessarily weary the most patient. However we comply with many requests and offer a digest of the matter. As a hymn to begin with, we give out one verse of a Scotch Psalm —

*"The Lord will light my candle so
That it shall shine full bright;
The Lord for me shall also turn
My darkness into light."*

The candle among illustrations is one of the most shining, and beams of truth dart from it on every side. In Scripture, the putting out of a candle is the chosen figure for the ruin of the wicked. (Job 18:6; 21:7.) The Patriarch in remembrance of his past prosperity sighs, "O that it were with me as in months past, when his candle shined about my head;" and the Psalmist sings in jubilant notes, "Thou Lord wilt light my candle." Solomon compares conscience to a candle, in Proverbs 20:27; we rather think that in some men it can hardly be more than a farthing rush light. Of the virtuous woman it is said (Proverbs 31:18), to shew that her industry never ceases, "her candle goeth not out by night." One sign of utter destruction given in the denunciations of the prophets is the absence of the light of a candle

(Jeremiah 25:10); and, searching Jerusalem with candles is the Lord's chosen image for his work of judgment when he comes to try the children of men. (Zephaniah 1:12.) Our Savior declares, "Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." He speaks of the single eye as having light like the bright shining of a candle (Luke 11:36); and tells us (Luke 15:8) of a woman who lit a candle and swept her house to find her lost piece of money. Even with descriptions of heaven itself this household comfort has a connection, for in the New Jerusalem "they need no candle, neither light of the sun." (Revelation 22:5.) The golden candlestick of the old Tabernacle, and the seven golden candlesticks of the apocalypse, hardly come into the list, since they were candelabra in which oil was burned, and so had no connection with candles except in the name given to them by the translators.

We then proceed to give our emblems, having first honestly stated that we are much in debt to Robert Farlie, whose emblems, together with those of Jacob Cats, the Dutchman, are published by the Messrs. Longmans, and make up a most sumptuous volume.

Emblem 1. Seven candles of different lengths to illustrate seven periods of human life. The child of ten with great capabilities of usefulness in years to come is like a candle newly lit; the other stages like candles more and more burnt away come to a close at seventy with but a small remnant of existence left. Thus at a glance we learn our own mortality and hear the voice which cries, "Work while it is called to-day."

2. Candle-box full of candles. The box well japanned, and of the best quality, representing a most respectable church containing many talented and influential members, but as the audience is not enlightened by either the box or its contents because none of the candles are lighted, so some churches are of no service to their age and neighborhood for want of heavenly fire to light them up.

3. A number of fine wax candles in candlesticks of different degrees of elevation and beauty, none of them alight, and a poor rushlight in a common stick doing more service than all its fine neighbors put together, because it has felt the flame, and has therefore power to diffuse light. The fine gentry look down upon the common plebeian rush with great disdain, but its only answer to all their sneers is its continuing to shine.

4. An unlit candle which is placed in candlesticks of all sorts, but gives no light in any one of them showing how graceless men often lay the blame of their uselessness upon their position in life, or on the churches where they happen to be placed, whereas if they had grace they would be useful everywhere, and having none they are of no service anywhere. Men who run from denomination to denomination, and complain that their want of success in the spiritual life is all owing to the people with whom they have been brought, into association, must be strangely ignorant of their own hearts. The lighted candle shines in any candlestick.

5. Trying to light a candle with an extinguisher upon it well sets forth the ill effect of prejudice in preventing a reception of the truth. When Dr. Taylor declared that he had read the Bible through thirteen times and could not find the Deity of Christ in it; Newton replied that a man might try to light a candle thirteen times with an extinguisher on it and fail in his design every time.

6. A dark lantern is no inapt representation of certain professors with ability, and we would fain hope with grace too, who do not benefit others, but keep their light to themselves. Trying to turn on the bull's eye we burn our fingers and get an illustration of the bad temper with which these idle people generally resent the rebukes of those who would make them of use in the world.

7. A candle protected from the wind in a lantern clear and bright may picture the believer preserved in Christ Jesus, and surrounded by the care of a watchful providence. The lecturer lingers on this tempting theme to tell of God's perpetual care over his people, and the consequent safety of the saints.

8. This emblem consists of a lantern much like that in No. 7, but one of the panes is broken, and therefore the wind enters and blows the light out; thus teaching that nothing but the perfect work of Jesus can protect us, for if we rely upon our own strength and righteousness, even if we have but one flaw, the wind of temptation will find it out, and we shall be ruined for ever.

9. A dirty, battered lantern, its filthiness rendered conspicuous by the light within. The faults, falls, and inconsistencies of Christians are all the more noticed because of their being professed followers of Jesus. The need of a

clean lantern, or rather of a holy character, is hence insisted upon with earnestness.

10. Candle in a lantern with cracks in it through which the light gleams brightly, illustrating the effect of physical weakness and bodily suffering, in allowing the light of grace to shine through the rifts of our clay tenements. Many ministers preach far more evangelically and sweetly after periods of sickness; for through the working of the Holy Spirit, the inner man grows strong while the outer man decayeth. When the pitcher shall be dashed to pieces by the rough hand of death then will the lamp shine forth in its true glory; till then, happy is the frailty which reveals the divine light.

11. Candle under a bushel: this needs no explanation. Putting the candle on the top Of the bushel suggests the propriety of making our difficulties and trials a means of spreading rather than concealing the light.

12. Candle covered with a bandbox through which the flame burns its way, and makes a blaze, teaching that opposition and persecution cannot hide the true believer's grace, but are made the unwilling means of enabling him to produce a greater effect. Grace will not be hidden, but must shine forth.

13. God's method of instrumentality illustrated by one candle lighting another, and that one a third, and so on. Thus travels on the holy flame, till the whole world is girdled with its glory.

14. A small taper lights a large candle, and thus poor simple-minded Christians have been the means of bringing talented and useful ministers and missionaries to a knowledge of the truth. Witness Owen blessed under an unknown country preacher, and John Bunyan cheered and comforted by the holy women of Bedford as they sat talking in the sun,

15. Acts of indiscreet zeal are checked by the emblem of a candle in a lantern blown out while trying to light another. Some, with much zeal and little real grace, have made sad work of their profession through entering upon paths of usefulness surrounded with peculiar perils to the young and inexperienced.

16. The night-light beautifully portrays those kind, attentive, generous women who do good at the bedsides of the sick, and in the homes of the poor. The night-light burns a certain number of hours, and our sisters are

immortal till their work is done, Even in this humble employment the water around the light hints at caution and godly fear.

17. A noble wax candle appears to be yielding nothing but light, but when a sheet of bright tin is held over it, a jet blackness is very soon deposited, shewing that those men who in the Bible sense are perfect, are yet not absolutely so, but God's matchless holiness soon detects the invisible sinfulness which is mixed with every action which they perform. It is not, however, our part to be constantly spying out our brethren's faults, but rather to act as bright reflectors to increase their splendor.

18. The audience is not a little amused at the sight of a candle of very great thickness with a most insignificant wick, setting forth the minister of great ability but little zeal whose ministry is a very feeble ray; and the professor who is very rich but has no heart to use his means for the Lord's cause.

19. A thief in the candle is like some besetting sin. The sin runs away with much of our power for usefulness, just, as the thief makes the candle gutter and go to waste.

20. A sputtering candle — no inapt representation of the ill-tempered crotchety man who is for ever railing, muttering, and disagreeing.

21. A candle in a common guard shews the need of watchfulness, for one unguarded word like a spark may lead to the very worst consequences.

22. Need of the snuffers to take away our "superfluity of haughtiness." In the temple there were golden snuffers, but no extinguishers. Rebukes, exhortations, and afflictions trim the lamps in God's temple.

23. Small piece of candle on that economical little instrument, "the save-all." We should use the last relics of talent and life in the Redeemer's cause. Gathering up the fragments is the duty of all imitators of the Lord Jesus.

24. An hourglass and a candle are a picture of life's use. The sand runs, the candle burns, so we are not meant to spare ourselves, but to spend and be spent. He fulfills his destiny best who lives with all his might, making no provision for the flesh.

- 25.** Burning the candle at both ends well sets forth the profligate's folly. Body and soul he ruins; principle and interest he spends; and time and eternity he treats with equal carelessness.
- 26.** Steel filings dropped upon the flame of a candle produce sparklers and little stars; yet the filings seem the most likely things to put it out. Afflictions which appear as if they would destroy the Christian, are made the means of a grander display of the power of divine grace.
- 27.** By placing two candles of different heights upon the table, with the short one behind the longer one, you have a shadow cast upon your book, and can scarcely see to read it; but by putting the shorter candle in front you get the light of both: so if the brother of high degree will but give honorable preference to the brother of low degree, the result will be most profitable to the Church at large, but if the poor and lowly be put in the background, all will suffer loss.
- 28.** Light inside a lantern inscribed with the words TAKE A LIGHT, hinting at the way in which we ought to communicate all that we know to those who Unhappily are groping in darkness.
- 29.** We conclude with a chandelier holding a great assemblage of lights of various colors and sizes, which is a feeble remembrancer of the One Church, with its unity of luster, and its variety of beauty. All the lights melt into one illumination, — individuals and parties are forgotten in the one blaze of light; so shall it be in heaven.

As we could scarcely carry out the rest of our metaphors in actual emblems we have secured in dissolving-views the following illustrations among others, they are all taken from Robert Farley's book.

- 1.** A rushlight and the sun rising, to compare great things with small, and set forth our own nothingness in the presence of the great Sun of Righteousness.
- 2.** A candle hanging on the wall till it has grown mouldy and covered with cobwebs, to show that if we do not bum out in diligence we shall rot away in our place of idleness.

- 3.** Blind man for whom the candle shines in vain, a true picture of carnal minds which see not the light of God, and cannot therefore be expected to appreciate our feebler beams.
- 4.** Candle painted on black ground, with the motto, “Darkness addeth glory to me.” The sinfulness of the times will be a foil to the Christian’s virtues.
- 5.** Mice eating an unlit candle, to show how graceless professors perish, being eaten up with their sins of covetousness, worldliness, and the like.
- 6.** A maid putting a candle into the hot socket of a candlestick where another has just burned out, to illustrate the need of patience, and the mischief of hastiness.
- 7.** A candle held by a hand before the fire with the intent to light it between the bars; it is melting rapidly, and the motto suitably runs, “Quickly, or I am consumed.” This metaphor has a loud call to those who are slack in winning souls, while men are perishing on every hand.
- 8.** A candle dying out while the morning star is shining outside the window. Motto,” O morning star, bring, the day. This expresses the earnest longing of our soul towards the coming of the Lord in his glory.
- 9.** The last is a snuff which has just died out as a sign that all is over, giving us a hint that it is time to say, “FAREWELL.”

DIONYSIUS the tyrant king of Syracuse, was pronounced by Damocles the flatterer, the happiest man on earth. The king, in order to convince him of his mistake, invited Damocles to a banquet, and caused him to be robbed and treated as a sovereign. During the entertainment, a sword hung suspended by a single horse-hair from the ceiling, over the head of Damocles; and thus was typified the happiness of a tyrant.

Unconverted sinner, behold thyself in the above picture. Thou fanciest that thou art happy. Ah! thou art woefully deceiving thyself. Thy pleasures are short in duration! Thou art clothed in borrowed garments of vanity, and art seated at the banquet table of thy pleasures, with the sword of Divine judgment suspended over thine head by a slender thread. (See Ecclesiastes 11:9, and Luke 12:16, 21.) Any moment then mayest be cut down by the hand of death, and be hurried all unprepared before the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! be no longer blinded; but turn thine eyes upward and see thy danger. Know that thou art a sinner:

“for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.”
(Romans 3:23.)

As a sinner thou art already condemned. The curse of God hangs over thee, and in a moment thou mayest be in hell. Turn off thine eyes from sin and self, and look unto Jesus, who is now both able and willing to save even thee if thou believest on him.

When the sinner believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he is made by sovereign grace a king and a priest unto God. He is arrayed in “the best robe,” the imputed righteousness of Christ. He is enabled by faith to sit down at the King’s “banqueting” table, whereon are spread the daintiest dishes, and a feast of wine. Instead of the flaming sword of justice, the “banner of Jesus” love hangs over his head. (Song of Solomon 2:4; Isaiah 25:6; Luke 15:22, 23; Revelation 1:6.) Such is the royal provision made by the Jehovah of hosts for every or and needy sinner, who by rumple clinging faith, trusts in his dear Son, whose “precious blood” cleanses the vilest from all sin. May infinite love glorify itself by admitting you to the marriage-feast of glory.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A bubble*, brilliant with rainbow hues, delighting the eye of mouth for a moment and then gone for ever, leaving not a trace behind. Man wilt thou risk thine all upon that bubble? Be wise and seek substantial good, and since this can never be found beneath the skies, cry to the God of Heaven for his gracious aid.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A gourd*, like that of Jonah, which cometh up in a night and dieth in a night. Wilt thou make its leaves thine only shelter? Then what wilt thou do when the gourd is withered and the hot sun of divine wrath scorches thee! O that thou wouldst fly to Jesus who is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A meteor* blazing its moment and then lost in darkness! If thou be sane thou wilt desire another and more lasting light than this can give thee! The Sun of Righteousness shines on for ever.

SUCH IS LIFE. Like *the swift ship* which skims the deep and soon disappears beneath the horizon's line! Shall thy happiness be as fleeting as this? Dost thou not long for a more enduring joy.

SUCH IS LIFE. As *the eagle* which hasteth to its prey, so passeth away thine earthly existence! Whither art thou flying? Immortal Spirit, to what country art thou bound? Thou canst not pause, but thou mayest think, and it may be the Lord may turn thee heavenwards!

SUCH IS LIFE. *An arrow* speeding from a bow, a *hart* bounding over the plain. Speed is found in its highest degree in our life; none can outrun it. O friend, art thou ready for the grave and the judgment, for in a few days thou must know more of them than now.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A flower* which bloometh for a little season and then withereth away. Ye young, ye gay, ye proud, are ye so silly as to dream that your earthly life will last for ever. Think of your latter end, and seek that friend, who will be with you in life and in death, even Jesus the sinner's Savior.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE STATISTICS

THE Christian Church was designed from the first to be aggressive. It was not intended to remain stationary at any period, but to advance onward until its boundaries became commensurate with those of the world. It was to spread from Jerusalem to all Judea, from Judea to Samaria, and from Samaria unto the uttermost part of the earth. It was not intended to radiate from one central point only; but to form numerous centers from which its influence might spread to the surrounding parts. In this way it was extended in its first and purest times. The plan upon which the apostles proceeded, and the great apostle in particular in his mission to the Gentiles, was to plant Churches in all the great cities and centers of influence in the known world. The theory of one centralization of authority and action in human governments, however extensive the empire may become, is not that which was originally enjoined either by precept or practice in the New-Testament Church. It was the Church theory of the Jewish dispensation which was partly political, and adapted for one nation only; but on that very account could not apply to a form of government designed for the whole world. The new wine would have caused that old bottle to burst. We all know how *that* Church-theory has been tried, and how, through the fermentation of the little gospel truth it retained, it swelled until it burst. So far as the Church has returned to the centralizing influence of separate and independent Churches, it has regained its original prosperity; its first life has returned with its first mode of action; and increasing activities in that direction have generated increase of life. Soon as, after long perseverance and suffering, it was left free to its original action, those numerous institutions arose which are now deemed essential appendages to a vital and flourishing Christian community. The influence of the past had established a deep-rooted conviction that the officials were the only authorized agents for Church extension; but gradually the cooperation of the whole Church was required, and was found to be the appropriate and healthful exercise of all its gifts and graces. A Church, in which each member has something to do towards its increase, is in its proper and normal state. In proportion as it grows, it must seek to grow more, because growth is necessary to the most healthy state of life; and in proportion as it blesses others, it is itself blest* “I will make them,” is the promise, “and the places round about my hill a blessing.” What follows? “And I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be

showers of blessing.” There has not only been the shower in its season in the Church of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, there have been showers of blessing. Why? Because it has sought a blessing, not upon itself alone, but upon others. Of the places round about this hill of Zion which have been made a blessing, we are now to speak. Of the rising and fruitfulness of that hill, we spoke in a former number; we propose here to do little more than enumerate the several institutions at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, reserving the description of each for future occasions.

The chapel in New Park-street is still retained in connection with the Church at the Tabernacle, but it is hoped that by its sale another building will be erected in a more eligible locality. Services are regularly held there, and the Sunday-school is ably sustained. The Sunday-school at the Tabernacle numbers about 900 scholars and 75 teachers. Other Sunday-schools, and ragged schools, are sustained and conducted in other districts, in connection with the Tabernacle. The College, at first, was sustained by the pastor only. As it rose in usefulness and promise, the assistance of others was cheerfully rendered. In 1861, it was adopted by the Church as one of its own institutions; and became united with it at the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The number of the students at the present time is 91. Apart from these, there are evening classes for young men for languages, science, and elementary tuition; the attendants at which number on the whole about 230. Popular lectures, during the winter months are delivered on Friday evenings in the lecture-hall to students and the public in general. Many of the students are engaged in preaching on Sabbath days in the metropolis and its suburbs, and in distant parts of the country; others are employed in connection with an Evangelists’ Association which has numerous preaching-stations in neglected districts, and sends forth a host of men to proclaim the gospel in the open air. This association is chiefly sustained by the students at the evening classes. There are numerous Bible-classes in connection with the Tabernacle. One is held every Monday evening, after the prayer-meeting, at which Mr. Rogers presides. This class is for discussion on given topics, for the purpose of practice in extemporaneous speaking, as well as instruction in Biblical subjects. It is well attended by all classes, and is particularly beneficial as a test of the oratorical powers of those who are desirous of entering the College. Bible-classes are conducted by Mr. Stiff, Mr. Hanks, and Mr. John Olney. All are efficient and well attended. A ladies’ class, conducted by Mrs. Bartlett, is both the most numerous and most remarkable in its immediate results: it

numbers nearly 700, and 63 have joined the Church from it during the past year. There is a Bible-society depot at the Tabernacle, at which Bibles are sold at cost-price. here is a Tract Society in extensive operation There is a Jews' Society which holds its meetings monthly. A Ladies' Benevolent Society, a Maternal Association, a Missionary Working and a Sunday School Working are also in full operation. A Fraternal Association has lately been established, with the view of promoting more union of heart and effort amongst pastors and Churches of the same denomination. Missionary work is not neglected. Two City Missionaries are sustained by the Church and people; two other missionaries on the Continent, in Germany; and considerable aid is given to foreign missions. We have here the rare instance of a Christian Church containing within itself all the varied appliances of Christian zeal' in modern times. These have risen successively, and expanded, as the spontaneous and appropriate expression of that zeal. This may go far to show that it accords with apostolic times. If the principles and motives be the same, the fruits, allowing only for the difference of circumstances, will be the same. Nor is it difficult to see a similar diversity in the methods of aggression in the primitive Churches, according to the circumstances of those times. The Church at Jerusalem had its mission both to the Jews and to the heathen. There it was, says Paul, that "James, Peter, and John gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision." The Church at Antioch had its foreign mission; for it sent forth Paul and Barnabas on a missionary tour into and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." They had their Pastor's College; for Paul says to Timothy, "The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." They had their Home Missions; for of the Church at Thessalonica, it is said, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord in Macedonia and Achaia." They had their Tract Societies, as far as circumstances would allow. — "When this epistle," said Paul to the Church at Colosse, "is read among you, cause that it be read also in the Church of the Laodiceans." They had their Bible Classes. "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." There were Mrs. Bartlett's classes in those times. "Help those women which labored with me in the Gospel." They had their Benevolent Socratics. hath pleased them of Macedona and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem." They had

their working ladies for the poor. Honorable mention is made of one to show how honorable it is in all. "There was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did." We are then informed of what those alms-deeds consisted. We should have supposed they consisted in money only; but no she gave her time and her labor. At her death, "all the widows stood by Peter weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." If there were no Sunday-schools in the first Churches, it was simply because they had neither the learning nor the books required, not even the Scriptures. A foundation was laid for them by the Master, when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Although, therefore, all the institutions connected with our Churches are of recent origin, the germs of them existed in primitive times, and remained for development when that which hindereth should be taken out of the way. New as they may be in practice, they are not new in principle or theory. They are the natural growth of true Church-principles, which struggle for expansion by every legitimate means and on every side. Remove the pressure of outward violence and inward formality, and the Church springs up to this as to its natural state, and breathes its native air. It is by the great variety of aggressive means that the zeal and efforts of each and all the members of our Churches are brought to bear upon the same end. It enables every one to answer the question for himself, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Such a Church, with its many agencies in incessant operation, becomes a power, not in this country merely, but in the world. Such were the first Churches in Corinth, in Philippi, in Ephesus, and in Rome. Most of these arose, as in the case before us, almost entirely from the labors of one man. Is not this then, we ask, as we appeal to its efficiency, as we appeal to its spirituality, as we appeal to its internal harmony, as we appeal to its development of all Christian gifts and graces, and as we appeal to its freedom from all the evils of secular ecclesiasticism, — Is not this the fashion after which the Gospel was originally designed to spread, and in which it can best be extended in any country and in any age? The combination of many churches in one system of organization for the support of missions, both at home and abroad, may be the best thing when Churches are small and feeble in themselves; but it is second-best only to the primitive plan. It is more costly, and it creates a power unknown to the

apostles, and detrimental to the liberty of individual Churches. We admit its great utility in a transition state from false to genuine Christianity, and are thankful for its results, but, at the same time, we are persuaded it has its limits, and is chiefly valuable, as it restores to the Church, and multiplies its own centers of illumination.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MAY, 1865

MR. PEPYS' RELIGION

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHO has not heard of Mr. Pepys, whose *Diary* has introduced us to the court of Charles II, to the every — day life of a seventeenth century gentleman, and what is far more interesting, to his own proper self, his foibles, his schemes, and private thoughts, He has left us a chronicle of his daily doings, written as though he thought aloud and then turned reporter to himself manifesting all the frank unreserve in which one may safely indulge in a book of private memoranda written in short-hand; but which no man would venture upon if he had a presentiment that chiefs in after days, would decipher the MS. and send it forth to the world, Lord Braybrooke, in the *Life* which is prefixed to Bohn's edition of the *Diary*, tells us, that "with respect to the religion of Pepys, these volumes supply conclusive information. He was educated in the pure faith of the Church of England. To that he adhered through life, and in that he died." As we believe him to be a type of thousands now bearing the Christian name in our land, we shall hold up his portrait as drawn by himself, that others may trace the family likeness in themselves, and that all the world may see what are the heights and depths of grace to which the pure faith of the Church of England conducted its adherent two hundred years ago. A writer in *Chambers' Book of Days*, calls Pepys "an average Christian;" we suppose he was; but God grant that our readers may be found far above such an average. We shall confine our attention to his Sundays, for then his religion is in its full bloom. His first Sunday's entry is significant of the manner in which his religion is performed as a matter of duty, and then laid on one side to make room for more congenial occupations.

"Jan. 1st. 1659. (Lord's day.) This morning, I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunnin's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon

upon these words: — ‘That in the fairness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman,’ etc.; showing, that by ‘made under the law’ is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day, Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father’s.”

The same mixture of engagements during the day is evident in other entries: —

“**August 5, 1660.** After dinner, to St. Margaret’s; the first time I ever heard Common Prayer in that church. At Westminster stairs a fray between Mynheer Clinker and a waterman made good sport.”

“**May 5, 1661.** Mr. Creed and I went to the *red-faced* parson’s church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountain well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet-house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce till we were both angry.”

A part of the Sunday is usually given to make up accounts. We read, “stayed at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts,” or “casting up my accounts, I do find myself to be worth £40 more, which I did not think.” His conscience occasionally pricks him for this, as is plain in the following entry: — “All the morning at home, making up my accounts (God forgive me) to give up to my Lord this afternoon.” And, again, “Took physic all day and God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little french romances.” But his inward monitor was not very exacting, for, on other occasions without so much as the confession of a single qualm, he records his trading on Sunday with sailors who were probably smugglers or thieves.

“**Sept. 24, 1665.** Waked, and up, and drank; and then, being about Grayes, and a very calm, curious morning, we took our wherry, and to the fishermen, and bought a great deal of fine fish, and to Graves end to White’s, and had part of it dressed; and, in the mean time, we to walk about a mile from the town, and so back again; and there one of our watermen told us he had heard of a bargain of cloves for us, and we went to a blind alehouse at the further end of the town, to a couple of wretched,

dirty seamen, who, poor wretches! had got together about 37lb. of cloves, and 10lb. of nutmegs, and we bought them of them — the first at 5s. 6d. per lb, and the latter at 4s, and paid them in gold; but, Lord! to see how silly these men are in the selling of it, and easy to be persuaded almost to anything.”

What his conscience lacked in force, it possessed, in discrimination; for, to most men, the following note would appear to contain a moral distinction without a difference. “**Jan. 30, 1667.** Fast-day for the King’s death. At night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards.”

His dress occupied no mean place in his thoughts: “The barber having done with me I went to church.” “To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwig made a great show.” “My Taylor’s man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it and belt and silver-limted sword; so I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife.” He was greatly agitated at times as to the manner in which any novelties in his dress might strike others who attended at the same place of public worship. In **November, 1663**, he began to wear a peruke, and writes, “To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently cast their eyes upon me, but I found no such thing.”

Desiring to cut a good figure himself, he is not indifferent to the outward adornment of others; and even goes to churches with the view of seeing the dress and admiring the beauty of the ladies.

“**April 21, 1667.** To Hackney church. Sat with Sir G. Viner and his lady — rich in jewels, but most in beauty — almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, thereof there is great store.”

“**August 11, 1661.** To our own church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to Clerkenwell church, only to see the two fair Botelers; and I happened to be placed in the pew where they afterwards came to sit, but the pew by their coming being too full, I went out into the next, and there sat, and had my full view of them both, but I am out of conceit now with them.”

He takes a look at a lady he calls Peggy Pen, and describes her as very fine in her new colored silk suit, laced with silver lace.

On another occasion he notes, “There was my pretty black girl;” and, on **December 11, 1664**, he jots down, “To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French church, where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson — very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I heard a good sermon of the old man, touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland and his lady very fine, with two footmen, in new believers, the church taking much notice of them, and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing.”

Mr. Pepys was not, at Church, the best behaved man in the world, at least his own report does not accord him a very lofty position. He amuses himself at times with an opera-glass.

“**May 26th, 1667.** After dinner I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done.” He even turns the time of worship into a season for conversation, and treats the pew as if it were a counting house: “In the pew both Sir William and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much.” As a man of fashion may look in at a succession of parties during the London season, so he drops into various places for a few minutes; observe this memorandum: “**March 16th, 1662.** This morning, till churches were done, I spent going from one church to another, and hearing a bit here, and a bit there.”

Although one would fancy that his own religious fervor might have been the subject of question, he reserves his suspicions for others, and we find observations of this kind — “The winter coming on, many of the parish ladies are come home, and appear at church again: among others, the three sisters of the Thornburys, very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, *if it were true zeal*”

The good man frequently sleeps during the sermon, but usually attributes his drowsiness to the dullness of the discourse. Surely sleeping was very excusable in an age when the singing of the psalm occupied an hour, so as to enable the sexton to make a collection from seat to seat on his own account. When wide awake he is not always quite certain as to the subject;

hence he writes one Sunday, "Heard a good sermon upon 'Teach us the right way,' or *something like it.*" criticizes the preacher's appearance; in one instance it is the "red-faced parson," in another, "the little doctor." The discourse is "a good sermon," "a poor, dry sermon," "a gracy sermon," "an impertinent sermon," or very frequently "a dull sermon." He tells us in one place, "the same idle fellow preached;" and in another, "a stranger preached like a fool."

Mr. Mills delivers a lazy sermon upon the devil's having no right to anything in this world, which ought to have been a racy discourse, for the subject is suggestive enough. In St. Margaret's, Westminster, heard a young man play the fool about the doctrine of Purgatory; we fear he was not the last young man who has done so.

At Christ Church, **June 17th, 1666**, he writes, "I heard a silly sermon." He must have grown accustomed to hear the same matter repeated, for he notes, "I heard a good sermon of Dr. Bucks, *one I have never heard before.*"

Now and then he enjoys a laugh during service, as for instance, **September 23rd, 1660**: "Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that he would imprint his words on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the great toes of our right feet;" but his mirth is suddenly cut short, for some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made him and all in his pew afraid, so that he wished himself out.

The Lord's-day was usually wound up with prayers, at least after the date, **July 22nd, 1660**, where we read: "Home, and at night had a chapter read; and I read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book, the first time that ever I read prayers in this house. So to bed." There were, however, exceptions to the rule, for one evening the *Diary* has it, "To bed *with out prayers*, it being cold, and to-morrow washing-day." During Sunday, Mr. Pepys generally contrived to indulge himself with a tolerable share of good eating, and a sufficiency, at the least, of drinking; on one occasion this last a little interfered with the prayers: — "**29th September, 1661.** What at dinner and at supper I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head ached all night; so home and to bed without prayers, which I never did yet, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was."

This portrait of one nourished in the pure faith of the Church of England, needs not a touch from our pencil, it is so well drawn in every part; neither will we make further remark upon it, but content ourselves with quoting the Savior's warning: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven," Of Mr. Pepys it is sufficient to say in closing, that we have a certificate of his eternal security, from the hand of one of *the successors of the apostles*, and therefore are bound to raise no further question. What more is needed? He was buried in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Can the Church mislead us? There are some who would like to ask, Where was the poor sinner's faith as to the merit and the blood of Jesus? Was the promise of God personally applied with power by the Holy Ghost? Was he a man renewed and sanctified by the Divine power? Of these things we have no information, but the inquirer must content himself with the warrant of an Episcopalian divine. If not satisfied with this, we ask indignantly, What, more can be required?

“June 5th, 1703. “Last night, at 9 o'clock, I did the last office for your and my good friend, Mr. Pepys, at St. Olaves's Church, where he was laid in a vault of his own making, by his wife and brother.

“The greatness of his behavior, in his long and sharp trial before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in every thing that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time, but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administering it. Twice I gave him the absolution of the Church, which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort; and I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude and patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will, which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the wisdom of God; and I doubt not but he is now a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, MENS CUJUSQUE IS EST QUISQUE.

“GEORGE HICKES.”

A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MONK in the costume worn by Father Ignatius, and his crew! Has it come to this, that monkery is to be revived in a professedly Protestant Church? Who would have believed it had it been foretold ten years ago? Can it be true that altars are consecrated by these monks to the Virgin and to the saints, and that they are still tolerated in the Establishment? Yes, it is even so. Ignatius was introduced to a congress of clergy as a minister of the Church, and all his doings are strictly within her pale. Monkery is therefore reestablished in the Anglican body. We are not at all surprised at this, nor should we be much astonished if high-mass were publicly celebrated in our parish Churches, and shrines set up to the Virgin, and the saints, within the communion-rails. These would be only legitimate displays of the festering corruption of that part of Antichrist which dominates over this country. But what we are astounded at above measure is, the way in which believers in the Lord Jesus and evangelical Christians continue to countenance all this Popery by remaining in communion with it! The Popish party sneer at them, the Dissenters denounce their dishonesty, and many of them feel uneasy in the organs which once were their consciences, but still they “abide by the stuff” without complaining of it! Verily some persons can eat a large amount of dirt! We wish we could say a word kindly but forcibly in the ear of our brethren, who are still in fellowship with the works of darkness practiced in the Anglican denomination of Romanists. When will you come out? How far is the cannot element to prevail before you will separate from it. You are mainly responsible for the growth of all this Popery, for your piety is the mainstay and salt of what would otherwise soon become too foul to be endured, and would then most readily be swept from the earth. You hinder reformation! You protect these growing upon trees which drip with death to the souls of men! You foster these vipers beneath your goodly garments! You will be used as a shield to protect the agents of the devil, until they need you no longer, and then they will cast you away! For the love you bear to your Redeemer, be duped no longer, and by your own hatred of monkery and priestcraft, *come ye out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing.*

MANY a time the shepherd called the sheep, but it would not obey his voice; at last taking up the lamb he carried it away, and the mother followed him at once. Full many a woman has been deaf to the Lord's gracious Word until the angel of mercy has been sent to bear away her darling babe, that it might tempt her to the skies. Then, under the divine leading of the Holy Spirit, the sorrowful parent has looked up to the God of heaven, and desired that through Jesus Christ she might be taken up to see her child again in the better land.

Perhaps this little tract may fall into the hand of a bereaved mother. "The shadow is on the cradle — the little chair is vacant — the child's dress is no more to be worked on. Alas, alas! the cooing, chirping voices, and the pattering feet, and the eyes of wondering, and the finger-clasping 'wee' hands — gone, all gone. Home is very empty, very, very lonely, very still." Dear friend, will you not learn God's lesson? Will you not learn it *now*? Is he not evidently beckoning you to the skies by the tiny finger of your own sweet babe? Why should you be smitten any more? Is not this enough? Does not this touch you in a tender place and move you to hearken to your God? Can you not hear your child-angel as it whispers, "Mother follow me to glory!" Can you bear to be divided from your babe for ever? Have you no desires after heaven and the dear ones who are gathering there? Will you make your bed in hell far off from those who are now in the Savior's bosom? Jesus crucified must be your hope; turn now your weeping eyes to him. He is able *now* to save you, and if now you trust him, you are saved, and shall meet in glory with those who have gone before.

THE FOLDED LAMBS ARE ALL SAFE — ARE YOU SAVED?

WORK OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

THE College has now become the most important of all the Institutions connected with the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The place which it once held in the heart of the pastor alone, it now holds in the hearts of the elders and deacons with him. It is indeed a part of the whole Church. It is not only sustained by it, but its students are chiefly from its own members, or have subsequently become united with it. The influence of this one Church upon this and other countries by this means is incalculable. The effects of its piety, and prayerfulness, and zeal upon the College, united with the wisdom, and example, and familiar friendship of

the pastor, comprise one principal part of the educational process, and supply that practical knowledge of Church discipline and of the whole compass of pastoral duties which similar institutions have failed to impart. The interest which the Church takes in its Pastor's College, could not be better evinced than in the following address to the students by Mr. John Olney, after a tea meeting to which they had been invited by the deacons and elders.

Gentlemen — It gives the deacons and elders of the Church great pleasure to meet you in this friendly manner. We are by no means unmindful of you, or indifferent to your welfare. Rather are you like a noble vessel, chartered and freighted with our hopes and expectations, for which we desire a fair wind and a prosperous voyage. Called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, we are anxious for your success. One thing less than this will satisfy our heart's desire. The burden Of life has been removed from you that you may bear the burden of souls and the gospel. May this retirement fit you for service in the Lord's vineyard. As by keeping the flocks of Jethro for forty years, Moses was prepared and qualified to bring forth out of Egypt the chosen people like sheep, so may your studies qualify you as good pastors, to lead and feed the sheep of Christ May this College prove to you as Arabia did to Paul, wherein you may more perfectly learn the doctrines of grace, and be enabled to plant Churches in many cities, We pray this may prove as Patmos did to the beloved disciple, Wherein you may have glimpses of glory and visions of God, the revelation of which may be for the comfort and establishment of the people of your charge.

That you may be successful, "Take heed to yourselves." The Church expects much from you. While all are to witness for Christ, ye are to be our witnesses. Bravery is expected from every soldier, much more from generals. Christ is willing that you should share with him the honor of being examples to the flock.

"Be ye holy, who bear the vessels of be Lord." An unholy minister, neither the world nor the Church will approve. Emphatically, "for you to live is Christ." Yours be it to imbibe his spirit, copy his example as well as preach his truth, The fish was regarded as an emblem of Christ; among other reasons, because living in the sea, It contracted none of its saltiness. So Jesus Contracted none of the sin of this evil world, but remained in heart and life, as pure as if he had never left the paradise of God. Like the master, you must be unearthly, heavenly. Leaving the pleasures of the

world to the worldly, yours must be the joy of communion With God. Like Patience in *The Pilgrims Progress*, you must be content to wait, to have your pleasures last, because then you will have them everlastingly. As fishes die in foul and muddy waters, but thrive well in the pellucid stream, so, to be carnally minded, will be death to your piety and Usefulness; while to be spiritually minded, will prove life to your labors and peace to your souls. Sin will weaken your powers, grieve the Holy Spirit, mar your communion, and disappoint your hope. To be holy, then, will prove your highest philosophy, your truest interest, and your most solemn duty.

“Take heed to your Ministry.” “Aim to become good preachers.” You serve the best master, advocate the best cause; do so in the best manner. Be orators. The better speech, like the better wine, is the more preferred your chief aim and study be the Christian Ministry.

“Do not read your Sermons.” Though some ministers may have decided in their wisdom that reading is preaching, the people in their simplicity have decided otherwise. But one instance occurs of large success attending the reading of a written sermon. The exception in the case of President Edwards, only proves the rule. It is the extemporaneous oration, the speaking from the heart, that God blesses. Written sermons and written prayers, lie open to the same objection. Both practically ignore, confine, and partially supersede the free, independent, yet most necessary operations of God the Holy Spirit. One can hardly imagine Whitfield confining himself within the bounds of a written discourse. God worked wonders by him. The Spirit was there and spoke through him. It was rather the Spirit preaching, doing his own work in calling and converting souls. So be you on the watch for the Holy Spirit, expect his aid, yield to his influence.

“Be energetic” Buxton has described energy as constituting the chief point of difference between one man and another. Energy will make a giant of a man. Almost anything is possible to a determined will. Demosthenes has described energy to be the chief part of oratory. Preach with energy. Put on strength. Let your hearers see that you are in earnest, that you fully believe yourself, and wish they should believe the truth. As an electric battery when charged will send a shock through a whole assembly, so, if you have this spark of energy, you will awaken the latest and secure the attention of your audience. Pray also that the Spirit may make your words the depository and conductor of that vital spark of grace, by which alone the spiritually dead are quickened, souls new born, and sinners saved.

“Be original.” Imitate the spider, who spins her web from herself. Use no man’s talent as the ladder whereon you may climb. Trust only in the Spirit and in yourselves. The noblest thoughts of others, will be apt to fall powerless from your lips. If oft detected in borrowing, your hearers will give way to criticizing and appropriating. Thus Henry, Gill, and Scott, will recover their own, and the works of Baxter and Bunyan be rendered “complete” by the restoration of borrowed paragraphs. Depend on your own powers. Men may read like you the same books, but will hardly think the same thoughts. Original and independent thought will become easy when the habit is fully formed.

“Be experimental.” After the example of the Apostles, preach what you have tasted, handled, and felt of the Word of life. Hahnemann first tested upon himself the medicine he prescribed for others. What you have fed upon and experienced in your own soul during the week, that give to your people on the Sabbath. Thus you will preach less from the head than from the heart, and be more likely to reach the heart, As the bread that has nourished you, will nourish others; so, spiritually, what has blessed and nourished your souls, will benefit your hearers. What has conduced to your growth in grace, may do so in the experience of your fellow Christians.

TO OUR READERS

WE hope to be able to find interesting matter for a few letters upon our travels, and if we should succeed, our friends may hope for the first letter next month. We take the liberty of adding that the circulation of “The Sword and the Trowel” is exceedingly encouraging, but by a little effort on the part of our friends, it might be doubled. We do our best to make it interesting and practically useful. Will friends aid us by increasing the company of our readers?

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JUNE, 1865

FRAGRANT SPICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF MYRRH

THE FIRST BUNDLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” —
Song of Solomon 4:7.

HOW marvelous are these words! The glorious bridegroom is charmed with his spouse, and sings soft canticles of admiration. Widen the bride extols her Lord there is no wonder, for he deserves it well, and in him there is room for praise without possibility of flattery. But does he who is wiser than Solomon condescend to praise this sunburnt Shulamite? 'Tis even so, for these are his own words, and were uttered by his own sweet lips. Nay, doubt not, O young believer, for we have more wonders to reveal. There are greater depths in heavenly things than thou hast at present dared to hope. The Church not only /s all fair in the eyes of her beloved, but in one sense she always was so. He delighted in her before she had either a natural or a spiritual being, and from the beginning could he say,

“My delights were with the sons of men.” (Proverbs 8:31.)

Having covenanted to be the surety of the elect, and having determined to fulfill every stipulation of that covenant, he from all eternity delighted to survey the purchase of his blood, and rejoiced to view his Church in the purpose and decree, as already by him-delivered from sin and exalted to glory and happiness.

*“In God’s decree, her form he view’d;
All beauteous in his eyes she stood,
Presented by th’ eternal name,
Betroth’d in love and free from blame.*

*Not as she stood in Adam's fall,
When guilt and ruin cover'd all;
But as she'll stand another day,
Fairer than sun's meridian ray.*

*Oh glorious grace, mysterious plan
Too great for angel-mind to scan,
Our thoughts are lost, our numbers fail
All hail, redeeming love, all hail!"(KENT.)*

Now with joy and gladness let us approach the subject of Christ's delight in his Church, as manifested in the text, believing in him whom the Spirit has sealed in our hearts as the faithful and true witness.

Our first bundle of myrrh lies in the open hand of the text.

I. *Christ has a high esteem for his Church.* He does not blindly admire her faults, or even conceal them from himself. He is acquainted with her sin, in all its heinousness of guilt, and desert of punishment. That sin he does not shun to reprove. His own words are,

“As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.” (Revelation 3:19.)

He abhors sin in her as much as in the ungodly world, nay even more, for he sees in her an evil which is not to be found in the transgressions of others — sin against love and grace. She is black in her own sight, how much more so in the eyes of her Omniscient Lord. Yet there it stands, written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and flowing from the lips of the bridegroom, “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” How then is this? Is it a mere exaggeration of love, an enthusiastic canticle which the sober hand of truth must strip of its glowing fables. Oh, no. The king is full of love, but he is not so overcome with it as to forget his reason. The words are true, and he means us to understand them as the honest expression of his unbiased judgment, after having patiently examined her in every part. He would not have us diminish aught, but estimate the gold of his opinions by the bright glittering of his expressions; and therefore in order that there may be no mistake, he states it positively, “Thou art all fair, my love,” and confirms it by a negative, “there is no spot in thee.”

When he speaks positively, how complete is his admiration! She is “fair,” but that is not a full description; he styles her “all fair.” He views her in himself, washed in his sin-atoning blood and clothed in his meritorious

righteousness, and he considers her to be full of comeliness and beauty. No wonder that such is the case, since it is but his own perfect excellencies that he admires, seeing that the holiness, glory, and perfection of his Church are his own garments on the back of his own well-beloved spouse, and she is “bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.” She is not simply pure, or well-proportioned; she is positively lovely and fair! She has actual merit! Her deformities of sin are removed; but more, she has through her Lord obtained a meritorious righteousness by which an actual beauty is conferred upon her. Believers have a positive righteousness given to them when they become “accepted in the beloved.” (Ephesians 1:6.) nor is the Church barely lovely, she is *superlatively so*. Her Lord styles her,

“Thou fairest among women.” (Song of Solomon 1:8.)

She has a real worth and excellence which cannot be rivaled by all the nobility and royalty of the world. If Jesus could exchange his elect bride for all the queens and empresses of earth, or even for the angels in heaven, he would not, for he puts her first and foremost — “fairest among women.” Nor is this an opinion which he is ashamed of, for he invites all men to hear it. He puts a “behold” before it, a special note of exclamation, inviting and arresting attention.

“*Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair.*”
(Song of Solomon 4:1.)

His opinion he publishes abroad even now, and one day from the throne of his glory he will avow the truth of it before the assembled universe.

“Come, ye blessed of my Father” (Matthew 25:34),

will be his solemn affirmation of the loveliness of his elect.

Let us mark well the repeated sentences of his approbation. He turns again to the subject, a second time looks into those dove’s eyes, and listens to her honey-dropping lips. It is not enough to say, “Behold, thou art fair, my love;” he rings that golden bell again, and sings again, and again, “Behold, thou art fair.”

“*Lo thou art fair! lo thou art fair!
Twice fair thou art I say;
My- righteousness, and graces are
Thy double bright array.*”

*But since thy faith can hardly own
My beauty put on thee;
Behold! behold! twice be it known
Thou art all fair to me(Erskine.)*

After having surveyed her whole person with rapturous delight, he cannot be- satisfied until he takes a second gaze and afresh recounts her beauties. Making but little difference between his first description and the last, he adds extraordinary expressions of love to manifest his increased delight. “Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners. Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks. My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her.” (Song of Solomon 6:4-9.)

The beauty which he admires is universal, he is as much enchanted with her temples as with her breasts. All her offices, all her pure devotions, all her earnest labors, all her constant sufferings are precious to his heart. She is “all fair.” Her ministry, her psalmody, her intercessions, her alms, her watching, all are admirable to him, when performed in the Spirit. Her faith, her love, her patience, her zeal, are alike in his esteem as “rows of jewels,” and “chains of gold.” (Song of Solomon 1:10.) He loves and admires her everywhere. In the house of bondage, or in the land of Canaan, she is ever fair. On the top of Lebanon his heart is ravished with one of her eyes, and in the fields and villages he joyfully receives her loves. He values her above gold and silver in the days of his gracious manifestations, but he has an equal appreciation of her when he withdraws himself, for it is immediately after he had said,

*“Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to
the mountains of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense,”
(Song of Solomon 4:6,)*

that he exclaims in the words of our text, “Thou art all fair, my love.” At all seasons the believer is very near the heart of the Lord Jesus, he is always as the apple of his eye, and the jewel of his crown. Our name is still on the breastplate, and our persons are still in his gracious remembrance. He never thinks lightly of his people; and certainly in all the compass of his

Word there is not one syllable which looks like contempt of them. They are the choice treasure and peculiar portion of the Lord of hosts; and what King will undervalue his own inheritance? what loving husband will despise his own wife? Let others call the Church what they may, Jesus abides in his love, and does not differ in his judgment of her, for he still exclaims,

“How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!”
(Song of Solomon 7:6.)

Let us remember that he who pronounces the Church and each individual believer to be “all fair,” is none other than the glorious Son of God, who is “very God of very God.” Hence his declaration is decisive, since infallibility has uttered it. There can be no mistake where the all-seeing Jehovah is the judge. If he has pronounced her to be incomparably fair, she is so, beyond a doubt; and though hard for our poor puny faith to receive, it is nevertheless as divine a verity as any of the undoubted doctrines of revelation.

Having thus pronounced her *positively* full of beauty, he now confirms his praise by a precious negative, “There is no spot in thee.” As if the thought occurred to the Bridegroom that the carping world would insinuate that he had only mentioned her comely parts, and had purposely omitted those features which were deformed or defiled, he sums all up by declaring her universally and entirely fair, and utterly devoid of stain. A spot may soon be removed, and is the very least thing that can disfigure beauty, but even from this little blemish the believer is delivered in his Lord’s sight. If he had said there is no hideous scar, no horrible deformity, no filthy ulcer, we might even then have marveled; but when he testifies that she is free from the slightest spot, all these things are included, and the depth of wonder is increased. If he had but promised to remove all spots, we should have had eternal reason for joy; but when he speaks of it as already done, who can restrain the most intense emotions of satisfaction and delight. O my soul, here is marrow and fatness for thee; eat thy full, and be abundantly glad therein!

Christ Jesus has no quarrel with his spouse. She often wanders from him, and grieves his Holy Spirit, but he does not allow her faults to affect his love. He sometimes chides, but it is always in the tenderest manner, with the kindest intentions ; — it is “my love” even then. There is no remembrance of our follies, he does not cherish ill thoughts of us, but he pardons, and loves as well after the offense as before it. It is well for us it is

so, for if Jesus were as mindful of injuries as we are, how could he commune with us. Many a time a believer will put himself out of humor with the Lord for some slight turn in providence, but our precious Husband knows our silly hearts too well to take any offense at our ill manners.

If he were as easily provoked as we are, who among us could hope for a comfortable look, or a kind salutation? but he is “ready to pardon, and slow to anger.” (Nehemiah 9:17.) He is like Noah’s sons, he goes backward and throws a cloak over our nakedness; or we may compare him to Apelles, who when he painted Alexander, put his finger over the scar on the cheek, that it might not be seen in the picture.

“He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel” (Numbers 23:21;)

and hence he is able to commune with the erring sons. of men, But the question returns. How is this? Can it be explained, so as not to clash with the most evident fact that sin remaineth even in the hearts of the regenerate? Can our own daily bewailings of sin allow of anything like perfection as a present attainment? The Lord Jesus saith it, and therefore it must be true; but in what sense is it to be understood? How are we “*all fair?*” though we ourselves feel that we are “black, because the sun hath looked upon us.” (Song of Solomon 1:6.) The answer is ready, if we consider the analogy of faith.

1. In the matter of justification the saint is complete and without sin. As Durham says, these words are spoken “in respect of the imputation of Christ’s righteousness Wherewith they are adorned, and which they have put on, which makes them very glorious and lovely, so that they are beautiful beyond all others, through his comeliness put upon them.”

And Dr. Gill excellently expresses the same idea, when he writes, “*though all sin is seen by God, in articulo providentiae, in the matter of providence, wherein nothing escapes his all-seeing eye; yet in articulo justifications, in the matter of justification, he sees no sin in his people, so as to reckon it to them, or condemn them for it; for they all stand*

‘holy and unblameable and unproveable in his sight.’“
(Colossians 1:22.)

The blood of Jesus removes all stain, and his righteousness confers perfect beauty; and, therefore, in the Beloved, the true believer is at this hour as

much accepted and approved, in the sight of God, as he will be when he stands before the throne in heaven. The beauty of justification is at its fullness the moment a soul is by faith received into the Lord Jesus. This is righteousness so transcendent that no one can exaggerate its glorious merit. Since this righteousness is that of Jesus, the Son of God, it is therefore divine, and like the holiness of God; and, hence, Kent was not too daring when, in a bold flight of rapture, he sang-

*“In thy surety thou art free,
His dear hands were pierc’d for thee;
With his spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One.*

*O the heights and depths of grace,
Shining with meridian blaze;
Here the sacred records shew
Sinners black, but comely too!”*

2. But perhaps it is best to understand this as relating to the design of Christ concerning them. It is his purpose to present them without “spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.” (Ephesians 5:27.) They shall be holy and unblameable and unreprouvable in the sight of the Omniscient God. In prospect of this, the Church is viewed as being virtually what she is soon to be actually. Nor is this a frivolous antedating of her excellency; for be it ever remembered that the representative, in whom she is accepted, is actually complete in all perfections and glories at this very moment. As the head of the body is already without sin, being none other than the Lord from heaven, it is but in keeping that the whole body should be pronounced comely and fair through the glory of the head. The fact of her future perfection is so certain that it is spoken of as if it were already accomplished, and indeed it is so in the mind of him, to whom a thousand years are but as one day. “Christ often expounds an honest believer, from his own heart-purpose and design; in which respect they get many titles, otherwise unsuitable to their present condition.” (Durham.) Let us magnify the name of our Jesus, who loves us so well that he will overleap the dividing years of our pilgrimage, that he may give us even now the praise, which seems to be only fitted for the perfection of Paradise.

*“My love, thou seem’st a loathsome worm:
Yet such thy beauties be,
I spoke but half thy comely form;
Thou ’rt wholly fair to me.*

*Whole justified, in perfect dress;
Nor justice, nor the law
Can in thy robe of righteousness
Discern the smallest flaw.*

*Yea, sanctified in ev'ry part,
Thou'rt perfect in design:
And I judge thee by what thou art
In thy intent and mine.*

*Fair love, by grace complete in me,
Beyond all beauteous brides;
Each spot that ever sullied thee
My purple vesture hides.”(ERSKINE.)*

THE craggy rocks frown upon the traveler, threatening to fall upon him as he journeys in their shade, and as he looks down from above upon their precipitous steeps, his head whirls and he shuns the brink lest he be dashed to pieces by a fall; yet the little trees and shrubs upon the sides of the precipice are safe from all fear of failing, because *they cling with all their might to the rock*. Down leaps the cataract with roaring fury as if it would carry all before it; but the flowers and creeping plants fear not its thunder, for *they cling to the rock*, and find refreshment in the spray of the foaming torrent. The storm sweeps over the mountain, the lightning scars the face of the hoary Alps, the cedars of Lebanon are shivered, and the ships of Tarshish are broken, but the mosses and ferns on the cliff's beetling crag smile on, unharmed by the terrible whirlwind, for they *cling to the rock*. The bird which has built its nest in the rifts of the mountain flies abroad and falls a prey to the fowler, but the tiny wildflower which has no wings with which to escape from a foe, does not tempt the enemy, but abides immovable in one place, *ever clinging to the rock*, and is therefore always safe, helpless though it be. We read in the book of Job of certain houseless persons, who are described as *clinging to the rock for shelter*; this may be very appropriately applied to every poor needy sinner, who has fled for refuge to Jesus the Rock of Ages. Such a soul is safe beyond all hazard. The justice, greatness, truth and perfection of God, which seem to frown upon others, are all our friends if we know how to cling to them, as they are set forth in the great atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. If you can only cling to Jesus, poor sinner, you are safe. Neither your own weakness, nor the storms of temptation, nor the hand of justice, can cast you to destruction while you cling to him. Learn from your heart to say,

***“Other trust away I fling,
Only to the rock I Cling.***

THE angel points upwards to glow, where the palm is waved in victory! The fiend points downward to perdition where the worm undying groans for ever! Reader, your body will soon be in the coffin, and your soul will soon be winging its flight to heaven or hell. Angelic spirits will bear you to Abraham's bosom, and you will sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, to enjoy *for ever* the society of the glorified Church, with Christ at the head of the feast, shedding his glory on all the guests; or you will be hurled like tares bound in bundles to be burned, into a pit which hath no bottom, where you will cry in vain for a drop of water to cool your parched tongue, and *for ever* will have to weep, and wail, and gnash your teeth in agony unending.

WHICH?

O, which shall it be? There is no middle course; you *must* be with Jesus, where he is, to behold his glory, or you *must* be cast into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone! Jesus will either say to you, "Come ye blessed!" or, "Depart ye cursed: he will either award you the kingdom, or condemn ye to the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

WHICH?

O, which, dear reader, of the two shall be your portion? Sin is the easy road to ruin, you have but to follow it and you will meet your due reward. Christ is the way to heaven; whosoever believeth in him shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hands. Sin and Satan — are these your choice? Or does the Holy Spirit lead you to lay hold on Christ Jesus and his salvation? Friend sit down and ask thyself

WHICH?

FROM ENGLAND TO ITALY

A CHAPTER FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE. WRITTEN AT LUGANO, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN a few days we have left our white-cliffed island, crossed the Channel, traversed France, penetrated the heart of Switzerland, passed the Alps, and entered sunny Italy; we have seen a thousand things and mused upon ten thousand more, and our thoughts, like the fishes in the blue lake which sparkles at our feet, are very many and very restless, and we have no net at hand in which to bring them to shore. A bird of prey was hovering just now over the shelving bank where the rippling flood bathes the foot of the verdant mountains; poising himself in mid-air upon quivering wing; for a moment he looked eagerly for his prey, saw it, darted upon it, and doubtless held it with iron grasp; we must in the same fashion seize some flitting thought, or we shall starve in the land of plenty. Swift and sudden, without waiting to plume our wings by long consideration, we descend upon our theme.

The Great Master Author has sent forth several volumes; among the rest is one called the "Book of Revelation," and another styled the "Volume of Creation." We have been reading the Word-volume and expounding it for years, we are now perusing the Work-volume, and are engrossed in some of its most glowing pages. Our love for the sacred book of letters and words has not diminished but increased our admiration for the hieroglyphics of the flood and field. That man perversely mistakes folly for wisdom who persists in undervaluing one glorious poem by a famous author, in order to show his zeal for a second epic from the same fertile pen. It is the mark of a feeble mind to despise the wonders of nature because we prize the treasures of salvation. He who built the lofty skies is as much our Father as he who hath spoken to us by his own Son, and we should reverently adore HIM who in creation decketh himself with majesty and excellency, even as in revelation HE arrayeth himself in glory and beauty. Modern fanatics who profess to be so absorbed in heavenly things that they are blind to the most marvelous of Jehovah's handiwork, should go to school, with David as the schoolmaster, and learn to "consider the heavens," and should sit with Job upon the dunghill of their pride, while the Lord rehearses the thundering stanzas of creation's greatness, until they cry

with the patriarch, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." For our part, we feel that what was worth the Lord's making, richly deserves the attention of the most cultivated and purified intellect; and we think it blasphemy against God himself to speak slightingly of his universe, as if, forsooth, we poor puny mortals were too spiritual to be interested in that matchless architecture which made the morning stars sing together and caused the sons of God to shout for joy.

Our hasty perusal of one short chapter of the book of nature has sufficed to assure us that its author most certainly wrote the Holy Scriptures. Writers have their own idiomatic expressions and modes of thought; kings of literature set their image and superscription upon the coinage of their minds; and therefore you can detect a literary forgery as readily as a counterfeit bank note. The paintings of the old masters may be cleverly copied, but the man of taste would soon discover the imposture, if a mere copy were palmed upon him as the original; a certain indescribable something would be wanting, and there would be present a tint, a manner, or an expression quite unknown to the master's purer style. In the productions of "the Great Artist," the rule holds good. Deity has a peculiar manner which it is quite impossible to imitate with success. In the base counterfeit of the book of Mormon, a mere child, fresh from the Sunday-school, can discover marks and lines which are manifestly far from divine, and in the more commanding imposture of the Koran, the blots of evil prove that it came not from the hand of the all-pure One. We can boldly challenge the patient examination of the Holy Scriptures by all candid men, and we believe that they will be found to establish their claim to be authentic productions of the hand which wrote the world's great hymn. Among many arguments we offer these:-

The Scriptures are distinguished for their variety and unity, they are one, yet many; the modes are myriad, the matter is the same. Jeremiah weeps; Isaiah shouts for joy; Ezekiel soars aloft in eloquence; Amos is rugged and familiar; John is gentle; Peter is bold; Paul reasons; James commands; and yet, like a silken thread holding a string of pearls, the mind of the Lord passes through the very center of the words of every prophet, apostle, and evangelist. We could not destroy a single book of the Old or New Testament, without marring the design: the whole company of inspired writers might say, "We being many are one body, and every one members one of another." We observe this same quality in nature. How great the

difference between yonder granite mountain and the cloud which caps it; the raging wind, and the bright star which smiles serenely amid the storm; the cataract which leaps from rock to rock, and the solitude through which it roars; the boundless ocean, and the grain of sand which lies on its shore! In a few hours we climbed from fields of corn to slopes of snow, through which our road was cut at a depth of ten or twenty feet; and before the sun had set, we were in sultry plains, where figs and grapes grow in rich profusion, and the lizard and snake bask in the sun. Variety was there indeed, for no two scenes were the same, yet the unity was equally conspicuous, for who could fail to see that the floating cloud feeds the foaming cataract with its descending deluge, that the rivers bind the mountains to the ocean by silver cords, and that winds, and waves, and mists, and stars, and Alps, are all wheels of the same great machinery. From the garden of figs, up through the chestnut grove, to the pine forest, and yet higher to the fair blue gentian, the modest moss, and the blackened lichen, and highest of all to the eternal snow, seems a long ascent of infinite variety; but, as the stones of a geometrical staircase all rest on one another, so do all the ranks of vegetable life, so that the blue-bells and red rhododendrons, which blush unseen far up in some sunny crevice, are as necessary parts of the whole fabric as the golden wheat-sheaf, and the luxuriant vine. The departments of animate and inanimate nature are but the various books of the great Bible of Creation, and their teaching is one and harmonious.

In Scripture one observes the Great Agent ever glorifying himself by the use of instrumentality; God is there in deeds of greatness, and none the less great and glorious because he chooses to work by means. Noah is saved, but not without an ark; the Red Sea is divided, but not without a rod. David must use a stone, and Shamgar an ox-goad. Paul plants, Apollos waters, God gives the increase. See here around us, the Lord hath made the land fruitful, but tillage brings forth its riches; he hath filled the lakes even to the brim, but the torrents contribute their liquid wealth. Not without fiery violence were the granite hills upheaved, nor without earthquakes were the valleys rent through the mountains. Lightning and frost, wind and sun, water and ice are the servants of him who saith unto one, "Come, and he cometh;" and to another, "Go, and he goeth." Our witness is that, verily Jehovah is not less manifest because of these his wonder-workers. He sits supreme above flood, and tempest, and fire, making them the chariot in which he rides. Traversing tremendous defiles

of grim desolation and awful grandeur, where walls of rock almost exclude the light of the sun, where the overhanging precipices threaten with avalanche, and the torrent dashes wildly below, one exclaims in the presence of the terrible agencies which seem lions couching for their leap, "Row dreadful is this place, it is none other than the dwelling-place of God."

In the Bible the Lord is ever described as great, and yet considering the lowly. — "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Who has not noticed the wonderful contrast, or rather combination, in the eleventh and twelfth verses of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah? "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

Such strange blendings of grandeur and gentleness we have seen all this week. Amidst a thick fog in crossing the Channel which clothed everything in mystery, and made us grope our way with anxious tardiness, we heard the cries of sea-birds; they at least had not lost their way; come mist or rain, the God of the floods had numbered every one of their feathers, and given them joys far out on the deep of which the prophet says, "There is sorrow on the sea." Seeing the jonquil, the hyacinth, the anemone, and many others of our garden flowers growing wild in the rallies On the Italian side of the Alps, and hearing the ceaseless chirping of the innumerable insects which fill the air with their song, and looking up to the snowy peaks piercing the clouds, one could not help comparing the beauty and perfectness of the little, with the overwhelming awe and sublimity of the great. He who launches the thunderbolt guides the fire-fly; he who hurls the falling mass from the shivering alpine summit controls the descent of the dew-drop; and he, who covereth heaven and earth with the black wings of tempest, stoops down to cherish the violet blooming amid the velvet turf.

Stern is the God of the Bible and yet his name is Love. Our God is a consuming fire, yet is he good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He showed his fiery law on Sinai, his wrath on Sodom, his power on Egypt, his anger on Korah, and his justice upon the inhabitants of

Canaan; yet this same jealous God was as a nursing father unto Israel and, wonder of wonders, spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all! The skirts of the garments of that same God we have seen in our week's journey. Crosses set up here and there along the road upon the pass of the St. Gothard showed where poor travelers had met their doom by falling stone, or avalanche, or snow-storm; nor are these the only remembrances of the terrible things of God, for in certain places hard by our route are to be seen the *debris* of fallen mountains which have covered whole villages, and traces of devastating floods are no rare things. As we were sitting by the Lake of Lucerne, the rugged old Pilatus was suddenly covered with blackness, forth flashed the forked lightning, followed by sharp cracks of thunder reverberated in long peals, enough to let us know that the artillery of heaven had not spent its might, and that the arsenals of the storm were as fully stored as ever; yet as we looked around and saw the sun smiling forth again over the glorious hills, his beams flashing brightly upon the countless wavelets of the lake, vegetation freshened by the newly fallen shower, glistening with rain drops as with sparkling diamonds, and man and beast rejoicing in the clear shining and the cool air, we could not but feel that the stern Lord of Tempests was infinitely kind.

The Book of God in the heights and depths of its teaching shows man his own insignificance, and the roll of creation impresses him with the same fact. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" was an inspired question, but the stars first suggested it. When John in Patmos saw the Lord, he fell at his feet as dead, a sense of the glory of his Lord overpowered him; such has been in a degree our own experience alike in meditating upon Scripture, and in wandering in the dark gorges of the Alps. Let a man stand on what is called the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard road where the fury of the Reuss seems lashed to madness, let him look above, beneath, and around, and as he shivers into nothingness let him say, "As for man whose breath is in his nostrils, wherein is he to be accounted of?" *Yet the same Bible which sinks the pride of man teaches him his true nobility as creation's lord and nature's priest;* and our week's wanderings have taught us the same. Sing the verses of some fine old psalm in a pine forest, in a boat on the blue waves, on the summit of an Alp, in a dark defile, or in the hollow of a great rock, and see if they do not give a tongue to all around and prove man to be the soul of all things. Mark how the industry of man reclaims every inch of soil whereon a blade of grass can grow, see how he builds his chalets high up on crags where the wild chamois can scarcely mount, and read how the once virgin snows of apparently

inaccessible peaks have been trodden by his foot, and see how truly man has dominion over the works of God's hands. Perhaps nothing will bring this more clearly before us than a journey upon those great highways which are most astounding monuments of human skill and enterprise. Valleys are threaded, torrent beds are crossed on causeways, the edges of precipices are skirted and buttresses of rock are tunneled. Where the hard and steep surface of the cliff had not left an inch of space for a goat to climb upon, the road is conducted upon a lofty terrace of solid masonry, or along a ledge blasted by gunpowder in the face of the rock. Neither gorge, nor avalanche, nor granite wall can block up the way of determined, persevering man.

The falcon, which swooped for its quarry, has long ago flown away, and I have but begun to grapple with my subject; forgive me, dear readers, if, as a man seeking rest, I drop the pen, and go forth from my chamber to gaze and gaze again on loveliness. Would you know what I have gazed upon to-day and yesterday, these lines which I find in Murray's Handbook, (and I quote from it because a travelers library is very small,) will possibly suggest more than I can write of Italian hills and scenery.

*“Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there,
Softly sublime — profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise, And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound;
For where no shoot Could else take root,
The peaks are shelved, and terraced round.
Earthward appear in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize; above,
the tralliv'd vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love.
Looks out the white-walled cottage here,
The lowly chapel rises near;
Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach;
While chestnut green and olive grey
Chequer the steep and winding way.”*

Lugano, May 15th, 1865.

TO OUR READERS AND HEARERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I hope the matter of the Chapels is not overlooked. It is much on my heart, and I should feel it a great privilege to find on my return from long-needed rest, that the good work had gone on rapidly in my absence. To serve God is glory, let us not miss the honor. Time is short; Jesus deserves much; let us labor with might and main for Him.

Yours truly,
Charles H. Spurgeon

WORK OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

IN the account of the several institutions connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle inserted in the April Number of this Magazine, mention was made of the support of two missionaries in Germany. We hope occasionally to find room for some extracts from their journals. Our present object is to relate briefly the circumstances under which these missionaries were brought under the notice of the Church at the Tabernacle, and the manner in which the offer of pecuniary aid was received by them. The Baptists in Germany have long been exposed to more reproach and persecution than any other body of Christians. They have often had the sympathy of their brethren in this country on that account, and much interest has been excited, and sometimes effectually, on their behalf. A spirit of revival among them of late years has awakened fresh interest in them in their friends, and renewed the vigilance of their foes. Their chief struggle, however, we trust, is past. As their principles and practices become better known, and liberal sentiments upon all subjects more extensively prevail, they may reasonably be expected gradually to survive prejudices, and to obtain greater freedom of action. The interest of Mr. Spurgeon in the German Baptists was greatly stimulated by personal intercourse with some of their leading pastors, and especially with Mr. Oncken, the well-known pastor of Hamburgh, in whose efforts, by the encouragement of local missionaries to make known a pure gospel in the city and surrounding villages, and to the sailors at the port from all countries, Mr. Spurgeon greatly sympathized. This led to the proffered support of two missionaries whose hearts were in the work, but were unable to be wholly devoted to it. The names of these missionaries are Mr. H. Windoll, and Mr. C. A. Kemnitz. They were both adopted by the friends at the Tabernacle as their missionaries in Germany in 1861. The former thus wrote in reply on that occasion, which is characterized by such simplicity and godly sincerity that it well deserves to be here recorded. The reply of the latter, which is in the same strain, must be deferred to our next number.

“Hamburg, November 15th, 1861.

**TO THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,
AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS FLOCK, LONDON.**

“Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.’
(Galatians 1: 3-5.)

“Having been informed by Brother Oncken that your beloved flock has really engaged me as their Colporteur, I desire hereby, on the one hand, to return you my most hearty thanks, and on the other, to commend myself to your prayers, that I may be truly faithful as a witness of the free grace of God in Christ, who will have the gospel preached to every nation; and has promised that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

“I need, too, special protection from outward perils, as I might very easily in stepping on board, slip, and in an instant become a prey to death. I have often been in danger, but the Lord has preserved me from all injury hitherto. He has now again given me courage to go out with joy, and proclaim his Word, and proclaim with my mouth that there is a Savior whose blood cleanses all who believe on it from their sins. The field I labor in is somewhat extensive. In the ports of Hamburg and Altona, from four to five thousand ships arrive yearly, besides the river navigation, which I endeavor diligently to visit. Besides, I occasionally visit several places and villages, and disseminate the Lord as widely as possible. Two evenings in the week I preach regularly, that is, on Wednesday evening at Harburg, and on Friday, in the suburb of St. George. On the Sabbath I am generally out at our stations to proclaim the Word of the Lord. We have hitherto continually had the satisfaction to see sinners saved at our stations, devote themselves to the Lord, follow him, and obey him alone. This, and the precious promises of his dear Word, perpetually renew my courage to plant the banner of the Cross, and point to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I was awakened seventeen years ago in the Baptist meeting here, and soon became a member of the dear Church. I

soon after began, with other brethren, regularly to distribute loan-tracts on the Sabbath, until I was called, after some years, to help in the Sunday-school. On July 1st, 1852, I entered on my duties as Colporteur of the Scottish Mission to the Jews, until, on October 1st, 1854, I entered on the office of Colporteur to the Bible Society. It would be very advantageous to me to possess a thorough knowledge of the English language. Dear Brother Oncken has advised me to undertake the study, and I intend to do so. In the year 1855, I had some lessons with other pupils of the Mission, but when in spring the season for work recommenced, I was obliged to desist. I was however enabled, in the year 1859, again to take lessons, visiting at the same time the ships, where my presence was most requisite; and my *residence* in the mission-house rendered this easier.

May a risen Savior richly reward you, dear Brother, and your beloved flock, with heavenly blessings, and give you grace and strength to look to the Lord in your arduous task, who always gives fresh strength and courage. With hearty greetings, and commending myself to your intercession,

“I remain,

“Your humble brother and fellow-laborer,

“H. WINDOLF.”

The journal of this missionary for the months of January, February, and March of this year is before us; it shows a great amount of labor and records many instances of usefulness, especially amongst soldiers and sailors. “In this quarter, he writes, I have made 263 visits in families, and 165 on board vessels; I have disposed of 10 bibles, 55 testaments, 50 books, and have exchanged 250 books; I have distributed 1100 tracts and monthly messengers; conducted 34 meetings and 3 prayer-meetings; administered the Lord’s Supper 4 times; and given 24 lessons in religion in our day-school. During the first week of April, I visited 223 ships, and disposed of 9 Bibles, 35 Testaments, 27 books, and 810 tracts. After the long winter, navigation is again flourishing Hundreds of vessels are arriving in one day at Hamburg and Altona. I request, therefore, more particularly the prayers of the Church which cares for my temporal welfare, that the Lord would give me great grace conscientiously and faithfully to proclaim the good news of redeeming love. I require much bodily strength also, and

the gracious protection of the Lord, having to row about in the boat for six or eight hours a day, besides mounting one ship after another, in which there is danger of my foot slipping, and my family being left orphans. But I comfort myself with the promise that not a hair of our heads shall perish without the will of our Father. It is precious to know how many dear children of God pray for me, and for the work in which I am engaged.”

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JULY, 1865.

FRAGRANT SPICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF MYRRH.

THE SECOND BUNDLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” Solomon’s Song 4:7.

We return to the delightful topic with which we opened last month’s number of our Magazine.

Our Lord’s admiration is sweetened by love. He addresses the spouse as “My love.” The virgins called her “the -fairest among women;” they saw and admired, but it was reserved for her Lord to love her. Who can fully tell the excellence of his love? O how his heart goeth forth after his redeemed! As for the love of David and Jonathan, it is far exceeded in Christ. No tender husband was ever so fond as he. No figures can completely set his heart’s affection forth, for it surpasses all the love that man or woman hath heard or thought of. Our blessed Lord, himself, when he would declare the greatness of it, was compelled to compare one inconceivable thing with another, in order to express his own thoughts.

“As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.” (John 15: 9.)

All the eternity, fervency, immutability, and infinity which are to be found in the love of Jehovah the Father, towards Jehovah-Jesus the Son, are copied to the letter in the love of the Lord Jesus towards his chosen ones. Before the foundation of the world he loved his people, in all their wanderings he loved them, and

“unto the end he will abide in his love.” (John 13: 1.)

He has given them the best proof Of his affection, in that he gave himself to die for their sins, and hath revealed to them complete pardon as the result of his death. The willing manner of his death is further confirmation of his boundless love. How did Christ delight in the work of our redemption!

“Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is Written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God.” (Psalm 11:7, 8.)

When he came into the world to sacrifice his life for us, it was a freewill offering

“I have a baptism to be baptized with.” (Luke 12:50.)

Christ was to be, as it were, baptized in his own blood, and how did he thirst for that time! “How am I straitened till it be accomplished.” There was no hesitation, no desire to be quit of his engagement, he went to his crucifixion without once halting by the way to deliberate whether he should complete his sacrifice. The stupendous mass of our fearful debt he paid at once, asking neither delay nor diminution. From the moment when he said,

“Not my will, but thine, be done,” (Luke 22: 42,)

his course was swift and unswerving; as if he had been hastening to a crown rather than to a cross. The fullness of time was his only remembrancer; he was not driven by bailiffs to discharge the obligations of his Church, but joyously even when full of sorrow, he met the law, answered its demands, and cried, “It is finished.”

How hard it is to talk of love so as to convey our meaning with it! How often have our eyes been full of tears when we have realized the thought that Jesus loves us! How has our spirit been melted within us at the assurance that he thinks of us and bears us on his heart! But we cannot kindle the like emotion in others, nor can we give, by word of mouth, so much as a faint idea of the bliss which coucheth in that exclamation, “O how he loves!” Come, reader, canst thou say of thyself, “He loved me?” (Galatians 2:20.) Then look down into this sea of love, and endeavor to guess its depth. Doth it not stagger thy faith, that he should love *thee*? Or, if thou hast strong confidence, say, does it not enfold thy spirit in a flame of admiring and adoring gratitude? O ye angels! such love as this ye never knew. Jesus doth not bear your names upon his hands, or call you his bride. No! this highest fellowship he reserves for worms whose only return is tearful, hearty thanksgiving and love.

Let us note that Christ delights to think upon his Church, and to look upon her beauty. As the bird returneth often to its nest, and as the wayfarer hastens to his home, so doth the mind continually pursue the object of its choice. We cannot look too often upon that face which we love; we desire always to have our precious things in our sight. It is even so with our Lord Jesus. From all eternity “his delights were with the sons of men;” his thoughts rolled onward to the time when his elect should be born into the world; he viewed them in the mirror of his fore-knowledge.

“In thy book he says all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.”
(Psalm 139:16.)

When the world was set upon its pillars, he was there, and he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. Many a time before his incarnation, he descended to this lower earth in the similitude of a man; on the plains of Mamre, (Genesis 18) by the brook of Jabbok, (Genesis 32:24 — 30,) beneath the walls of Jericho, (Joshua 5:13,) and in the fiery furnace of Babylon, (Daniel in. 19-25,) the Son of man did visit his people. Because his soul delighted in them, he could not rest away from them, for his heart longed after them. Never were they absent from his heart, for he had written their names upon his hands, and graven them upon his side. As the breast-plate containing the names of the tribes of Israel was the most brilliant ornament worn by the high priest, so the names of Christ’s elect were his most precious jewels, which he ever hung nearest his heart. We may often forget to meditate upon the perfections of our Lord, but He never ceases to remember us. He cares not one half so much for any of his most glorious works, as he does for his children. Although his eye seeth everything that hath beauty and excellency in it, he never fixes his gaze anywhere with that admiration and delight, which he spends upon his purchased ones. He charges his angels concerning them, and calls upon those holy beings to rejoice with him over his lost sheep. (Luke 15:4-7.) He talked of them to himself, and even on the tree of doom he did not cease to soliloquize concerning them.

*“That day acute of ignominious woe,
 Was, notwithstanding, in a perfect sense,
 The day of his heart’s gladness, for the joy
 That his redeem’d should be brought home at last,
 (Made ready as in robes of bridal white,)
 Was set before him vividly, — he look’d; —
 And for that happiness anticipate,
 Endurance of all torture, all disgrace,
 Seem’d light infliction to his heart of love.”(Meditations.)*

Like a fond mother, Christ Jesus, our thrice-blessed Lord, sees every dawning of excellence, and every bud of goodness in us, making much of our littlest, and rejoicing over the beginnings of our graces. As he is to be our endless song, so we are his perpetual prayer. When he is absent he thinks of us, and in the black darkness he has a window through which he looks upon us. When the sun sets in one part of the earth, he rises in another place beyond our visible horizon; and even so Jesus, our Sun of Righteousness, is only pouring light upon his people in a different way, when to our apprehension he seems to have set in darkness. His eye is ever upon the congregation of the righteous.

“I the Lord do keep it; I Will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day?” (Isaiah 27:3.)

He will not trust to his angels to do it, for it is his delight to do all with his own hands. Zion is in the center of his heart, and he cannot forget, for every day his thoughts are set upon her. When the bride by her neglect of him hath hidden herself from his sight, he cannot be quiet until again he looks upon her. He calls her forth with the most wooing words,

“O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.” (Song of Solomon 2:14.)

She thinks herself unmeet to have company with such a prince, but he entices her from her lurking place, and inasmuch as she comes forth trembling, and bashfully hides her face with her veil, he bids her uncover her face and let her husband gaze upon her. She is ashamed to do so, for she is black in her own esteem, and therefore he urges that she is comely to him, Nor is he content with looking, he must feed his ears as well as his eyes, and therefore he commends her speech and intreats her to let him hear her voice. See how truly our Lord rejoiceth in us. Is not this unparalleled love! We have heard of princes who have been smitten by the beauty of a peasant’s daughter, but what of that?

Here is the Son of God doting upon a worm, looking with eyes of admiration upon a poor child of Adam, and listening with joy to the lisplings of poor flesh and blood. Ought we not to be exceedingly charmed by such matchless condescension? And should not our hearts as much delight in him, as he doth in us? O surprising truth! Christ Jesus rejoices over his poor, tempted, tried, and erring people.

It is not to be forgotten that sometimes the Lord Jesus tells his people his love thoughts. “He does not think it enough behind her back to tell it, but in her very presence, he says, ‘Thou art all fair my love.’ It is true, this is not his ordinary method; he is a wise lover, that knows when to keep back the intimation of love and when to let it out; but there are times when he will make no secret of it; times when he will put it beyond all dispute in the souls of his people.” (R. Erskine’s Sermons) The Holy Spirit is often pleased in a most gracious manner, to witness with our spirits of the love of Jesus. He takes of the things of Christ and reveals them unto us. No voice is heard from the clouds and no vision is seen in the night, but we have a testimony more sure than either of these. If an angel should fly from heaven and inform the saint personally of the Savior’s love to him, the evidence would not be one whir more satisfactory than that which is born in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Ask those of the Lord’s people who have lived the nearest to the gates of heaven, and they will tell you that they have had seasons when the love of Christ towards them has been a fact so clear and sure, that they could no more doubt it than they could question their own existence. Yes, beloved believer, you and I have had times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and then our faith has mounted to the topmost heights of assurance. We have had confidence to lean our heads upon the bosom of our Lord, and we have had no more question about our Master’s affection than John had when in that blessed posture, nay, nor so much; for the dark question, “Lord is it I that shall betray thee,” has been put far from us. He has kissed us with the kisses of his love, and killed our doubts by the closeness of his embrace. His love has been sweeter than wine to our souls. We felt that we could sing,

“His left hand is under my head and his right hand doth embrace me.”
(Song of Solomon 8:3.)

Then all earthly troubles were light as the chaff of the threshing-floor, and the pleasures of the world as tasteless as the white of an egg. We would have welcomed death as the messenger who would introduce us to our Lord to whom we were in haste to be gone; for his love had stirred us to desire more of

him, even his immediate and glorious presence. I have sometimes, when the Lord has assured me of his love, felt as if I could, not contain more joy and delight. My eyes ran down with tears of gratitude. I fell upon my knees to bless him, but rose again in haste, feeling as if I had nothing more to ask for, but must stand up and praise him; then have I lifted my hands to heaven longing to fill my arms with him; panting to talk with him, as a man talketh with his friend, and to see him in his own person, that I might tell him how happy he had made his unworthy servant, and might fall on my face and kiss his feet in unutterable thankfulness and love. Such a banquet have I had upon one word of my beloved — *“thou art mine,”* that I wished like Peter to build tabernacles in that mount and dwell for ever. But alas, we who are young saints, have not yet learned how to preserve such assurance. We stir up our beloved and awake him, and then he leaves our unquiet chamber, and we grope after him in the night and make many a weary journey after him. If we were wiser and more careful, we might preserve the fragrance of Christ’s words far longer; for they are not like the ordinary manna which soon rotted, but are comparable to that omer of it which was put in the golden pot and preserved for many generations. The sweet Lord Jesus has been known to write his love-thoughts on the hearts of his people in so clear and deep a manner, that they have for months and even years enjoyed an abiding sense of his affection. A few doubts have flitted across their minds like thin clouds before a summer’s sun, but the warmth of their assurance has remained the same for many a gladsome day. Their path has been a smooth one, they have fed in the green pastures beside the still waters, for his rod and staff have comforted them, and his right hand hath led them. I am inclined to think, that there is more of this in the Church than some men would allow. We have a goodly number who dwell upon the hills, and behold the light of the sun. There are giants in these days, though the times are not such as to allow them room to display their gigantic strength; in many a humble cot, in many a crowded workshop, in many a village manse there are to be found men of the house of David, men after God’s own heart, anointed with the holy oil. It is, however, a mournful truth, that whole ranks in the army of our Lord are composed of dwarfish Little faiths. The men of fearful mind, and desponding heart are everywhere to be seen. Why is this? Is it the Master’s fault, or ours? Surely he cannot be blamed. Is it not then a matter of inquiry in our own souls. Can I not grow stronger? Must I be a mourner all my days? How can I get rid of my doubts? The answer must be: yes, you can be comforted, but only the mouth of the Lord can do it, for anything less than this will be unsatisfactory. I doubt not, that there are means, by the use of which, those who are now weak and trembling, may attain

unto boldness in faith and confidence in hope; but I see not how this can be done unless the Lord Jesus Christ manifest his love to them, and tell them of their union to him. This he will do, if we seek it of him. The importunate pleader shall not lack his reward. Haste thee to him, O timid one, and tell him that nothing will content thee, but a smile from his own face, and a word from his own lip. Speak to him and say, "O, my Lord Jesus, I cannot rest unless I know that thou lovest me. I desire to have proof of thy love under thine own hand and seal. I cannot live upon guesses and surmises; nothing but certainty will satisfy my trembling heart. Lord, look upon me, if, indeed, thou lovest me, and though I be less than the least of all saints, say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation.'" When this prayer is heard, the castle of despair must totter, there is not one stone of it which can remain upon another, if Christ whispers forth his love. Even Despondency and Much-afraid will dance, and Ready-to-Halt leap upon his crutches.

O, for more of these Bethel visits, more frequent visitations from the God of Israel! O, how sweet to hear him say to us, as he did to Abraham,

"Fear not Abram, I am thy shield, thine exceeding great reward."
(Genesis 15:1.)

To be addressed as Daniel was of old, "Oh man, greatly beloved," (Daniel 10:19.) is worth a thousand ages of this world's joy. What more can a creature want this side of heaven to make him peaceful and happy than a plain avowal of love from his Lord's own lips. Let me ever hear thee speak in mercy to my soul, and O, my Lord, I ask no more while here I dwell in the land of my pilgrimage. Brethren, let us labor to obtain a confident assurance of the Lord's delight in us, for this, as it enables him to commune with us, will be one of the readiest ways to produce a like feeling in our heart's towards him. Christ is well-pleased with us; let us approach him with holy familiarity; let us unbosom our thoughts to him, for his delight in us will secure us an audience. The child may stay away from the father, when he is conscious that he has aroused his father's displeasure, but why should we keep at a distance, when Christ Jesus is smiling upon us. No! since his smiles attract us, let us enter into his courts, and touch his golden scepter. O, Holy Spirit, help us to live in happy fellowship with him whose soul is knit unto us.

*“O Jesus! let eternal blessings dwell
 On thy transporting name. ***
 Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
 Let thy lov'd image be for ever present;
 Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue
 Be sanctified with the celestial theme.
 Dwell on my lips, thou dearest, sweetest name!
 Dwell on my lips, 'till the last parting breath!
 Then let me die, and bear the charming sound
 In triumph to the skies In other strains,
 In language ,-dl divine, I'll praise thee then;
 While all the Godhead opens in the view
 Of a redeemer's love. Here let me gaze,
 For ever gaze; the bright variety
 Will endless joy and admiration yield.
 Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
 Fly from my soul all images of sense,
 Leave me in silence to possess my Lord:
 My life, my pleasures, flow from him alone,
 My strength, my great salvation, and my hope.
 Thy name is all my trust; O name divine!
 Be thou engraven on my inmost soul,
 And let me own thee with my latest breath,
 Confess thee in the face of ev'ry horror,
 That threat'ning death or envious hell can raise;
 Till all their strength subdu'd, my parting soul
 Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,
 And sing salvation to the Lamb for ever.”*

THIS huge round earth is sustained in its orbit without prop or pillar, by the unseen power of the Almighty God. Turning round upon its own axis with marvelous regularity, and moving through space with inconceivable rapidity, it performs all its movements without band or wheel; the hand which causes its revolutions is not to be discerned by mortal eye.

Everywhere in the great, and in the little, the same rule holds good, the Mighty Worker is himself unseen, yet manifest and majestic is his presence. We are not to see nor to expect to see the Divine hand with human senses, but faith discerns it, and admires its doings.

It were well if anxious inquirers could be brought to remember this, for they too often look for signs and wonders, and cannot be persuaded of the power of divine grace unless they see or hear some strange thing. Now the facts of salvation are these: God hath accepted Christ Jesus his own dear and only Son, in his living and dying righteousness as the substitute for his chosen people; as their substitute, Christ has finished all that the divine law required, and so saved his people, and the Lord has revealed to us in his Word that those who believe in his Son Jesus Christ are the objects of his choice and heirs of all the boons purchased by the Savior's blood. The one question is, *Have I faith?* Can I trust Jesus? Can I give up seeing my own works and prayers, and believe that Jesus' blood and righteousness can save me? Do I now rest upon an unseen Redeemer, and whether I feel better, or do not feel better, whether I see an improvement in myself or do not see a single hopeful sign, do I heartily and entirely rely upon the work of God's appointed and accepted Savior?

The world is safe though it hangs upon nothing but God's word, and equally secure will that soul be which can dare to have done with feeling and doing, and can lay hold on the unseen energy of God's love, working through the cross of Christ. The clouds fall not, though no great chains uphold them; and the firmament does not crack, though its arch is without a pillar. It is a mighty secret, to live upon God alone. Friend, I pray the Lord teach it to thee this day at Calvary's foot, for his own name's sake. Amen.

THE ax carried before the Roman consuls was always bound up in a bundle of rods. An old author tells us, that “The rods were tied up with knotted cords, and that when an offender was condemned to be punished, the executioner would untie the knots one by one, and meanwhile, the magistrate would look the culprit in the face to observe any signs of repentance, and watch his words to see if he could find a motive for mercy; and thus justice went to its work deliberately and without passion.” The ax was enclosed in rods to shew that the extreme penalty was never inflicted till milder means had failed; first the rod, and the ax only as a terrible necessity.

Reader, if you are unconverted, I beg you look at the symbol and learn a lesson. The Lord is gracious and full of compassion towards *you*. He has waited lo these years, untying the knots very slowly, and seeing whether you will, by his longsuffering, be led to repentance. Hither too, few and feeble have been any tokens for good in you. Beware! for mercy tarries not for ever, and justice will not long delay. The rods you have already felt. Those burials of dear ones were all rods to you. That fever, that broken arm, that loss in business, — all these put together have been warnings to you, which you cannot despise without committing great sin. Many have been brought to God by afflictions, but you perhaps have been rather hardened than otherwise. See to it sinner, for when the rods have had their turn, the ax must come in for its work. Its edge is sharp, and its blow is terrible. He who wields it will cut through soul and body, and none can escape from his wrath. You have found the rod to be very dreadful, but what will the ax be. Hell is not to be thought of without trembling, but it will soon be your eternal dwelling-place unless you repent. Can you endure its endless torments? Trembler, there is hope! Jesus died. Jesus lives. Trust in him who stood in the sinner’s place and you are saved. O, may the Holy Ghost now, while you read this little tract, lead you to Jesus and to safety, for time flies like the weaver’s shuttle, and the thread of life is soon snapped. “To day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts.”

ANOTHER WEEK'S TRAVEL AND ANOTHER THEME

LUGANO, VERONA, VENICE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

HAVING before us the two grand volumes by the Divine Author, we are prepared. To estimate the claims of a third, which professes to be equally of celestial origin, viz, the Church of Rome, which boasts of an infallible head. On this occasion we shall not so much enter into a consideration of her doctrines; this is most fitting work for the student, and we have just now laid that character aside; it is ours to view her outward manifestations which thrust themselves in the way of the traveler. Her churches and altars, her shrines and ceremonies, her priests and processions, are her teaching to the masses, her living epistle, her image and superscription; by them she ensnares the minds of the many, they are the locks of her strength, and the boast of her pride; we shall not do amiss nor be guilty of unfairness, if we compare their style and manner with that divine peculiarity which we have seen to be so manifestly conspicuous both in Creation and in the Word. The inquiry is a narrow, but an interesting one. *Would the outer array of Popish worship strike the candid observer as being in accordance with the spirit of the New Testament? Does the ceremonialism of Rome accord with the taste which would be born and nurtured amidst the beauties and wonders of nature?* In our judgment, the answer must be decidedly and altogether in the negative. We may be warped in our taste by the prejudices of education and the convictions of belief; but we have not been intentionally unfair; while considering this subject, we have tried honestly to distill the pure essence of the outward mode of Romanism, and while extenuating nothing, nor putting, down ought in malice our conviction is that her mode of worship and display are as opposite to the genus of nature and the style of revelation, as the flaunting finery of a harlot to the modest apparel of a virtuous woman. Popery was intended by its infernal author to be a remarkably clever counterfeit of divine workmanship, and his subtle hand has crazily imitated the celestial style; but the imposture is soon detected by the observant eye, for the soul and spirit of the sacred artist are altogether absent. Cathedral domes may emulate the skies, pillars of marble

may vie with towering cedars, mosaics of gold may glitter as the stars, and smoking, incense, may image the clouds of heaven, but imitation is upon the face of all, and this is fatal to the claim to be the production of Him whose works are all masterpieces and all originals. Comparisons are always as obvious as they are numerous when counterfeits are in question, but as our business is detection, we shall point out contrasts, which in this case, if not abundant, are singularly striking.

In the great temple of nature *the person of the great Worker is unrevealed*. God is everywhere, on the tossing sea, and in the silent wilderness, but everywhere as a God who hideth himself. Walking through nature we hear the voice of the Most High, and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory, but contemplation whispers to us, "Ye saw no similitude." The invisible God is neither imaged to us in colossal statuary by the ancient mountains, nor in glowing tableaux by the starry skies. The whole earth bears witness that "Clouds and darkness are round about him," and from every hill and valley comes the question, "Who is like unto the Lord our God who dwelleth on high?" In Holy Scripture, we find an express command against the attempt to set forth Jehovah by outward symbol.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. of them that hate me."
(Exodus 20:4, 6.)

Moses was very earnest upon this point; he solemnly exhorted the people,

"Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves; for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb out of the midst of the fire: lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female, the likeness of any beast that is on the earth, the likeness of any winged fowl that flieth in the air, the likeness of any thing that creepeth on the ground, the likeness of any fish that is in the waters beneath the earth Take heed unto yourselves, lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God, which he made with you, and make you a graven image, or the likeness of any thing, which the Lord thy God hath forbidden thee. For the Lord thy God is a

consuming fire, even a Jealous God When thou shalt beget children, and children's children, and ye shall have remained long in the land, and shall corrupt yourselves, and made a graven image, or the likeness of any thing, and shall do evil in the sight of the Lord thy God, to provoke him to anger: I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day, that ye shall soon utterly perish from off the land whereunto ye go over Jordan to possess it ye shall not prolong your days upon it. but shall be utterly destroyed. And the Lord shall scatter you among the nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the heathen, whither the Lord shall lead you. And there ye shall serve gods, the work of men's hands, wood and stone, which neither see, nor hear, nor eat, nor smell." (Deuteronomy 4:15-28.)

In the New Testament, which is the bringing to light of things unseen by kings and prophets, there is no violation of the great principle. Its teaching is explicit and clear when it reminds us that

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John 4:24.)

God was manifest in the flesh, but Godhead was not set forth or represented to us by the body of Christ Jesus, for so far as he was visible to human senses he was man; his own lips taught us this when he said,

"Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."
(Luke 24:39,)

It is true that the descent of the Holy Spirit was represented by a dove, by tongues of fire, and rushing mighty wind, but these, like the golden candlestick, the anointing oil and various other symbols of the Old Testament, did not portray the divine *person* of the Holy Spirit, but were merely manifestations of his works and operations. In creation, dashing billows and steadfast rocks are manifestations of divine working, and just such were the descending dove and the flames of fire, but the person of Deity is never manifest, nor attempted to be revealed in Nature or in the Bible. Especially is Holy Writ explicit concerning that infinitely blessed One who is revealed to us as the Father. Our Lord said,

"Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father." (John 6:46.)

The beloved apostle, to whom was given the visions of Parins, yet assures us that “No man hath seen God at any time.” (1 John 4:12). Paul is not less indignant than Moses at the sin of worshipping God under a similitude, for he denounces those who,

“professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.” (Romans 1:22, 23.)

Thus both the visible universe, and the Old and New-Testament, declare the Lord to be “the invisible God.” In direct opposition to all this, the Church of Rome multiplies pictures in which the eternal and most high God is set forth as an Red and venerable man. We have shuddered at the sight as we have this week continually seen the Divine Trinity imaged as the Redeemer, a dove, and an old man; associated often with an equilateral triangle and the Virgin Mary. Some of the most famous paintings by eminent masters are thus profane; and it is a proof of the horrible iniquity of the Church of Rome that, instead of suffering these impieties to rot in the studios where they were produced, she hangs them up in her Churches, values them as priceless treasures, and allows her rotaries to bow before them. On the door of the Church of St. Zeno, at Verona, are reliefs remarkable for their age, but detestable for their profanity; for Hs before whom angels veil their faces with their wings, is there imaged in bronze as a very ugly man drawing Eve out of Adam’s side. In St. Maria Formosa, at Venice, there are on the dome and above the altar, two portraits of elderly gentlemen, both intended for the Eternal Father. In St. Georgio Maggiore, is the same divine person caricatured as a man with a grey beard, dressed in red, and wearing a black cloak. Instances are unhappily too abundant, and the subject appears to be a favorite one for artists; and they seem as free and easy in the blasphemous work of portraying the great God, whose very name is to be had in honor, as a signpost dauber in sketching the Marquis of Granby or a Red Lion. From the mention of the horrible idolatry of Rome, the mind of the believer turns with disgust and trembling to seek the aid of the Holy Ghost, that it may recover from the impurity engendered by the sight of such iniquity. O God of heaven and earth! scatter those who are seeking to restore Antichrist in our land, and to bring back the superstition which provoke thy wrath.

It is further worthy of remark, that *neither nature nor revelation set up rival objects for human worship; they both bid us worship God alone.* As the grandeur of the mountains and the plenty of the valleys are alike due to the Almighty Lord, so both alike proclaim *his* praise. Creation has no altars for creature-worship. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory, O God, and they have no vacuum to be filled with the glories of Mary, or the honors of St. Mark! “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work ;” there is not so much as a corner left to declare the glory of Domenic or Francis. The Inspired Book is equally monopolizing. It has not a line in which adoration or worship is rightly offered to any but the one Lord. Gabriel cries to Mary, “Hail thou that art highly favored!” but beyond this cheerful congratulation of one, who, like other favored sinners had learned to rejoice in God her Savior, nothing was uttered which can be forced into the service of Mariolaters. In every inspired book the Lord only is exalted, and as clear as the sun at noon-day the truths are that the Lord alone is to be worshipped as the only God, and that Jesus only is to be sought unto as the propitiation for sin and the Mediator with God. How different is Popery. We have seen this week, hundreds of times, big dolls dressed up in tawdry finery, holding smaller dolls in their hands, actually worshipped as the Virgin and Child; we have seen rotaries kiss an ebony, ivory, or tortoiseshell cross, and press their lips to the feet of images supposed to represent the Redeemer. We have been present when thousands bowed before a wafer, and have seen skeletons, old bones, and rotten rags exposed as objects of reverence. The most shameless of all Popish idolatries, practiced everywhere, in the corners of the streets, by the canal side, on the night way, and in churches and chapels innumerable, is the worship of Mary. She sits enthroned as the Papist’s goddess; miracles are professed to be wrought at her shrines; and the many silver hearts which hang before her altars as votive offerings, show how numerous are the admirers of this feminine idol. What would the apostles say to this worship of her to whom the Master said, “Woman, what; have It do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come?” If Mary had created the heavens and the earth, and had redeemed men by her blood, she could not have more reverence and worship paid to her than is given by Papists. To her they impute, all the glories, which we are wont to ascribe to the Son of God; she is their consolation, joy, and hope; the tower of David, the lily among thorns, the ark of the covenant, the anchor of the soul, the queen of heaven, and a thousand other things; but time would fail us to utter a tithe of the sounding praises with which Mary has the misfortune to dishonored

by Popish idolatry. She is adored as conceived, without, sin and as caught up to heaven, neither of which fables have the slightest scriptural foundation She is pictured as crowned by the Father in heaven, and having the moon under feet, and the stars about her head, in fact there is no limit to the honors lavished upon her. Saints and saintesses without number we observed in our wanderings, many of whom we have not the pleasure of knowing much about; St. Lucy, St. Pantaleon, St. Rocco, St. Bruno, St. Costoo, and a host of other ladies and gentlemen have chapels and shrines to themselves; and there is one female named St. Katherine, who is infamously represented in the Palace of the Doge, at Venice, as being married to the infant Jesus, who is named in the act of putting the ring upon the finger of his bride. If Rome *believes* in one God, she openly worships a thousand others with far more visible devotion, Whatever her creed may be, the spirit of her outward performances and displays strikes the beholder at once as polytheistic. If Paul were now at Antwerp, or with us at Lugano, Verona, or Venice, his spirit might be stirred within him as at Athens; for he would see cities wholly given to idolatry. To us, Romanism seems as unlike God's universe, as it is undoubtedly unlike God's Word. We think every candid observer might see that it is so. We are content to leave this question with any man of common sense, and we are mistaken if he can see any resemblance between the glorious unity of homage paid to the great and only wise God by his works and his Word, and the adoration to the many objects of reverence set up by worse than heathen superstition in Popish lands.

Men of understanding tell us, that *God's universe has in it no superfluities, no unnecessary existencies which have no purpose but ostentation.* For the tiniest animalculae, as surely as for the eagle and the horse, there is a use and a purpose France was on the verge of famine because her peasants so industry murdered the small birds, that hordes of caterpillars and insects invaded the land, and threatened to devour the crops. When the dodo and dinoris had been exterminated in the islands of the South Sea, men wreaked a horrible revenge upon themselves for outraged nature, by playing the cannibal with one another. The universe wastes nothing upon mere display; it is ever lovely and sublime, but never showy and pretentious. Glorious as is the tempest, it has its end and purpose, and is as much bound to the chariot of utility as the ox to the plough of the husbandman. The thunder is no mere rolling of drums in the march of the God of armies, and the lightening is no vain flashing, of heavens word of

state. The tints of flowers cannot be said to be given only to please the eye, but that they may enable the flowers to absorb that part of light which is most useful to them; certainly neither rose nor violet bear any appearance of having been painted for effect, they wear their charms as part and parcel of themselves and not as laid upon them by trick of art. Forms of beauty, varieties of perfume, melodies of sound, and delicacies of taste, have all a purpose above and beyond that which lies upon the surface; at any rate they are not like the gilt in the salon of a cafe, intended simply and only to attract attention. If Judas himself should ask of wisely provident nature, as he saw her seemingly lavish expenditure, "To what purpose is this waste?" she could account for ever-farthing, although her sons have not yet learned to do so for her. The same truth strikes all Bible readers. We have in Sacred Writ no superfluous miracle, no wonder for mere wondering's sake; no language studied for effect of pompous oratory and the glitter of elocution; no doctrine taught without a practical end and aim. Jesus is ever the Prince of economists, and when his bounty is largest, he commands his disciples to gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing may be lost; he did not create so much as a crust for the purpose of show, there was a needs-be for all. His honored servant, the apostle of the Gentiles, could say to the Corinthians,

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." (1 Corinthians 2:1-5.)

He could truly say "-Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech (2 Corinthians in. 12.) A hundred years ago, a learned lady wrote after traveling in Popish countries: "The glare and foppery and childishness of the ornaments of the Churches are beyond what anything but the testimony of my own eyes could have given me any idea of. The decorations of the altars are much more fit for the toilette of a fine lady, than for a place dedicated to the solemn service of religion. I am quite sick of looking at so much tinsel, and such a variety of *colifichets*. Most of the images are such mere dolls, that one would think the children would cry for them. Even the high altars are decorated with such a profusion of silly

gewgaw finery as one would think better adapted to the amusement of girls and boys, than to inspire sentiments of devotion.” Her words need no alteration as a description of the present state of things. Sitting in a Church at Lugano studying an extraordinary painting, we heard the trampling of feet and the voice of chanting, and putting aside the curtain, two boys entered, heading a procession, and bearing each a lamp containing a candle. The sun shone brightly, and the tallow burned ignominiously. A short time after, another procession paced the streets, consisting of men and boys, each holding candles, none of which answered any end in the worship of God, and could not tend to glorify him. Within the Churches are artificial flowers, tawdry banners, tinsel decorations, flaming pillars of tallow, etc., etc.; none of which reminded the beholder of the man whose dress was a garment without a seam; and could not suggest a remembrance of the fishermen, and the simplicity of the gospel of Christ, except by way of contrast. Priests in blue, scarlet, yellow, pink, and all the colors of the rainbow, wearing lace, embroidery, and jewels, ministering amid clouds of incense at altars beflowered and bedizened with gewgaws and trickeries, as far from congruous with the sublime simplicities of nature, or the plain teachings of the Son of Man. Sit down upon the mountain’s side, where blooms sheathery couch for your rest, look beneath upon hillsides clad with forests, and valleys laughing with plenty; look above upon snowy peak and sailing cloud, mark the glorious naturalness to all around you; take out your pocket Testament and read a chapter, note the simple language in which it arrays its profoundest teaching and the unadorned beauty of its spirit, and then, closing your book and leaving the prospect, regard {hat shrine containing a swarthy Mary, or a hideous crucifix, daubed with many colors and decked with childish ornaments; or if you will, enter yonder Church and note the motley in which the performers are clad, the finery and adornment of the altars, the candles, the censers, the genuflexions, the bell-rings, the mummeries and the whole performance, and you will never forget the diversity and absolute contrariety of the two spirits which dwell without and within Truth is the atmosphere of God’s world and Word, and falsehood is the element of Popery. Truth wears no paint upon her cheek; she is most adorned when unadorned the most; varnish and tinsel she disdains; her glory is herself, her beauty is her own perfection; she needs no meretricious charms: but Popery, like Jezebel, must paint her face and tire her head, for she is haggard and uncomely, therefore is she well pictured in the Revelation as a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls.

One more thought strikes us. *The genius of nature and of the New Testament is the same as to the universal consecration of all places and things.*

“For the earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof.”
(1 Corinthians 10:26.)

In creation, everything is hallowed unto the Lord by the loving and sanctified heart. No defile, however dark, is evil; no wilderness, however dismal, is unholy. Everywhere the Shekinah of God’s presence shines upon believing eyes. Our Father’s universe is all holy now that the blood has fallen upon Calvary, and the whole creation waiteth for the result of that redemption in which it has its share. Those things which once were unhallowed and forbidden, are now purified to Christian men; the vision of Peter was not for him alone; four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air, are now no more unclean, for a voice speaks to us out of heaven, saying, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common” (Acts 10:15.) Spiritual ears can hear all things praising God, and spiritual eyes can see all things clothed in the vestments of adoration. Those creatures which are least esteemed among men, and are even objects of terror or abhorrence, are admitted to the chorus of God’s praise equally with the most admired and cherished. That same Psalm villages, and village spires, orchards, and vineyards, alps and alpine snows,” one could not but exclaim, “Here *God has been and is.*” Nor less have our souls learned to worship beneath the walls of ancient Bergarno, or within the shade of the turrets of Verona, or in this “glorious city in the sea.” Italy, from sea to sea, has bidden us exult in our Jehovah’s name; and when we gazed upon the Adriatic from the shores of Lido, there came from the land of the rising sun borne on the rippling waves, whispers of Him who blesses all the earth. Far from our soul be that base faith which would cast its spell over us, and drag us from the freedom of the gospel to be ensnared with its witcheries, and enslaved with its falsehoods.

If the reader would see Rome’s pomp and glory as we have seen it, he will not need to travel, for he will find her photograph in the chapter which proceeded her coming and predicts her doom. It is the eighteenth in the Revelation of John. The evil spirit of Popery ascended not from the depths without the foresight of prophecy; those who have deceived the people arose not without observation : —

*“Ere they came,
Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were known;
And, two that looked beyond the visible sphere,
Gave notice of their coming — he who saw
The Apocalypse, and he of elder time,
Who in an awful vision of the night
Saw the four kingdoms. Distant as they were,
Those holy men, well might they faint with fear!”*

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

AUGUST, 1865.

TEN THOUSAND SKULLS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE little village of Glys, at the commencement of the famous Simplon Road, has a Church large enough to hold its inhabitants, should they all swell into Brobdignags, and occupy a pew each. When we passed the stone steps which lead up to the porch, they were strewn with boughs and blocked up with poles — the raw materials of the rustic finery to be displayed on the morrow, which was a high fete day. Inside the very clean and spacious edifice was an image of the Virgin Mary, very sumptuously arrayed, and placed upon a litter, so as to be carried about the streets in solemn procession — just as the heathen of old were wont to do with their gods. “They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and’ hire a goldsmith; and he maketh it a god: they fall down, yea, they worship. They bear him upon the shoulder, they carry him, and set him in his place, and he standeth.” What made the travelers pause and enter the Church? Certainly it was no respect for the idols or their shrines, but curiosity, excited by the grim information that here was *a charnel house filled with skulls, ten thousand or more at a rough computation*. Now we had seen skulls and bones at Chiavenna, all clean and white and carefully placed, so as to form double-headed eagles, crowns and all sorts of fanciful devices, and we had also passed bone-houses, where the heads of deceased villagers, all white as pipe-clay were arranged in orderly rows upon shelves, labeled with their names and the date of their decease; but ten thousand at once was a novelty of ghastliness not to be resisted. Was the information correct as to the number? Did it not sound like a gross exaggeration? It certainly struck us that we might allow a very liberal discount upon the sum total of horrors, and yet be perfectly competent; but we had no necessity to make any deduction, for, like the heads of the sons of Ahab, they lay before us in two heaps, and were there in full number.

Under a chapel, which was decorated with scenery and flowers, not unlike a theater, was the dreary home of the departed.

From its unglazed windows, through the iron bars, peered out thigh bones and skulls — these were the rear ranks of the army of the dead. We entered the portal, and for a moment could see nothing but a few skulls on the title; but when our eyes were accustomed to the gloom, we saw plainly that on each side of a long chamber was a wall of grinning heads, with a leg bone under the chin of each; here and there they had fallen down, and the wall was in need of the sexton's decorating hand, but for the most part the pile was complete from floor to ceiling, and was from six to eight feet thick. A kneeling figure, in plaster, stuck up in the corner, half made us shiver, as it seemed to rise up from the floor of this hall of the dead like a sheeted ghost. At the far end were the usual appurtenances of Popish worship, and a comfortable place whereon to kneel amid the many remembrances of mortality. It was hard to avoid a sickening feeling in the midst of this mass of decay, but in our case this was overcome by wonder at the want of human tenderness in the religion which allows such needless and heartless exposure of the sacred relics of mortality. There they were, by dozens, on the floor, the skulls of old and young, male and female, and one could scarce avoid kicking against them; while, by hundreds, the grim congregation grinned from the wall on either side. Abraham said, "Bury my dead out of my sight," and one felt that his desire was natural, decent, tender, and manlike; but of that horrible collection, open to the bat or the dog, or to every idle passer-by, what could be said but that they were, an abomination and an offense.

To what purpose have we brought our reader into this region of desolation. It is that he may ask, as we did, the question; "Who *slew all these?*" These thousands are but as the small dust of the balance, compared with the mountains of death's prey. These are but the ashes of the generations of one small hamlet — -what vast mausoleum could contain the departed inhabitants of our great cities — the millions of Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, London, Pekin? What a mighty Alp might be formed of the corpses of the men of vast and populous empires, who these thousands of years have been born only to die! Surely the dust, which daces in the summer's sun, is never free from atoms once alive and human. The soil we tread, the water we drink, the food we eat, the air we breathe, in all these there must, doubtless, be particles once clothing an immortal soul. In lovely flower, and singing bird, and flitting insect, there may be,

perhaps, there must be, crumbling elements of mortal flesh and bone, new moulded by the Master-hand. How perpetually does that question press itself upon us — Whence came the shafts which so surely reach the heart of life, and lay humanity in rotting heaps? Men of skeptical views have appealed to science, and have tried to shew that death is an inevitable law of nature, and is to be viewed as a matter of course, having no more to do with sin or holiness than the fall of a stone by gravitation; but we are content with the divine teaching, that “by man came death.” We confess that it is more than possible that creatures expired in agony and pain long before the time of man; but is it quite so clear that what may have occurred in periods before our age, upon animals alone, can be made to contradict a statement which relates to man, and to man only? From whatever cause animals may or may not die, the fact that man dies, as the result of Adam’s sin, is not affected thereby. For now we know, the law of morality might have ruled over all non-intellectual creatures, and man made in the image of his Maker, might have remained immortal evermore. Such a state of things probably never did exist, but it is enough for our inquiry that it might have been so, and that the supposition is not irrational.

If it be contended that the condition of the animal creation is bound up with the state and position of man, — without venturing into speculations, we are quite willing to accept the statement, and yet we are not at all perplexed by the fact of death before sin, and the doctrine that death is the result of sin. He who foresees and foreordains all things, has old constituted the creation, upon the foresight of that death which he foreknew would reign, as the result of sin, over man and the creatures linked with him. Had not sin and death been foreseen, as part of the great epic of earth’s history, it may be that there had been no brute creation at all, or else an undying *one*; but since the existence of evil in man, and his consequent fall, was a portion of the great scheme of his, cry which was always present before the divine mind, he made the world a fitting stage for the triumphs of his redeeming love, by permitting the creation to groan and travail under subjection to vanity, in solemn harmony with the foreknown state of fallen man.

We are not disposed to accept all the statements of geologists as facts, but even if we were credulous to the last degree concerning their discoveries, we should still hold the Bible, in its every jot and tittle, with unrelaxing grasp, and should only set our brain to work to find ways of reconciling fact and revelation, without denying either. We unhesitatingly accept the

inspired declaration, that “sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.” What a view of the evil and mischief of sin have we here in this charnel-house! What a murderer is transgression! What a deadly poison is iniquity. O earth, earth, earth, scarce canst thou cover the slain! Thy caverns reek with death! And as for thee, O sea, thy waves are glutted with the bodies of the mariners, whom thou hast swallowed up! Sin is the great man-slayer! Red-handed, with garments dyed in blood, sin stalks; through the land, and leaves its awful tracks in tears, and pains, and graves, and charnel-houses, such as this; would God it were no worse; but, alas, we must complete the picture, its trail is eternal damnation, it kindles the flames of Tophet, which burn even to the lowest; hell.

A gleam of sunlight strays into the gloomy assembly of the dead, and as our eye drinks it in, our heart cheerfully hears another question? “*Can these dry bones live?*” So dry, so chalklike, so pierced by worms, so broken, so powdered, so scattered, so mixed up with other existences — blown by the winds, ground into dust, carried along by streams, lost, forgotten, unknown, can these dry bones *live*. As the top of one great mountain may be seen from another which towers to an equal height, so this one question may be breasted in all its greatness by another, and as the second, inquiry deals with a familiar fact, it may ease the difficulties which faith and reason may find in the first: *Have these dry bones lived?* Is it possible that out of those sockets looked merry eyes, sparkling with laughter, or orbs of grief, flowing with tears? Did that hollow globe hold thought and emotion, love and hate, judgment and imagination? That yawning mouth, did it ever cry, “*Abba, Father,*” or chant the Morning Hymn, or utter discourses which thrilled the heart? How can it, have been possible? How could mind be linked with such poor crumbling matter? How could this earthy substance which men call bone, be in intimate, sentient, and vital connection with a soul which thought and reasoned? As well tell us that stones have walked, that rocks have danced, that mountains have fought in battle, as that spirits, full of intellectual and emotional power, have once quickened this poor brittle clay; nay, more, walking, dancing, and fighting, are actions which brutes might perform, and involve no exercise of judgment and emotion, and therefore the wonder would not be so great as this before us, when we see that hollow circular box made of earth, and know that it was once essential to intellect and affection. Yet it is certain that these bones once lived; *why not again?* It is only because it is usual and common that life does not strike us as an equal miracle with resurrection. Let the wisest of

our race attempt to animate the most accurate model which the most skillful anatomical model could prepare, and he would soon learn his folly. Omnipotence is needed to produce and maintain one life; granted omnipotence, and impossibility vanishes, and even difficulty ceases to exist.

Believing that these shall live again, *what then?* In what body shall they come,? What will be their future, and where? Are these the bones of saints, and will they rise all fair and glorious in the image of their exalted Lord, just as the shriveled seed starts up a lovely flower, begetting and beautiful? Will they mount from the chrysalis of death into the full *imago* of perfection, just as you fly, with rainbow wings, has done? Will they march, like the ten thousand Greeks, in dense phalanx, from this their narrow city? And will they know each other in their new condition, and preserve a manifest identity, even as Moses and Elias did, when they appeared upon the mount? Many questions, both answerable and unanswerable, are suggested by these poor relics of humanity. They are great teachers, these silent sleepers! But it may be more profitable to leave them all, and our speculations too, and permit one reflection, to abide with us, as we leave the close and dismal vault for the purer air without; that reflection is this, "I, *too, shall soon be as these are.*" It may be, through the care of kindly survivors, that my body shall rest where no curious travelers shall gaze thereon; no moralist may muse on death with my skull in his hand; and yet I must be even as these are. How vain then is life! How certain is death! Am I ready for eternity? This is the only business worthy of my care. Go ye vanities to those who are as vain as you are! Thoughtful men live solemnly, regarding this life as but the robing-room for the next, the cradle of eternity, the mould wherein their future must be cast. If we rightly think upon this well-known truth, it will have been a healthy thing to visit the chambers of the dead.

On the Sacro Monte, at Varallo, is a supposed imitation of the sepulcher of the Lord Jesus. It was a singular thing to stoop down and enter it, of course finding it empty, like the one which it feebly pictured. What a joyful word was that of the angel, "*He is not here!*" Sweet assurance — millions of the dead are here in the sepulcher, thousands of saints are here in the grave, but HE is not here. If he had remained there, then all manhood had been for ever imprisoned in the tomb, but he who died for his Church, and was shut up as her hostage, has risen as her representative, surety and head, and all his saints; have risen in him, and shall eventually rise like him.

Farewell, charnel house, thou hast no door now, the imprisoning stone is rolled away. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

ACQUA! ACQUA

THE sharp shrill cry of Acqua! Acqua! constantly pierces the ear of the wanderer in Venice and other towns of sultry Italy. There is the man who thus invites your attention. Look at him. On his back he bears a burden of water, and in his hand a rack of bottles containing essences to flavor the draught if needed, and glasses to hold the cooling liquid. In the streets of London he would find but little patronage, but where fountains are few and the days are hot as an oven, he earns a livelihood and supplies a public need. The present specimen of water dealers is a poor old man bent sideways, by the weight of his daily burden. He is worn out in all! but his voice, which is truly startling in its sharpness and distinctness. At our call he stops immediately, glad to drop his burden on the ground, and smiling in prospect of a customer. He washes', out a glass for us, fills it with sparkling water, offers us the tincture which we abhor, puts it back into the rack again when we shake our head, receives half-a-dozen sold with manifest gratitude, and trudges away across the square, crying still, "Acqua, Acqua." That cry, shrill as it is, has sounded sweetly in the ears of many a thirsty soul, and will for ages yet to come, if throats and thirst survive so long. How forcibly it calls to our mind the Savior's favorite imagery, in which he compares the grace which he bestows on all who diligently seek it, to 'living water;' and how much that old man: is like the faithful preacher of the word, who, having filled his vessel at the well, wears himself' out by continually bearing the burden of the Lord, and crying "Water, Water!" amid crowds of sinners, who must drink or die. Instead of the poor Italian water-bearer, we see before us the man of God, whose voice is heard in the chief places of cone, course, proclaiming the divine invitation, "He, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" until he grows grey in the service, and raven say "Surely those aged limbs have need of rest"; yet rest he courts not, but pursues his task of mercy; never laying down his charge till he lays down his body, and never ceasing to work until he ceases to live.

At the door of Saint Mark's Cathedral, we bought a glass of what should have been the pure element, but when we began to drink, a pungent flavor

of something which had previously been in the glass, made us leave the rest of our purchase, thirsty though we were. The water was good enough, but the vessel which held it imparted an evil taste to it; the like has often happened in the ministry, the gospel preached has been true and divine, but the unhallowed Savior of an inconsistent life, or a bitter disposition, has marred the sweetness of the word. May all of us by whom the Lord hands out the water of life, see that we are clean and pure in conversation; vessels fit for the Master's use. Men who are very thirsty will drink out of any cup, however dirty; but no conceivable advantage can arise from filth, and hundreds will turn away from the water because of it, and thus a very faulty ministry may be useful because of the truth contained in it, but its sinfulness can do no good, and may serve as an excuse to the ungodly for refusing the gospel of Christ.

In the square of the Doge's Palace are two wells, from which the sellers of water obtain their stock-in-trade, but we can hardly compare either of them with the overflowing spring from which the preacher of righteousness draws his supplies. One of the wells is filled artificially and is not much used for drinking, since the coldness and freshness of water springing naturally from earth's deep fountains is lacking. It is to be feared that many preachers depend for their matter upon theological systems, books and mere learning, and hence their teaching is devoid of the living power and refreshing influence which is found in communion with "the spring of all our joys." The other well yields most delicious water, but its flow is scanty. In the morning it is full, but a crowd of eager persons drain it to the bottom, and during the day as it rises by dribblets, every drop is contended for and borne away, long before there is enough below to fill a bucket. In its excellence, continuance and naturalness, this well might be a fair picture of the grace of our Lord Jesus, but it fails to set him forth from its poverty of supply. He has a redundance, an overflow, an infinite fullness, and there is no possibility of his being exhausted by the draughts made upon him, even though ten thousand times ten thousand should come with a thirst as deep as the abyss. We could not help saying "Spring up, a well," as we looked over the margin covered with copper, into which, strings and ropes — continually used by the waiting many — had worn deep channels. Very little of the coveted liquid was brought; up each time, but the people were patient, and their tin vessels went up and down as fast as there was a cupful to be had. O that men were half as diligent in securing the precious gifts of the Spirit, which are priceless beyond compare. Alas, how few have

David's thirst for the well of Bethlehem. The cans sent down had very broad sides, so that they dropped down fiat upon the bottom of the well, and were drawn up less than half full; large vessels would have been useless, and so, indeed, would small ones, if they had not been made to lie quite down upon their sides, along what we must call the floor of the well, and had they have been erect they would not have received a drop. Humility is always a profitable grace; pride is always as useless as it is Coolish. Only by bowing our minds to the utmost before the Lord, can we expect to receive his mercy, for he promises grace unto the humble in that same verse which foretells his resistance of the proud. If there be grace anywhere, contrite hearts will get it. The lower we can fall, the sooner will the springing water of grace reach us, and the more completely shall we be filled with it.

It would be a great misfortune for those who buy their water in the streets, if the itinerant vendors should begin to fill their casks and bottles from muddy streams. At Botzen, in the Tyrol, we saw many fountains running with a liquid of a very brown color; and a seller of such staff might cry "Acqua" very long and very loudly before we should partake of his dainties. Sundry divines in our age have become weary of the old-fashioned well of which our fathers drank, and would fain have us go to their Abana and Pharpar, but we are still firm in the belief that the water from the rock has no rival, and we shall not, we hope, forsake it for any other. May the Lord send to our happy land more simple gospel, more Christ-exalting doctrine, more free-grace teaching, more distinct testimony to droning blood and eternal love. In most of the Swiss villages there are streaming fountains by the dozen, and the pure liquid is to be had at every corner; may we yet, see the Word of God as abundantly distributed in every town, village, and hamlet in England. Meanwhile, having recorded the prayer, we resolve by divine grace, to cry more loudly than ever,

"Acqua! Acqua!"

C.C.S.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

WE, have felt a vehement desire that in connection with our magazine, we should accomplish work for the Lord; real, substantial, useful work, which would make it worth while to have had a magazine at all. The thought

struck us, that our readers might feel called upon to aid in relieving the needs of our great and sinful city of London, and that we might achieve the erection of four places of worship in the year 1865. We are now arrived at the eighth month of the year, and we are fearful that our project will scarcely be accomplished. Owing to the generosity and diligence of our friend Mr. John Olney, we may consider the chapel at Ealing as a fact, for if the immediate friends of that interest exert themselves as they should do, they will be able to open the place free of debt. To the second building at Bermondsey, our friends at the Tabernacle have contributed with their usual generosity, so that *their* £500 is waiting for the laying of the stone: towards *our own* £500, we have £250 given by one noble donor, and several contributions from friends at a distance, but added together they fall short of the mark. However, of this we shall not complain, but must make an effort to complete the sum we guaranteed, and so we put the second chapel down as a fact. The third is; to be built at Redhill, near Reigate, and here again Mr. John Olney has planned the matter with great skill, and we trust the plan will be carried out. Of the fourth I shall say nothing, for without the assistance of the many, and especially those at a distance, we must not venture upon it. Friends at home have done their fair share and more, the work must now pause, unless others are raised up to help. Millions in and round London are perishing for lack of the word, and the great want with us is places in which to preach it. *The bazaar* is postponed till Christmas. Many friends may be working for it, but it must be very secretly, for we have had only one intimation of assistance, and therefore suppose that friends are otherwise engaged. We shall be glad to hear from friends who are working, so as to know how to proceed, and we have yet hope that this will prove a success.

During the months of May and June the treasury of the College was nearly drained dry. By reference to the monthly report it will be seen that with a constant outflow of about £80 per week, scarcely more than £40 came in to supply it. Faith sees in this no discouragement, for the Lord has provided and will provide for what is proved to be his work by the manifest blessing resting upon it; but we think it right to let the Lord's stewards know the needs of his work, that they may know when to aid it. He who conducts these works with a single eye to God's glory, desires to leave them at the foot of his Master's throne with the prayer, "*thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven*"

DR. CAMPBELL ON MR. SPURGEON'S BAPTISMAL REGENERATION SERMONS

WE felt not a little grieved at the indistinct utterances of Dr. Campbell while the Baptismal Regeneration controversy was raging around us, and we did not fail to say some very strong things upon the subject. In our feelings of regret at the doctor's singular tenderness for the Recordite party, and his apathy in defense of the truth on that occasion, we know that thousands of our friends deeply sympathized, and it needed a remembrance of all the veteran warrior's former services to the good old cause to maintain him in the high position of esteem in which the most of us have held him. For our own part, we felt driven more completely to look to the strong for strength, and obtained an exceedingly vivid impression of that text, "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of." Our friend has now published his letters on Baptismal Regeneration, and prefaced them with an introduction, which we think it simple justice *to him* to reproduce in our pages. We accept it as the *amende honorable*, and trust that our friends will do the same. Like the letters themselves, the introduction is written with a heavy quill, and rather too much ink is laid on here and there, especially in our own praise and in excuses for the Evangelical clergy; but it is well and kindly meant, and though it gives us more than our due, we believe ourselves entitled to some little interest on account of the long delay, and shall not therefore raise the question.

The letters themselves, both as prolonging the conflict, and as a memorial of the struggle, deserve an extensive circulation. We are very far from agreeing with all the statements and opinions advanced in them, and we do not think them equal to other productions from the same vigorous pen, but, still we estimate them very highly, and trust that in certain quarters inaccessible to us they will work a lasting good. The volume is published by Mr. John Snow at a cheap price. Here is the "Introduction:" —

"The present publication originated in the sermon of the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon on Baptismal Regeneration, which led to an excitement far exceeding everything of the sort known in our times. One portion of the Christian public approved, and another condemned the discourse, and both with equal fervor. The result was the publication of an incredible number of letters, sermons, and pamphlets, and a large amount of discussion, both in

the general and in the religious Press. Some of the combatants, were men of ability and information, but none begirded themselves for a thorough and yet popular discussion of the subject. All seemed satisfied with an ephemeral expression of opinion on the one side or the other.

“It was known to many, that between Mr. Spurgeon and myself there had long been an intimate and cordial friendship, proofs and illustrations of which, on my part, had from time to time appeared in the columns of the *British Standard*, and other publications under my control. In his early days I stood by him, when his advocates in the Press were neither numerous nor, with one or two honorable exceptions, efficient, while his adversaries were both unscrupulous and powerful. Some surprise accordingly was felt by our mutual friends, that I was not among the first to place myself at his side. They were at a loss to account for my seeming apathy; but in this they were guided by feeling rather than by judgment; they did not reflect that the state of things was entirely altered. Mr. Spurgeon was no longer a tender sapling that might receive benefit from the friendly shade of an elder tree, but an oak of the forest, whose roots had struck deep in the earth, and whose thick and spreading boughs bade defiance to the hurricane. They forgot that Mr. Spurgeon alone was more than a match for all his adversaries. Besides, a passing newspaper article, however strong or telling, although it might have gratified our mutual friends, would have been of small importance to the cause which I had so much at heart — the correction and purification of the Liturgy of the Established Church. My mind had been familiar with the subject, and often painfully exercised by it, for a quarter of a century. I had, besides, written much concerning it in various channels, and in divers forms; and not, satisfied with these ephemeral efforts, a few years back I embodied my views at length, in a volume entitled ‘Popery and Puseyism.’ The Spurgeon controversy, however, led to the determination to deal with the question of Baptismal Regeneration on a scale more expanded, and in a manner more multifarious, definite and conclusive. Leaving Mr. Spurgeon, therefore — who did not want for able and zealous auxiliaries, both in pamphlets and sermons, although he required them not — I determined to come forth in a series of Articles in the *British Standard*, which extended over a period of seventeen weeks. These articles constitute the present volume.

“Although the series was headed, ‘The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and the Clergy,’ no attempt was made to decide between the contending parties. conducted the discussion on an independent footing, as much so as if Mr.

Spurgeon had neither published, nor preached his memorable sermon. I nevertheless carefully examined everything that appeared, whether for or against him, as well as a multitude of publications that had been previously issued. As the chief bulwark of the Evangelical Clergy, I finally betook myself to the huge work of Dr. Geede, Dean of Ripen, and traveled very carefully through its six hundred closely-printed pages, in order to obtain a clear conception of its complex and multifarious contents. Having completed this part of my task, I next sat down to a thorough reperusal of Mr. Spurgeon's celebrated discourses on 'Baptismal Regeneration,' 'The Book of Common Prayer Weighed in the Balances of the Sanctuary,' 'The Duty of Going Forth and Bearing Reproach,' and 'True Unity Promoted,' with the Letters addressed by Mr. Spurgeon to the Evangelical Alliance, and to the Christian public, respectively. It will thus be seen that I have gone about the matter with at least some measure of the care and labor required in a matter so momentous, from its involving interests so tremendous, alike as affecting both time and eternity. I have now, therefore, I humbly submit, some right to express an opinion upon the results of my inquiry; and this I shall do without the slightest regard to sect or party, friend or foe.

"In my view, then, the statements of Mr. Spurgeon, as to the general doctrine, in point of accuracy, are unimpeachable; truth has obviously, from first to last, been the sole object of his inquiry.

"His argument also is, in my view, clear, cogent, and unanswerable. "His complaints and remonstrances are, I think, well-founded, and such as deserve the candid and serious consideration of those to whom they are addressed.

"His appeals and protests are, nevertheless, occasionally marked by an acridity of spirit, fitted to startle, scandalize, and exasperate.

"His style, too, more especially in the first discourse, is vehement and trenchant in a manner which has rarely been exceeded. His conceptions of the enormity of the evil in question are most vivid, and his convictions are in consequence exceedingly strong. The power Of the discourse, however, arises less from its logical than from its rhetorical qualities. The error has been exposed and exploded in a manner the most convincing a thousand times, but never I believe was it exhibited to the public eye with coloring so vivid, and never was it pressed home on the clerical conscience with a force no thrilling, resistless and terrible! But even Mr. Spurgeon's clinching

logic, apart from his devastating eloquence, would have left things very much as it found them. In that case Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, the publishers, would not have had to report the unparalleled issue of 350,000 copies of these discourse,;. Mr. Spurgeon's opponents have been so dazzled, I might almost say concerning some of them, so infuriated by the daring drapery, as to lose sight of the subject-matter. They have merged the essentials in the circumstantial. There has, I think, been a mutual oversight. Neither party has duly estimated the position of the other Mr. Spurgeon, in my view, has not made the allowance, which equity and charity required, and which is made in the following articles, for the Clergy'; and the Clergy have not made the allowance, the large allowance, for which we equally contend, on behalf of Mr. Spurgeon, whose training has been thoroughly scriptural, and in all points and-Romanist. They have not, moreover, duly estimated the condition of a gentleman still far short of manhood's prime, a gentleman endowed with great powers and strong passions, holding farthing the midst of five thousand hearts beating in unison with his own, and with ten thousand admiring eyes converged upon him. The case of such a man is extraordinary, unparalleled, and when placed in the balances of critical judgment and severe propriety, charity apart, it is, I contend, but just and fair to make a very large allowance for strong language, language stronger than I could have used; but,-with his talents, temperament, views, and convictions, and placed in his circumstances, I might have spoken as he spake, without at all feeling that I had violated the strict rules of verity', justice, and Christian propriety.

"But this is not all. Mr. Spurgeon is, I think, more sinned against than sinning. The Dean of Ripon, Dr. Goode, has thought it consistent with his character and office, with truth and decency, to attack Mr. Spurgeon in the following terms:—

“As to that young minister who is now raving against the Evangelical clergy on this point, it is to be regretted that so much notice has been taken of his railings. He is to be pitied, because his entire want of acquaintance with theological literature leaves him utterly unfit for the determination of such a question, which is a question, not of mere doctrine, but of what may be called historical theology; and his charges are just a parallel to those which the Romanists would bring against himself as well as others for the interpretation of the words, 'This is my body.' But were he a wiser man than he is, he would know better what his qualifications are for passing judgment on such a point, and be willing to learn from such facts, among

others, as the Gorham Judgment and the cases of Mr. Maskell and Mr. Mozley, what ground there is for his charges against the Evangelical clergy. Let him hold and enforce his own view of doctrine as he pleases; but when he undertakes to determine what; is the exclusive meaning of the Book of Common Prayer, and brings a charge of dishonesty against those who take a different view of that meaning from what he does, he only shows the presumptuous self-confidence with which he is prepared to pronounce judgment upon matters of which he is profoundly ignorant. To hold a controversy with him upon the subject would be to as little purpose as to attempt to hold a logically-constructed argument with a child unacquainted with logical terms'

Now this I hold to be a very serious matter, and! call upon every man of sense and candor, whether Churchman or Dissenter, who has carefully read the discourses of Mr. Spurgeon, to say if he has found there in ought to demand, or to justify this outburst of arrogance, insolence, and contempt! The most fervid — and if the reader will so have it — the roast ferocious utterances of Mr. Spurgeon are polite, and even courtly, compared with the foregoing. Dean Goode, as a scholar, knows the meaning of the terms', "raving" and "railing" and, therefore, cannot plead ignorance. He is, moreover, a man in the mellow autumn of human life, not carried away by youthful fire; he also wrote his invective in the calm retreat of his own deanery, and did not, like Mr. Spurgeon, pour it forth under the exciting influence of breathless thousands; so that in his case there is not a single mitigating circumstance. His attack is clearly a studied attempt to wound the feelings, to stab the character, and to blast the influence of one of the most useful and honored ministers of the century.

Dr. Goode is so full of the Cathedral, that he cannot see so tiny an object as the Metropolitan Tabernacle. That fabric, however, with its manifold adjuncts, is the wonder — I might say the glory — of Christendom. Is Dr. Goode quite sure that it does not bring more honor to God in the salvation of men than all the cathedrals of the realm? Is Dr. Goode quite sure that Charles Haddon Spurgeon does not, in the course of a single year, publish a larger measure of Gospel truth, and address a greater number of perishing men, several times over, than all the Deans of England?

"Dr. Goode regrets that so much 'notice' has been taken of Mr. Spurgeon. as if alarmed lest that gentleman should be: lifted up to a celebrity which he could not otherwise command. The Dean betrays a sad lack of

acquaintance with the living world around him. Has he let to learn that the fame of Spurgeon has filled both hemispheres, and that his readers and admirers are counted by the million? As to ‘pity,’ it is a precious commodity, and Dr. Goode had better reserve it for those — he knows them well — who require it more than Mr. Spurgeon. With respect to his ‘acquaintance with theological literature,’ I have no hesitation in declaring my belief that a portion of the Bishops, with not a few of the dignified Clergy, might, with special advantage, sit at Mr. Spurgeon’s feet.

“Again, with all respect for Dr. Goode, I submit that Baptismal Regeneration *is* a ‘question of doctrine,’ and not of ‘historical theology.’ Before such a theology was extant or possible, Baptism was perfectly understood, and it had been administered to millions, It is a question purely of the New Testament, as interpreted by the grammar and the lexicon — a question, with the settlement of which “historical theology” has nothing to do. Dr. Goode is deservedly considered a master of that ‘theology,’ and he has also written upon it one of: the most elaborate treatises in the English language — a treatise which, as already stated, I have studied with the utmost care and candor, but, I must say, with very little benefit. It is the fruit of much labor, and not a little learning; but nothing has been done, that I have been able. to perceive, to establish truth, or to correct error, with respect to the subject of Baptismal Regeneration.

Every sentence of Dr. Goode’s onslaught on Mr. Spurgeon would warrant, if it does not demand, the severest remonstrance; but I for-hear. Still, I deeply regret that a gentleman of Dean Goode’s character, learning, and position, should have so completely forgotten what was due to himself, to his office, to his Church, and to his religion, to say nothing of Mr. Spurgeon and the great Non-conforming bodies of these Isles. Evolutions of insult and scorn ill befit the lips. of men who minister at the altars of the land.

“The Evangelical Alliance was forward to remonstrate with Mr. Spurgeon. I should like to know if they acted as promptly and as frankly with Dean Goode; for, certainly, in the latter case, the matter was much more urgent, because much more flagrant. If the one deserved to be chastised with whips, the other deserved to be chastised with scorpions! Mr. Spurgeon, in reply to the Evangelical Alliance, has expressed himself as follow: —

“In my censure I did (at least in my own judgment) *avoid all rash groundless imputations.* I have waited long and patiently for signs of

reform in the ecclesiastical conduct of these brethren, and I have not spoken until my hopes of their spontaneous repentance have expired. Now that I have felt constrained to break my long silence, I believe that I have ground most solid, and reasons most ample for all that I have witnessed concerning them. I have only considered one part of their *public* position; I have not denied their many excellencies, or impeached their uprightness in other transactions; but upon the one point of subscription I have deliberately and with good cause upbraided them in unmistakable terms, and I entirely deny that the former part of your rule at all touches my conduct.’

Mr. Spurgeon did not enter lightly on the subject of which he treats. He says: —

“The burden of the Lord is upon me, and I must deliver my soul. I have been loth enough to undertake the work, but I am forced to it by an awful and overwhelming sense of solemn duty. As I am soon to appear before my Master’s bar, I will this day, if ever in my life, bear my testimony for truth, and run all risk. I am content to be cast out as evil if it must be so, but I cannot, I dare not, hold my peace.’

“Thus much by way of explaining the origin and object of the following sheets. My conscience bearing me witness, they are the fruit of a sincere desire to promote the real welfare of the Established Church, and of the most disinterested benevolence towards both her ministers and her people. The subject is vital not only to her real usefulness, but to her very existence as a Protestant Institution! The universality of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration will be the sure prelude to her overthrow, and the re-establishment of the Church of Rome, with all her darkness and bondage, misery and wickedness! Nothing is more to be dreaded on the subject than stupid apathy and blind confidence. A disposition to ridicule the idea of danger, and mock the voice of warning, is a sure and certain preparation for ruin! THE DOCTRINE OF SALVATION BY SACRAMENTS IS A DEADLY DELUSION, THE OVERTHROW OF THE GOSPEL, THE DESTRUCTION OF SOULS, AND THE PATH TO PERDITION!”

DIVINE PROMISES. — Every promise is built upon four pillars:—God’s justice or holiness, which will not suffer him to deceive; his grace or goodness, which will not suffer him to forget; his truth, which will not suffer him to change; and his power, which makes him able to *accomplish*.
— *Salter*.

WE are told that when Alexander, the conqueror of the world was dying, he gave orders that at his burial his hands should be exposed to public view that all men might see that the mightiest of men could take nothing with him when called away by death. The same lesson was taught us by Job when he said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither." A mouthful of earth will one day stop the cravings of the most covetous. This makes the hoarding up of wealth so vain an occupation. He who died the other day worth three millions and a half, is now as poor as the beggar whom he passed in the street. "I would not mind dying," said a miserly farmer, "if I could take my money with me!" but when he ceased to breathe he left; all behind him. What folly it is to spend all one's time in gathering a heap to leave it so soon. "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth nor who shall gather them." How much wiser; are they who seek an enduring inheritance which shall be theirs when the stars: have died out in darkness. Blessed are they whose treasure, is stored up, where time's moth cannot eat it, where care's rust cannot corrode it, and Where misfortune's thief cannot steal it.

Dear reader, eternity will soon be your dwelling-place; are you not concerned to be a possessor of wealth which will enrich you *there*? If you have been taught of God to know your own poverty, remember that Jesus. Christ gives. himself freely to all poverty-stricken sinners who will receive him. Having him, you will be a peer in heave its realm, and though you will be buried with empty hands, yet shall you rise again to be rich in all that makes men eternally blessed. Jesus cries, "Riches and honor are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than. choice silver."

WHO is this gentleman? You guess him to be a Romish priest; and so indeed he is, but he is not honest enough to avow it. This, with the exception of the face, is a correct representation of a clerical gentleman, well known in the south of England, as a notorious clergyman of that religious association, which is commonly, but erroneously, called "The Church of England." We can assure the reader that our artist has faithfully given the robes and other paraphernalia with which this person makes a guy of himself. We beg to ask, what difference there is between this style and the genuine Popish cut? We might surely quite as well have a *bona fide* priest at once, with all the certificates of the Vatican! There seems to be an unlimited license for papistical persons to do as they please in the Anglican Establishment. How long are these abominations to be borne with, and how far are they yet to be carried?

Protestant Dissenters, how can you so often truckle to a Church which is assuming the rags of the old harlot more and more openly every day? Alliance with true believers is one thing, but union with a Popish sect is quite another. Be not ye. partakers with them. Protestantism owed much to you in past ages, will you not now raise your voice and show the ignorant and the priest-ridden the tendencies of all these mummeries, and the detestable errors of the Romish Church and of its Anglican sister.

Evangelical Churchmen, lovers of the Lord Jesus, how long will you remain in alliance with the defilements of High Churchism? You are mainly responsible for all the Popery of your Church, for you are its salt and its stay. Your brethren in Christ cannot but wonder how it is that you can remain where you are. You know better. You are children of light, and yet you aid and abet a system by which darkness is scattered all over the land. Beware, lest you be found in union with Antichrist, when the Lord cometh in his glory. What a future would be yours if you would shake yourselves from your alliance with' Papists and semi-Papists. Come out for Christ's sake. Be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing!

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

SEPTEMBER, 1865

BAND OF LOVE: OR, UNION TO CHRIST

BY C. H. SPURGEON

SYSTEMATIC theologians have usually regarded union to Christ under three aspects, *natural*, *mystical*, and *federal*, and it may be that these three terms are comprehensive enough to embrace the whole subject, but as our aim in this article is simplicity, let us be pardoned if we appear diffuse when we follow a less concise method.

1. The saints were from the beginning joined to Christ by bands of *everlasting love*. Before he took on him their nature, or brought them into a conscious enjoyment of himself, his heart was set upon their persons, and his soul delighted in them. Long ere the worlds were made, his prescient eye beheld his chosen, and viewed them with delight. Strong were the indissoluble bands of love which then united Jesus to the souls whom he determined to redeem. Not bars of: brass, or triple steel, could have been more real and effectual bonds. True love, of all things in the universe, has the greatest cementing force, and will bear the greatest strain, and endure the heaviest pressure: who shall tell what trials the Savior's love has borne, and how well it has sustained them? Never union more true than this. As the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David so that he loved David as his own soul, so was our glorious Lord united and joined to us by the ties of fervent, faithful love. Love has a most potent power in effecting and sustaining union, but never does it display its force so well as when we see it bringing the Maker into oneness with the creature, the divine into alliance with the human. This, then, is to be regarded as the day-spring of union, — the love of Christ Jesus the Lord embracing in its folds the whole of the elected family.

2. There is moreover *a union of purpose* as well as of love. By the first we have seen that the elect are made one with Jesus by the act and will of the

Son, by the second they are joined to him by the ordination and decree of the Father. These divine acts are co-eternal. The Son loved and chose his people to be his own bride, the Father made the same choice, and decreed the chosen ones for ever one with his all-glorious Son. The Son loved them, and the Father decreed them his portion and inheritance; the Father ordained them to be what the Son himself did make them.

In God's purpose they have been eternally associated parts of one design. Salvation was the fore-ordained scheme whereby God would magnify himself, and a Savior was in that scheme from necessity associated with the persons chosen to be saved. The scope of the dispensation of grace included both; the circle of wisdom comprehended Redeemer and redeemed in its one circumference. They could not be dissociated in the mind and will of the all-planning Jehovah.

*“Christ be my first elect,’ he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ, our Head”*

The same book which contains the names of the heirs of life contains the name of their Redeemer. He could not be a Redeemer unless souls had been given him to redeem, nor could they have been called the ransomed of the Lord, if he had not engaged to purchase them. Redemption when determined upon by the God of heaven included in it both Christ and his people; and hence in the decree which fixed it, they were brought into a near and intimate alliance.

The foresight of the failed the Divine mind to provide for the catastrophe in which the elect would have perished, had not their ruin been prevented by gracious interposition. Hence followed as part of the Divine arrangement other forms of union, which, besides their immediate object in salvation, had doubtless a further design of illustrating the condescending alliance which Jesus had formed with his chosen. The next and following points are of this character.

3. *Jesus is one with his elect federally.* As in Adam, every heir of flesh and blood has a personal interest, because he is the covenant head and representative of the race as considered under the law of works; so under the law of grace, every redeemed soul is one with the Lord from heaven, since he is the Second Adam, the Sponsor and Substitute of the elect in the new covenant of love. The apostle Paul declares that Levi was in the loins of Abraham when Melchizedek met him: it is a certain truth that the,

believer was in the loins of Jesus Christ, the Mediator, when in old eternity the covenant settlements of grace were decreed, ratified, and made sure for ever. Thus, whatever Christ hath done, he hath wrought for the whole body of his Church. We were crucified in him and buried with him, (Read Colossians 2:10 — 13,) and to make it still more: wonderful, we are risen With him and have even ascended with him to the seats on high. (Ephesians 2:6.) It is thus that the Church has fulfilled the law, and is “accepted in *the beloved*” It is thus that she is regarded with complacency by the just Jehovah, for he views her in Jesus, and does not look upon her as separate from her covenant head. As the ‘anointed Redeemer of Israel, Christ Jesus has nothing distinct from his Church, but all that he has he holds for her. Adam’s righteousness’, was ours as long as he maintained it, and his sin was ours the moment that he committed it; and in the same manner, all that the Second Adam is or does, is ours as well as his, seeing that lie is our representative. Here is the foundation of the covenant of grace. This gracious system of representation and substitution, which moved Justin Martyr to cry oat, “O blessed change, O sweet permutation!” this, I say, is the very groundwork of the gospel of our salvation, and is to be received with strong faith and rapturous joy. In every place the saints are perfectly one with Jesus.

*“One in the tomb, one when he rose,
One when he triumph’d o’er his foes:
One when in heav’n he took his seat,
While seraphs sung all hell’s defeat.*

*This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all he is, or has is theirs;
With him their head, they stand or fall,
Their life, their surety, and their all.”(Kent.)*

4. For the accomplishment of the great works of atonement and perfect obedience, it was needful that the Lord Jesus should take upon him “the likeness of sinful flesh.” Thus, he became one with us *in our nature*, for in Holy Scripture, all partakers of flesh and blood are regarded as of one family. By the fact of common descent from Adam, all men are of one race, seeing that “God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth.” Hence, in the Bible, man is spoken of universally as “thy brother” (Leviticus 19:7; Job 22:6; Matthew 5:23, 24; Luke 17:3; Romans 14:10, etc, etc.); and “thy neighbor,” (Exodus 20:16; Leviticus 19:13 — 18; Matthew 5:43; Romans 13:9; James 2:8), to whom, on account of

nature and descent, we are required to render kindness and good will. Now although our great Melchizedek in his divinity is without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, and is both in essence and rank at an infinite remove from fallen manhood; yet as to his manhood he is to be reckoned as one of ourselves. He was born of a woman, he hung upon her breasts, and was dandled upon her knee; he grew from infancy to youth and thence to manhood, and in every stage he was a true and real partaker of our humanity. He is as certainly of the race of Adam as he is divine. He is God without fiction or metaphor, and he is man beyond doubt or dispute. The Godhead was not humanized and so diluted; and the manhood was not transformed into divinity and so rendered more than human. Never was any man more a portion of his kind than was the Son of Man, the Man of sorrows and the acquaintance of grief. He is man's brother, for he bore the whole nature of man. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." He who was very God of very God made himself a little lower than the angels, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. This Was done with the most excellent design in our redemption, inasmuch as it was necessary that *as man* had sinned *man* should suffer, but doubtless it had a further motive, the honoring of the Church, and the enabling of her Lord to sympathize with her. The apostle most sweetly remarks (Hebrews 2:14, 15; Hebrews 4:15),

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, — that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

And, again, "For we have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet' without sin." Thug, in ties of blood, Jesus, the Son of Man, is one with all the heirs of heaven.

"For this cause also he is not ashamed to call them brethren."
(Hebrews 2:11.)

What reason have we here for the strongest consolation and delight, seeing that, "Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one." We can say of our Lord as poor Naomi said of bounteous Boaz, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen." Overwhelmed by the

liberality of our blessed Lord, we are often led to cry with Ruth, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me seeing I am a stranger;" and are we not ready to die with wonder when in answer to such a question, he tells us that he is our brother, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. If in all our straits and distresses, we could bear upon our minds the remembrance of our Redeemers manhood, we should never bemoan the absence of a sympathizing heart, since we should always have his abundant compassion for our consolation. He is no stranger, he is able to enter into the heart's bitterness, for he has himself tasted the worm: wood and the gall. Let us never doubt his power to sympathize with us in our infirmities and sorrows. There is one aspect of this subject of natural union which it were improper to pass over in silence, for it is very precious to the believer. 'While the Lord Jesus takes upon himself our nature (2 Peter 1:4), he restores in us that image of God Genesis 1:27), which was blotted and defaced by the fall of Adam. He raises us from the degradation of sin to the dignity of perfection. So that in a twofold sense, the head and members are of one nature, and not like that monstrous image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream. The head was of fine gold, but the belly and the thighs were of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet, part of iron and part. of clay. Christ's mystical body is no absurd combination of opposites, the head is immortal, and the body is immortal too, for thus the record stands, Because I live, ye shall live also' "As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly ;" and this shall in a few more years be more fully manifest to us, for 'this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.'" Such as is the head, such is the body, and every member in particular. A chosen Head and chosen members; an accepted Head, and accepted members; a living Head, and living members. If the head be pure gold, all the parts of the nature body as are basis of fire of gold. also. Thus is there a double union closest communion. Pause here, devout the of reader, and see if thou canst without ecstatic amazement, contemplate the infinite condescension of the Son of God in thus exalting thy wretchedness into blessed union with his glory. Thou art so mean that in remembrance of thy mortality, thou mayest say to corruption, Thou art my father," and to the worm, Thou art my mater, -and yet in. Christ thou art so honored that thou canst say to the Almighty, Abba, Father, and to the Incarnate God, Thou art my brother and my husband." Surely if relationships to ancient and name families make men think highly of themselves, we have whereof

to glory over the heads of them all. Lay hold upon this privilege; let not a senseless indolence make thee negligent to trace this pedigree, and suffer no foolish attachment to present vanities to occupy thy thoughts to the exclusion of this glorious, this heavenly honor of union with Christ.

We must now retrace our steps to the ancient mountains, and centerpiece this union in one of its earliest forms.

5. *Christ Jesus is also joined unto his people in a, mystical union.*

Borrowing once more from the story of Ruth, we remark that Boaz, although one with Ruth by kinship, did not rest until he had entered into a nearer union still, namely, that of marriage; and in the same manner there is, super added to the natural union of Christ with his people, a mystical union by which he assumes the position of Husband, while the Church is owned as his bride. In love he espoused her to himself, as a chaste virgin, long before she fell under the yoke of bondage. Full of burning affection, he toiled like Jacob for Rachel, until the whole of her purchase-money had been paid, and now, having sought her by his Spirit, and brought her to know and love him, he awaits the glorious hour when their mutual bliss shall be consummated at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Not yet hath the glorious Bridegroom presented his betrothed perfected and complete, before the Majesty of heaven, not yet hath she actually entered upon the enjoyment of her dignities as his wife and queen; she is as yet a wanderer in a world of woe, a dweller in the tents of Kedar, but she is even now the bride, the spouse of Jesus, dear to his heart, precious in his sight, written on his hands, ‘and united with his person. On earth he exercises towards her all the affectionate offices of Husband. He makes rich provision for her wants, pays all her debts, allows her to assume his name, and to share in all his wealth. Nor will he ever act otherwise to her. The word divorce he will never mention, for “he hateth putting away” Death must sever the conjugal tie between the most loving mortals, but it cannot divide the links of this immortal marriage. In heaven they marry not, but are as the angels of God, yet is there this one marvelous exception to the rule, for in heaven Christ and his Church shall celebrate their joyous nuptials. And this affinity as it is more lasting, so is it more near than earthly wedlock. Let the love of husband be never so pure and fervent, it is but a faint picture of the flame that burns in the heart of Jesus. Passing all human union is that mystical cleaving unto the Church, for which Christ did leave his Father, and become one flesh with her.

If this be the union which subsists between our souls and the person of our Lord, how deep and broad is the channel of our communion. This is no narrow pipe through which a thread-like stream may wind its way, it is a channel of amazing depth and breadth, along whose breadth and length a ponderous volume of living water may roll its strength. Behold he hath set before us an open door, let us not be slow to enter. 'This city ,of communion hath many pearly gates, every several gate is of one pearl, and each gate is thrown open to the uttermost that we may enter, assured of welcome. If there were but one small loophole through which to talk with Jesus, it would be a high privilege to thrust a word of fellowship through the narrow door; how much we are blessed in having so large an entrance! Had the Lord Jesus been far away from us, with many a stormy sea between, we should have longed to send a messenger to him to carry him our loves, and bring us tidings from his Father's house; but see his kindness, he has built Ms house next door to ours, nay, more, he takes lodging with us, and tabernacles in poor humble hearts, that so he may have perpetual intercourse with us. O how foolish must:, we be, if we do not live in habitual communion with him. When the road is long, and dangerous, and difficult, we need not wonder that friends seldom meet each other, but when they live together shall Jonathan forget his David? A wife may when her husband is upon a journey, abide many days without holding converse with him, but she could never endure to be separated from him if she knew him to be in one of the chambers of her own house. Seek thy Lord, for he is near; embrace him, for he is thy Brother. Hold him fast, for he is thine Husband; and press him to thine heart, for he is of thine own flesh.

6. As yet we have only considered the acts of Christ for us, whereby he effects and proves his union to us; we must now come to more personal and sensible forms of this great truth.

Those who are set apart for the Lord are in due time severed from the impure mass of fallen humanity, and are by sovereign grace engrafted into the person of the Lord Jesus. This, which we call *vital union* is rather a matter of experience than of doctrine; it must be learned in the heart, and not by the head. Like every other work of the Spirit, the actual implantation of the soul into Christ Jesus is a mysterious and secret operation, and is no more to be understood by carnal reason than the new birth of which it is an attendant. Nevertheless, the spiritual man discerns it as a most essential thing in the salvation of the soul, and he clearly sees

how a living union Christ is the sure consequence of the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, and is indeed, in some respects, identical with it.

When the Lord in mercy passed by and saw us in our blood, he first of all said, "Live;" and this he did *first*, because without life there can be no spiritual knowledge, feeling, or motion. Life is one of the absolutely essential things in spiritual matters, and until it be bestowed we are incapable of partaking in the things of the kingdom. Now the life which grace confers upon the saints at the moment of their quickening is none other than the life of Christ, which, like the sap from the stem, runs into us, the branches, and establishes a living connection between our souls and Jesus. Faith is the grace which perceives this union, and proceeds from it as its firstfruit. It is, to use a metaphor from the Canticles, the neck which joins the body of the Church to its all-glorious Head.

*“O Faith! thou bond of union with the Lord,
Is not this office thine? and thy fit name,
In the economy of gospel types
And symbols apposite — the Church’s neck;
Identifying her in will and work
With him ascended?”*

Faith lays hold upon the Lord Jesus with a firm and determined grasp. She knows his excellence and worth, and no temptation can induce her to repose her trust elsewhere; and Christ Jesus is so delighted with this heavenly grace, that he never ceases to strengthen and sustain her by the loving embrace and all-sufficient support of his eternal arms. Here then is established a living, sensible, and delightful union which casts forth streams of love, confidence, sympathy, complacency, and joy, whereof both the bride and bridegroom love to drink. When the eye is clear and the soul can evidently perceive this oneness between the soul and Christ, the pulse may be felt as beating for both, and the one blood may be known as flowing through the veins of each. Then is the heart made exceedingly glad, it is as near heaven as it ever can be on earth, and is prepared for the enjoyment of the most sublime and spiritual kind of fellowship. This union may be quite as true when we are troubled with doubts concerning it, but it cannot afford consolation to the soul unless it be indisputably proven and assuredly felt; then is it indeed a honeycomb dropping with sweetness, a precious jewel sparkling with light. Look well to this matter ye saints of the Most High.

PRACTICAL LESSONS

FROM THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN.

EARNEST men can always learn from one another. The path of the man who blessed a nation by cheapening their daily bread, and snapping the chains of commerce, having devoted the flower of his days to that single purpose, must be full of instructive teaching to men consecrated to the yet higher end of glorifying God by spreading abroad the gospel of his Son. It is not our intention to give even so much as a complete outline of the life of Mr. Cobden, we only aim at gathering from his memoir such incidents and reflections as may be made to bear on the service of God so as to stimulate the zeal of those engaged in it. *Mr. Cobden's success is a singular proof that early failures ought not to discourage the hope of future usefulness.* His first public address was a signal failure. "He was nervous, confused, and in fact practically broke down, and the chairman had to apologize for him" little could those who heard him have dreamed that his eloquence would command the respectful attention of senates, and the rapturous applause of thousands, on the other hand those who have heard him

*"Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,"*

would scarcely believe that he could have ever sat down a blushing man, longing 'to hide his head, because his tongue refused to do his bidding. Young believers must not be daunted if their early efforts should bring them little but regrets and disappointments; it is good for them that they bear the yoke in their youth; let them persevere, and they may yet have many crowns to lay at their Savior's feet. God forbid that 'wounded pride should so reign in the bosom of a servant of Christ as to deprive him of the bliss of doing good. What matters it if we are made nothing of, and are even the theme of laughter, Jesus deserves that we should bear even this for his sake, and since he scorns us not, but accepts our poor attempts as being what our motives and wishes would have made them, we may well press on, hopeful of better days ere long. One talent at interest will speedily become two, and the two will grow into five; let us do what we can for Jesus, and we shall soon be able to do more. Stretch thy wings fledging, and flutter, though it be feebly, for in so doing thou wilt learn to fly.

One is struck with the way in which Cobden wholly gave himself up to his one master-idea. From the time when his judgment was convinced of the truth of that great doctrine so elaborately and conclusively advocated by Adam Smith as the fundamental principle of the wealth of nations, the freedom of industry and the unrestricted exchange of the objects and results of industry, he ceased not for a moment to denounce the system of protection, and to enlighten the people of England upon a matter so essential to their country's prosperity. His generous heart was grieved at the fearful distress which the Corn Laws brought upon the operatives; he saw them lying by the sides of hedges and walls seeking a miserable, shelter, he found them starving while plenty reigned on the other side the Channel, and was not allowed to send her stores among the hungry millions; his great heart beat high with sympathy, and swelled with a grand ambition to slay the monster which wrought his country such widespread evil, and he gave himself heart and soul to the work. To him all other aims were merged in this: his business which was at first large and lucrative, was all but sacrificed upon the altar of Free Trade; wealth was just within his reach, but the golden apples could not entice him from the race. Political partisan-ship, so potent over some men, could not sway him for a moment; he said in his place in Parliament, "I assure the House that the declarations I have made were not made with a party spirit. I do not call myself Whig or Tory. I am a Free-trader opposed to monopoly wherever I find it." There lay the secret of his power, he was given up to the dominion of one great object, and would not subdivide the kingdom of his manhood by admitting a second. The life-floods of his soul were not squandered in a thousand miserable streamlets to feed the marshes of superficiality, but concentrated in one deep channel so as to gladden the earth with a river of power for good. What a lesson for believers in Jesus. When will love to the Redeemer, after the same manner eat *us* up, and cause us to cry, "One thing I do?" Worldly ends rule in many professors, party spirit governs ethers, self more or less intrudes into all; it were the sure sign of a golden era if we had among us a host of men of the old apostolic spirit, for whom to live would be Christ only. Believers, whether you are actively engaged in business, or in spiritual labors, Strive to do, everything 'for Jesus; in the power of the Holy Spirit, living for him alone. Dead as the withered fig-tree be all other designs and desires save the glory of Jesus, ay, and buried let them be in the abyss of oblivion. On that cross where died our Savior, let us crucify self in all its forms, and let us live with the name of Jesus burned into our very hearts.

A mightily dominant passion will frequently subdue the griefs of human life, and bury them in holy ground. John Bright, who married young, lost his wife shortly after marriage. He went to Leamington, where Cobden visited him, and found him bowed down by grief. "Come with me," said Cobden, "and we will never rest until we abolish the Corn Laws." Bright arose from his great sorrow, girded his loins to fight side by side with his friend, and thus found consolation for his terrible loss. How often would deep despondencies and heavy glooms be chased away if an all-absorbing love to Jesus, and a fiery zeal for his honor burned within our bosoms. One fire puts out another, and a grander agony of soul quenches all other grief. The hands of holy industry pluck the canker of grief from the heart, and shed a shower of heavenly dew, which makes the believer, like the rose, pour forth a sweet perfume of holy joy. As quaint old Fuller says, "A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence." The clappers of sacred industry drive away the evil birds of melancholy and despair.

Commanding talent seldom achieves much unless it be coupled with perseverance. The runner wins not the race by making a spurt at first and loitering afterwards, he who would earn the prize must press on with all his strength until the goal is reached. Johnson tells us that human "all the performances of art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade with the general design or the last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings." The great freetrader's motto 'was that of the needle, "I go through." Having given himself to the cause, he was no! the man to desert it; undismayed by reproach and laughter, and undaunted by the tremendous power of his opponents, he pushed on in his arduous task, clearing the way foot by foot by dint of clogged resolution and unflagging energy. He had to deal with men of ability and skill, whose interests were at stake, and who, therefore, bestirred themselves; to repel his attacks with the utmost energy. In the market-place, in the House of Commons, everywhere indeed, the champion heard "the harsh and boisterous, tongue-of-war;" contentions fierce, ardent and dire, raved round him, and the weapons used

were not always, such as the scrupulous would allow, but our hero Showed no sign of relinquishing the field of battle, or yielding a single inch to the enemy. Jeers and sneers have often fretted other men into passion, or broken their spirits into despair, but he passed scuttles though the darts fell thick as hailstones. “When Mr. Miles, a Protectionist, said that Charles Bullet had made an appeal to the ‘appetites, as well as the passions of the people,’ this reference to the horrid starvation then prevailing, was received with ‘loud laughter.’ Similar ‘merry descants on a nation’s woe’ greeted Dr. Bowring’s reference to anything so miserably vulgar as the reduction in the wages of shoemakers and tailors. When he said women were crying for work, there was more ‘laughter:’ they were making trousers for sixpence a pair — more ‘loud laughter:’ thousands were hungry and naked — the founts of laughter proved as prodigal as before; and ‘peals of loud laughter’ greeted the inquiry, what was to become of the women of Manchester?” Scorn may be more grievous than the pains of death, and ridicule more piercing than the pointed sword, but the bold, good man who, in this instance was the subject’ of it, was clad in armor of proof and laughed to scorn both scorn and laughter. On, on, on, was the voice which sounded in his ear, and he was not disobedient to it. He flew like an eagle to his quarry, and bore others of feebler spirit upon his wings. In the midst Of the conflict he concluded one of his speeches with these telling sentences, “We must not relax in our labors, on the contrary, we must be more zealous, more energetic, more laborious, than we ever yet have been. When the enemy is wavering then is the time to press upon him. I call then on all who have any sympathy with our cause, who have any promptings of humanity, or who feel any interest in the well-being of their fellow-men, all who have apprehensions of scarcity and privations, to come forward to avert this horrible destiny, this dreadfully impending visitation.” This enthusiastic continuance in the path of duty is to be coveted by all servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. The way of service is not always smooth, but the constant friend of Jesus puts on the dauntless spirit of resolution and journeys on come hill or dale, fair or foul, until he reaches the end. Our purposes, if at all worthy of men of God, will involve much labor and anxiety; and he alone is worthy of the kingdom who, unmoved by difficulties and unabashed by rebukes, marches onward with steady step toward the object of his life. Would to God that we were half as resolute to establish the reign of Divine truth as others have been to enforce the domination of a political dogma. The great want of many professed

Christians is the spirit of continuing in well doing, patiently waiting for the promised reward.

Shrewd common sense is called to the aid of enthusiasm by the leader of the Anti-Corn Law League. All means were put in operation. Lecturers went through the country, mass-meetings were held, funds were contributed, bazaars were opened, petitions were signed, elections were contested, and the whole country was kept in a state of perpetual ferment. That mighty engine, the printing press, was never allowed to rest. Tracts by the million flooded the country, broadsides and sheets of all sizes covered the walls, and condensed libraries enriched the patriot's shelves. Mr. Cobden spoke of printing a million copies of each of three prize essays, and of having every press in Manchester in full swing on behalf of Free Trade. All that ingenuity could devise or liberality procure was brought to bear upon the one great object. The power of this ceaseless activity so well directed was felt in all circles: from the palace to the cottage, all classes became interested in the struggle, nor was that interest ever allowed to flag. Whigs and Tories were both assailed or petitioned, good harvests and bad seasons were equally telling arguments, foreigners as well as Englishmen were made to serve the cause, in fact all the world was ransacked for allies. The children of light are not always so shrewd in their methods of procedure, they leave many occasions unimproved, and many means untried. It were well for our Churches if all the members were earnestly employing their talents in ravening modes of usefulness, or better still in working them out. If all were at it with all their hearts, we might yet make Antichrist tremble and fill the world with the knowledge of the Lord. To reform the abuses of our national establishment and separate it from the state were a task worthy of a thousand lives; what shall be said of the even loftier aim of making the gospel known to the teeming masses of our increasing popular, ion? O for one tremendous, long continued effort for London. Our impetuous desire to see the truth of God triumphant, makes us mourn and even loathe the lethargy of those who come not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The virtue of disinterestness shone very brightly in the character of Richard Cobden. One who was well qualified to speak for the working classes thus; truthfully describes him:— “He was one of the few members of Parliament who thought for the people, and what is more and rarer, gave himself trouble to promote their interests. He never knew apathy or selfishness. He cared for principle, not to serve his own ends, but the ends

of the people. With him, a great principle was a living power of progress, and not to apply it and produce by it the good which was in it, seemed to him a crime. To him apathy was sin. A cause might be despised, obscure, or poor: he not only helped it all the same — he helped it all the more. He aided it openly and intentionally. Fresh from the honors of great nations, who were proud to receive him as a guest, he would give an audience to a deputation of poor men. The day after he arrived from the Court of an Emperor, he might be found wending his way to a remote street, to attend a committee meeting, to give his personal advice to the advancement of some forlorn hope of progress. In the day of triumph he shrank modestly on one side, and stood in the common ranks; but in the dark or stormy days of unfriended truth he was always to the front.”

Mr. Miall testified of him in the *Nonconformist*, “To do the good he was qualified to do was the only reward he ever craved. Wealth, ease, reputation, popularity, social distinction, were all as nothing when he had a duty to do. When that duty had been done, he was satisfied. He cared not to claim the merit. He delighted in lavishing it upon those with whom he had been associated. You might be in his company for days together without hearing a single expression calculated to remind you of his, own superiority of position. He seemed to have no self-consciousness save for what he took to be his defects. He assumed no airs of authority. He recoiled from the very appearance of acting the great man. His affections all tended outwards. He was the soul of generosity. But in one respect he firmly and tenaciously held his own — he never parted with his convictions — he would suffer no blandishments to rob him of his self-respect. There were times when he was beset by temptations that would have been powerful for other men. None of them moved him. He put them aside and went on his way, neither caring to deny nor glorying in what he had done.” Preeminently is such high disregard of self to be cultivated in the Church of God. If a politician could refuse a seat in the cabinet, and afterwards all the honors of the house of Lords, because he found it sufficient reward to have served his country and his age, surely those who are of “the royal priesthood,” should despise all mercenary motives and sinister aims, and hate all selfishness with perfect hatred.

All of us remember how Mr. Cobden espoused the cause of the Peace Society, and *was not ashamed to be caricatured and ridiculed* for its sake. The war mania carried away with its madness many a good and true man, but the hero of the Free-trade battle was a man of another mettle. Right in

the face of the strong current of the war-feeling among us, he declared our folly and denounced our ferocity. His warmest admirers thought him unwise, and the verdict of the electors of England was, that he was in error; but this did not affect his testimony nor muzzle his free speech. He was the enemy of war just as he had been the enemy of monopoly, and he made no compromise with his second enemy as he had made no truce with the first. Manliness in religion is a mark of nobility of soul, such nobility as grace alone can give. He who wears it is more than a match for ten thousand slaves of custom who cut their consciences as tailors cut their cloth according to the fashion. Better not to be, than have to beg permission to think, and crave allowance to speak one's thoughts with bated breath. He who loves God as he should, is no time-server. His flag is nailed to the masthead, and never will he, like the pirate, run up false colors to escape attack.

*“He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty’ bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.”*

The close of his career cheers us when we observe how *he had managed to win the respect of his enemies, and retain the deep, fervent love of his friends*, lie had spoken severely, but never with personal animosity; he had triumphed by the strength of reason and not of physical force, and hence those who had been defeated by his logic owed no grudge to the mart however much they might rue the day in which they met him in conflict. Mr. Disraeli paid a most graceful tribute to his memory, declaring him to have been an honor to the House of Commons, and an honor to England. On the other hand, his comrade, Mr. Bright, was overwhelmed with sorrow at his loss, and could scarcely say more than “after twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him, I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him” So to fight is to war a good warfare. Christians cannot avoid setting men at variance, it is a sad necessity of fallen nature that truth should provoke hostility; but the spirit which we breathe has no quarrel with persons, but with sins, or with the persons only because of the sins. Friends of all men are we, and in some sense the servants of all; yet we seek no friendship by a trimming policy, and serve no man by slavishly bowing to his unholy desires. If our spirit can be one of genuine, manifest, sincere, hearty, fervent love, we may be as vehement reformers as this age requires, and yet we may command the

esteem of all with - whom we come in contact, by the awful and almighty power inherent in holiness and zeal. Those who hate us for the doctrine which we teach, may yet be made to admire us for the lives we lead; and if they see not the truths which we believe, they cannot help seeing the fruits which they bring forth. Actions are strong reasons with the most of men, and they have a voice far louder than words: let us commend our faith by our works, and shut the mouths of our enemies by the excellence of our conversation. May we live for Jesus, die in Jesus, glorify Jesus, and reign with Jesus.

MANY persons are greatly disquieted in mind because their experience of conviction or comfort has not been like that of others. They fancy that they cannot have come to Christ aright because they have not felt precisely the same joys or depressions as certain saints of whom they have read. Now, should these good people be so troubled? We think not. Uniformity is not God's rule of working either in nature or in grace. No two human faces display exactly the same lineaments; sons of the same mother, born at the same birth, may be as different as Jacob and Esau. Not even in leagues of forest will two leaves be found in all respects alike. Diversity is the rule of nature, and let us rest assured that variety is the rule of grace.

Mr. Beecher has given us this truth in a very beautiful form in the following lines:—"What if God should command the flowers to appear before him, and the sunflower should come bending low with shame because it was not a violet, and the violet should come striving to lift itself up to be like a sunflower, and the lily should seek to gain the bloom of the rose, and the rose the whiteness of the lily; and so, each one disdaining itself, should seek: to grow into the likeness of the other?" God would say, ' Stop foolish flowers! I gave you your own forms and hues, and odors, and I wish you to bring what you have received. O, sunflower, come as a sunflower; and you sweet violet, come as a violet; let the rose bring the rose's bloom, and the lily the lily's whiteness.' Perceiving their folly, and ceasing to long for what they had not, violet and rose, lily and geranium, mignonette and anemone, and all the floral train would come, each in its own loveliness, to send up its fragrance as incense, and all wreath themselves in a garland of beauty about the throne of God."

Reader, the saints are one in Christ Jesus, but they are not one in their peculiarities. Be we who we may, if we rest on the Redeemer our eternal life is sure; and if not, we are dead while we live. *What is Jesus Christ to me?* that is the main question. If he is my all, then all is well; if not, I may be very like a saint, but a saint I am not.

“*I’LL go down if father will hold the rope,*” was the offer of a Highland lad, when a traveler’ wanted him to reach the eggs of a wild bird which had built on a rocky ledge. The boy felt that there would be no danger if the rope was in his father’s hand, for he had a powerful arm, and a loving heart, and would not leave his own child to perish.

Timid believers are afraid to begin to work for Jesus. To teach in the Sunday-school, to commence a Tract District, to visit the cottagers, to preach on the green, and, of these seem to them to be too arduous and difficult. Suppose they were to look up to their Heavenly Father, and rely upon his promised aid, might they not venture? It cannot need much courage to rely upon Almighty strength. Go, dear friend, to thy work, and *thy Father will hold the rope.*

Unbelief is apt to foresee terrible trials as awaiting us upon our road to heaven. Your position will be, so fear tells you, like that of one hanging over the raging sea, by the side of a precipitous cliff; but then remember the eternal love Which will be your unfailing support. You may hang there without the slightest fear, for *lather will hold the rope.*

The awakened sinner dreads the wrath of Heaven, and fears that his eternal ruin is inevitable; but if he has learned to depend alone upon the Lord Jesus, there is no room for further alarm. The Lord Jehovah has become the salvation of every soul that has laid hold upon **the** hope set before him in the Lord Jesus. The great matter no longer rests with the sinner after he has believed, the weight of his soups eternal interests hangs upon Jesus the Savior. The eternal arm which never wearies, will put forth all its power to uphold the trusting ones; and every believing sinner may sing in joyful security, though Satan should set all hell boiling beneath him, for *the great Father holds the rope.*

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

OCTOBER, 1865

TWO EPISODES IN MY LIFE

BY C. H. SPURGEON

SUPERSTITION is to religion what fiction is to history. Not content With the marvels of providence and grace which truly exist around us, fanaticism invents wonders and constructs for itself prodigies. Besides being wickedly mischievous, this fabrication is altogether unnecessary and superfluous, for as veritable history is often more romantic than romance, so certified divine interpositions are frequently far more extraordinary than those extravaganzas which claim fancy and frenzy as. their parents. Every believing man into whose inner life we have been permitted to gaze without reserve, has made a revelation to us more or less partaking of the marvelous, but has generally done so under protest, as though we were to hold it for ever under the 'seal of secrecy. Had we not very distinctly been assured of their trustworthiness, we should have been visited with incredulity, or have suspected the sanity of our informants, mid such unbelief would by no means have irritated them, for they themselves expected no one to believe in their remarkable experiences, and would not have unveiled their secret *to us* if they had not hoped against hope that our eye would view it from a sympathizing point of view. Our personal pathway has been so frequently directed contrary to our own design and beyond our own conception by singularly powerful impulses, and irresistibly suggestive providences, that it were wanton wickedness for us to deride the doctrine that God occasionally grants to his servants a special and perceptible manifestation of his will for their guidance, over and above the strengthening energies of the Holy Spirit, and the sacred teaching of the inspired Word. 'We are not likely to adopt the peculiarities of the Quakers, but in this respect we are heartily agreed with them.

It needs a deliberate and judicious reflection to distinguish between the actual and apparent in professedly preternatural intimations, and if opposed

to Scripture and common sense, we must neither believe in them nor obey them. The precious gift of reason is not to be ignored; we are not to be drifted hither and thither by every wayward impulse of a fickle mind, nor are we to be led into evil by suppositions impressions; these are misuses of a great truth, a murderous use of most useful edged tools. But notwithstanding all the folly of hair-brained rant, we believe that the unseen hand may be at times assuredly felt by gracious souls, and the mysterious power which guided the minds of the seers of old may, even to this day, sensibly overshadow reverent spirits. We would speak discreetly, but we dare say no less.

The two following incidents, however, accounted for by others, have but one explanation to the writer; he sees in them the wisdom of God shaping his future in a way most strange. The first story needs a little preface to set it forth; pardon, therefore, gentle reader, trivial allusions. When I was a very small boy, I was staying at my grandfather's, where I had afore-time spent my earliest days, and as the manner was, I read the Scriptures at family prayer. Once upon a time, when reading the passage in Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused, and said, "Grandpa, what can this mean?" The answer was kind, but unsatisfactory: "Pooh, pooh, child, go on." The child, however, intended to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry, hoping that he should by that means importune the good old gentleman into a reply. The process was successful, for it is by no means the most edifying thing in the world to hear the history of the Mother of Harlots, and the beast with seven heads, every morning in the week, Sunday included, with no sort of alternation either of psalm or gospel: the venerable patriarch of the household therefore capitulated at discretion, with, "Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?" Now the child had often seen baskets with but very flail bottoms, which, in course of wear, became bottomless; and allowed the fruit placed therein to drop upon the ground; here then was the puzzle, — if the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all those people fall to who dropped out at its lower end? — a puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside, for explanation at some more convenient season. Queries of the like simple but rather unusual stamp, would frequently break up into paragraphs of a miscellaneous length the Bible-reading of the assembled family, and had there not been a world of love and license allowed to the inquisitive reader, he would very soon have

been deposed from his office. As it was, the Scriptures were not very badly rendered, and were probably quite as interesting as if they had not been interspersed with original and curious inquiries. On one of these occasions, Mr. Knill, late of Chester, and now of the New Jerusalem, whose name is a household word, Whose memory is precious to thousands at home and abroad, stayed at the minister's house on Friday, in readiness to preach for the London Missionary Society on the following Sabbath. He never looked into a young face without yearning to impart some spiritual gift; he was all love, kindness, earnestness, and warmth, and coveted the souls of men as misers desire the gold which their hearts pine after. He marked the case before him, and set to work at once. The boy's reading was commended — a little judicious praise is the sure way to the young heart; and an agreement made with the lad, that on the next morning, being Saturday, he would show Mr. Knill over the garden, and take him for a walk before breakfast; a task so flattering to juvenile self-importance was sure to be readily entered upon. There was a tap at the door, and the child was soon out of bed and in the garden with his new friend, who won his heart in no time by pleasing stories and kind words, and giving him a chance to communicate in return. The talk was all about Jesus and the pleasantness of loving him, nor was it mere talk, there was pleading too. Into the great yew arbor — cut into a sort of sugar loaf — both went, and the soul-winner knelt down with his arms around the youthful neck, and poured out vehement intercession for the salvation of the lad. The next morning witnessed the same instruction and supplication, and the next also, while all day long the pair were never far apart, and never out of each others' thoughts. The Mission sermons were preached in the old Puritan meeting-house, and the man of God was called to go to the next halting-place in his tour as a deputation from the Society, but he did not leave till he had uttered a most remarkable prophecy. After even more earnest prayer alone with his little *protege*, he appeared to have a burden on his mind, and he could not go till he had eased himself of it. In after years he was heard to say that he felt a singular interest in me, and an earnest expectation for which he could not account. Calling the family together, he took me on his knee, and I distinctly remember his saying, "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hall's Chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn. beginning,

*“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”*

This promise was of course made and was followed by another, that at his express desire I would learn the hymn in question and think of what he had said. The, prophetic declaration was fulfilled, and the hymn was sung, both in Surrey Chapel and in Wooton-under-Edge in redemption of my pledge, when I had the pleasure of preaching the Word of life in Hr. Hill’s former pulpit. Did the words of Mr. Knill help to bring about their own fulfillment? I think so. I believed them, and looked forward to the time when I should preach the Word: I felt very powerfully that no unconverted person might dare to enter the ministry; this made me, I doubt not, all the more intent upon seeking salvation and more hopeful of it, and when by grace enabled to cast myself upon the Savior’s love, it was not long before ray, mouth began to Speak of his redemption. How came that sober-minded minister to speak thus of one into whose future God alone could see? How came it that he lived to rejoice with his young brother in the truth of all that he had spoken? We think *we* know the answer; but each reader has a right to his own: so let it rest, but not; till we have marked one practical lesson. Would to God that we were all as wise as Richard Knill, and habitually sowed beside all waters. On the day of his’ death, in his eightieth year, Elliott, “the apostle of the Indians,” was occupied in teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. A friend said, “Why not rest from your labors now?” “Because,” replied the man of God, “I have prayed God to render me useful in my sphere, and he has heard my prayers; for now that; I am unable to preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his letters.” To despise no opportunity of usefulness is a leading rule with those who are wise to win souls. Mr. Knill might very naturally have left the minister’s little grandson on the plea that he had other duties of more importance than praying with children, and yet who shall say that he did not effect as much by that act of humble ministry as by dozens of sermons addressed to crowded audiences. At any rate, *to me* his tenderness in considering the little one was fraught with everlasting consequences, and I must ever feel that his time was well laid out. May we do good everywhere as we have opportunity, and results will not be wanting.

Soon after I had begun to preach the Word in the village of Water-beach, I was strongly advised to enter Stepney, now Regent’s Park College, to prepare more fully for the ministry. Knowing that solid learning is never an

encumbrance, and is often a great means of usefulness, I felt inclined to avail myself of the opportunity of attaining it: although I might be useful without a College training, I consented to the opinion of friends that I should be more useful with it. Dr. Angus, the tutor of the College, visited Cambridge, and it was arranged that we should meet at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Thinking and praying over the matter, I entered the house exactly at the time appointed, and was shown into a room, where I waited patiently a couple of hours, feeling too much impressed with my own insignificance, and the greatness of the tutor from London, to venture to ring the bell, and make inquiries as to the unreasonably long delay. At last patience having had her perfect work, the bell was set in motion, and on the arrival of the servant, the waiting young man was informed that the doctor had tarried in another room until he could stay no longer and had gone off to London by train. The stupid girl had given no information to the family that any one had called, and had been shown into the drawing-room, and consequently the meeting never came about, although designed by both parties. I was not a little disappointed at the moment, but have a thousand times thanked the Lord very heartily for the strange providence which forced my steps into another and far better path.

Still holding to the idea of entering the collegiate institution, I thought of writing and making an immediate application, but this was 'not to be, That afternoon having to preach at one of the village stations, I walked, slowly in a reed rating frame of mind over Midsummer Common to the little wooden bridge which leads to Chesterton, and in the midst of the common I was startled by what seemed a loud voice, but may have been a singular illusion, which ever it was the impression was most vivid; I seemed very distinctly to hear the words, "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not!" This led me to look at my position from another point of view, and to challenge my motives and intent lot to; I remembered the poor but loving people to whom I ministered, and the souls which had been given me in my humble charge, and although at that time I anticipated obscurity and poverty as the result of the resolve, yet I died there and then solemnly renounce the offer of collegiate instruction, determining to abide for a season at least with my people, and to remain preaching the Word so long as I had strength to do it. Had it not been for those words, in all probability I had never been where and what I now am.

Waiting upon the *Lord* for direction will never fail to afford us timely intimations of his will, for though the ephod is no more worn by a

ministering priest, the Lord still guides his people by his wisdom, and orders all their paths in love; and in times of perplexity, byways mysterious and remarkable, he says to them, "this is the way, walk ye in it." Probably if our hearts were more tender, we might be favored with more of these sacred monitions; but alas, instead thereof, we are like the horse and the mule, which have no understanding, and therefore, the bit and bridle of affliction take the place of gentler means, else might that happier method be more often used, of which the Psalmist speaks in the sentence, "thou shalt guide me with thine eye."

The two instances of divine guidance which we have given, are specimens of those particular providences which are common in religious biographies. Out of scores which start up in our memory, we shall select one from the eminently useful life of Peter Bedford, of spiral fields, whose recent death so many will remember.

"One summer, Mr. Bedford and two of his nephews were staying for a fortnight at Ramsgate, enjoying the fine weather and the sea breezes. They had nearly spent their allotted term of holiday, which would expire on the Monday ensuing. But on the morning of the preceding Saturday Mr. Bedford woke very early, with a strong impression on his mind that he must return that day to London. Accordingly he rose at once, and, going to the bedroom of each of his nephews, informed them that they should have occasion to proceed to the city that morning. They at once ordered an early breakfast, settled accounts, and all went on board the first packet for the Metropolis.

"Mr. Bedford did not, however, know the particular object for his return, beyond the impulse of a strong and clear impression that it was his duty to do so.

"On arriving at his house in Stewart Street, Spitalfields, he found everything going on right; and the remainder of the day passed off quietly, as usual; and with no special occurrence whatever. He now began to feel suspicious that he had acted under a mistaken impression. Next day, Sunday, he attended worship as usual; both forenoon and afternoon passed, and still nothing particular took place. He now feared strongly that a delusion had actuated him.

"But in the evening, whilst sitting at the supper-table with two acquaintances, the door-bell rung violently, and a sudden conviction came

into Mr. Bedford's mind that he was about to learn the cause of his impression at Ramsgate. He rose from table, leaving his friends to themselves, and went to meet his visitor in a private apartment. A tall young man, pale and agitated, entered and threw himself on a sofa. He was greatly excited, but presently communicated to Mr. Bedford the information that a very near relative had just left his home and family under most painful circumstances, and with the intention of totally deserting them and at once going off to America. He besought Mr. Bedford to endeavor, by his personal influence, to prevent the accomplishment of this ruinous and desolating resolve.

“After going into the particulars of the case more fully, and ascertaining the most probable means of effecting the desired object, Mr. Bedford returned to his friends in the other room, and informed them that circumstances of urgent necessity compelled him to leave them immediately. He and the young man accordingly hurried off together to obtain an interview with another relative of the fugitive. They were able to make arrangements with this person, of such a nature as to preclude the accomplishment of the intended flight to America. The delinquent relative was persuaded to remain in England, and became penitent for what had happened, and eventually peace was restored to his family. Thus the sudden and unexpected impression made on Mr. Bedford's mind at Ramsgate was entirely justified and confirmed by Mrs. results, the appropriate test of the nature of such impulses. It is worthy of observation that these special interpositions of Providence generally appear unexpectedly, and as things not to be looked for, or waited for, to the interruption of ordinary life and its reasonable arrangements, but as afforded merely on exceptional occasions, and by a higher wisdom than any in our possession for daily use.”

Our ordinary guides are right reason and the Word of God, and we may never act contrary' to these, but still we accept it as matter of faith and experience to us that on exceptional occasions, special interpositions do come to our aid, so that our steps are ordered of the Lord and made to subserve his glory. Shepherd of Israel guide thou us evermore.

PRAYER REQUESTED

Is June last, I spent a Sunday in a small town in Northern Italy. In the morning things were tolerably quiet, for many were at their usual work, and others had gone to Church; but in the afternoon and evening, the firing of guns, the grinding of organs, and the shouts of the people, chased away all chance of peace, and sickened the soul with vanity. In the center of the square, two poor fluttering chickens, and sundry red pocket-handkerchiefs, were elevated upon a tall greasy pole, and amid roars of laughter, boys climbed to reach the coveted prize; then followed an illumination, bonfire, and banging of guns: the very semblance of a holy day had departed. The running of Sunday trains in Scotland, and the partial opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays, are signs of a desperate resolve to rob us of the holy calm of the day of rest, and to conform us to the Continental fashion. The working man would hardly be so foolish as to join this agitation, if he remembered that the result of Sunday play is sure to be: Sunday work. Already thousands have to toil seven days instead of six to furnish the thoughtless with pleasure; and the end of triumphant Sabbath desecration will be, as on the Continent, that the great mass will be reduced to constant, unceasing, ill-requited toil. It seems to me to be of little use to ask for legislative interference, or to hold public meetings to denounce the evil, our shortest and surest method is to seek unto the Lord concerning it. United, earnest prayer is therefore suggested, that a spirit of love to the day of rest may be imparted to our fellow-countrymen. Our watchword in all cases should be, "Let us pray," and in this case we may rest assured that we shall prevail.

WHEN we were in Venice we purchased a few curiosities, and finding them burdensome, we thought of sending them home by one of the English vessels lying in the Canal. We went out in a gondola with our box, and having asked for the captain of one of the vessels, we put to him the question, "Will you take a box for us to London, and what is the charge?" His reply was very ready, "g can't *say till g know what's in it*, for I don't want to get into trouble." A very common sense answer indeed; we admired its caution and honesty.

What a pity that men do not exercise as much care in spiritual matters, as to what they will receive or reject. Dear reader, in these times there are thousands of bad books published, and herds of bad teachers sent forth to deceive the unwary; you must be on your guard, lest you be led into error rake nothing for granted, inquire into things for yourself, and try every new doctrine, and professedly old doctrine too, by the Word of God. You may take contraband goods on board before you are aware of it; keep both eyes open, watch and examine, and when a thing is pressed upon you, *find out what's in it*. Do not believe and man says because he is a clergyman, or eloquent, or learned, or even because he is kind and generous. Bring all to the bar of Holy Scripture's, and if they cannot stand the test, receive them not, whatever their bold pretenses.

But reader, is your own present religion good for anything? *Do you know what's in it*, and what it is made of? May it not be mischievous and false? Search thyself, and do not take a hope into thy soul till thou knowest what it is made of. The devil and his allies will try to trick you into carrying their wares, but be warned in time, and reject their vile devices. The finished work of Jesus received by faith, is "a good hope through grace," and there is no other. *Hast thou it?* or art thou foolishly looking to another? The Lord lead you away from all else to Jesus. Whatever may be the ground of trust which men may offer you, take care to KNOW WHAT'S IN IT before you accept it.

WHEN a shepherd has at last overtaken his poor, silly, wandering sheep, he does not straightway fall to scolding or beating it for having cost him so much toil and trouble. No; but he observes that it is very weary, that it has torn itself among thorns, and cut itself among jagged rocks, and therefore he first tenderly Bees to its wounds, and then bears it back to the fold in his own arms. Poor trembling sinner, the gospel has at length laid hold upon you; you cannot longer run into the paths of sin, grace has stopped your

mad career, and made you tremble, at the guilt of sin. You are afraid of Jesus, for you know how sorely you have grieved him; you fear that he will chide you severely, and perhaps spurn you from his presence. Oh think not so of the Good Shepherd! He is already gazing' on your bleeding wounds, and pre. paring to bind them up; he will soon take. compassion on your weakness, and bear you in his arms. Trust to him, poor sinner, just as the poor sheep trusts the shepherd, A man is more precious than a sheep, and Jesus is more tender than the most careful shepherd. To coming sinners he is gentle indeed. When the prodigal returned all ragged, and filthy, his loving father did not put him in quarantine till he had been cleansed and purified, but there and then he fell upon his neck and kissed him, without so much as giving him one upbraiding word. He came straight from the swine-trough to his parent's arms. That welcomed prodigal is the type of such sinners such as you are. You too shall have all kisses and no frowns; all love, and no wrath; all kindness, and no severity. Oh! if you knew the Savior, you would not delay. Now, *now* poor heavy-laden sinner, trust the Lord Jesus, and live. He has never treated one returning prodigal with harshness, and he cannot change, and will therefore deal as generously with you as He has done with others. Whether *thou* wilt trust him or no — I will — I do. Poor sinner, may the Holy Spirit lead thee to look to Jesus and live.

MARRIED LOVE

TO MY WIFE

*OVER the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch unseen but strong.*

*E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast
My constant soul flows onward to thee
And finds in thy love its rest.*

*The swallows must plume their wings to greet
New summers in lands afar;
But dwelling at home with thee I meet
No winter my year to mar.*

*The wooer his new love's name may wear
 Engraved on a precious stone;
 But in my heart thine image I wear
 That heart has been long thine own.*

*The glowing colors on surface laid,
 Wash out in a shower of rain,
 Thou need'st not be of rivers afraid,
 For my love is dyed ingrain.*

*And as ev'ry drop of Garda's lake
 Is tinged with the sapphire's blue
 So all the powers of my mind partake
 Of joy at the thought of you.*

*The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
 Exhale as the day grows old,
 And fondness, taking the wings of a dove
 Is gone like a tale of old.*

*But mine for thee from the chambers of joy,
 With strength cam forth as the sun,
 Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
 For ever its course shall run.*

*All earthborn love must sleep in the grave,
 To its native dust return;
 What God hath kindled shall death outbrave
 And in heav'n itself shall burn.*

*Beyond and above the wedlock tie
 Our union to Christ we feel,
 Uniting bonds which were made on high
 Shall hold us when earth shall reel.*

*Though he who chose us all worlds before,
 Must reign in our hearts alone,
 We fondly believe that we shall adore,
 Together before his throne.*

IN the month of May, 1864, a few friends at Red Hill secured the Town Hall, and requested Mr. Spurgeon to send them a student to preach the Word to them. The handful of persons who met at first, has now grown into a respectable congregation, under the able and earnest ministry of Mr. J. Smith. In July, 1864, a Church was formed and publicly recognized by Mr. Spurgeon as a branch of that at the Tabernacle; it then consisted of but seven members, but has in a few months increased to forty, while others are coming forward still further to fill the ranks. Sunday-schools and other evangelistic efforts are in healthy operation, the ministry is sustained, and all expenses are readily met. The new chapel, of which we give an engraving, will be a truly handsome, substantial, and neat building. Mr. Matthew's, the architect, in addition to a generous donation, has also given his services gratis. The lowest tender, which the committee have accepted, amounts to £1237, and if no unforeseen delays occur, the friends hope to complete the erection soon after Christmas of the present year. The freehold land in the best part of the town, has cost £350, towards which £100 was given from Mr. Spurgeon's fund; £200 more from the same source is promised, towards the building. Mr. John Olney, beside giving £100, has, with his usual tact, so arranged financial matters, that if all the friends will come forward with their fair proportion of help, this chapel will not for a moment be burdened with debt. This is our third "Sword and Trowel" chapel, but what about the fourth? At few donations have come in, and we hope to be on the move during this month.

The bazaar to be held in the lecture-hall and school-rooms of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in the Christmas week needs our friends most vigorous efforts to make it a thorough success. The ladies who are working with Mrs. Spurgeon, are greatly in need of materials, and if any of our drapery friends can find them remnants they will turn them to right good account. All sorts of useful articles are also urgently asked from those who can spare them for this good cause. London is perishing, let us haste to the rescue; -and since we have the men to preach the Word, let them not be hindered by the lack of buildings in which to gather their willing hearers.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

NOVEMBER 1865

THE SPICED WINE OF MY POMEGRANATE

OR, THE COMMUNION OF COMMUNICATION.

THE immovable basis of communion having been laid of old in the eternal union which subsisted between Christ and His elect, it only needed a fitting occasion to manifest itself in active development. The Lord Jesus had for ever delighted Himself with the sons of men, and he ever stood prepared to reveal and communicate that delight to His people; but they were incapable of returning His affection or enjoying His fellowship, having fallen into a state so base and degraded, that they were dead to Him, and careless concerning Him. It was therefore needful that something should be done for them, and in them, before they could hold converse with Jesus, or feel concord with Him. This preparation being a work of grace and a result of previous union, Jesus determined that, even in the preparation for communion, there should be communion. If they must be washed before they could fully converse with Him, He would commune with them in the washing; and if they must be enriched by gifts before they could have full access to Him, He would commune with them in the giving. He has therefore established a fellowship in imparting His grace, and in partaking of it.

This order of fellowship we have called “The Communion of Communication,” and we think that a few remarks will prove that we are not running beyond the warranty of Scripture.

The word **κοινωνία**, or communion, is frequently employed by inspired writers in the sense of communication or contribution. When, in our English version, we read,

“For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem”
(Romans 15:26),

it is interesting to know that the word **κοινωνία** used, as if to show that the generous gifts of the Church in Achaia to its sister Church at Jerusalem was a communion. Calvin would have us notice this, because, saith he, “The word here employed well expresses the feeling by which it behoves us to succor the wants of our brethren, even because there is to be a common and mutual regard on account of the union of the body.” He would not have strained the text if he had said that there was in the contribution the very essence of communion. Gill, in his commentary upon the above verse, most pertinently remarks, “Contribution, or communion, as the word signifies, it being one part of the communion of churches and of saints to relieve their poor by communicating to them.” The same word is employed in Hebrews 13:16, and is there translated by the word “communicate.”

“But to do good, and to communicate, forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

It occurs again in 2 Corinthians 9:13,

“And for your liberal distribution unto them, and unto all men;”

and in numerous other passages the careful student will observe the word in various forms, representing the ministering of the saints to one another as an act of fellowship. Indeed, at the Lord’s supper, which is the embodiment of communion, we have ever been wont to make a special contribution for the poor of the flock, and we believe that in the collection there is as true and real an element of communion as in the partaking of the bread and wine. The giver holds fellowship with the receiver when he bestows his benefaction for the Lord’s sake, and because of the brotherhood existing between him and his needy friends. The teacher holds communion with the young disciple when he labors to instruct him in the faith, being moved thereto by a spirit of Christian love. He who intercedes for a saint because he desires his well-being as a member of the one family, enters into fellowship with his brother in the offering of prayer. The loving and mutual service of church-members is fellowship of a high degree. And let us remember that the recipient communes with the benefactor: the communion is not confined to the giver, but the heart overflowing with liberality is met by the heart brimming with gratitude, and the love manifested in the bestowal is reciprocated in the acceptance. When the hand feeds the mouth or supports the head, the divers members feel their union, and sympathize with one another; and so is it with the various portions of the body of Christ, for they commune in mutual acts of love.

Now, this meaning of the word communion furnishes us with much instruction, since it indicates the manner in which recognized fellowship with Jesus is commenced and maintained, namely, by giving and receiving, by communication and reception. The Lord's supper is the divinely-ordained exhibition of communion, and therefore in it there is the breaking of bread and the pouring forth of wine, to picture the free gift of the Savior's body and blood to us; and there is also the eating of the one and the drinking of the other, to represent the reception of these priceless gifts by us. As without bread and wine there could be no Lord's supper, so without the gracious bequests of Jesus to us there would have been no communion between Him and our souls: and as participation is necessary before the elements truly represent the meaning of the Lord's ordinance, so is it needful that we should receive His bounties, and feed upon His person, before we can commune with Him.

It is one branch of this mutual communication which we have selected as the subject of this address. "Looking unto Jesus," who hath delivered us from our state of enmity, and brought us into fellowship with Himself, we pray for the rich assistance of the Holy Spirit, that we may be refreshed in spirit, and encouraged to draw more largely from the covenant storehouse of Christ Jesus the Lord.

We shall take a text, and proceed at once to our delightful task.

**"And of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace."
(John 1:16.)**

As the life of grace is first begotten in us by the Lord Jesus, so is it constantly sustained by Him. We are always drawing from this sacred fountain, always deriving sap from this divine root; and as Jesus communes with us in the bestowing of mercies, it is our privilege to hold fellowship with Him in the receiving of them.

There is this difference between Christ and ourselves, He never gives without manifesting fellowship, but we often receive in so ill a manner that communion is not reciprocated, and we therefore miss the heavenly opportunity of its enjoyment. We frequently receive grace insensibly, that is to say, the sacred oil runs through the pipe, and maintains our lamp, while we are unmindful of the secret influence. We may also be the partakers of many mercies which, through our dullness, we do not perceive to be mercies at all; and at other times well-known blessings are recognized as

such, but we are backward in tracing them to their source in the covenant made with Christ Jesus.

Following out the suggestion of our explanatory preface, we can well believe that when the poor saints received the contribution of their brethren, many of them did in earnest acknowledge the fellowship which was illustrated in the generous offering, but it is probable that some of them merely looked upon the material of the gift, and failed to see the spirit moving in it. Sensual thoughts in some of the receivers might possibly, at the season when the contribution was distributed, have mischievously injured the exercise of spirituality; for it is possible that, after a period of poverty, they would be apt to give greater prominence to the fact that their need was removed than to the sentiment of fellowship with their sympathizing brethren. They would rather rejoice over famine averted than concerning fellowship manifested. We doubt not that, in many instances, the mutual benefactions of the Church fail to reveal our fellowship to our poor brethren, and produce in them no feelings of communion with the givers.

Now this sad fact is an illustration of the yet more lamentable statement which we have made. We again assert that, as many of the partakers of the alms of the Church are not alive to the communion contained therein, so the Lord's people are never sufficiently attentive to fellowship with Jesus in receiving His gifts, but many of them are entirely forgetful of their privilege, and all of them are too little aware of it. Nay, worse than this, how often doth the believer pervert the gifts of Jesus into food for his own sin and wantonness! We are not free from the fickleness of ancient Israel, and well might our Lord address us in the same language:

“Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love; and I spread My skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness: yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into a covenant with Thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest Mine. Then washed I thee with water; yea, I thoroughly washed away thy blood from thee, and I anointed thee with oil. I clothed thee also with brodered work, and shod thee with badgers — skin, and I girded thee about with fine linen, and I covered thee with silk. I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head.

Thus wast thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and broidered work; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey, and oil: and thou wast exceeding beautiful, and thou didst prosper into a kingdom. And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through My comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God. But thou didst trust in thine own beauty, and playedst the harlot because of thy renown.” (Ezekiel 16:8-16.)

Ought not the mass of professors to confess the truth of this accusation? Have not the bulk of us most sadly departed from the purity of our love? We rejoice, however, to observe a remnant of choice spirits, who live near the Lord, and know the sweetness of fellowship. These receive the promise and the blessing, and so digest them that they become good blood in their veins, and so do they feed on their Lord that they grow up into Him. Let us imitate those elevated minds, and obtain their high delights. There is no reason why the meanest of us should not be as David, and David as the servant of the Lord. We may now be dwarfs, but growth is possible; let us therefore aim at a higher stature. Let the succeeding advice be followed, and, the Holy Spirit helping us, we shall have attained thereto.

Make every time of need a time of embracing thy Lord. Do not leave the mercy-seat until thou hast clasped Him in thine arms. In every time of need He has promised to give thee grace to help, and what withholdeth thee from obtaining sweet fellowship as a precious addition to the promised assistance? Be not as the beggar who is content with the alms, however grudgingly it may be cast to him; but, since thou art a near kinsman, seek a smile and a kiss with every benison He gives thee. Is He not better than His mercies? What are they without Him? Cry aloud unto Him, and let thy petition reach His ears, “O my Lord, it is not enough to be a partaker of Thy bounties, I must have Thyself also; if Thou dost not give me Thyself with Thy favors, they are but of little use to me! O smile on me, when Thou blessest me, for else I am still unblest! Thou puttest perfume into all the flowers of Thy garden, and fragrance into Thy spices; if Thou withdrawest Thyself, they are no more pleasant to me. Come, then, my Lord, and give me Thy love with Thy grace.” Take good heed, Christian, that thine own heart is in right tune, that when the fingers of mercy touch the strings, they may resound with full notes of communion. How sad is it to partake of favor without rejoicing in it! Yet such is often the believer’s case. The Lord casts His lavish bounties at our doors, and we, like churls,

scarcely look out to thank Him. Our ungrateful hearts and unthankful tongues mar our fellowship, by causing us to miss a thousand opportunities for exercising it.

If thou wouldst enjoy communion with the Lord Jesus in the reception of His grace, endeavor to be always sensibly drawing supplies from Him. Make thy needs public in the streets of thine heart, and when the supply is granted, let all the powers of thy soul be present at the reception of it. Let no mercy come into thine house unsung. Note in thy memory the list of thy Master's benefits. Wherefore should the Lord's bounties be hurried away in the dark, or buried in forgetfulness? Keep the gates of thy soul ever open, and sit thou by the wayside to watch the treasures of grace which God the Spirit hourly conveys into thy heart from Jehovah — Jesus, thy Lord.

Never let an hour pass without drawing upon the bank of heaven. If all thy wants seem satisfied, look steadfastly until the next moment brings another need, and then delay not, but with this warrant of necessity, hasten to thy treasury again. Thy necessities are so numerous that thou wilt never lack a reason for applying to the fullness of Jesus; but if ever such an occasion should arise, enlarge thine heart, and then there will be need of more love to fill the wider space. But do not allow any supposititious riches of thine own to suspend thy daily receivings from the Lord Jesus. You have constant need of Him. You need His intercession, His upholding, His sanctification; you need that He should work all your works in you, and that He should preserve you unto the day of His appearing. There is not one moment of your life in which you can do without Christ. Therefore be always at His door, and the wants which you bemoan shall be remembrances to turn your heart unto your Savior. Thirst makes the heart pant for the waterbrooks, and pain reminds man of the physician. Let your wants conduct you to Jesus, and may the blessed Spirit reveal Him unto you while He lovingly affords you the rich supplies of His love! Go, poor saint, let thy poverty be the cord to draw thee to thy rich Brother. Rejoice in the infirmity which makes room for grace to rest upon thee, and be glad that thou hast constant needs which compel thee perpetually to hold fellowship with thine adorable Redeemer.

Study thyself, seek out thy necessities, as the housewife searches for chambers where she may bestow her summer fruits. Regard thy wants as rooms to be filled with more of the grace of Jesus, and suffer no corner to

be unoccupied. Pant after more of Jesus. Be covetous after Him. Let all the past incite thee to seek greater things. Sing the song of the enlarged heart,

*“All this is not enough: methinks I grow
More greedy by fruition; what I get
Serves but to set
An edge upon my appetite;
And all Thy gifts invite
My pray’rs for more.”*

Cry out to the Lord Jesus to fill the dry beds of thy rivers until they overflow, and then empty thou the channels which have hitherto been filled with thine own self-sufficiency, and beseech Him to fill these also with His superabundant grace. If thy heavy trials sink thee deeper in the flood of His consolations, be glad of them; and if thy vessel shall be sunken up to its very bulwarks, be not afraid. I would be glad to feel the mast-head of my soul twenty fathoms beneath the surface of such an ocean; for, as Rutherford said, “Oh, to be over the ears in this well! I would not have Christ’s love entering into me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that love.” Cultivate an insatiable hunger and a quenchless thirst for this communion with Jesus through His communications. Let thine heart cry for ever, “Give, give,” until it is filled in Paradise.

*“O’ercome with Jesu’s condescending love,
Brought into fellowship with Him and His,
And feasting with Him in His house of wine,
I’m sick of love, — and yet I pant for more
Communications from my loving Lord.
Stay me with flagons full of choicest wine,
Press’d from His heart upon Mount Calvary,
To cheer and comfort my love-conquer’d soul.
* * * Thyself I crave!
Thy presence is my life, my joy, my heav’n,
And all, without Thyself, is dead to me.
Stay me with flagons, Savior, hear my cry,
Let promises, like apples, comfort me;
Apply atoning blood, and cov’nant love,
Until I see Thy face among the guests
Who in Thy Father’s kingdom feast.”*

(Nymphas, by JOSEPH IRONS.)

This is the only covetousness which is allowable: but this is not merely beyond rebuke, it is worthy of commendation. O saints, be not straitened in your own bowels, but enlarge your desires, and so receive more of your Savior's measureless fullness! I charge thee, my soul, thus to hold continual fellowship with thy Lord, since He invites and commands thee thus to partake of His riches.

Rejoice thyself in benefits received. Let the satisfaction of thy spirit overflow in streams of joy. When the believer reposes all his confidence in Christ, and delights himself in Him, there is an exercise of communion. If he forgetteth his psalmbook, and instead of singing is found lamenting, the mercies of the day will bring no communion. Awake, O music! stir up thyself, O my soul, be glad in the Lord, and exceedingly rejoice! Behold His favors, rich, free, and continual; shall they be buried in unthankfulness? Shall they be covered with a winding-sheet of ingratitude? No! I will praise Him. I must extol Him. Sweet Lord Jesus, let me kiss the dust of Thy feet, let me lose myself in thankfulness, for Thy thoughts unto me are precious, how great is the sum of them! Lo, I embrace Thee in the arms of joy and gratitude, and herein I find my soul drawn unto Thee!

This is a blessed method of fellowship. It is kissing the divine lip of benediction with the sanctified lip of affection. Oh, for more rejoicing grace, more of the songs of the heart, more of the melody of the soul!

Seek to recognize the source of thy mercies as lying alone in Him who is our Head. Imitate the chicken, which, every time it drinketh of the brook, lifts up its head to heaven, as if it would return thanks for every drop. If we have anything that is commendable and gracious, it must come from the Holy Spirit, and that Spirit is first bestowed on Jesus, and then through Him on us. The oil was first poured on the head of Aaron, and thence it ran down upon his garments. Look on the drops of grace, and remember that they distill from the Head, Christ Jesus. All thy rays are begotten by this Sun of Righteousness, all thy showers are poured from this heaven, all thy fountains spring from this great and immeasurable depth. Oh, for grace to see the hand of Jesus on every favor! So will communion be constantly and firmly in exercise. May the great Teacher perpetually direct us to Jesus by making the mercies of the covenant the handposts on the road which leadeth to Him. Happy is the believer who knows how to find the secret abode of his Beloved by tracking the footsteps of His loving providence: herein is wisdom which the casual observer of mere second causes can

never reach. Labor, O Christian, to follow up every clue which thy Master's grace affords thee!

Labor to maintain a sense of thine entire dependence upon His good will and pleasure for the continuance of thy richest enjoyments. Never try to live on the old manna, nor seek to find help in Egypt. All must come from Jesus, or thou art undone for ever. Old anointings will not suffice to impart unction to our spirit; thine head must have fresh oil poured upon it from the golden horn of the sanctuary, or it will cease from its glory. Today thou mayest be upon the summit of the mount of God; but He who has put thee there must keep thee there, or thou wilt sink far more speedily than thou dreamest. Thy mountain only stands firm when He settles it in its place; if He hide His face, thou wilt soon be troubled. If the Savior should see fit, there is not a window through which thou seest the light of heaven which he could not darken in an instant. Joshua bade the sun stand still, but Jesus can shroud it in total darkness. He can withdraw the joy of thine heart, the light of thine eyes, and the strength of thy life; in His hand thy comforts lie, and at His will they can depart from thee. Oh! how rich the grace which supplies us so continually, and doth not refrain itself because of our ingratitude! O Lord Jesus, we would bow at Thy feet, conscious of our utter inability to do aught without Thee, and in every favor which we are privileged to receive, we would adore Thy blessed name, and acknowledge Thine unexhausted love!

When thou hast received much, admire the all-sufficiency which still remaineth undiminished, thus shall you commune with Christ, not only in what you obtain from Him, but also in the superabundance which remains treasured up in Him. Let us ever remember that giving does not impoverish our Lord. When the clouds, those wandering cisterns of the skies, have poured floods upon the dry ground, there remains an abundance in the storehouse of the rain: so in Christ there is ever an unbounded supply, though the most liberal showers of grace have fallen ever since the foundation of the earth. The sun is as bright as ever after all his shining, and the sea is quite as full after all the clouds have been drawn from it: so is our Lord Jesus ever the same overflowing fountain of fullness. All this is ours, and we may make it the subject of rejoicing fellowship. Come, believer, walk through the length and breadth of the land, for as far as the eye can reach, the land is thine, and far beyond the utmost range of thine observation it is thine also, the gracious gift of thy gracious Redeemer and Friend. Is there not ample space for fellowship here?

Regard every spiritual mercy as an assurance of the Lord's communion with thee. When the young man gives jewels to the virgin to whom he is affianced, she regards them as tokens of his delight in her. Believer, do the same with the precious presents of thy Lord. The common bounties of providence are shared in by all men, for the good Householder provides water for His swine as well as for His children: such things, therefore, are no proof of divine complacency. But thou hast richer food to eat; "the children's bread" is in thy wallet, and the heritage of the righteous is reserved for thee. Look, then, on every motion of grace in thine heart as a pledge and sign of the moving of thy Savior's heart towards thee. There is His whole heart in the bowels of every mercy which He sends thee. He has impressed a kiss of love upon each gift, and He would have thee believe that every jewel of mercy is a token of His boundless love. Look on thine adoption, justification, and preservation, as sweet enticements to fellowship. Let every note of the promise sound in thine ears like the ringing of the bells of the house of thy Lord, inviting thee to come to the banquets of His love. Joseph sent to his father asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and good old Jacob doubtless regarded them as pledges of the love of his son's heart: be sure not to think less of the kindnesses of Jesus.

Study to know the value of His favors. They are no ordinary things, no paste jewels, no mosaic gold: they are every one of them so costly, that, had all heaven been drained of treasure, apart from the precious offering of the Redeemer, it could not have purchased so much as the least of His benefits. When thou seest thy pardon, consider how great a boon is contained in it! Bethink thee that hell had been thine eternal portion unless Christ had plucked thee from the burning! When thou art enabled to see thyself as clothed in the imputed righteousness of Jesus, admire the profusion of precious things of which thy robe is made. Think how many times the Man of sorrows wearied Himself at that loom of obedience in which He wove that matchless garment; and reckon, if thou canst, how many worlds of merit were cast into the fabric at every throw of the shuttle! Remember that all the angels in heaven could not have afforded Him a single thread which would have been rich enough to weave into the texture of His perfect righteousness. Consider the cost of thy maintenance for an hour; remember that thy wants are so large, that all the granaries of grace that all the saints could fill, could not feed thee for a moment.

What an expensive dependent thou art! King Solomon made marvelous provision for his household (1 Kings 4:22), but all his beeves and fine flour would be as the drop of the bucket compared with thy daily wants. Rivers of oil, and ten thousand rams or fed beasts, would not provide enough to supply the necessities of thy hungering soul. Thy least spiritual want demands infinity to satisfy it, and what must be the amazing aggregate of thy perpetually repeated draughts upon thy Lord! Arise, then, and bless thy loving Immanuel for the invaluable riches with which He has endowed thee. See what a dowry thy Bridegroom has brought to His poor, penniless spouse. He knows the value of the blessings which He brings thee, for He has paid for them out of His heart's richest blood; be not thou so ungenerous as to pass them over as if they were but of little worth. Poor men know more of the value of money than those who have always reveled in abundance of wealth. Ought not thy former poverty to teach thee the preciousness of the grace which Jesus gives thee? For remember, there was a time when thou wouldst have given a thousand worlds, if they had been thine, in order to procure the very least of His abundant mercies.

Remember how impossible it would have been for thee to receive a single spiritual blessing unless thou hadst been in Jesus. On none of Adam's race can the love of God be fixed, unless they are seen to be in union with His Son. No exception has ever been made to the universal curse on those of the first Adam's seed who have no interest in the second Adam. Christ is the only Zoar in which God's Lots can find a shelter from the destruction of Sodom. Out of Him, the withering blast of the fiery furnace of God's wrath consumes every green herb, and it is only in Him that the soul can live. As when the prairie is on fire, men see the heavens wrapped in sheets of flame, and in hot haste they fly before the devouring element. They have but one hope. There is in the distance a lake of water. They reach it, they plunge into it, and are safe. Although the skies are molten with the heat, the sun darkened with the smoke, and the earth utterly consumed in the fire, they know that they are secure while the cooling flood embraces them. Christ Jesus is the only escape for a sinner pursued by the fiery wrath of God, and we would have the believer remember this. Our own works could never shelter us, for they have proved but refuges of lies. Had they been a thousand times more and better, they would have been but as the spider's web, too flail to hang eternal interests upon. There was but one name, one sacrifice, one blood, by which we could escape. All other attempts at salvation were a grievous failure. For, "though a man could scourge out of

his body rivers of blood, and in neglect of himself could outlast Moses or Elias; though he could wear out his knees with prayer, and had his eyes nailed on heaven; though he could build hospitals for all the poor on earth, and exhaust the mines of India in alms; though he could walk like an angel of light, and with the glittering of an outward holiness dazzle the eyes of all beholders; nay (if it were possible to be conceived) though he should live for a thousand years in a perfect and perpetual observation of the whole law of God, if the only exception to his perfection were the very least deviation from the law, yet such a man as this could no more appear before the tribunal of God's justice, than stubble before a consuming fire." How, then, with thine innumerable sins, couldst thou escape the damnation of hell, much less become the recipient of bounties so rich and large? Blessed window of heaven, sweet Lord Jesus, let Thy Church for ever adore Thee, as the only channel by which mercies can flow to her. My soul, give Him continual praise, for without Him thou hadst been poorer than a beggar. Be thou mindful, O heir of heaven, that thou couldst not have had one ray of hope, or one word of comfort, if thou hadst not been in union with Christ Jesus! The crumbs which fall from thy table are more than grace itself would have given thee, hadst thou not been in Jesus beloved and approved.

All thou hast, thou hast in Him: in Him chosen, in Him redeemed, in Him justified, in Him accepted. Thou art risen in Him, but without Him thou hadst died the second death. Thou art in Him raised up to the heavenly places, but out of Him thou wouldst have been damned eternally. Bless Him, then. Ask the angels to bless Him. Rouse all ages to a harmony of praise for His condescending love in taking poor guilty nothings into oneness with His all-adorable person. This is a blessed means of promoting communion, if the sacred Comforter is pleased to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to us as ours, but only ours as we are in Him. Thrice-blessed Jesus, let us never forget that we are members of Thy mystical body, and that it is for this reason that we are blessed and preserved.

Meditate upon thee gracious acts which procured thy blessings. Consider the ponderous labors which thy Lord endured for thee, and the stupendous sufferings by which He purchased the mercies which He bestows. What human tongue can speak forth the unutterable misery of His heart, or describe so much as one of the agonies which crowded upon His soul? How much less shall any finite comprehension arrive at an idea of the vast total of His woe! But all His sorrows were necessary for thy benefit, and

without them not one of thine unnumbered mercies could have been bestowed. Be not unmindful that —

“There’s ne’er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.”

Look upon the frozen ground of Gethsemane, and behold the bloody sweat which stained the soil! Turn to the hall of Gabbatha, and see the victim of justice pursued by His clamorous foes! Enter the guard-room of the Praetorians, and view the spitting, and the plucking of the hair! and then conclude your review upon Golgotha, the mount of doom, where death consummated His tortures; and if, by divine assistance thou art enabled to enter, in some humble measure, into the depths of thy Lord’s sufferings, thou wilt be the better prepared to hold fellowship with Him when next thou receivest His priceless gifts. In proportion to thy sense of their costliness will be thy capacity for enjoying the love which is centered in them.

Above all, and chief of all, never forget that Christ is thine. Amid the profusion of His gifts, never forget that the chief gift is Himself, and do not forget that, after all, His gifts are but Himself. He clothes thee, but it is with Himself, with His own spotless righteousness and character. He washes thee, but His innermost self, His own heart’s blood, is the stream with which the fountain overflows. He feeds thee with the bread of heaven, but be not unmindful that the bread is Himself, His own body which He gives to be the food of souls. Never be satisfied with a less communication than a whole Christ. A wife will not be put off with maintenance, jewels, and attire, all these will be nothing to her unless she can call her husband’s heart and person her own. It was the Paschal lamb upon which the ancient Israelite did feast on that night that was never to be forgotten. So do thou feast on Jesus, and on nothing less than Jesus, for less than this will be food too light for thy soul’s satisfaction. Oh, be careful to eat His flesh and drink His blood, and so receive Him into thyself in a real and spiritual manner, for nothing short of this will be an evidence of eternal life in thy soul!

What more shall we add to the rules which we have here delivered? There remains but one great exhortation, which must not be omitted. Seek the abundant assistance of the Holy Spirit to enable you to put into practice the things which we have said, for without His aid, all that we have spoken will but be tantalizing the lame with rules to walk, or the dying with regulations for the preservation of health. O thou Divine Spirit, while we enjoy the

grace of Jesus, lead us into the secret abode of our Lord, that we may sup with Him, and He with us, and grant unto us hourly grace that we may continue in the company of our Lord from the rising to the setting of the sun! Amen.

THE Thames at its first tunnel is a tiny rill for a lamb to drink at; no one would dream of its swelling into a mighty river. The grace of God in its first commencement in the soul of man is usually a faint and feeble thing. Jesus is trusted, but the faith is feeble. Love to heavenly things is in the heart, but it is rather a spark than a flame. All the graces are in the newborn soul, but they are like seeds, rather than well-grown plants. No one rails at the river's humble parentage, and none of us must blame the littleness of early spiritual life. Thanks be unto God if we are saved at all; better, far better, to be a rill of grace than a river of sin. The very least streamlet, or even drop of faith, is more precious than a world of gold. Young beginner, be encouraged by this thought.

How quiet, calm, and beautiful, is the rustic nook, where the lamb is nipping a sweet, succulent shoot from the shrub which covers the little brook! so fair, so calm, is the first season of spiritual existence. The love of our espousals we shall ever look back upon with grateful recollection. Though the rill cannot as yet float a navy, or make glad a million-peopled city, yet it has a peculiar charm and beauty of its own; and even so has youthful piety. Remember this; newly-converted friend, and be glad.

Yet the stream grows and swells in volume as it advances. The lamb will not always be its fit playmate; it will ere long consort with giant oaks, towering castles, huge galleons, and crowded cities, and will not rest till it communes with the far-sounding ocean. Even so grace grows, strengthens, increases. From the day of small things it sweeps on to weeks of service, years of patience, and ages of perfection. Seek this progress, O young believer, and be not content without it. Looking unto Jesus, speed along the channel of his will. His merit has saved you if you have believed; let his example animate you, and his love encourage you. May your peace be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea.

IN the frequent quarrels between the priests and monks of the Church of Rome, the two parties of rogues were silly enough to expose each other's villainies. On the edifices belonging to monasteries, priests were caricatured in the stonework; and on the churches built by priests, the monks and friars were held up to ridicule. A great deal of real truth was thus brought out by their mutual recriminations. The ancient carving above is a specimen of a common caricature representing the clergy as foxes with geese in their hoods; a very admirable picture whether monks or priests were intended. Popery, with its secret confessional and priestly interference at dying beds, is essentially a fox. Puseyism, pretending to be Protestant, and gradually bringing in all the foolery of Rome, is a deep fox indeed. Yet there are geese silly enough to be deceived by priests in this nineteenth century; and so long as the supply of such geese is kept up, the foxes will never cease to prowl.

Reader, do you believe that men like yourself have priestly power? Do you think that they can regenerate infants by sprinkling them, and turn bread and wine into the very body and blood of Jesus Christ? Do you think that a bishop can bestow the Holy Ghost, and that a parish clergyman can forgive sins? If so, your head can be seen in the picture peeping out from the cowl of the fox. You are the victim of crafty deceivers. Your soul will be their prey in life and in death. They cajole you with soft words, fine vestments, loud pretensions, and cunning smiles, but they will conduct you down to the chambers of death, and lead you to the gates of hell. Silly goose, may grace make thee wise!

Jesus Christ is the true Priest who can forgive all your sins; go to him at once, without the intervention of these pretenders. Make confession to him! Seek absolution from him! The Holy Ghost alone can cause you to be born again, and the grace of God alone can bring you to glory. Avoid Puseyite and Romish foxes, for they seek to make a gain of you, and lead you not to Jesus, but to their Church and all its mummeries. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and not in these deceivers.

A RUNABOUT PAPER

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT was my ambition to make this month's magazine the best of this year's issue. Since our subscribers have sustained our circulation so constantly, I hoped to have shown them that we mean to sustain the quality of the periodical, and go on to something better still. Moreover, the many new monthlies which are announced, make an editor rub his forehead, and cry, "Woe is me if I do not bestir myself;" and I must confess to a degree of the same feeling, although my friends are so singularly endowed with faithfulness that they will not readily desert their unworthy but most willing and earnest editor. Now so it fell out, as God would have it, that instead of meditating in the study, I have had to smart and mourn upon the bed of pain. Instead of going forth with the hosts to battle, I have been in the infirmary, among the sick. I would have worked on, and like the warrior with both his legs shot away, I would have fought on my stumps, but *the head* was my wounded part, and thinking was out of the question; a man may fight without legs, but cannot very well write without his head, at least not in such style as to suit our pages. If anything should be wrong in the magazine this month, pray excuse it, because of the editor's disability. The last day, up to which Mr. Printer can wait, is just arrived, and I am considerably better, so although I cannot leave my bedroom, I must sit up in the easy chair and ramble by short stages from topic to topic, penning a few sentences upon certain matters which I had selected as subjects for articles, which might have edified or might have wearied my ten thousand gentle readers.

The *Nonconformist* newspaper has done good service to all sections of the Christian Church, by the issue of a statistical statement as to the religious condition of London. It cannot be too much regretted that the Government did not collect at the last census religious statistics in the same fashion as ten years before; but as this was omitted, the *Nonconformist* does well to supply the deficiency. The destitution of the metropolis is appalling, but there are some cheering signs, and Baptists especially should take heart, and gird themselves afresh for the battle. The tabular statement of the general position of the various religious bodies, and the note upon it, we quote with pleasure, giving glory to God that our loving friends have

enabled us to make some small discernible mark upon the mass of ignorance and sin around us.

There is however no time to pause for the slightest congratulation, for perishing souls are wading in our ears, and their blood will be upon us all, unless we arouse ourselves to send them the gospel of Jesus Christ, which alone can save them from everlasting burnings. In the year 1851, the National Census acted as a mighty stimulus to zeal, by revealing the terrible truth that in London there was a deficiency of accommodation in places of worship for 669,514 souls; at the present moment, after all the church and chapel building, there is an increased deficiency of 161,873, bringing, up the awful total to 831,387 souls, for whom there would be no room in a place of worship, should they choose to attend. Let it be remembered that this is including every form of worship, from Jews to Mormonites, from Romanists to Southcottians, so that the need is beyond all measure unspeakably vast, if we only calculate the provision made for hearing the true gospel of the Blessed God. Meanwhile, having arrived at three millions, our population increases at such a rate that it will cost much zeal and' self-sacrifice to keep pace with it. The *Nonconformist* report has this significant paragraph:

“To meet the case, even as it was in 1851, there ought to be, nearly two hundred more places of worship in the metropolis than have been erected during the intervening, fourteen years; to keep pace with the annual increase of its population it would require some fifty new churches of very large capacity to be erected every year.”

President Lincoln, during the late war, said in his rough man, “We cannot do all we would, but we keep on pegging away ;” and this is just what we hope to be able to do by the means of our College and Chapel building schemes, which have proved their efficiency so thoroughly. Help from heaven we crave, and help from heaven's friends we expect.

It is singular to observe the strength of Dissent around the Tabernacle, would to God that every other part of London were as saturated with it. Here is the table for our district of NEWINGTON; it may be as well to notice that the Free Church of England which we suppose to be Mr. Lincoln's is virtually Baptist, though the brother who ministers there declines to be numbered as such.

It is changing the topic with a vengeance if we turn from considering the Christ-like work of feeding the millions of London, to notice the buying, selling, and bartering of the souls of men which goes on un-blushingly in that den of all abominations, the Church of England. What a longsuffering being is that God who bears with men, who profess to be his ambassadors, and traffic in the holy calling of the ministry. Some one has sent us “the Church and School Gazette,” a monthly newspaper, price Threepence, through which the clergy negotiate the sale or exchange of their livings. By the dozen these sons of Simon Magus advertise their wares. Take a sample

LIVINGS FOR SALE

713. “A Rectory in the Midland Counties, offering a most important sphere of duty combined with position. Great educational and other advantages. Net income £350. No house. Price moderate. Life in possession 71. Might resign.

714. An Incumbency on the South Coast. Charming little retreat for an invalid or gentleman wishing retirement. Duty nominal, most beautiful church. Good house. Net income £90. Price with possession £600.

716. Two Consolidated Rectories producing £350. net. Good house. One Church. Price £4,500. In consequence of the precarious state of the Incumbent’s health it is requisite to sell immediately, but arrangements can be made for the money to be paid when possession is given.”

LIVINGS FOR EXCHANGE.

“The Clergy are kindly requested from time to time to send a few stamps for postage to save positive loss, as the correspondence under this head is very heavy. 302. The Rectory of two consolidated parishes in an Eastern County. Income from globe and tithe £500 with an excellent house, very beautifully situated, and in pretty neighborhood. Good society. Population 100. Almost a. sincere. Suitable for a clergyman wishing light duty. A large parish desired with an increase of income.

These fellows will all swear that they gave no filthy lucre to obtain their benefices, but as this is only one of many falsehoods which they find themselves called upon to utter, we do not suppose that this profitable perjury will trouble them much. Every churchman is morally responsible for all this iniquity, for by his connection and support he countenances the

system under which such things are tolerated. It is quite as solemn a reflection that since the Anglican Establishment is a National Church, we are all guilty of its iniquities unless to our utmost we express our dissent and discharge ourselves from the responsibility.

Dr. Livingstone has favored us—with an early copy of his new book of travels — a tempting joint for our editorial table—we must, as soon as possible, give a summary of the volume. We do not like to cavil at the utterances of so good and eminent a man, but we are not much pleased with the way in which he awards unmitigated honors to the Jesuit missionaries, whose establishments have happily crumbled into ruins all along the African coast. We would give a Jesuit his due, but that does not amount to speaking of him as, a good man engaged in perpetuating the faith. Nor do we admire the Doctor's mode of treating the Lord's day, upon page twenty-three: "This was the time, too, for the feeble minded to make a demand for their Sundays of rest and full meal-hours, which even our crew of twelve Kroomen, though tampered with, had more sense and good feeling than to endorse. It is a pity that some people cannot see that the true and honest discharge of the common duties of every, day life is divine service." The last sentence we feel half inclined to call Jesuitical, for its apparent force is a mere play upon words, and the Doctor right well knows that the best performance of the duties of every-day life is not the divine service which the great Christian day of rest requires. So long away from the land of Sabbaths, we excuse such language from a traveler, but we regret it from a missionary. These are, we hope, minor blemishes in a valuable volume. Dr. Livingstone's noble achievement in opening up the *terra incognita* of Africa, is prophetic of such blessings to the sons of Ham, that we never think of him without devout thankfulness for his past success, and prayer that nothing may tarnish the luster of his reward. Upon the question of the conversion of the Africans, we need no testimony from man, for the inspired Word suffices us; but yet it is pleasing to find one who is so well qualified to on so speak, delivering himself so confidently: We have be often asked whether the Africans were capable of embracing the Christian religion, that we venture to make the following observations, although our doing so may appear to be a work of supererogation to all who have witnessed the effects already produced in West and South Africa by teaching supplied entirely by private benevolence, or who have watched the Missionary movements of various Christian Churches during the last quarter of a century. - The question seems to imply a belief on the part of

those who put it, that the reception of the Gospel involves a high development and exercise of the reasoning powers. Some men, indeed, are constitutionally prone to reason out every subject as far as their intellects can lead them, but those who are led through life by pure reason, constitute a very small minority of any race. To quote from one of Sir James Stephen's excellent Historical Essays:—'The Apostles assume in all men the existence of a *spiritual discernment*, enabling the mind, when unclouded by, appetite or passion, to recognize and distinguish the divine voice, whether uttered from within by the intimations of conscience, or speaking from without in the language of the inspired oracles; they presuppose that vigor of reason may consist with feebleness of understanding; and that the power of discriminating between religious truth and error does not chiefly depend on the culture or on the exercise of the merely argumentative faculty. The Gospel, the especial patrimony of the poor and the illiterate, has been the stay of millions who never framed a syllogism. Of the great multitudes who, before and since the birth of Grotius, have lived in the peace and died in the consolations of our faith, how incomparably few are they whose convictions have been derived from argumentative works like his!'

We prefer to use the words of this able writer rather than our own, to express the belief that our divine religion suits the lowest as well as the highest of our race. But in dealing with the different classes of the human family, the teaching must be adapted to the individual circumstances. The stately ceremonial, the ritual observances, the sedative sermon, and the austere look of those who think it right to indulge in a little spiritual pride, may suit some minds; but the degraded of our race in every land, must be treated in somewhat the same manner as is adopted in dealing with the outcasts of London. Whether we approach the downtrodden victims of the slave-trade in sultry Africa, or our poor brethren in the streets, who have neither warmth, shelter, nor home, we must employ the same agency to secure their confidence—the magic power of kindness—a charm which may be said to be one of the discoveries of modern days. This charm may not act at once, nor may its effects always be permanent; the first feeling of the wretched, of whatever color, may be that of distrust; or a suspicion that kindness is a proof of weakness; but the feelings which the severity of their lot has withered, will in time spring up like the tender grass after rain."

One trait in the character of the inquiring natives much gratifies us, viz, their longing for testimony rather than argument, as evidenced in the

following : — “On the last occasion of our holding Divine service at Sesheke, the men were invited to converse on the subject on which they had been addressed, So many of them had died since we were here before, that not much probability existed of our all meeting again, and this had naturally led to the subject of a future state. They replied that they did not wish to offend the speaker, but they could not believe that all the dead would rise again: ‘Can those who have been killed in the field and devoured by the vultures; or those who have been eaten by the hyenas or lions; or those who have been tossed in the river, and eaten by more than one crocodile—can they all be raised again to life?’ They were told that men could take a leaden bullet, change it into a salt (acetate of lead), which could be dissolved as completely in water, as our bodies in the stomachs of animals, and then reconvert it into lead; or that the bullet could be transformed into the red and white paint of our wagons, and again be reconverted into the original lead; and that if men exactly like themselves could do so much, how much more could He do, who had made the eye to see and the ear to hear! We added, however, that we believed in a resurrection, not because we understood how it would be brought about, but because our Heavenly Father assured us of it in His Book. The reference to the truth of the Book and its Author seems always to have more influence on the native mind than the cleverness of the illustration. The knowledge of the people is scanty, but their reasoning is generally clear as far as their information goes.”

Returning to home matters. Our day of meeting for the Baptist ministers of London, so overjoyed my heart, that the excitement materially assisted in sending me to a sick-bed; but at the retrospect, and in prospect of glory to God to be achieved by this Association, I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. The whole day, holy love and perfect concord reigned among us. The utmost liberty of discussion was by loving hearts made consistent with the tenderest unity of soul. Important questions were raised and settled, and differences were overcome by mutual concessions and agreements. I was sometimes reminded of the entry in the journal of a Quakers’ society, “Dorcas Fysche, a visitor, craved to know whether Friends, not being members, were permitted to speak on the subject, and was replied to in the affirmative, *where. upon she held her prate.*” Our friends were far more careful to have liberty, than to be for ever using it to the marring of practical union. I suppose that an account of the meeting, and a copy of the resolutions, will appear somewhere else in the Magazine, and therefore

shall leave the subject, when I have very earnestly entreated the prayers of the Lord's people, that this union may work the lasting good of immortal souls.

The old cry of treason has been raised against us in connection with a riot in Jamaica, provoked by the intolerable oppressions of the graceless legislature of the island. Much as we deplore the outbreak, we do not believe all that is said about the blacks; and we scorn the libellous insinuations of the *Times* against the sainted Win. Knibb, and the Baptists both of the past and of the present. It is the old tale against Jerusalem, "This city of old time hath made insurrection against kings, and rebellion and sedition have been made therein." Sanballat would have made a fine writer for the *Times*; we think we are reading a letter from an old planter as we glance at Nehemiah 6:6: "It is reported, and Gashmu saith it, that thou and the Jews think to rebel." There does not appear to be the remotest evidence of any organized conspiracy, much less of one planned and excited by Baptist missionaries, nor has any body of men been met in armed rebellion; but the governor has gone on shooting, hanging, and flogging, after the fashion of the Russians in Poland-making very little account of either law or justice, so long as he might but gratify the old planter thirst for cruelty and blood. Our missionaries, and Dr. Underhill, our secretary, deserve eternal honor for espousing the cause of the oppressed; and if this unhappy riot be the pretext for a cry against them, we must give them our warmest sympathy, and wait for the time when their integrity and excellence shall be confessed even by their enemies. Our brethren did, we doubt not, make very bad chaplains for slave-owners, forty years ago, and now they are not the men to hold their tongues when the poor negro needs an advocate; it is not among us that courage in denouncing tyranny is reckoned to be a crime. Episcopalian priests are much at home in teaching ignorant rustics to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters; our teaching is of another character, for while none more earnestly exhort men to honor the king, we forget not that the same word bids us honor all men, and that God hath made of one blood all nations of men. So far as the free spirit of the gospel renders it imperative upon us to seek the liberty of all, by diffusing independent and manly principles, so far are our missionaries guilty; but we hesitate not to assure all whom it may concern, that beyond this point none of them have gone. Their accusers will have much to answer for at the bar of God.

Dr. Pusey's new book, "An Eirenicon, in a letter to the Author of the Christian Year," must be regarded as one of the signs of the times. The object of the Tractarians does not seem to be absorption into the Church of Rome, but the formation of an Anglican Church, which, with the Greek and Latin Churches, shall make up one all-dominant Catholic body. Dr. Pusey shows very clearly that the Anglican Church is, in almost all respects, one with the Romish; and among other things he says, "We use the selfsame prayers in Baptism, and thank God, in the same words, that he has been pleased to regenerate our children therein. We both confess 'one Baptism for the remission of sins.' After confession, the church directs the selfsame words to be used in absolving from sin, etc." Thus far Pusey pilots men to Rome; but he does good service in the other part of his work, in which he exposes the -points of Popery from which he and other Tractarians at present shrink. He is very forcible in denouncing the infallibility of the Pope, and upbraiding the idolatrous worship paid to the Virgin Mary, upon which latter abomination he has collected a mass of most amazing blasphemy and absurdity, with which all Protestants should be acquainted; next month, if spared, an abstract shall be forthcoming.

I have almost completed a volume of Readings for every morning in the year, which will (D.V.) be ready by the New Year. By this means I hope to commune with thousands of families all over the world every morning at the family altar. Much labor have I spent upon it, and if the Lord shall bless it to his people, my toil will be well rewarded. I have written much of it out of my own experience of the Lord's sustaining hand in trouble, sickness, and depression of spirit, and therefore hope it may meet the cases of the Lord's tried people; yet my life has been a very cheerful one, and therefore the joyous will not find it sicklied o'er with melancholy.

To conclude, let our subscribers accept our hearty thanks for their cooperation in our works of faith and labors of love, and let us pray them to continue to help as aforetime. God is with us and we must go on, let none keep back from the help of the Lord against the mighty. We hope to make next year's *Sword and Trowel* more attractive than ever, although we can honestly say we have already done our best; may we hope that present subscribers will enlist new ones, for there are hundreds of families that would take in our periodical if they knew of its issue, and had the loan of a copy to stimulate their curiosity. May 1866 be a year of stronger faith, more vehement prayer, and more extended success, and so should the Lord himself descend he Would find us ready for his appearing.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOR 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.”—Nehemiah 4: 17, 18.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JANUARY, 1866

SIMON THE PEDDLER

ANNO 1553

ABOUT the year 1553, at Bergen op Zoom, in Brabant, there was a peddler 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 honor; but following the testimony or 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 peddler 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 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 tormentors, but not his soul to the tempters. 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, peddler though he be, he bears him. self in a right princely manner, and proves himself one of the nobility of heaven. Pie might have lived and died in obscurity, a humble number 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 peddler 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 an on 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 tot their temporary ill
Thereon eternal triumph grows.”*

All compliance with that which we know to be erroneous and un scriptural 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 in-terrify 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 temporizing, 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 steadfast 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 dishonored. 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 13:20.

SCARCELY have we had space to praise the God of mercy for sparing us through the past year, before we ate 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 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 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 out ' 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 harboring 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, dishonor the Lord, and vex his Spirit. Faith enriches, suspicion impoverishes; 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 vigor, 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 band 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 endeavors, 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 unevangelized, 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 rum, 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 KNOWLEDGE

*LO 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,"

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 recognized 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 Ms 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 haft 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, wider, a stronger, quite *another devotion* to His Blessed Mother”“

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 fullness 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 presented by the Apostolic See with the honor of this most illustrious mystery: 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 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 multi-location (*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 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 bean 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,’ etc, 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,” etc.

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:”

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. Stayel, 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; rather 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 indifferent 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 our 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 Redeemers 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 ,nite 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 J
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, 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 Savior. 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 thought's 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 throng 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 fulfill 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 clamor, 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 Savior'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 cause. How many souls around us are perishing! How little we have done to rescue them! to set before them the Savior in all his fullness, 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 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 realize 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 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 10:1-13.

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 Savior 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 sprat 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 stag thin 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 harmonize with the peculiar character of the new institution. They savored 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 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 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 front 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 favor 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 favorable 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.

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, ha 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 considers the 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 pondering 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

usefulness in the course of months and years. What a wealth of minor good, as we may think it to be, might be shaken clown 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 arm-full of grass would feed his goat, or help to fill the cottage left 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 arm-full, 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 them 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 sermons, 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 wagon 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 molded 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 protest preciseness 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 partly 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 labor 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 Laborer” as a song for each of us to sing in a spiritual sense.

*“A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pick-ax, 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 Labor’s rugged school.”*

“I do not think I could ever be useful for anybody,” says one. Now, dear friend, let me venture a little personal inquiry 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 labor, 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!” etc, etc. 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 labor 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. All! 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 our 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 laborers. If you want to work for God, you need not wait till you have learned Hindostance 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 connection 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 marvelous 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 coeds 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 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! He 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 Paints" give me a verse to close with, and then the Lord help you to practice 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 laborer'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 Savior's light.” **

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

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 rigor 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 fervor 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 cooperation 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 labor, 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 endeavor 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 stoll 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.

Lords 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 /;he 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 laboring in or near London, will also join them. Much prayer is requested that this important class of laborers 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 inquiries. 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, mad 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 armor.’ “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 ray 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; red 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

Nichols 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 cooperation. We hail all who are making best efforts for this purpose as 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 fervor, 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 without us could not be made per-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 qualify: for a similar examination of another and thus the labor 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 reset 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 hone? 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 Non-conforming 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 criticize, 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 enamored 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 neighbors.

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

FOR attractiveness of art and composition, of instruction and entertain-merit 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.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MARCH, 1886.

BELLS FOR THE HORSES.

“In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord.” Zechariah 14:20.

“BELLS on the horses! Unnecessary! Very unnecessary, indeed,” says my neigh-hour, 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 quarreled 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 laborer 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 uncured 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 dullness, 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. He, Master Thomas Watson, let us hear thy voice from thy sepulcher! These are the words which my ear drinks in from him who discoursed so sweetly upon "Divine Contentment:" "Cheerfulness honors 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 always." Well said, Master Watson, may we all have grace to practice 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 neighbors, "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 5:13.

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 7:10;

and he tells us that

"a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," Proverbs 17:22.

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 SERGE 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 role and guide speaks of him whom we adore as "God over all, *blessed it or over*." 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 *it*, 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 somber 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 believer's 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, 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 splendor 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 atonement 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 Savior 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.”*

More, over, 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 than; sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenest. 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 sepulcher?” But cheerfulness points to the risen Savior, 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 for, gets 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 snow-drop, 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 merchandise, 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 vigor. 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 particular good. fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence. I never see such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost their from the boys, his as always hung there like bait to a hook; but there never was so much as a nibbling at 'era. So I said to him, one day, ' Minister,' said I, ' How on earth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it no how?' 'Why,' says he, 'They are dreadful pretty fruit, aren't they?' 'I guess,' said I, 'There aren't the like on 'em in all Connecticut.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence I grafted in myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Rexberry, and away down to Squaw-neck Creek.' (I was afeer'd he was agoin for to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories.) 'So,' says I, ' I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them?' 'Why, I was agoin to tell you,' said he, ' when you stopped me.' ' That are outward row I grafted. myself, with the choicest I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so dreadful sour no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they search no farther. They snicker at my griffin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.'" It would seem as if certain sour professors had taken a leaf out of the old minister a book, and had planted the garden of the Lord all round with the sharpest fruit to prevent the young from tasting the goodly fruit of the tree of life; if such be their aim they succeed admirably, but as it is our desire to bring many to feed upon the blessed fruit, let our trees near the road bear as pleasant apples as an earthly garden can yield. And now I can fancy some of you saying, "Yes, it is very easy to tell us to be cheerful; but how can we be so when we have so many difficulties, so many crooks in our lot, so

many crying children at home and bad debts abroad.:" May I escape your anger if I observe that I have often noticed that; many of the most cheerful people are those who have the most trials and troubles; while, on the other hand, many who are dull and heavy are those who, in the judgment of all but themselves, might well be envied. When children cry who have nothing to cry for, one could almost wish they had. There are tradesmen who save money, and yet never own to prosperity. God increases their wealth, but they still moan over their supposed poverty. I have known some who have grown rich enough to retire, and yet they have been, according to their own account, losing money ever since they began business, although they started with nothing! They calculate their balance on a most amusing theory; they say they ought to have gained a certain sum, and then they set down what falls short of their expectations as so much loss, and with this they worry themselves and torment others! If we could get all our brethren out of a murmuring spirit,—and methinks they ought to abjure it at once,—they would very soon find that, resting upon God, looking to Christ, and being sustained by the Holy Spirit, their troubles would teach them patience, and they would praise God even in the worst periods of life, if “worst preludes” indeed there be to those for whom “all things work together for good.”

Bells for the horses, then, and there is no lack of metal to make them with! Turn to your own experience, and to God’s Word. Think of the goodness of God in the past, and of the promises of God as to the future. remember that you are still a child in the divine family; that the mercy-seat is open still; that Christ’s precious blood is still able to cleanse; that the Holy Spirit still worketh in us, to will and to do of the Master’s good pleasure; that there is, beyond this little life, a world to come, brimming with happiness and blessedness. Surely these bells will ring in your ears with a holy melody. Get every now and then a season of quiet; and sometimes enjoy the stillness of some rural retreat. You country people are highly favored to have quiet haunts so near you; but you citizens should spend your holidays less in fashionable mobs, and more in communion with nature. You must get out of the world’s din if you would renew our cheerfulness. I have had an empty seat set for you in my engraving by the side of a rill, which ripples among the stones in the midst of a grove. Such places are my hospital, my oratory, my armory, my observatory, my earthly heaven. Beyond all medicine, stimulant, cordial, or lecturing, I commend quiet hours in calm retreats to God’s hardworking servants in order to help their

spirits up to the mark. That blessed Spirit who led his servant Paul into Arabia, and Moses into the desert, is frequently pleased to bless retirement to the restoration of the believer's joy and strength. Now, ye workers, as I cease my exhortation, I must repeat the words, "Serve the Lord with joy." Imitate the angels "who do his commandment, hearkening unto the voice of his word," and at the same time, "with songs and choral symphonies, day without night circle his throne *'" rejoicing. Let your every service be a song, and every act of teaching others be a thanksgiving unto God; so shall your own life be blessed, God be honored, and souls be saved.

—C. H. S.

SWIMMING IRON AND SINKING PETER

"The iron did swim."—2 Kings 6:9.

THE ax-head seemed hopelessly lost, and as it was borrowed, the honor of the prophetic band was likely to be imperiled, and so the name of their God to be compromised. Contrary to all expectation, the iron was made to mount from the depth of the stream and to swim; for things impossible with man are possible with God. I knew a man in Christ but a few years ago who was called to undertake a work far exceeding his strength. It appeared so difficult as to involve absurdity in the bare idea of attempting it. Yet he was called thereto, and his faith rose. With the occasion; God honored his faith, unlooked for aid was sent, and the iron did swim. Another of the Lord's family was in grievous financial straits, he was able to meet all claims and much more if he could have realized a certain portion of his estate, but he was overtaken with a sudden pressure; he sought to friends in vain, but faith led him to the unfailing Helper, and lo, the trouble was averted, his footsteps were enlarged, and the iron did swim. A third had a sorrowful case of depravity to deal with. He had taught, reproved, warned, invited and interceded, but all in vain. Old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon, the stubborn spirit would not relent. Then came an agony of prayer, and before long a blessed answer was sent from heaven. The hard heart was broken, the iron did swim. Beloved reader, what is thy desperate case? What heavy matter hast; thou in hand? Bring it hither. The God of the prophets lives, and lives to help his saints. Believe thou in the Lord of hosts! Approach him pleading the name of Jesus, and the iron shall swim; thou too shalt see the finger of God working

marvels for his people. According to, thy faith shall it be unto thee, and yet again the iron shall swim.

“*Beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.*” —
Matthew 14:30.

Sinking times are praying times with the Lords servants. Peter neglected prayer at starting upon his venturous journey, but when he began to sink his danger made him a suppliant, and his cry though late was not too late. In our hours of bodily pain and mental anguish, we find ourselves as naturally driven to prayer, as the wreck is driven upon the shore by the waves. The fox hides to its hole for protection; the bird flies to the wood for shelter; and even so the tried believer hastens to the mercy seat for safety. Heaven’s great harbor of refuge is All-prayer; thousands of weather-beaten vessels have found a haven there, and the moment a storm comes on, it is wise for us to make for it with all sail.

Short prayers are long enough. There were but three words in the petition which Peter gasped out, but they were sufficient for his purpose, they reached the ear of Jesus and his heart too. Not length but strength is desirable. A sense of need is a mighty teacher, of brevity. If our, prayer; had less of the tail feathers of pride and more wing they would be all the better. Verbiage is to devotion as chaff to the wheat. Precious things lie in small compass, and all that is real prayer in many a long address might have been uttered in a sentence as short as that which burst from the soul of the sinking apostle.

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 car 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 engulfed by the boisterous waters of affliction? let us then lift up our souls unto our Savior, 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.

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 center 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 forever 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 fulfill 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 seeing 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 center of supreme delight.

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 labor 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 endeavors 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.

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 harmonize 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 favorable 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 ardor 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 harmonizes with the laws of the hunt mind, which in their first operation tend to generalization 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 acquirement in after years. The mind like the tree is formed to put forth its branches before it is laden 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-honored 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 vigor 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 or 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 center 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 obstructions 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 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 labor 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 prerequisite for the Christian ministry. We confess we shall willingly resign to others the psalm of scholastic attainments and classic elegance, if we can but outlive 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’ defense front

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 honored 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 honor 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 it Spurgeon’s intense spirit, copying with an unconscious but ludicrous fidelity even the minutiae of Spurgeon’s manner of speech, proud of their connection with Spurgeon’s name, and in constant communication with the ‘Head Center’ in London. More and more is Spurgeon separating himself, from the general organization 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 vitalized, 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 organizing 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 it from the general organization 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, lie 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 Savior. “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 as far enough from blaming us. Our joy and rejoicing is great in the fellowship of all believers, laid 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 organizing a fresh community.

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 Cardinal and thanks were impiously made to Heaven for the distinguished favor 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 Alencon; 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 11481 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 proselytizing schemes of the Romanists with cynical indifference, believes that it is impossible not to recognize 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 Savior’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 defense 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.”

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!

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MAY, 1866.

THE WAR-HORSE

“His goodly horse in the battle.” — Zechariah 10:3.

The Lord’s description of the wax-horse in the book of Job, dwells with unrivaled 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 39:20-22.)

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 labor 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 mayfly 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 heartly 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 wagon, 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 favorite 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 petrification of humanity, we would cheerfully prepare for you well-deserved niches in the Nobody Corner of Westminster 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 labors, 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 marvelous 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 theater 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-honored 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 practice 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 marvelous development, and reversing Nehemiah's question, they inquire 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 apologizing 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 flavors 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 honor 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 wagons. 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 go(illness 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 favor. 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 laboring 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 apologize, and it is not usual for persons to apologize without some reason; the man, therefore, perceives that you have something to apologize 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 Caesar, or the battalions of Wellington? Pusillanimity is unworthy of the man who serves the King of kings. The rank and the 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 cavilers 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 valor? 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 labor 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 *honors 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 iris Celestial Splendor, 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,

ore: empire rose in the respect of Oriental tyrants. It must be just so with the cross of Christ. It strikes, he 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 trucking. 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 Savior? Apologize 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 Try 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 favor 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 honor, 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 Savior! 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 defended 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 shouldst 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?"

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 center 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 center 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 center 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 centers 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 center 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 neighborhood, our satisfaction at his departure is not excessive,

We have not so much as a shade of sympathy with Broad Church views, and It. 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 furtive 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 Pseudo-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 her stauncher 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 test ;. 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."

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 inquired; we have only looked at it with the eyes of an ordinary sightseer 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 lean 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 visit for 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, toys 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 petrification, 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 him, 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 Wishful to be considered a fine 'lady, and declared herself, Upon some great occasion, to have been quite *putrefied* with astonishment; she might here have putrefied in the most wholesome manner. A little museum in the, inn contains a special selection of petrification's; 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 marvelous 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 petrification, preaching ever-more 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 petrification is most instructively imaged by the objects at Knaresborough. Men and women are quite as capable of petrification 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 to of plentiful. Are, alas! all Ministers whose lifeless performances of Heaven's work 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 favors 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 encrustation's 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 favorites 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 wry gradual but wry constant. A day's deposit would scarcely be perceptible, and weeks would not complete the work; petrification 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 rogueries 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 unmistakable. 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 east 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 writing 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*. loves, 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 for-realists 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 full 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 labors 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 rolebodes 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.*

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 color 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 labor 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.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

AUGUST, 1866.

THE HOLY WAS 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 savior 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 splendor 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-colored 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 enamored with priest-craft today as their fathers were in the days of Thomas of Canterbury. Meanwhile, skeptics 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 seeds 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 short-lived; 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 giant Swiss could only send into the field a few ill-accounted warriors, Armor 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 valor to break the bristling line of spears presented by the Austrian knights, whose gay skirts and polished impenetrable armor 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 the 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 thralldom by his blood.*

*Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and ax, 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 armor 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, unmistakable, 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 have 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 remained 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 criticize 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 inquired 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 parlor 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 priest-craft. 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 laborers 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 Puseyitic 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 placards 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 laboring 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 Romanizers. 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 labor 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 recognized 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 graces 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 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 3:17.

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 tike 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. *Tie* “*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 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 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 approach, 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 the 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 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 at 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 trim; 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 luster*. 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 colors 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 luster, 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 Me-

bench come not but know that he was a heaven-born spirit. We might quote honored 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 splendor; 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 jewelers 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 Savior 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 unto and; 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 grow 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 tar 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 array of 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 colors 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 laborer. All the chosen are not saved yet. Blood bought 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 splendor. 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 rounds 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 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 perished 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 hid, 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. All, but you did not be, long 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 sane 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 HONORABLE 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 hearer sire 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 skillful jeweler, 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 jeweler 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 again 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. the Great Valuer accepts us as being genuine, then we shall be secure for ever' Nor is this all, beloved; we shall be *honored*. Remember where the 'jewels are to shine for ever. Jesus himself shall wear them as his glory and joy. Believers will be unrivaled 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 transformations; 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.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

OR

THREE COURSES AT THE BANQUET OF MEDITATION.

MORNING

“I am the Lord, I change not.” — Malachi 3:6.

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 colors 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 center 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.” — Song of Solomon 6:3.

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 enamored 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 *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*. To 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 grace to acknowledge one more fact, I am his *absolutely*, without conditions or limitations? Whatsoever he pleases to do with me! 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, etc, 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 endeavor 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 honor 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 35:4.

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 dishonor *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 harbored 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. It 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 favor 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 defense 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 labor both for home and foreign missions with greater zeal. If every one of our churches could endeavor 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 honored 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 labors. 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 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.

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' raying for a "revival ;" would it not be as well to know "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-rival 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 con sequence 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 halo 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 you." Sustained by gracious promises and enriched out of the fullness 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 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, yea 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, not 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 close greatly need it most dishonorable 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 over-spreads 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 paralyzed, 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 labor 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 mere excitement, by crowded meeting’s, 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 enthusiasm. 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, and 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 Savior, 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 tame 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 if 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 laborers 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 grease with reeds and trashes 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 neighbors, 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 inquire 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 Savior. 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 Savior, 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 earnest 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.”*

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 Bishops gate 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 fervor 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 mores viz, the permission to have poured out our soul in prayer upon the spot, but are 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 favored 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 labors, 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. Pass more 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 endeavored, 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 favored with mother visit from one who is clearly prepared to appreciate and to approve our leading views of gospel truth, he rosy 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.”

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

A RECORD OF COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1867.

“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.”--Nehemiah 4:17, 18.

PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

As we sit down to pen a few words of preface for another volume of “The Sword and the Trowel,” reflections upon the rapid flight of time east somber shadows over our mind, and fill us with an awe akin to trembling. Like its predecessors, the year of grace, 1867, is now “with the years ‘beyond the flood, bearing its witness concerning us,” and we pilgrims of earth are one year’s journey nearer to the solemn beach of that dread ocean in which all streams of time will finally merge themselves. Whether we live well or ill, it is Certain that the one life in which we must work out our time-labor will not wait for us; even while we ponder on its responsibilities, it is flying with more than eagle wing, leaving us each moment somewhat less of space in which to work for God, if through his grace we are enlisted in the divine service-leaving us. moreover, narrower space for repentance if we are still unreconciled with heaven. Truly, it is no trifle to live in time--what will it be to dwell in eternity? Time is not a thing to be killed as fools have dreamed, or to hang heavy on one’s hands, as idiots have maundered;

it is as priceless as it is fleeting, and is alas! all too short for zeal and love, passionate and laborious, all too hurried for peace and rest, and all too uncertain for high design and lofty enterprise. If anything is to be done at all by us, we must do it now. To purpose is to play the fool, to do the deed of piety or charity is wisdom. Energy is true, existence, sloth is the image of death. Would to God we could snap the bonds which restrain our souls, as Samson tore asunder the green withes, or we shall have the Philistines of remorse upon us, mocking us because of our lost strength, stolen from us while we slept in the lap of ease. May the eternal God condescend to teach us the art of living, lest by' making one failure here below we involve ourselves in an everlasting bankruptcy, all the more unmitigated in its misery because we, once hoped to be heirs of a wealth of bliss, and missed the celestial heritage. O that we who *are* saved, and dread no fatal shipwreck could but learn the science of spending and being spent, laying out all we have to the most profitable ends, constantly and without pause pushing right and left for room for the great salvation to work and win its way among the multitudes of the fallen; straining, toiling, panting, sighing, wearying to answer to the utmost the end of our being by glorifying God, and making known the dear and wondrous love of the Well-beloved who was crucified. To breathe out zeal for Jesus, just as Saul of Tarsus breathed out threatenings against the saints, is a desire which should be realized, and not doted upon as a rare attainment, too high for mortal men. By God's grace, we do not mean to rot ignobly in a dreamy death-sleep, or to doze out a semi-torpid existence; but we intend (and may the intent become a fact) to live to the extremest bound of our capacity, looking up to him who is able to fill us with all the fullness of God. Reader, say you so? — then so be it by the love of the Spirit.

FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS, Our roll of readers was never so large as now. We have, during the last few months, perceived most encouraging accessions to the list, of our readers, for which we are truly thankful. We have done all in our power to make our magazine worthy of our constituency, and in return have been greatly gratified by expressions of generous approbation, and by a widening circulation. Nor is this all; we have aimed at doing real service to the cause of Christ, and we know that our labor has not been in vain. Never let it be forgotten that in the mysterious arrangements of providence, "The Sword and the Trowel" led to the founding of

THE STOCKPILE ORPHANAGE.

This is no mean result if it were all; for in that happy home we hope to house a portion of England's orphaned for many a year to come, receiving the fatherless by an easier door than that which only opens to clamorous competition and laborious canvassing. Moreover, our magazine is the organ and foster-parent of

OUR COLLEGE,

and of the Colportage association, institutions which will yet bless the land with plead of benediction. As we have given publicity to good works of all kinds, we have also evidence that several of them have been greatly helped as the result. Minds have been enlightened, hearts have been quickened, and herein we rejoice. "The Sword and the Trowel" takes its share in battle and in building, and our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

We: earnestly request the assistance of our readers to extend yet more our circulation, for by this means our power for good will be much increased. Further, with pressing entreaty we plead for practical sympathy for our works, especially the College. Of late, many have forgotten us, and although our Father who is in heaven has not failed us and never will, we have had sharp trials for our faith. Still his grace has been sufficient and ever will be. God is true. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his faithfulness, like the great mountains, stands fast for ever and ever. We have several most important fields of labor waiting to be cultivated, but we have not the pecuniary means to enable us to enter upon them. Crowded populations are perishing for lack of knowledge, large rooms are obtainable, the College is full of men equipped for service, and we are unable to go further, because many of those to whom wealth is entrusted are false to their stewardship. When will the God of Israel appear and move the hearts of his people to consecrate themselves? Our heart bleeds for perishing myriads. Come over and help us, ye who can help, for men die by hundreds every hour for whose souls no man careth.

Our space is spent, and therefore we lay down the pen, wishing you, dear readers, every blessing from the Lord our God.

Yours in thorough earnest, C.H. Spurgeon

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JANUARY, 1867.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT SALAMANCA

OUR frontispiece represents an interesting scene in the life of the discoverer of the New World. A plainly-attired, earnest-looking mariner, with that steady determination which characterizes all true men whose convictions are strong and whose faith is steady, is meeting the objections of a number of learned professors of the sciences, dignitaries of the Romish Church, and learned friars, and defending the theory of the rotundity of the earth. An obscure navigator, strong in his belief, scouted by the illiterate, seeks in the Dominican convent in Salamanca, the great seat of learning in Spain, the sympathy and cooperation of the most erudite assembly his country can muster. Does he gain either sympathy, or help? History answers, No. In the first place, anything new, however true, was stigmatized as heresy in those Inquisition times, and Columbus might well fear the consequences of indulging any thought that savored of heresy. Priestcraft, that great curse of mankind, was sure to oppose a new theory which overturned the testimony and traditions of the Church. Then, too, the scholastic body had too much learned pride to yield to a simple navigator. "It was requisite," says Las Casas, "before Columbus could make his solutions and reasonings understood, that he should remove from his auditors those erroneous principles on which, their objections were founded ;" which Columbus could not do, as the Ptolemaic plan had not yet been reversed, Copernicus not having at that time discovered the true theory of the solar system. Very small hope for Columbus to convert so stubborn an audience!

It is noteworthy how admirably Columbus replied to his objectors. He combated the fancies of the philosophical world with great ability. "Las Casas," says Irving, "and others of his contemporaries have spoken of his commanding person, his elevated demeanor, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice. How they must have given majesty and force to his words, as, casting aside his maps and charts, and discarding for a time his practical and scientific lore, his

visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of Scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his enthusiastic moments, he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed." Notwithstanding the dense bigotry and stupidity of his audience, a few were convinced of the reasonableness of the new theory, and these converts, doubtless, shielded Columbus from the ecclesiastical censures of the prejudiced. But the greater number doggedly persevered in their old opinions, and the poor navigator, as our readers well know, had to fight an uphill battle for years, and had to conquer many adverse circumstances before he saw the "*Land of the Free.*"

The nobility Of genius is often best seen under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and with the spiritual life the same thing holds good. Columbus braves the ridicule of the learned and the bigotry of the ecclesiastics, because he is convinced of the truthfulness of his position. So the jeers, taunts and reasonings of an ungodly world, though unpleasant and grievous, are to the Christian things to be borne with calmness and magnanimity, because his faith is in the ultimate realization of the hopes which the world derides. The deep convictions of his heart are not to be disturbed or uprooted because others will not be convinced of the superiority of the future life to that in which they now grovel. Whoever prefers to follow the theories and practices of the "old man," the godly man aspires after a perfect knowledge of the "*new life.*" With him old fancies have passed away, and behold all things have become new. The enmity and ridicule created by this antagonism between the conventionalities of life and the earnestness and devotion to the prospects of the more glorious future are intensely strong. A teetotaler was struck down a few days ago and killed merely because he would not treat some rascals to a drop of beer; and many a man has been slandered simply because of the distinguished purity of his character *and* life. Nevertheless, if we believe in the world to come, and feel its power, we must not be slow to declare our convictions at all hazards, and, like Columbus, play the man.

That which many learned philosophers may not perceive, the simplest Christian may discover. True, it takes a wise man to be a Christian; nevertheless, the most advanced in worldly wisdom are dull in spiritual things. Columbus ultimately gained the object of his ambition, and his name continues to be honored as one of the greatest benefactors of his race,

while for his opposers naught is reserved but the ridicule which 'their own foolishness has heaped upon their memories. And the man possessed of even the mustard-seed of divine grace shall yet find his way to the kingdom above, where honor and renown shall through the eternal ages attend him; while those who sympathized not with the aspirations of his heart, but scoffed and ridiculed his godliness, shall yet learn the emptiness for good of everything that is not based upon the truth of God. Courage, persecuted comrade, truth's victories are slow but sure.

THE PASTORS' ADVOCATE

AN EPISTLE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BAPTIZED CHURCHES OF JESUS CHRIST.

BELOVED BRETHREN As exceedingly great and bitter cry has gone up unto heaven concerning many of us. It is not a cry from the world which hates us, nor from our fellow-members whom we may have offended, but, (alas that it should be so!) it is wrung from hundreds of poor, but faithful ministers of Christ Jesus who labor in our midst in word and doctrine, and are daily oppressed by the niggardliness of churls among us. Many of our churches honorably discharge towards their pastors the duty of ministering to them in temporal things, but by far the larger number dole out; to them a pittance upon which they do not live but barely exist. Brethren of abundant liberality are among us, but those of an opposite disposition abound. I should be very sorry to be compelled to add ace the many cases in which the hire of the spiritual laborer who has reaped down our fields is wickedly kept back; but this I know full well--that at the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and it is high time that a voice should be lifted up to warn the churches of their sin, and of the consequences which will surely follow unless there be a speedy amendment, Having no end to serve but the glory of God, and having no pecuniary gain to seek, and having personally seen and lamented the affliction and poverty of my fellow-servants in the ministry, I feel bound with all affection, but much earnestness, to press the matter upon the hearts of the faithful in Christ Jesus.

Hundreds of our ministers would improve their circumstances if they were to follow the commonest handicrafts. The earnings of artisans of but

ordinary skill are far above the stipends of those among us who are considered to be comfortably maintained. Is this the way in which we show our appreciation of their spiritual gifts, their fervent prayers, their earnest labors, their watchings for souls? In thousands of cases church members do to give so much as one penny a week towards the maintenance of the man whom they call their "beloved pastor," and if they pay the mean and paltry pittance of a shilling for a quarter of a year they reckon themselves to have done liberally, and as becometh saints. Is this the manner in which we show our gratitude to the great Head of the church for sending us pastors after his own heart to feed us with knowledge and understanding? Worthy devoted men are obliged to sue for alms at the hand of our charitable Fund in London, in order to eke out the scanty portions which their people allot to them; while in many cases there are those connected with their churches who dwell in sumptuous houses, own farms of many acres, and ride in their carriages. Is the Lord well pleased with those professors who thus constrain others to maintain a ministry of which they enjoy the fruit, and which they are therefore bound in common honesty to support by their own gifts? Do not many of the wealthy and of those who are thriving in business need to blush when they see themselves giving towards their pastor's maintenance no more than is given by domestic servants and day laborers? Is it not a thing to be wept over that men's consciences should, allow them to speak of being consecrated to Christ, while the servant of Christ pines in poverty, and they of their abundance do not minister to Mat? "If," says the apostle, "we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap your carnal things?" 1 Corinthians 9:11. But is, it not in these days thought to be a very great thing if the preacher be properly sustained, and if he be left to be humiliated by debt or to be pinched by want, is it not thought to be a trifling grievance? The last great day alone will reveal the secret sorrows, the bitter anguish through which many a servant of the Lord has had to pass because of the niggardliness of the people who professed to be his loving and faithful flock. "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." 1 Corinthians 9:13, 14. Is not this ordinance of God greatly trifled with? Might it not even be conceived that the churches feel it to be a yoke of bondage, or think it to be better that men should starve of the gospel than *live* of it? If it be our conscientious belief that the pastors of the churches should give their whole time gratuitously:, let us say so, and be

consistent. If the laborer be not in our esteem worthy of his hire, let us tell him so, and bid him go about his business. Those who deny the right of the ministers to temporal support fly in the teeth of Scripture, but they are at least consistent in withholding their money; but, to hold with a paid ministry, to make even more than commendable stir about electing a pastor, to expect him to, be instant in season and out of season, in the pulpit, and from house to house, and then to deny him even enough of bread to eat, and raiment; to put on, is shameful. One would imagine from the excitement frequently attending the choice of a minister that the office was held in the most eminent esteem, but alas! the wretched contributions prove the reverse. For this there is no excuse. If you will have the man, be honest enough to pay him. What right-minded man would wish another even to do, the work of his scullery for nought? Who would consent to be pauperized by receiving another man's labor without; returning him a recompense? How is it with your consciences, ye non-subscribing church-members, or have ye no consciences at all?

Some hearers appear, to imagine that all their duty towards their ministers lies in criticizing them, and they judge themselves to have done the preacher a great service if they speak a good word of his discourses. They use the preacher as the old carriers did their pack-horses, when they heaped heavy burdens upon their backs, and afterwards hung bells at their ears to make them music. As an old writer says, "ministers empty their books, empty their veins, and empty their brains, but they must feed upon turnips and leave their posterity beggars." The world maintains its players and fiddlers far better than the Christian church remunerates its ministers; and a dancer or an actor will receive more than the most learned and edifying divine. Many farmers spend more on their clogs than upon their minister, and one dinner will cost some traders as much as a year's gospel; and yet these persons would be in a fine fever if their piety were doubted. The lives of many professors so far as their gifts to the Lord's cause are concerned, would, if fairly written out, read like a libel upon human nature, and would be a mere burlesque of Christianity. Many, it is to be hoped, have never thought upon this matter carefully. Would to God it were in my power to let those who withhold from thoughtlessness see the sorrow which they inflict upon those whom they respect. The ambassadors of peace do indeed weep bitterly with a weeping which is neither profitable to themselves nor convenient for us. At the present moment the great advance in the price of all the necessaries of life is very keenly felt in the

pastor's house; but has the fact been taken into consideration by the churches? The wages of workmen have advanced, but not the incomes of the workers for God. Bricklayers, carpenters, printers, all draw their extra pay at the week's end, but there is no increase to the scanty quarterage of the poor preacher, Even kind friends forget this, and unkind ones only remember it to make cruel remarks thereon. Meanwhile the evil recoils; the poverty of the minister is visible in the flock. He is meanly fed temporally, and they are scantily fed spiritually. They give unto the Lord scant measure, and even so is it measured unto them again. Want of books must impoverish the hearer quite as much as the preacher; debt must distract the thoughts, and so impair the discourse; children poorly clad, and rent unpaid:, must injure the mind and so the sermon. I do not ask luxuries for my brethren, although many of them might claim eyed these; but I would, with all my heart and soul say, "Deacons of churches, stir up the members, and set the example yourselves of giving our preachers at least a generous supply of necessaries." You, the deacons of our churches, know from your own experience, that £100 per annum, for a man with a wife and children, is not wealth, but far from it, and yet how many ministers would be; happy if their incomes came near to this moderate sum. We are asked repeatedly to send students to spheres where £40 is mentioned as if it were competence, if not more, and those who so write are not always farm-laborers, but frequently tradesmen, who must know what penury £40 implies. A church contributing £70, frequently counts itself munificent, but many of its members must I know that such a sum is not respectability, nor much less than hard, I pinching, but covert want. I heard the other day of a minister whose congregation would be shocked to know it, and I hope ashamed also, who very seldom sees a joint of meat, except on other people's tables, and!is indebted to gifts from friends in other denominations for parcels of left-off clothing, which are made up for his otherwise ragged children. With desperate self-denial alone is he kept from debt; comfort he never knows. If these things needed to be so, it were a theme of rejoicing that our brethren are honored to endure hardness for Christ's sake, but these are in many cases needless hardships, and should not be inflicted upon our honored brethren. If their Master called them to it, well and good, 'but it is not the Master, it is the thoughtless fellow-servant who puts them to so severe a trial. Persuaded that a great reform is needed, I propose to publish such cases of deep necessity as may be supplied to me by Baptist ministers and are well authenticated. The names and addresses shall be sacredly kept secret, but the facts shall be published that holy

shame may induce a speed)' amendment. Any person can reprint this article, and the more widely it is distributed the better. I speak not without abundant cause. I am no retailer of baseless scandal. I am no advocate for an idle and ill-deserving ministry. I open my mouth for a really earnest, godly, laborious, gracious body of men, who are men of God, and approved of his church. Are these for ever to be starved? Shall the ox that treadeth out; the corn be always muzzled? Shall he who planteth the vineyard eat none of its fruit? It is our shame as Baptists

to be mean towards our pastors. Brethren, help to roll away this reproach at once and for ever.

C. H. SPURGEON.

PLYMOUTH BRETHERN

We have been requested to reply to a small tract which has been given away at the door of the Tabernacle, by one of the "Plymouth Brethren," but' it is so devoid of all sense, Scripture and reason, that it needs no reply. We: have not learned the art of beating the air, or replying to nonsense. The only meaning we could gather from the rambling writer's remarks was a confirmation of our accusation, and a wonderful discovery that a long controverted point is now settled; *the unpardonable sin is declared to be speaking against the Darbyites*. Our portion must. be something terrible if this be correct, but we have so little faith in the spirit 'which inspires the Brethren, that we endure their thunderbolts as calmly as we would those of the other infallible gentleman who occupies the Vatican. Another of this amiable community, having detected an error in one of our printed sermons, has most industriously spread the tidings that Mr. Spurgeon is a blasphemer. At the doors of their meetings and by enclosures in letters this sweet specimen of Christian charity is abundantly distributed; more to their shame than to our injury. 'We are persuaded that neither the writer of that cowardly anonymous fly-sheet, nor any other Plymouthist, believes in his heart that Mr. Spurgeon would knowingly blaspheme the glorious name of Jesus, and therefore the issue of the pamphlet is, we fear, a, wickedly malicious act, dictated by revenge on account of our remarks upon their party. Our name and character are in too good a keeping to be injured by these dastardly anonymous attacks. Neither Mr. Newton nor Mr. Muller would sanction such action; it is only from one clique that we receive this

treatment. It is worthy of note that even the printer was ashamed or afraid to put his name to the printed paper. Our error was rectified as soon as ever we knew of it, and being fallible we could do no more; but these men, who pretend to be so marvelously led of the Spirit, have in this case deliberately, and in the most unmanly manner, sought to injure the character of one who has committed the great sin of mortifying their pride, and openly exposing their false doctrine.

NOTES OF A LATE VISIT TO PARIS

LAST Christmas-day we crossed the Channel to seek a little rest on the opposite shore. Smooth water below, a clear sky above, a merry heart within, and good company at hand, are a fair portion for a day of joy. The boat was decked with holly and mistletoe as became the festive season, and nature in her best attire was all in tune with the general gladness. We left Dover's giant cliffs, and entered Calais harbor without a thought of the chops of the Channel, or any other of the disagreeable of life. Yet for all this who cares to be traveling on Christmas-day? to not all the memories appeal, against it? It goes against the grain to be showing tickets, changing carriages, and shivering on landing-stages on a day sacred to plum-pudding and roast beef, family festivities, blazing fires, and household joys. One feels like a barbarian violating the proprieties of civilized life, or a prodigal running away from the fatted calf, and the feasting of the old house at home. Never mind, here we are, with six and twenty miles of brine between us and the old English Christmas logs, and we must catch the train for Paris, or be left among the runaway bankrupts. It is a long and weary journey from Calais to Paris, just a dreary drag over a huge flat; monotonous as the clergy an s tones at Droneton-in-the-Marsh, and two-thirds as dull as his of repeated sermons; but Paris itself is even in winter a full reward for all the tedium of the way. Having from preference visited the gay capital several time's in winter, When by the way it is not gay but remarkably quiet, we do not hesitate to say that we know of no other place where in winter rest and instructive recreation can be so easily blended. As an educational city Paris is complete; it has large and well-arranged museums of every science and art; and within a small radius it contains a wealth of illustration which all Europe besides could not excel. Here the thoughtful observer may study in different museums, zoology, anatomy, comparative anatomy, diseased pathology, conchology, entomology,

geology, botany, hydrostatics, agriculture, mining, horology, electricity, and indeed every branch of knowledge; and his studies may be diversified with wanderings among miles of pictures and acres of statuary. The vain may very easily find in Paris a feast for their vanity, but the intelligent may be: equally content with the feast of knowledge 'which it, splendid collections afford them. Our readers would not care to hear in detail of the many marvels of a city which they have no doubt superficially seen for themselves; we only suggest that upon their next 'visit they should become scholars for once instead of mere sightseers, and the? will find new pleasure in the very pleasant trip.

On the last Sabbath of the year we were agreeably surprised to find so many shops closed compared with the state of things five or six years ago. We noticed this to a friend well acquainted with the city, and he coincided in the observation. It seemed to us on former occasions as if no shops were closed at all, and workmen were certainly toiling as on ordinary days, but now there is just the shade of a Sabbath, for which 'step in the right direction one is heartily thankful. We cannot vouch for it that this Sabbatic improvement is general, but it was certainly very marked in the streets which we traversed. We visited our French Baptist brethren in their obscure, out-of-the-way, and dirty room at the back of the church of St. Roch. We sincerely wish that they would come out of that cave of Adullam: We have no objection to worship 'with them, even if they select a stable, but some people maintain the dangerous luxury of a nose, and others have a fastidious liking for fresh air, and these pardonable refinements will be quite out of place in that miserable school-room. The number of worshippers was about the same as when we were there last, something under one hundred; but their zeal and spirit were all that we could wish. A heart conscious of the love of Jesus would soon discover that the Lord is there. A really living church tenants that humble room. Not enterprising and bold, but; humbly earnest and stedfast in the faith are these men. So gracious and zealous are they that we can scarcely tell how it is that they do not, for the sake of the good cause, thrust themselves into a position of more publicity. It was with extreme difficulty that we found them out at all upon a former visit, for there was not even a notice-board outside, and one had to turn into a little courtyard and up a winding pair of stairs before the little written notice which tells the hour of worship could be seen. It is as if a tradesman should advertise ibis wares upon a piece of paper wafered on a pane of the back-kitchen window, where no one would

ever see it but his own family: verily the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the, children of light. The church of God in this case is not a city set upon a hill, but a hamlet hidden in a hole. We imagine that a sense of dwelling under a despotism haunts our French friends, and makes them fear to attempt anything which might bring down the rough hand of authority upon them; yet as we doubt not, if the hand did fall, they would bear it like true heroes, and derive great good therefrom, they have no cause to be alarmed. The same number of members of our church in the Tabernacle would have hired a large hall, or preached out in the Champs Elysees by now, throwing themselves upon the cheveux-de-frise if they could not scale the wall of difficulties, but our French brethren are content to go on worshipping in dinginess and singing their unmelodious cantiques in peaceful obscurity. We wish they had a little more of the fire, as well as the clew from heaven. They are admirable examples of all the virtues, but courageous enterprise is not their most prominent feature. The pastors and evangelists are indefatigable in their visitations and ministrations, but it would give us unfeigned satisfaction to see a portion of the tremendous energy of our brother Oncken, of Hamburg, infused into them. The American society 'by which they' are Sustained should get them a better room, in as public a place as possible, make them known among Americans and English:.. and push the cause to a success. By God's help, there is the nucleus of a great movement in that handful of people, but the £50 a year expended for a dirty chamber is so much money wasted; if four times the money were spent in rent, or better still, a good plain chapel erected, the larger sum would be by far the more economical investment. Under God, the people are worth spending the money upon, and would abundantly reward the society, and this is more than can be said of every sphere occupied by our American and English societies upon the Continent.

It does not appear clear that the large sums expended by the Congregationalists and Wesleyans are producing an adequate return although their generous efforts are laudable in the extreme. We are informed that the annual expense of the Independent mission is not far short of £25 per head per annum for every member of the church; if they are not first-rate members at that cost they certainly ought to be. English Christianity in Paris in its collective capacity must probably always be a struggling plant, needing much foreign aid, and bearing slender fruit; the majority of our countrymen leave their religion behind them when they go abroad, and those who retain a profession find themselves weakened by the

ungenial atmosphere of Vanity Fair. If French churches can be formed of each denomination, and English services be held as adjuncts, there will be a far greater probability of vitality and success; and this is what we anxiously long to see accomplished in the ease of our very worthy friends of the Rue St. Roch. Certain funds are in hand for a chapel for them, but the amount is scarcely a fourth of what will be required; meanwhile Pastor Dez is very unwell, and cannot carry on the work of collecting; and the other pastor, M. Le Poids, is fully occupied with the good work among his own flock. Unless a gracious Providence shall interpose, a most hopeful people will linger on in forced obscurity and powerlessness; whereas, if brought out into the light, their progress in all probability would be rapid. They are nearly all converts from Popery, and know how to converse with those who are under that yoke of bondage; their teachings are heard with respect, and the prejudice against them is almost as much to be rejoiced in as to be regretted, since it excites curiosity, and so brings hearers under the sound of the truth. There appears to be among the French working classes a considerable amount of religiousness of a hopeful kind. They do not much frequent the churches or reverence the priests; they make a distinction between the church and religion, and prefer to be religious in their own way. The story of the love of Jesus is generally received with respectful tenderness, and evangelical truth, if not distinctly styled "Protestantism," usually commands a hearing. The pastor, M. Le Poids, had just returned from a funeral, when we saw him, and had been preaching the glorious gospel of immortality and eternal life at the grave, around which a large company gathered, and many Romanists and others came forward at the close to press his hand and thank him for the good word which he had spoken to them. There is a grand field for the gospel in France, but the limited amount of money allotted to the work by those who foster it is the great drawback at present. We are neither requested nor authorized to say this by friends in Paris, but this is our own deliberate judgment, and so assured are we of its correctness that if it were in our power we would remove the difficulty at once.

We traversed the enormous circles of the Great Exhibition. At a distance the erection has at present the appearance of a monster gasometer, but as far as one could judge from walking through it is well adapted for its purpose, and will be the great wonder of the year 1867. When we went to Paris our heart was set upon obtaining a larger room for our French Baptist friends, in which, during the Exhibition the best; known of our

English ministers might have held a service for friends of our own denomination. Into this project the committee or the London Association entered most heartily, hoping to be made a blessing to the thousands who will visit Paris to inspect the World's Fair. Finding, however, that the wants of the English will be very well provided for by other denominations, and perceiving no likelihood of drawing our St. Roch friends out of their upper room, we have for the time let the matter drop, unless the providence of God should open a door and clear the path for the further carrying out of the scheme. May the Lord look upon the country which his faithful servants in olden times stained with their blood, and send forth his salvation upon the land! May France rejoice in the Lord Jesus and his salvation!

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE trees of the world's forest are all marked for the ax; let us not build our nests upon them. They will come down ere long beneath the strokes of time and death, and we shall share their fall if we seek our comfort in them.

Dear reader, set not your affection upon the fleeting things of time, but seek an everlasting' portion, which shall be yours when sun and moon grow dim. Jesus, the Son of God, saves all those who trust their souls in his hands. His death upon the cross has made a great atonement for the sins of all those who believe in him. If you have never looked to him for life and pardon, LOOK NOW. Tarry not, for time is short.

In my lonely meditations I heard a voice, as of one that spake in the name of the Lord. I bowed my head to receive the message, and the voice said, "Cry," and when I said, "What shall I cry?" the answer came to me as to Isaiah of old, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof! is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass." Then I thought I saw before me a great meadow wide and far reaching, and it was like to a rainbow for its many colors, for the flowers of summer were in their beauty. In the midst thereof I marked a mower of dark and cruel aspect, who with a scythe most sharp and glittering, was clearing mighty stretches of the field at each sweep, and laying the fair flowers in withering heaps. He advanced with huge strides c f leagues at once, leaving desolation behind him, and I understood that the mower's name was Death. As I looked I was afraid for my house, and my children, for my kinsfolk and acquaintance, and for myself also; for the mower drew nearer and nearer, and as he came onward a voice was heard as of a trumpet, and it said in my ear what I trust, dear reader, it may say in thine,

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MARCH, 1867.

HOW TO RAISE THE DEAD

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE TEACHERS OF THE
SOUTH LONDON AUXILIARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
UNION, AT THEIR ANNUAL PRAYER MEETING,

Held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Monday Evening, Jan. 28, 1867.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FELLOW-LABORERS in the vineyard of the Lord, let me call your attention to a most instructive miracle wrought by the prophet Elisha, as recorded in the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. The hospitality of the Shunammite woman had been rewarded by the gift of a son; but, alas! all earthly mercies are of uncertain tenure, and after certain days the child fell sick and died.

The distressed but believing mother hastened at once to the man of God; through him God had spoken the promise which fulfilled her heart's desire, and she resolved to plead her case with him, that he might lay it before his divine Master, and obtain for her an answer of peace. Elisha's action is recorded in the following verses :—

Then said he to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child. And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose and followed her. And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there 'was neither voice, nor hearing. Wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked. And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in

therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands: and stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro; and wen up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the-child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shuneremite. So-he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, slid went out.”—2 Kings 4:29-37.

The position of Elisha in this case is exactly your position, brethren, in relation to your work for Christ. Elisha had to deal with a dead child. It is true that, in his instance, it was natural death; but the death with which you have to come in contact is not the less real death because it is spiritual. The boys and girls in your classes are as surely as grown-up people, “dead in trespasses and sins.” May none of you fail fully to reveal the state in which all human beings are naturally found. Unless you have a very clear sense of the utter ruin and spiritual death of your children, you will be incapable of being made a blessing to them. Go to them, I pray you, not as to sleepers whom you can by your own power awaken from their slumber, but as to spiritual corpses who can only be quickened by a power divine. Elisha’s great object was not to cleanse the dead body, or embalm it with spices, or wrap it in fine linen, or place it in an appropriate posture, and then leave it still a corpse: he aimed at nothing less than the restoration of the child to life. Beloved teachers, may you never be content with aligning at secondary benefits, or even with realizing them; may you strive for the grandest of all ends, the salvation of immortal souls. Your business is not merely to teach the children in your classes to read the Bible, not barely to inculcate the duties of morality, nor even to instruct, them in the mere letter of the gospel, but your high calling is to be the means, in the hands of God, of bringing life from heaven to dead souls. Your teaching on the Lord’s-day will have been a failure if your children remain dead in sin. In the case of the secular teacher, the child’s fair proficiency in knowledge will prove that the instructor has not lost his pains, but in your case, even though your youthful charge should grow up to be respectable members of society, though they should become regular attendants upon the means: of grace, you will not feel that your petitions to Heaven have been answered, nor

your desires granted to you, nor your highest ends attained, unless something more is done—unless, in fact, it can be said of your children, “The Lord hath quickened them together with Christ.”

Resurrection, then, is our aim! To raise the dead is our mission! We are like Peter at Joppa, or Paul at Troas, we have a young Dorcas or Eutychus to bring to life. How is so strange a work to be achieved? If we yield to unbelief we shall be staggered by the evident fact that the work to which the Lord has called us is quite beyond our own personal power. We cannot raise the dead. If asked to do so we might each one of us, like the king of Israel, rend our clothes and say, “Am I God to kill, and to make alive?” We are, however, no more powerless than Elisha, for he of himself could not restore the Shunammite’s son. It is true that we by ourselves cannot bring the dead hearts of our scholars to palpitate with spiritual life, but, a Paul or an Apollos would have been equally as powerless. Need this fact discourage us? Does it not rather direct us to our true power by shutting us out from our own fancied might? I trust we are all of us already aware that the man who lives in the region of faith dwells in the realm of miracles. Faith trades in marvels, and her merchandise is with wonders.

*“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibility,
And cries, ‘It shall be done.’”*

Elisha was no common man now that God’s Spirit was upon him, calling him to God’s work, and aiding him in it. And you devoted, anxious, prayerful teacher, remain no longer a common being, you have become, in a special manner, the temple of the Holy Ghost; God dwelleth in you, and you by faith have entered upon the career of a ‘wonder-worker. You are sent into the world not to do the things which are possible to man, but those impossibilities which God worketh by his Spirit, by the means of his believing people. You are to work miracles, to do marvels. You are not, therefore, to look upon the restoration of these dead children, which in God’s name you are called to bring about, as being a thing unlikely or difficult when you remember who it is that works by your feeble instrumentality. “Why should it seem a thing impossible with you that God should raise the dead?” Unbelief will whisper to you as you mark the wicked giddiness and early obstinacy of your children, “Can these dry bones live?” But your answer must be, “O Lord, thou linguist.” Committing all cases to the Almighty hand, it is yours to prophesy to the

dry bones and to the heavenly wind, and ere long you too shall see in the valley of your vision the signal triumph of life over death. Let us take up at this moment our true position, and let us realize it. We have dead children before us, and our souls yearn to bring them to life. We confess that all quickening must be wrought by the Lord alone, and our humble petition is that, if the Lord will use us in connection with his miracles of grace, he would now show us what he would have us to do.

It would have been well if Elisha had recollected that he was once the servant of Elijah, and had so studied his master's example as to have imitated it. If so, he would not have sent Gehazi with a staff, but have done at once what at last he was constrained to do. In the First look of Kings, at the seventeenth chapter, you will find the story of Elijah's raising a dead child, and you will there see that Elijah, the master, had left a complete example to his servant; and it was not till Elisha followed it in all respects that the miraculous power was manifested. It had been wise, I say, if Elisha had at the outset imitated the example of the master whose mantle he wore. With far more force may I say to you, my fellow servants, that it will be well for us if, as teachers, we imitate our Master—if we study the modes and methods of our glorified Master, and learn at his feet the art of winning souls. Just as he came in deepest sympathy into the nearest contact; with our wretched humanity, and condescended to stoop to our sorrowful condition, so must we come near to the souls with whom we have to deal, yearn over them with his yearning, and weep over them with his tears, if we would see them raised from the state of sin. Only by imitating the spirit and manner of the Lord Jesus shall we become wise to win souls. Forgetting this, however, Elijah would fain strike out a course for himself, which would more clearly display his own prophetic dignity. He gave his staff into the hand of Gehazi, his servant, and bade him lay it upon the child, as if he felt that the divine power was so plenteously upon him that it would work in any way, and consequently his own personal presence and efforts might be dispensed with. The Lord's thoughts were not so. I am afraid that very often the truth which we deliver from the pulpit—and doubtless it is much the same in your classes—is a thing which is extraneous and out of ourselves; like a staff which we hold in our hand, but which is not a part of ourselves. We take doctrinal or practical truth as Gehazi did the staff, and we lay it; upon the face of the child, but we ourselves do not agonize for its soul. We try this doctrine and that truth, this anecdote and the other illustration, this way of teaching a lesson and

that manner of delivering an address; but so long as ever the truth which we deliver is a matter apart from ourselves and unconnected with our innermost being, so long it will have no more effect upon a dead soul than Elise's staff had upon the dead child. Alas! I fear I have frequently preached the gospel in this place, I have been sure that it was my Master's gospel, the true prophetic staff, and yet it has had no result, because I fear I have not preached it with the vehemence, and earnestness, and heartiness which ought to have gone with it! And will you not make the same confession, that sometimes you have taught the truth—it was the truth, you know it was— the very truth which you found in the Bible, and which has at times been precious to your own soul, and yet no good result has followed from it, because 'while you taught the truth you did not feel the truth, nor feel for the child to whom the truth was addressed, but were just like Gehazi placing with indifferent hand the prophetic staff upon the face of the child. It was no wonder that you had to say with Gehazi, "The child is not awkward," for the true awakening power found no appropriate medium in your lifeless teaching. We are not sure that Gehazi was convinced that the child was really dead; he spoke as if it were only asleep, and needed waking. God will not bless those teachers who do not grasp in their hearts the really fallen estate of their children. If you think the child is not really depraved, if you indulge foolish notions about the innocence of childhood and the dignity of human nature, it should not surprise you if you remain barren and unfruitful. How can God bless you to work a resurrection, when if he did work it by you, you are incapable of perceiving its glorious nature? If the lad had awaked, it would not have surprised Gehazi; he would have thought that he was only startled from an unusually sound sleep. If God were to bless to the conversion of souls; the testimony of those who do not believe in the total depravity of man, they would merely say, "The gospel is very moralizing, and exerts a most beneficial influence!" but they would never bless and magnify the regenerating grace by which he who sitteth on the throne maketh all things new.

Observe carefully what Elisha did when thus foiled in his first effort. When we fail in one attempt, we must not therefore give up our work. If you have been unsuccessful, my dear brother or sister, until now, you must not infer that you are not called to the work, any more than Elisha might have concluded that the child could not be restored. The lesson of your non-success is not—cease the work, but—change the method. It is not the person who is out of place, it is the plan which is unwise, ill you have not

been able to accomplish what you wished, remember the schoolboy's song—

*“If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.”*

Do not, however, try in the same way unless you are sure that it is the best one. If your first method has been unsuccessful, you must improve upon it. Examine wherein you have failed, and then, by changing yore: mode, or your spirit, the Lord may prepare you for a degree of usefulness far beyond your expectation. Elisha, instead of being dispirited when he found that the child was not awake, girded up his loins, and hastened with greater vigor to the work before him.

Notice where the dead child was placed: “And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed.” This was the bed which the hospitality of the Shunammite had prepared for Elisha, the famous bed which, with the table, the stool, and the candlestick, will never be forgotten in the church of God. That famous bed had to be used for a purpose which the good woman little thought of when out of love to the prophet's God she prepared it for the prophet's rest. I like to think of the dead child lying on that bed. because it symbolizes the place where our unconverted children must lie if we would have them saved. If we are to be a blessing to them they must lie in our hearts—they must be our daily and nightly charge. We must take the cases of our children to our silent couch with us; we must think of them in the watches of the night, and when we cannot sleep because of care, they must share in those midnight anxieties. Our beds must witness to our cries—” O that Ishmael might live before thee! O that the dear boys and girls in my class might become the Children of the living God I” Elijah and Elisha both teach us that we must not place the child far from us, out of doors, or down below us in a vault; of cold forgetfulness, but, if we would have him raised to life, we must place him in the warmest sympathies of our hearts.

In reading on we find “He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.” Now the prophet is at his work in right earnest, and we have a noble opportunity of learning from him the secret of raising children from the dead. If you turn to the narrative of Elijah, you will find that Elisha adopted the orthodox method of proceeding, the method of his master Elijah. You will read there, “And he said unto her, Give me thy son. And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up

into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed. And he cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord, my God, hast thou also brought evil upon the woman with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son? And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord, my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again. And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived." The great secret lies in a large measure in powerful supplication. "He shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord." The old proverb is, "Every true pulpit; is set up in heaven," by which is meant that the true preacher is much with God. If we do not pray to God for a blessing, if the foundation of the pulpit be not laid in private prayer, our open ministry will not be a success. So it is with you; every real teacher's power must; come from on high. If you never enter your closet and shut to the door, if you never plead at the mercy-seat for your child, how can you expect that God will honor you in its conversion? It is a very excellent; method, I think, actually to take the children one by one into your room alone and pray with them. You will see your children converted when God gives you to individualize their cases, to agonize for them, and to take them one by one, and with the door closed to, pray both with them and for them. There is much more influence in prayer privately offered with one than in prayer publicly uttered in the class—not more influence with God, of *course*, but more influence with the child. Such prayer will often be made its own answer; for God may while you are pouring out your soul make your prayer to be a hammer to break the heart which mere addresses had never touched. Pray with your children separately, and it will surely be the means of a great blessing. If this cannot be done, at any rate there must be prayer, much prayer, constant prayer, vehement prayer, the kind of prayer which will not take a denial, like *Luther's* prayer, which he called the bombarding of heaven; that is to say, the planting a cannon at heaven's gates to blow them open—for, after this fashion fervent men prevail in prayer; they will not come from the mercy seat until they can cry with Luther — "*Vici*" — "I have conquered, I have gained the blessing for which I *strove*." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent tike it by force." May we offer such violent, God-constraining, heaven-compelling prayers, and the Lord will not permit us to seek his face in vain! After praying Elisha adopted the means. Prayer and means must go together. Means 'without prayer—presumption! Prayer without means—hypocrisy! There. lay the child, and there stood the venerable man of God! Watch his singular proceeding, he stoops over the corpse and puts his

mouth upon the child's mouth. The cold dead mouth of the child was touched by the warm living lips of the prophet, and a vital stream of fresh hot breath was sent down into the chill, stone-like passages of the dead mouth and throat and lungs. Next the holy mart, with loving ardor of hopefulness, placed his eyes upon the child's eyes, and his hands upon the child's hands; the warm hands of the old man covered the cold palms of the departed child. Then he stretched himself upon the child, and covered him with his whole body, as though he would transfer his own life into the lifeless frame, and would either die with him, or would make him live. We have heard of the chamois hunter acting as to a fearful traveler, who, when they came to a very dangerous part of the road, strapped the traveler firmly to himself, and said, "*Both of us or neither,*" that is to say, "*Both of us shall live, or neither of us, we are one.*" So did the prophet effect a mysterious union between himself and the lad, and in his own mind it was resolved that he would either be chilled with the child's death, or warm the child with his life. What does this teach us? The lessons are many and obvious. We see here as in a picture that if we would bring spiritual life to a child, we must most vividly realize that child's state. It is dead, dead. God will have you feel that the child is as dead in trespasses and sins as you once were. God would have you, dear teacher, come into contact with that death by painful, crushing, humbling sympathy. I told you that in soul-winning, we should observe how our Master worked; now how did he work? When he would raise us from death, what did it behove him to do? He must needs die himself: there was no other way. So is it with you. If you would raise that dead child, you must feel the chill and horror of that child's death yourself. A dying man is needed to raise dying men. I cannot believe that you will ever pluck a brand from the burning, without putting your hand near enough to feel the heat of the fire. You must have, more or less, a distinct sense of the dreadful wrath of God and of the terrors of the judgment to come, or you will lack energy in your work, and so lack one of the essentials of success. I do not think the preacher ever speaks well upon such topics until he feels them pressing upon him as a personal burden from the Lord. "I did preach in chains," said John Bunyan, "to men in chains." Depend upon it, when the death that is in your children alarms, depresses, and overwhelms you, then it is that God is about to bless you. Thus realizing the child's state, and putting your mouth upon the child's mouth, and your hands upon its hands, you must next strive to adapt yourself, as far as possible to, the nature, and habits, and temperament of the child. Your mouth must find out the child's words, so that the child

may know what you mean; you must see things with a child's eyes; your heart must feel a child's feelings, so as to be his companion and friend; you must be a student of juvenile sin; you must be a sympathizer in juvenile trials; you must, so far as possible, enter into childhood's joys and griefs, you must not fret at the difficulty of this matter, or feel it to be humiliating; for if you count anything to be a hardship, or a condescension, you have no business in the Sunday School. If anything difficult be required of you, you must do it, and not think it difficult. God will not raise a dead child by you, if you are not willing to become all things to that child, if by any possibility you may win its. Soul.

The prophet, it is written, "stricken *himself upon the child.*" One would have thought it should be written "' he contracted himself!" He was a full-grown man, and the other a mere lad. Should it not be "*he* contracted himself"? No, "he stretched himself;" and, mark you, no stretching is harder than for a man to stretch himself to a child. He is no fool who can talk to children; a simpleton is much mistaken if he thinks that his folly can interest boys and girls. It needs our best wits, our most industrious studies, our most earnest thoughts, our ripest powers, to teach our little ones. You will not quicken the child until you have "stretched" yourself; and, though it seems—a strange thing, yet it is so. The wisest man will need to exercise all his abilities if he would become a successful teacher of the young.

We see, then, in Elisha, a sense of the child's death and an adaptation of himself to his work, but above all, we see *sympathy*. While Elisha himself felt the chill of the corpse, his personal warmth was entering into the dead body. This of itself did not raise the child; but God worked through it—the old man's heat of body passed into the child, and became the medium of quickening. Let every teacher weigh these words of Paul, "But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children: so being affectionately desirous of you, we 'were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, *but also our own souls*, because ye were dear unto us." The genuine soul-winner knows what this means. For my own part when the Lord helps me to preach, after I have delivered all my matter, and have fired off my shot so fast that my gun has grown hot, I have often rammed my very soul into the gun, and fired my heart at the congregation, and this discharge has, under God, won the victory. God will bless by his Spirit our hearty sympathy with his own truth, and make it do that which the truth alone coldly spoken would not accomplish. *Here*, then, is the secret. You must, dear teacher, impart to the young your own soul;

you must feel as if the ruin of that child would be your own ruin. You must feel that if the child remains under the wrath of God, it is to you as true a grief as if you were under that wrath yourself. You must confess the child's sins before God as if they were your own, and stand as a priest before the Lord pleading on its behalf. The child was covered by Elise's body, and you must cover your class with your compassion, with the agonizing stretching: forth of yourself before the Lord on its behalf. Behold in this miracle the *modus operandi* of raising the dead; the Holy Spirit remains mysterious in his operations, but the way of the outward means is here clearly revealed.

The result of the prophet's work soon appeared, "The flesh of the Child waxed warm." How pleased Elisha must have been; but I do not find that ails pleasure and satisfaction caused him to relax his exertions. Never be satisfied, dear friends, with finding your children in a barely hopeful state. Did a girl come to you and cry, "Teacher, pray for me?" Be glad for this is a fair token; but look for more. Did you observe tears in a boy's eyes when you were speaking of the love of Christ? Be thankful for it that the flesh is waxing warm, but do not stop there. Can you relax your exertions now? Bethink you, you have not yet gained your end! It is life you want, not warmth alone. What you want, dear teacher, in your beloved charge, is not mere conviction, but conversion; you desire not only impression, but regeneration. Life, life from God, the life of Jesus. This your scholars need, and nothing less must content you.

Again I must bid you watch Elisha. There was now a little pause. "*Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro.*" Notice, the restlessness of the man of God; he cannot be easy. The child waxes warm (blessed be God for that, but he does not live yet); so, instead of sitting down in his chair by the table, the prophet walks to and fro with restless foot, disquieted, groaning, panting, longing, and ill at ease. He could not, bear to look upon the disconsolate mother, or to hear her ask, "Is the child restored?" but he continued pacing the house as if his body could not, rest because his soul was not satisfied. Imitate this consecrated restlessness. When you see a boy getting somewhat affected; do not sit down and say, "The child is very hopeful, thank God; I am perfectly satisfied." You will never win the priceless gem of a saved soul in that way; you must feel sad, restless, troubled, if you ever become a parent in the church. Paul's expression is not to be explained in words, but you must know its meaning in your hearts; "I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you" Oh! may the

Holy Ghost give you such inward travail, such unrest, disquietude, and sacred u,:-easiness, until you see your hopeful scholars savingly converted.

After a short period of walking to and fro, the prophet again “went up, and stretched himself upon the child.” What it is well to do once it is proper to do a second time. What is good twice, is good seven times. There must, be perseverance and patience. You were very earnest last Sabbath, do not be slothful next Sabbath. How easy it is to pluck down on any one day what we have built up the day before. If by one Sabbath’s work God enables me to convince a child that I was in earnest, let me not convince the child next Sunday that I am not in earnest. If my past warmth has made the child’s flesh wax warm, God forbid that my future chilliness should make the child’s heart cold again. As surely as warmth went from Elisha to the child, so may cold go from you to your class unless you are in an earnest state of mind.

Elisha stretched himself on the bed again with many a prayer, and many a sigh, and much believing, and at last his desire was granted him. “*The child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes.*” Any form of action would indicate life, and content the prophet. The child “sneezed,” some say because he died with a disease of the head, for he said to his father “My head! my head!” and the sneeze cleared the passages of life which had been blocked up. This we do not know. The fresh air entering afresh into the lungs might well compel a sneeze. The sound was nothing very articulate or musical, but it betokened life. This is all we should expect from young children when God gives them spiritual life. Some church members expect a great deal more, but for my part I am satisfied if the children sneeze—if they give any true sign of grace, however feeble or indistinct. If the dear child does but feel its lost estate and rest upon the finished work of Jesus, though we only find out the fact by a very indistinct statement, not such as we should accept from a doctor of divinity, or expect from a grown-up person, should we not thank God and receive the child and nurse it for the Lord!

Perhaps if Gehazi had been there he would not have thought much of this sneezing, because he had never stretched himself upon the child, but Elisha was content with it. Even so, if you and I have really agonized in prayer for souls, we shall be very quick of eye to catch the first sign of grace, and shall be thankful to God if the token be but a sneeze.

Then the child *opened its eye*, and we will venture to say Elisha thought he had never seen such lovely eyes before. I know not what kind of eyes they were, the hazel or the blue, but this I know, that any eye which God helps you to open will be a beautiful eye to you. I heard a teacher talking the other day about “a fine lad” who had been saved in his class, and another spoke of “a dear girl” in her class who loved the Lord. No doubt of it would be a wonder if they were not “fine” and “dear” in the eyes of you who have brought them to Jesus, for to Jesus Christ they are finer and clearer still. Beloved friends, may you often gaze into opened eyes which, but for divine grace owning your teaching, would have been dark with the film of spiritual death. Then will you be favored indeed.

One word of caution. In this meeting is there a *Gehazi*? If there be among this host of Sunday School Teachers one who can do no more than carry the staff, I pity him. Ah! my friend, may God in his mercy give you life, for how else can you expect to be the means of quickening others? If Elisha had been a corpse himself it would have been a hopeless task to expect life to be communicated through placing one corpse upon another. It is vain for that little class of dead souls to gather around another dead soul such as you are. A dead mother frostbitten and cold cannot cherish her little one. What warmth, what comfort can come to those who shiver before an empty grate? And such are you. May you have a work of grace in your own soul first, and then may the blessed and Eternal Spirit, who alone can quicken souls, make you to be the means of quickening many to the glory of his grace.

Accept, dear friends, my fraternal salutations, and believe that my fervent prayers are with you that you may be blessed and be made a blessing.

THERE BE SOME THAT TROUBLE YOU

THE early history of the Christian church bears a remarkable witness to the profound reverence with which Gentile believers honored the names of the venerable fathers of the Jewish people. These grafts from an alien stock into the true vine felt peculiarly sensitive on the question of pedigree. The argument so plentifully employed by the apostle Paul to prove that in Christ Jesus; there is no difference, sufficed not to disabuse their minds of inferiority. Just as we can now suppose that generations must elapse before the negro, not only liberated, but enfranchised, will cease to feel that his

sable skin betrays a debased ancestry; so then, there was; a sense of shame when, reflecting on themselves, and a sense of envy when regarding their Jewish brethren, which prompted the converts of the gospel—whether Greeks or barbarians—to seek out and establish some points of alliance with the blessed patriarchs and prophets of the Israelitish faith. Their very credulity is instructive. You might easily persuade them to submit in ripe years to the ordinance of circumcision; they would willingly observe any fasts or feasts, undertake long and tedious journeys to Jerusalem, or conform to any Judaical usages, lured by the tempting bait of association with the favored race “to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever.”

The epistle to the Galatians was -written with an express purpose to check the Judaizing tendencies of those churches. In prosecuting this object, the apostle used extraordinary severity while denouncing the false teachers. But his tender sympathy towards the weak consciences of disciples is no less conspicuous. He gives and repeats assurance after assurance that their apprehensions of disability were' groundless. They possessed an indefeasible title to all patrimonial and federal blessings. This was sealed by the Spirit of God, and would rather be compromised than confirmed by any carnal acts.

“IF YE. BE. CHRIST’S, THEN ARE YE ABRAHAM’S SEED, AND HEIRS ACCORDING TO THE PROMISE?”

An error of an opposite kind has attained some notoriety in our day. The Gentile element is predominant almost to exclusiveness in the Christian Church. Occupying a place of privilege which our forefathers knew not, there have arisen among us certain brethren who stealthily at first, and afterwards more boldly, have disparaged the Jewish patriarchs, and vaunted for themselves a superior claim to the love of God, and a higher place in the destinies of. heaven than they deem it possible for the saints of the pre-Christian era to inherit. Profane rivalry! not more pretentious than unwarranted; not more audacious than unscriptural. Does the proposition admit of debate, or is it necessary to do more; than refer every inquirer to the plain, unequivocal testimony of the New Testament? So we thought at first, as our spiritual instincts revolted at the heresy. In obedience to the divine counsel—” foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they

do gender strife “—we would have contented ourselves with warning the flock we delight to feed. For divers reasons, the obligation of another article is forced upon us. We give place to no one in the intense sympathy we feel with the honest scruples of every soul that conscientiously seeks the light of truth. It’ he be a penitent who has stumbled on the very threshold of revelation, or if he be a believer who has fallen into the hands of unsafe guides, and become embarrassed in the effort to find his way into the deeper mysteries of its inner courts, we would offer our prayer to God for the Spirit of wisdom that shall enable us to direct him aright.

From the tenor of the correspondence we have received, we infer that there are not a few such sincere believers in Christ, who have had their minds unhinged by the various tracts and publications which have been, for the most part, anonymously put into circulation. Their question is—” In view of the various dispensations under which it has pleased God to gather an elect and faithful people out of the world, has it not been reserved to the Christian dispensation to furnish the privileged company which, in their unity, is called ‘ the Church,’ ‘ the bride of Jesus,’ the Lamb’s wife?’ “ We have already refuted this notion. Still it appears that stumbling-blocks have been laid in the path of those who diligently search the Scriptures, which, by the grace of God, we will endeavor to remove.

And first of all, do not, we beseech you, be cajoled by any appeal to “God’s dispensational arrangements,” knowing that, however various they may have been, his covenant has endured the same through them all. It is a mere trust- that Abel was not circumcised, that Noah did not observe the passover, and Abraham was not baptized.

Difference of dispensation does not involve a difference of covenant; and it is according to the covenant; of grace that all spiritual blessings are bestowed. So far as dispensations reach they indicate degrees of knowledge, degrees of privilege, and variety in the ordinances of worship. The unity of the faith is not affected by these, as we are taught in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews. The faithful of every age concur in looking for one city, and that city is identically- the same with the New Jerusalem described in the Apocalypse as “a bride adorned for her husband.” Surely, beloved brethren, you ought not. to stumble at the anachronism of comprising Abraham, David, and others, in the fellowship of the Church! If you can understand how we, who live under the present economy, and unlike those Jews have never been circumcised, are

nevertheless accounted the true circumcision, who worship God in the Spirit, and not in the flesh—you Can have very little difficulty in perceiving that those Old Testament saints, who were participators in ;he faith of Christ’s death and resurrection, were verily baptized into him according to the Spirit. Neither time nor circumstance bounded the faith of Abraham. ‘He rejoiced to see Messiah’s day; and he saw it, and was glad. He believed in God who “called those things that be not as though they were.”’ It were well for us to walk in the footsteps of this same faith. Dispensations are not like individuals, the day of whose birth and the day of whose death can be accurately chronicled; they are rather like generations which are gradually dissolved; they do not terminate abruptly, but one melts and fuses into another. Would you tell us when the Abrahamic dispensation began and when it closed?—we had rather you did not attempt to guess for fear of a fresh strife. If you were to say it began on the day that Abraham received the sign in h;-s flesh, we should remind you that it was not imposed on Lot, though he was a believer. Or would you tell us when that same dispensation closed, equal differences of opinion might arise? Only one dispensation was like a walled city; and our Lord Jesus Christ broke down the partition-wall of that, in order to unite Jews and. Gentiles in one body.

It was doubtless with an advance of knowledge, privilege and worship, beyond measure bright, that the Christian dispensation, like the kingdom of heaven upon earth, was ushered in. We may regard it as inaugurated by the personal ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ himself, attested by his resurrection, and unfolded by the Spirit of God. But who among us will venture to think that this economy, under which we are called, in contrast with the economies that preceded it is perfect? Perfect in what? Are we perfect in knowledge? We know in part, we prophesy in part; when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Are we perfect in privilege? Alas! the great majority of believers walk in bondage, failing to enjoy, a clear assurance of their pardon, a thorough immunity from the fear of death, or a joyful anticipation c f the glory that is yet to be revealed. Would you dream that we are perfect in organization? In how few instances are all the component offices of fellowship filled by men who are moved and actuated by the Holy Spirit! Is there in any one of the churches, that claim allegiance to the commandment of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, such a complete presence of true believers and such a complete exclusion of all unholy persons, as to warrant our supposing that

that particular church represents the bride of Christ? Was it anticipated in the parables of “the kingdom of heaven,” that there ever would be?

Let the Plymouth Brethren define “the *church*” from which, by injunction or consent of their leaders, Abraham, Moses, David, and others, “as individual servants,” are to be kept aloof. Their “*plain papers*” will tell us, “it is the actual living unity with Christ and with each other of those who, since Christ’s resurrection, are formed into this unity by the Holy Ghost come down from heaven.” Turn aside now and see this great sight. Where is it to be beheld? In the oecumenical church of Rome! In the Episcopal church of England, by law established! In the sections of Presbyterianism! Among the Methodist societies! Among the Congregationalists! Or is it, after all, among the Plymouth Brethren themselves, whose diversities and disunion are so notorious? We venture to suggest that the church, which is the bride, has not her counterpart on this earth. While Christ who is our life is: absent, the life of the saints is hidden—hid with Christ in God. The new Jerusalem is out of sight The Epiphany of the church is a feast yet to be celebrated. That fair damsel has not yet (in the language Of courtly fashion) come out. She has not been introduced. Her appearance will be the signal for nuptial festivities Not all who claim to be church-members on earth, because they live under this dispensation, will be acknowledged in the day of the Lord. Nor will the accident or circumstance of having lived before this dispensation, preclude the recognition of any saints in living unity with Christ at his appearing.

Who hath bewitched you, ye simple-hearted Christians, that ye should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits? There be some that trouble you. Do not these crudities proceed from individual professors of an unincorporated society, which has not at present sufficient development to be reckoned in law, in equity, or in reason among the sects or sections of the: visible church? If they have any organization, is. it not of the lowest type—based upon the incipient pre-Pentecostal model of discipleship? Had they received the gifts of the Spirit, would they not fill those offices in the body which they not only neglect but ignore?

It is high time we asked these specious agitators to declare themselves. Are they phantoms flirting across our path? They come in such a questionable share. In simplicity and godly sincerity, let a statement of their principles, and, if need be, a register of their individual names. and acknowledged communities, be published. For their own welfare. it should be done

without delay, Why do they not say with the apostle, "We write none other things unto you than what ye read or acknowledge, and I trust ye shall acknowledge even unto the end?" A "so-called brother," is an untangible style of subscription; it savors neither of flesh nor spirit. Yet the folly of some in this matter does not pertain to all who have, attempted to foist this novelty upon our churches. We extract the following note from the January number of "Things New and Old," the editor of whom is a gentleman to be easily recognized by his initials as well as his name :—

'M. G.' Your kind communication did not reach us in time for our December issue. The difficulty of your friend arises, very much, we should say, from not seeing that the church, as such, is not before the apostle's mind in Galatians or Romans. He is speaking of believers, and the ground on which they are individually justified before God. They are justified by faith, as Abraham was, and, hence, are morally the children of Abraham. And, further, though Abraham did not and could not belong to a body which had no existence, save in the purpose of God, until, the Head ascended into the heavens, still, most assuredly, Abraham and all the Old Testament saints will share in the heavenly glory. Very many, we doubt not, are perplexed as to this point, because, they make it a question of comparing individuals one with another. If it be a question of personal worthiness, holiness, or devotedness, Abraham might stand above the most holy and devoted amongst us. But it is not so at all, but simply' a question of God's dispensational arrangements; and if any be disposed to find fault with these, we are not at all disposed to argue with them. Some, now-a-days, have a way of turning the subject into ridicule, which savors far more of wit than of spirituality or acquaintance with the Word of God. But we trust that we shall never surrender the truth of God in order to escape the shafts of human ridicule." Here is the very gist of the matter. But as for the remark that the apostle Paul was handling "simply a question of God's dispensational arrangements," this view is so contrary to that which he has himself put forth in his "Notes on Genesis," that we need only refer out' readers to his own commentary on the sixteenth and twenty-second chapters of Genesis for a candid admission that Paul's allegory drawn from the history of Hagar and Sarah referred to the covenants, and not the dispensations. We may, however, still be allowed to express our profound astonishment at the declaration that the church is not before the apostle's mind in either the epistle to the Galatians or that; to the Romans. If "Jerusalem which is above which is free," does not mean "the church,"

what does it mean? We are aware that some annotators have interpreted it of the church militant, and others of the church triumphant. The news had yet to reach us that “individuals justified before God” were alluded to in this maternity. Supposing that “the church” is not the mother of us all, the inference stands transparently forth, “Abraham is the father of the faithful, but each justified man is his own mother :” *q. e. ducens ad absurdum*.

Let this suffice. We have no intention to open the pages of this magazine to vain jangling. An earnest study of those Scriptures which disclose “the everlasting covenant” as it was gradually but distinctly-revealed, will do more than any arguments of ours to dissipate the mist of those strange doctrines we have referred to. That covenant was declared to Noah; it was still further opened to Abraham and Isaac; it was confirmed to David; Isaiah rejoiced, in its sure mercies; Jeremiah was privileged to relate many of its special provisions; and Paul avers in his epistle to the Hebrews that this is the covenant, under the provisions of which the precious blood of Christ; was shed: it is the blood of the-new covenant. The priesthood of Christ is declared to be after the order of Melchizedec; it was, therefore, revealed in the days of Abraham. The word of the oath by which he was consecrated is communicated to us in the 110th Psalm; and so it was well known to David. In like manner, the gift of the Holy Spirit, though not bestowed till after the ascension of Christ, was explained by the apostle Peter, on the day of Pentecost, to be a fulfillment of prophecy that was spoken before the incarnation. The dispensational succession of events does not affect the covenant. If it did, then Abraham could have no more interest in the Jewish than in the-Christian economy, Canaan not having come into possession of his posterity till centuries after the patriarch’s sojourn on earth had terminated. Had none of those believers any interest in the death of Christ, they must have died in their sins; but if they were interested in his death, why not in all the blessings that ensued? Is it pretended that though their welfare was deeply involved in the fact that “Jesus should die for-that nation, and not for that nation only,” they are wittingly excluded from participating in the immediate consequence—” that also he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad”? According to the terms of the everlasting covenant, and not according: to the law, nor yet according to the tenor of any transient dispensations, the Old Testament saints were justified by faith and accepted of God.

The testimony to the bride is not peculiar to the New Testament. Her praise and her destiny were sung by those who went before. And it does appear to us that the whole discussion that has been raised should excite a sigh deep and solemn in our breasts. Where has humility fled? Has it ceased to be a cardinal virtue among the followers of the Lamb?

When our readers lay down this magazine, let them take up the gospel of Matthew and read at the eighth chapter, and the eleventh verse: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Mark the words "kingdom of heaven" so often used by Christ to signify the gospel dispensation. The next words make this construction more obvious: "But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Let us implore you to invert the question you have propounded to us. Those blessed patriarchs are undoubtedly heirs of the promises. Christ has acknowledged them. You need not ask whether they shall sit down with you, but your inquiry may well be whether you shall sit down with them in the kingdom of heaven.

THE PASTOR'S ALMSHOUSES AND SCHOOLS

BY the good providence of God one of the schemes laid before our readers a few months ago is now fairly on the way to actual execution. About 1,000 more is wanted, and the buildings can be completed without debt.

Provision will be made in the buildings, of which we give an engraving in this number, for 18 alms women, poor members of our church, above the age of 60. May the last days of many of the Lord's poor be happily spent in these little rooms. We have not the means to endow them all, but doubt not that Christian friends will be found in the course of time who will do so.

The schools on the right will be large airy rooms for two hundred or more children, and will be used as day schools and Sabbath schools; the house on the left is for the schoolmaster; and there are small playgrounds behind.

May the rising race be here instructed in heavenly wisdom. Mr. Thomas Olney, our venerable deacon, will soon lay the first stone, and we expect that the works will proceed at once; the contract being accepted for £4,500. It is no small joy to the pastor to see such an institution springing up, which will remain to bless the church when we have long parted with

our fathers: it is our only regret that we cannot make it as large again'. May the eyes and heart of God be towards the place.

MR. NEWTON AND THE "BRETHREN"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SWORD AND TROWEL."

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much satisfaction, your able remarks in the February number of the "Sword and Trowel," on the dastardly attack which has been made upon you by some of the "Brethren." They richly deserve the castigation you have given to them. It will, I hope, have the effect of putting a stop, in some measure, to the false charges and unfounded accusations which they have been in the habit of making against those who faithfully expose the dangerous tendency of their peculiar and novel doctrines. No one has 'done this more effectually than Mr. Newton, and, consequently, no one has suffered as he has from their systematic persecution and unprincipled statements. They have, to a great extent, succeeded in getting the brand-mark of heresy attached to his name and writings. In one of their widely circulated and calumnious pamphlets his views are described as "deep, damnable, fundamental denial of Christ;" "strange and poisonous doctrine about our Lord;" "blasphemous and "and he is stigmatized as "the here in, "*teacher* of heretical statements; blasphemy;" "the false teacher;" "the evil doer." The Darbyites have been for the past eighteen years zealously engaged in carrying out a decree of their leader, in accordance with which, they labor to oppose Mr. Newton in every possible way, and perpetuate the false charges of heresy and blasphemy which have been maliciously brought against him. The case is, I believe, without a parallel. One who has recently left the Darbyites says, that his heart 'has been withered in this work, and that he cannot any longer pursue it.

Any one who reads Mr. Newton's writings, soon discovers how grossly he has been misrepresented and maligned, but many implicitly believe the false statements, and are prejudiced against him and his work. Unfortunately, too, for Mr. Newton, he is generally supposed still to belong to the "Brethren," but this is altogether a mistake. Nearly twenty years ago he entirely disconnected himself from them, in consequence of the

introduction of the novel views and doctrines which now peculiarly characterize them, and against which he has always strongly protested.

I have thus referred to Mr. Newton. because you have mentioned his name in your remarks in such a way as may lead to the impression that he is a leader of one party of the "Brethren." The fact is, that on almost every important point, he is altogether opposed to their views and practices. Your love of truth and righteousness will, I feel sure, readily lead you to correct the wrong impression which may thus have been formed in the minds of many of your readers.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN COX, JUN.

17, Palace Gardens Villas, Kensington,
24th January, 1867.

SLIPPERY PLACES

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT was as much as we could do to keep our feet upon the splendid mosaic floor of the Palace Giovanelli, at Venice: we found no such difficulty in the cottage of the poor glassblower in the rear. Is it one of the advantages of wealth to have one's abode polished till all comfort vanishes, and the very floor is as smooth and dangerous as a sheet of ice, or is this merely an accidental circumstance typical of the dangers of abundance? Observation shows us that there is a fascination in wealth which renders it extremely difficult for the possessors of it to maintain their equilibrium; and this is more especially the case where money is suddenly acquired; then, unless grace prevent, pride, affectation, and other mean vices stupefy the brain with their sickening fumes, and he who was respectable in poverty, becomes despicable in prosperity. Pride may lurk under a threadbare cloak, but it prefers the comely broadcloth of the merchant's coat: moths will eat any of our garments but they seem to fly first to the costly furs. It is so much the easier for men to fall when walking on wealth sea of glass, because all men aid them to do so. Flatterers haunt not cottages: the poor may hear an honest word from his neighbor, but etiquette forbids that the rich man should enjoy the like privilege; for is it not a maxim in Babylon,

that rich men have no faults, or only such as their money like charity covereth with a mantle? What man can help slipping when every body is intent upon greasing his ways, so that the smallest chance of standing may be denied him? The world's proverb is, "God help the poor, for the rich can help themselves;" but to our mind, it is just the rich who have most need of heaven's help. Dives in scarlet is worse off than Lazarus in rags, unless divine love shall uphold him.

Nor is wealth the only slippery pathway—the road to honor is quite as dangerous, if not more so. Ambition, a good enough thing within reasonable bounds, is a very Apollyon among men, when it gets the mastery over them. Have you ever seen boys climbing a greasy pole to reach a hat or a handkerchief? If so, you will have noticed that the aspiring youths for the most part adopt; plans and tricks quite as slimy as the pole one covers his hands with sand, another twists a knotted cord, and scarcely one climbs fairly, and he is the one boy whose chance is smallest, How plainly see we the politician's course in these young rascals; the Right Honorable Member for the town of Corruption vies with the equally Right Honorable representative for the county of Bribery; the most noble Conservative place-hunter will not be outdone by the Liberal office-lover; a man must have clone a world of planing and shaving, chopping and chiseling, before he can reach the Treasury Bench. Nor less so is it in the path of trade. Small dealers and great contractors eager to rise are each in their measure to Satan what a covey of partridges are to a sportsman, fair game if he can but reach them. The hasty desire to rise is the cause of many a fall. Those who see the glittering heaps of gold before them are frequently in so much haste to thrust their arms in up to the elbow among the treasure that they take short cuts, leave the beaten road of honest labor, break through hedges, and find themselves ere long in a ditch. It is hard to keep great riches without sin, and we have heard that it is harder still to get them. Walk warily, successful friend! Growing wealth will prove no blessing to thee unless thou gettest growing grace. Prosperity destroys a fool and endangers a wise man; be on thy guard, good friend, for whether thou be the one or the other, thy testing hour is come.

After crossing the Grimsel, on the way down towards Handeck, the traveler traverses a road cut in red marble, so smoothly polished that, even when it is divested of its usual thin coating of snow, it is dangerous in the extreme. Notwithstanding that steps are hewn, and rough marks made across the granite, he would be foolhardy who should try to ride along the

slippery way, which is called Helle Platte, or Hell Place, for reasons ‘which glisten on its surface. “Dismount,” is the word, and none are slow to obey it. There are many such Hell Places on the road to the celestial city—smooth places of pleasure, ease, flattery, solar, content, and the like; and it will be the wisest course if any pilgrim has been fond of riding the high horse, for him to dismount at once and walk humbly with his God. That enchanted ground of which Bunsan tells us that the air naturally tended to make one drowsy, is just the spot to which we refer; men had need be watchful whose path lies through that deceitful country.

It has been said that in a calm sea every man is a pilot, but we take leave to doubt it; calms have dangers quite unknown to storms, and rocks and quicksands are none the less perilous because the deceitful *sea* which covers them smiles softly on the mariner. Not to be tempted is a great temptation. Safety breeds *carelessness*, and *carelessness* is the mother of ruin. When Mansoul was at peace, Mr. Carnal-security invited her citizens to his fatal feasts, and the Prince Immanuel withdrew himself; let the result warn us against a repetition of the evil.

When cast by providence among sinful persons who respect us, we ought to be peculiarly watchful. The hatred of the ungodly when poured upon Christians in the form of persecution, is seldom harmful to their spiritual nature, but the friendship of the world is always to be suspected. When the servants of the high priest allowed Peter to warm his hands at the fire, had Peter been a wise man, he would have been afraid that evil would come of it. We are disarmed by kindness, but it is never safe to be disarmed in an enemy’s country. “Who,” saith the old proverb, “could live in Rome and yet be at war with the Pope?” Who can have much to do with sinners and not have something to do with their sins? The smiling daughters of Moab did more mischief to Israel than all Balak’s frowning warriors. All Philistia could not have blinded Samson if Delilah’s charms had not deluded him. Our worst foes will be found among our ungodly friends, for they who are false to God, are not likely to be true to us. Walk carefully, believer, if thy way lie by the sinner’s door, and especially if that sinner hath acted a friendly part to thee.

Yet should such smooth places lie directly in the road to our eternal mansions, we have no cause to be timid at the prospect of passing over them—caution we must cultivate, but courage we must cherish. We have a guide who is well able to secure us from fatal slips: with him for our

companion the way grows safe; should he conduct us over mountains of ice, he will cut steps for our feet, and give us his stout arm to lean upon; and he who leans on that never falls. We have the alpenstock of faith shod with never-failing promises, Which will often give us a hold and a stay in the most slippery places. He who knows how to use this staff aright, shall walk uprightly where others fall. Looking to the road immediately beneath us, satisfied with the sufficient evil of the present day, we need not make our heads to swim by gazing down terrific precipices, or enormous crevasses, but may advance step by step, until we reach our journey's end. Hundreds have trodden the way before us—from the celestial hills we may hear them singing; let us press forward till we gain their blissful seats. "Search the Scriptures."

PRIESTISM BROUGHT TO THE TOUCHSTONE

1. No person in the Christian church, whether he be an apostle, an elder, or an evangelist, is ever spoken of in the New Testament as a *priest*; nor do we find the most distant allusion to the appointment of an order of *priesthood*.
2. For the work of the ministry, Christ "*gave* some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers ;" but never do we read of his giving *priests*.
3. The apostle wrote Timothy and Titus particular directions relative to the appointment of bishops, deacons, etc.; but no mention is made of *priests*.
4. And why this silence of Scripture? Simply because the office of priests was unknown in the primitive church; and, moreover, in no way needed, for the weakest and humblest believer may now enter with boldness, even into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus.
5. Having so great a High Priest as Jesus the Son of God, who is "*touched* with the feeling of our infirmities," and "ever liveth to make intercession for us," what; need we, of any earthly priest?
6. Priestly confession is not needed; for if we confess our sins to the Lord, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

- 7.** Priestly absolution is not needed; because the blood of Jesus Christ, red that alone, “cleanseth us from all sin.”
- 8.** Priestly intercession is not needed; for “if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.”
- 9.** “No me an taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron;” but this cannot be said of any humanly-appointed priest.
- 10.** Every priest under the law was ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices for sin, and. “without shedding of blood is no remission;” but no such sacrifices are now offered, nor are they needed, Christ “hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself,” and “by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.”
- 11.** But the Scriptures distinctly teach, that all believers, by virtue of their union with the Lord Jesus Christ, are made kings and priests unto God, a holy and a royal priesthood, “to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.” 1 Peter 2:5, 9; Revelation 1:6.
- 12.** From all this it; clearly follows, that a humanly-appointed order of priesthood is a deceptive invention of man, and directly opposed to the teaching of Holy Scripture.

“To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.” Isaiah 8:20.

THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH

(NEHEMIAH 8:10.)

JOY in our labor, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, is the best guarantee that all the available powers we possess will be cheerfully thrown into our labor, and joy thus becomes one of the chief elements of success in work of any kind. The world, which is wise in its generation, knows perfectly well the power of this element, and it has become a proverb, that it is useless to put a boy to an occupation he dislikes; and the great aim is first to impress youth With the necessity of labor, and then find the occupation which is most likely to be agreeable to his tastes, and therefore the one which is best calculated to enlist all his energy and secure

success. Experience teaches us the same thing, for often with a light and cheerful heart we have been able to perform, with ease and comfort, what, at other times, with a sad and heavy heart, we have not dared to attempt.

Of all laborers, he who labors in the spiritual field stands in the greatest need of joy in his work, because of all labor it is that which brings the greatest amount of care, disappointment, trial and suffering. He who labors in the merely intellectual field finds little to retard, his steady progress; his is certainly an ascending path requiring patience and hard toil to master its difficulties, but it is a decidedly pleasant path, and free from ruggedness and pitfalls, and every ascent gives a more extended view, and stimulates to further progress; and he who travels it, generally meets with encouragement from fellow-laborers and applause from the world, and the higher he ascends the more honorable and distinguished does his position become. But it is very different with the laborer in the spiritual field—disappointment, opposition, trial and persecution from without, and temptations, weakness, fears, doubts and troubles from within, are what is expected by him who labors earnestly in the Lord's vineyard; but as the sufferings of Christ abound in him, so his consolations also abound by Christ, so that after all, the Christian laborer ought to be the most joyful in the whole world. The joy of the spiritual man in the exercise of the power of the Spirit which has been imparted by God, is far higher and diviner than that which results from the acquisition and exercise of intellectual knowledge and power, even as that is superior to the joy (if it may be called such), which is produced in some minds by the display of mere brute force; for as the soul is the highest and noblest part of man's being, and that which is destined to live for ever, he only who has been raised to spiritual life, knows the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory, for he only knows what it is to *live* in the highest and noblest sense of that term.

But while we assert that of all men the 'Christian should be the most joyful, we feel there is ground for the charge often brought against us, that we are the most melancholy, It is too often the case that when we come together for worship, for prayer, or for breaking of bread, there is very little joy and rejoicing amongst us; thankfulness, gratitude, and a certain degree of joy no doubt; exist, but our meetings are rarely joyful meetings; there is more generally' a mourning the absence of the Lord, rather than a rejoicing at his presence. That God would not have his children destitute of this joy 'of the purest, highest and most invigorating kind, we are assured by his Word; and being such an important element in the success of those who labor for

him, we do well to ascertain from the scriptures; how we may each strive to promote this joy in the hearts of our fellow-believers, and especially in the hearts of those who watch for our souls, that they may do it with joy and not with grief, for that, is unprofitable for us, for the joy of the Lord is their strength.

There was once a marriage-feast where they wanted wine which maketh glad the heart of man, and we have an account of the manner in which that want was supplied. Christ was there, and we have his promise “where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” The mother of Jesus was there, who could claim a closer relationship to Christ than any other being, yet he says, “Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother ;” so that where there is a company of believers with but one thoroughly earnest soul who lives near’ to God and enjoys much communion with Christ, there is hope for that church, for it is in no worse condition than the company at Cana of Galilee. The mother of Jesus evidently believed in the power of Christ to supply the want of the assembled, guests and she as evidently believed in his. willingness. for when he said, “My hour is not yet come,” she did what she could to hasten the hour; and as she felt she could not go. to the governor of the feast nor to the guests, she went to the servants and exhorted them to look to Christ, and not to look *only*, but “whatsoever he saith unto you, *do it.*” Too much stress cannot be laid on the points contained in this exhortation, it is a perfect model for our guidance and imitation,” *Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.*” The eyes of the servants ‘were then directed to Christ, and they had not to wait long for instructions; they being desirous to learn, his hour was come to teach; and his telling them first to fill the waterpots with water, teaches us the necessity of first seeking the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The picture given us of the servants (most likely their number was *very* small), in obedience to Christ, filling the waterpots with water, is a great encouragement to God’s people to meet together, if they be but few and of humble position, to seek the outpouring of the Spirit into their own souls, that they may have faith to pray prevailingly that the blessing of God might descend on the preacher and the preaching of the Word, that in God’s own appointed way, the whole company of believers might be blessed and made to rejoice. Perhaps when God often blesses the preaching of the Word, to the astonishment of the preacher himself, the last day will reveal the fact, that two or three humble disciples, having faith in God’s

promises, had long met together for prayer and supplication—and although the ruler of the feast knew not whence the good wine came, the servants who drew the water knew—and so did they know and rejoice in the fact that God had answered their prayer, and revealed himself to them as a faithful and promise-keeping God, and perhaps it will be said of such as it was of the poor widow, “Verily I say unto you, this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury.”

There is encouragement here for every believer, who feels that the hearts of God’s people are too much set on worldly things, and that God’s cause, therefore, is in a low and feeble state; for until believers are led to joy and rejoice in Christ and in doing his will, work for Christ and for his church will never be done in a manner either pleasing to God or profitable to men; for God loveth a cheerful giver and cheerfully-rendered service, and that can never proceed from a divided heart. As the company at Cana had good wine ministered to them through the instrumentality of one individual, the Word of God teaches us how by faith in Christ, we may one and all seek to do the same service to the church, however poor and humble we may be in this world’s goods, and this world’s estimation.

OUR FEBRUARY MEETINGS

IN our last number, we promised to give an account of the remarkable Meetings which were held at the Tabernacle during the month of February. The Lord God of Israel be praised that; we have such a record to present to our readers. The meetings commenced on the 8th of that month, when the pastor, deacons, and elders, spent the evening together in prayer and conference, and many earnest supplications were offered for the bestowment of the Divine blessing upon the special services that were about to be held. An interesting feature of this gathering was the presentation by Mr. Olney, sent, to the pastor, of a handsome time-piece, which had been subscribed for by the deacons and elders. The pastor, who had no idea that such a presentation was intended, was deeply affected by this generous token of the affection of his fellow-laborers, of whom he said, “No man had a better staff of helpers or a firmer band of friends.” May other churches be blessed with officers as affectionate and devoted as these brethren.

On the 11th, the church officers met the pastor for supplication to God, preparatory to the special prayer-meeting. Two deacons from the church at Waterbeach were also with the brethren, and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost were felt in the little assembly. As we announced last month, the Tabernacle was well attended at the prayer-meeting, and the prayers offered by Mr. Spurgeon and the various brethren, were most fervent and solemn. Many 'were savingly 'impressed on that solemn occasion.

On the following day (Tuesday), the deacons and elders, having previously met for one hour's prayer, assembled with the undecided of the congregation. Many persons were moved to tears during this solemn service, and the deacons devoted one hour to personal conversation with those who remained behind. Mrs. Bartlett, with her usual holy zeal, was occupied with a room full of trembling seekers. Much fruit was *seen* on this occasion. On Wednesday, the young people of the congregation met Mr. Spurgeon and the officers for tea, after which, the lecture-hall was filled with a most attentive audience of young people, who were deeply impressed with the remarks made; some have since come forward and offered themselves to the church. It is pleasing to record that the deacons and elders have had a blessing upon their own families. On Sunday, the 17th, deputations from the church officers visited the classes presided over by Mrs. Bartlett, Mr. McGregor, and Mr. Croker. The addresses at these prosperous classes, were marked by great earnestness and pointedness, and it is hoped that the: good done on this occasion will be recorded in heaven.

Monday, the 18th, was set apart for fasting and prayer. From seven in the morning: till nine at night;, the flame of devotion burned on steadily and vehemently. There was no pause, no breaking up for meals, no idle talk, but a whole day of prayer; a blessed day indeed! Those who shared its deep convulsions of sorrow, and bursts of joy, will never forget it while memory holds her place. There were of course comers and goers all day long, but this created no disturbance; and those who came in but for one hour were so in tune with the rest, that it was evident that all the members, whether in the meeting or at their several callings, were in a spirit of prayer Throughout the day it was felt that the presence of the Lord God of Hosts overshadowed the place. The evening meeting in the Tabernacle was a most remarkable one. The prayers for the conversion of souls were unusually fervent, and the Lord was pleased to grant the request of his servants, even as he always does listen to the desires of believing hearts, in

the salvation of precious souls. Of this there were happy proofs on the succeeding night, when the unconverted were invited to meet the officers for exhortation. The marked, devout, and eager attention of those present was very gratifying, and the tears that were visible told the tale of soul-sorrow and soul-joy. Broken-hearted ones were led to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and Mr. Spurgeon has seen several who are anxious to find peace, and others who wish to join the church.

There was an interesting gathering of the parents of Sabbath-school children on the 20th, when the pastor and deacons, with the teachers, gave special addresses in the lecture-hall, which were well calculated to arrest the attention and impress the hearts of those present. The tutors and students had tea with the pastor on the 22nd, when addresses were given by a number of friends, the object being to excite in the college the same zeal which glows in all the other branches of the church. On the following Sabbath, two deacons visited Mr. Hanks's classes, and also the senior classes of the Sabbath-school, with the view of arousing souls and urging an immediate decision for Christ. On the 25th, the ordinary prayer-meeting assumed a very solemn character, all the addresses being directed to the unconverted, and being delivered by our elders, were more novel and interesting than if they had come from ministers.

On the 26th, the Evangelists, Lean Tract Distributors, Missionaries, and Bible-women, connected with the church, took tea together. After tea, about 250 assembled in the lecture-room. The pastor presided, and expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing so many of the members of his church voluntarily engaged in evangelistic work. He hoped that wherever they pushed the gospel-plough, they would make deep furrows in the hard soil; and that they would sow nothing else but the seed of divine truth. He was delighted to find that many of the present members of the church had been converted through the instrumentality of the evangelists, and believed the Metropolitan Tabernacle owed much of its prosperity to the self-denying efforts of its members who were engaged in carrying the gospel to the poor in the streets and byways of this great metropolis. He hoped that those who were not in earnest in their work would follow Mr. Orsman's example, in his noble mission which his friend Mr. Leach had aptly denominated "A Golden Work in Golden Lane." Addresses of an encouraging and stimulating character were then delivered by Mr. W. J. Orsman, Sec. of the Evangelists' Association; Mr. Stringer Mr. Carpenter City Missionary, Mr. Cooper, elder, Mr. W. Olney, Mr.

Aldbury, who related some rough encounters he had had with the bargemen at his open air services by the river's-side, and a gentleman from New York.

On the; 1st elm arch, the Sunday-school and Ragged-school teachers assembled together at tea, when most encouraging addresses were delivered by the pastor and others. The meetings were concluded on Monday, the 4th, by breaking of bread and thanksgiving, and those who were present found the opportunity one of great spiritual enjoyment. The king himself was there, and we said in our hearts, "He brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

We feel thankful at the remembrance of the various joyful and refreshing influences which clustered around the above gatherings. The blessing which has already attended these special efforts is but a foretaste of what we may expect. We know and are persuaded that a mighty blessing is in reserve for a praying people.

MR. SPURGEON AMONG THE COSTERMONGERS

ON Tuesday, the 12th of March, Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon to the street vendors of Golden-lane and its vicinity, in the Evangelists' Tabernacle, where Mr. Orsman conducts his mission. On the previous Sunday morning, tickets of admission were distributed among the street dealers of Whitecross-street, and the result was, that by far the majority of those who attended were of this class. A goodly number of the regular attendants at the Mission-hall were absent, as they denied themselves for the sake of others. Some of the dealers came with unwashed faces and uncombed hair, but the majority were dressed in their best clothes; and those who could not recognize them, would hardly think that some were costermongers' wives. There were several in "the fried fish line," two or three "pickled whelks" *merchants*, a number of cabbage and vegetable dealers, coke sellers, wood-choppers, picture dealers, etc, and some representatives of street-sweepers. The bell was rung as usual to let the neighbor's know that the time for service was come; for Golden-lane Tabernacle has its bell with a fine clear throat, and rivals the parish church in this respect; this seemed much to amuse Mr. Spurgeon, who said in the

vestry that he had no idea that he was among such aristocratic people, who made so much noise in the world. At seven o'clock, Mr. Spurgeon ascended the platform and opened with prayer. Then a hymn was heartily sung, and a chapter read and expounded. The preacher's prayer was frequently responded to; and when reference was made to the bodily aches and pains which so many suffered, and the poverty experienced by others, there were many deep sighs. Of course, Mr. Spurgeon arrested their attention, nor did he find any difficulty in making his audience understand what he had to tell them. Street vendors are very much like other people, only they are more acute than most persons will give them credit for. Our honored friend's easy delivery, rapid flow of words, masculine thought, earnestness and directness, were thoroughly appreciated; and the little anecdotes, homely illustrations, and forcible "hits," were much enjoyed. The text was St. John's Gospel, 4:15; and having briefly and plainly stated what the gospel was, the preacher showed how it might be compared to water. Water satisfied the thirst of man; often saved his life; took away filth; put out fire—the fire of temper, lust, etc.; it softened things, etc. He then encouraged them to believe that if they desired this grace, they would have it, and lastly, concluded by showing how he himself had found this "living water." One or two illustrations were evidently much liked. Referring to the satisfaction which the soul felt when convinced that all its sins were atoned for, Mr. Spurgeon remarked that he saw a long the of bills at home the other day, but when he was told they were all paid ones, he did not care how many they were. Again, there was a certain fire that was felt early in the morning in the throats of some persons, who had to go to a neighboring fire-shop to get it quenched, and that fire seemed to burn most furiously on Saturday nights when the wages were just received—an allusion to their social habits which made many laugh. Sacramental efficacy had a blow. Water could go up as high as the source from whence it came, and so could God's grace; but any grace they fancied they might get from a priest or minister, could only go up as high as its source—which was the height of the priest and a number of other illustrations were so much admired as to make many give a friendly nod of approbation to those sitting by their side. The appeal to their consciences made a deep impression. After Mr. Spurgeon had concluded, over two hundred remained for the purpose of prayer. For an hour and a quarter earnest supplications were offered. Some begged that the brethren would pray especially for them, others, who had never made supplication in their lives before, expressed their wants in deep sighs; or in gentle, solemn responses.

It is believed that several were convinced of sin during the services, and certainly Mr. Spurgeon's appeals will never be forgotten by many who had been unaccustomed to sympathetic, earnest entreaty.

One curious bit of criticism we heard from several costermongers. A coster's living depends largely upon his "voice." He, therefore, knows the value of good lungs, and is a connoisseur in voices. The preacher's voice was eulogized as "wonderful," "Stunning," "I never," and other equally significant phrases. One coster had lost his voice, and probably he envied the preacher's gift. Another poor fellow—a follower of Joanna Southcott—retired from the hall expressing great disappointment because no reference had been made to his own people—the Jews; and nothing had been said about the millennium, the teaching, of which, he declared with much earnestness, always led the way to conversion!

The writer takes the present opportunity of personally thanking those readers who so generously responded to his appeal in the February number of this Magazine, on behalf of Mr. Orsman's mission. He hopes that other friends may be led to assist Mr. O. in carrying on and extending this noble and much-needed work.

E.L.

THE LORD'S WORK IN CANADA

WE have been much refreshed by reading the various reports of those of our Baptist brethren in Canada who are devotedly, and with great self-denial, laboring in home missionary spheres. The church's work in Canada is essentially of an aggressive Character. Although highly favored as the land where the gospel is faithfully preached, Canada is yet a wide field for missionary effort. Tens of thousands are living without God, while, as the "Canadian Baptist Register" states, "We have rationalists and skeptics here; infidels from France, and neologists from Germany; priest-ridden Papists and worshippers of Mammon; heretics of almost every name, and even within a day's sail from Owen Sound, Indians on the Great Mountain Island, who are the sincere and devout worshippers of the Devil." Our Baptist brethren are fully alive to their responsibilities, and are increasingly desirous of entering the mission-field with greater zeal than ever. While they feel pain arising from the want of greater results, and pleasure because

the work of the Lord has prospered during a year of unusual religious drought, they are not content to rest upon past successes—and this alone is an omen for good in any living church. The Baptist Missionary Convention of Canada West has 28 missionaries, who have preached the gospel at, 94 stations, to congregations averaging in all, 5,994 persons. The missionaries report having made 5,320 pastoral visits to the families connected with ‘the mission churches and congregations; and, it is to be understood, that by a pastoral visit is meant a visit during which the missionary bus conversed with the family on religious subjects, read the Word of God to the family, and offered prayer to God on its behalf—not a mere call. In the discharge of their various duties they have traveled 31,308 miles, to a very great; extent, too, over very rough roads and amidst the darkness of the night, exposed to those storms which all have seen and felt the effects of, to some extent at least, during the past year. The number of persons baptized into the fellowship of the churches, on a credible profession of faith, during the year, has been one hundred and thirteen.

We find that there are in all 183 pastors of regular Baptist churches in Canada; 275 churches, and 15,091 church members, while there are of course a number of ministers without pastoral charges. Still, there is a great dearth of pastors, owing, it is believed, mainly to the rapid increase of the churches. Few ministers go to Canada from Great Britain; and the churches are therefore desirous of raising up a native Canadian ministry. It is pleasant to find in looking over the reports of the missionaries, that most of the churches, even the most youthful, are struggling to become self-supporting, and that efforts are made in many stations to enlarge their borders. We regret, however, to observe that so many ministers find it necessary to change their spheres of labor, and that consequently the churches suffer from the want of a settled ministry. Judging from our brethren’s own testimony, we should say that the present crisis in the history of the Baptist denomination in Canada West, is an important one — since “one year’s faithful labor now expended upon the population of our rising towns and villages, and rural districts, will accomplish more for the establishment of churches formed after the primitive and apostolic model, than could be accomplished by five years’ labor in the same localities ten years hence.” We are glad to see this fact recognized, and that a spirit of zeal for the Lord of Hosts is animating the Lord’s people in the province.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the "Sword and Trowel" is being circulated in Canada, and that already there is a growing demand for our Magazine.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

CHINA has at length become familiar to Europeans. No longer does it wear the hue of mystery! it wore before the eyes of the world of the Caesars when its silks were purchased for their weight in gold by the noble matrons of Rome. Descriptions of its wide provinces, their products, and their people, no longer wield the power to amaze possessed by the recital of Marco Polo's travels in the thirteenth century. Yet at no former period has China exhibited features of greater interest to the world at large and especially to the friends of Jesus than at present. Rents and fissures may be detected here and there in the old policy of isolation pursued by the natives towards foreigners. The ports have been thrown open to merchants, and missionaries have traveled far into the interior. The good seed of the kingdom, long sown with but scanty signs of fruit, is now beginning to yield a cheering harvest to the later laborers in the field. The "*Narrative of the Mission to China of the English Presbyterian Church* might be brought forward as a striking example of this, whilst it reveals also a scale of economy perhaps without a parallel in the management of modern missions. It may be as well to at once give the figures. In the year 1854, with an income of 3,748, the society maintained nine European missionaries and twenty native. Evangelists, defrayed expenses for gospel boats, traveling, and chapels, besides £101 of home charges, and had 101 in hand at the close of the year. Twenty years have elapsed since William C. Burns, the first missionary of the society, set sail for China. His name will be well remembered by many from his zealous labors during the revival at Kilsyth, and other parts 'of Scotland. The island of Amoy was ultimately fixed upon as the basis of his operations. For seven years he preached the Word of Life incessantly, and only "the blossoms and buddings of the spiritual vintage" were seen. Then the Spirit of God began manifestly to work. "What I see here," he writes, "makes me call to mind former days of the Lord's power in my native land. In my own circle, I have hardly seen the same promising appearance of the coming of God's kingdom since I carne to China." These remarkable awakenings took place at Pechuia and Baypay. "The meetings were crowded, and the desire to

hear the Word not easily satisfied.” “Yesterday,” again he writes, “we had a good day here. It was one of the market days.. and the people came in, as usual, in numbers to hear. Most of those interested in the truth were also present The work of preaching all devolved on myself, and I felt supported more than usually. In the afternoon, I went alone to visit a village in the neighborhood; and in my absence a number of the inquirers, etc, met. here for worship of their own accord. When I returned, they were joyfully engaged in singing hymns, studying the Scriptures, etc, and continued so during the most of the evening. I have not witnessed the same state of things in China before. It is said among the people that we have some mode of enchanting those who come to us. In no other way can the blind world account for the impressions made on some of those who are receiving the truth.” Several young persons were brought to the Savior at this time. One was a youth of twenty, named Lain San, who afterwards became a medical missionary. “On the occasion of the birthday of the god of the furnace, he took the god and put it; in a pot boiling on the fire. The idol having been thus defaced was afterwards found by his mother, and both parents beat their son unmercifully for his conduct. Some of the other inquirers going to comfort the son under this treatment, so reasoned with the parents, showing that if the idol could not take care of itself, it surely did not deserve their protection, that their views underwent a sudden and entire change, and in a day or two afterwards they, with their four sons, brought all their idols and ancestral tablets, and publicly destroyed them in the view of the people.” “*Another* family, consisting of an old father, the mother, He-Se, and their three sons, Gongdo, Kwai-a, and Som-a, all became Christians. Even before their conversion, there was much real union and affection between them. When the old father was going to Amoy to be baptized, Son a asked to be allowed to accompany him for the same purpose. He was told lie was too young, and that he might fall back if he made a profession when tie was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply, ‘Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me.’“ In four months after this awakening, twenty persons were baptized. The new converts carried the knowledge of the One Mediator wherever they went, and spread in their simple way the doctrines of salvation. A singular instance is given by Mr. Douglas of the way in which the Lord sends his truth to find out his people. “We found,” he says, “also another old man, a cloth peddler, who heard the gospel in a very singular manner. He heard it not from a Christian, but from one of the vegetarian Buddhists, and that man

also had not heard it from a Christian, but; only from a strolling story-teller—a class of men who make a living: by reading old stories, or telling exciting stories in the streets—who had been going to the chapel at Amoy. These two men, through the return of whom the account of God's truth had reached the peddler, were never even specially interested, and cared nothing about the gospel. But he from the time he heard it, about ten years ago, had been endeavoring to pray to the living God. At last, a few weeks ago, he met with the men of the river gospel-boat, who instructed him more thoroughly. All the Sabbaths that we were there, he spent with us. He seems quite decided."

These simple extracts may be taken as outlines of the leading phases of the results of evangelistic labors in China; perhaps if a few glimpses of the Converts' faith in its trials, and triumphs were introduced, it would make the outlines more complete. These, however, must be passed by. It will have been noticed that progress has been represented as very gradual. The pace of the gospel in China has been uniformly slow; seldom has it run; seldom has it taken long strides; but seldom has it retraced its footsteps. From the days that Xavier breathed his last sigh from Sanclan towards the Chinese coast and then expired to the days of Morrison and Milne, and Medhurst, and to the days of Burns. the glad tidings of salvation have been steadily winning their way, and piercing the very foundations of the superstitions and idolatries of the proud Chinese. Still, little progress, you say, has been made. Little progress! There can be no little progress of the gospel in China; any progress there is great. Look at the perplexities and impediments, of a kind peculiarly their own, that crowd around and fain would paralyze the efforts of the missionary.

Glance at the character of the Chinaman, comprising traits seemingly destructive of each other. To a civilization more refined than that of Greece or Rome, he unites the stolidity of the Esquimaux; capable as the South Sea Islanders, of violence and plunder, he is complete master of his passions; professing a religious creed the purest of heathen nations, he is found the victim of vices the foulest of depraved humanity. Viewed at a distance, his careful training, his love of order, his reverence for virtue appear as so many shining inlets to the light of truth; but examined more closely, they shine with the brightness of the brazen door that repels, and not with the transparency of the crystal that admits, the doctrine of the cross. He listens to high moral precepts, but in nothing is their spirit akin to the spirit of the gospel. He is educated, but his education enchains instead

of liberating the mind; it fixes finality upon the intellect; instead of sowing the seeds of independent thought. He lives in a land where men are mere embodiments of custom, the frigid impersonations of technicality and rule; 'where the religion of the present generation consists in extolling and worshipping the worthies of the past; where antiquity is the only ruling god, on whose altar mental and material treasures are alike laid; where, instead of the Athenian thirst for something new, the cry ever is, who will show us some old thing; where precedents petrified by thirty centuries defy innovations, and laugh at change; in a word, the Chinaman is yoked to the machinery of a society so cumbrous that to move it onward means to break it. I say, then, that to make any headway against such gigantic powers of resistance and repulsion as Chinese manners and customs present, is to achieve a *great* success; and it appears all the greater, when we bear in mind that but a handful of men labor amongst a population verging on *four hundred millions*. It is a token for good that the missionary band increases. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who sailed for Ningpolis May last, with their family 'red their fifteen male and female missionary helpers, are still fresh in our memories. Are there no others whose hearts the Lord has touched with a similar desire to win the Chinese for our Savior God? To bring about the prediction, "Behold these shall come from tar; and, lo, these from the north, and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim?"

There can be no sin offering where there is no imputation of sin. Had not sin been charged upon the 'Victim, it would have been an act of wanton cruelty to put it to death; there would have been no reason for it. True justice can no more punish one who 'is legally innocent, than it can acquit one who is legally :,guilty.

If there is one truth more precious than another, it is this—The unpurchased and the unpurchaseable love of God.—Vintage *Gleanings*. the aforesaid days the penitent ought to fast, and to abstain from communion and celebration. However, when the circumstances of the fault and person have been weighed, the aforesaid penance can be diminished or increased according to the judgment of a discreet confessor. But this is to be observed, that wherever the *species* of the sacrament are found in their integrity, they are severally to be consumed; but it' this cannot be done without risk, they are still to be reserved for relics." *

There is more of the same order, but I forbear. Is this, I ask you, a true Christianity, or a degrading superstition?' Where shall we find its parallel?

Not in the minutest directions of the Levitical Rubric, far less in the simple worship of the New Testament. Some parallel may be found to it in that intolerable pharisaism on which our Lord pronounced His severest anathema. But a complete parallel to it is to be found only in the lowest superstitions of the middle ages. It is in fact but a reproduction of these superstitions. No wonder that the men who do these things yearn for reunion with Rome. Their proper place is in the Church of Rome, and not in the Church of England. May God deliver our country from their evil influence, and from what their own Articles call "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

THE COLLEGE ANNUAL FESTIVAL

THE annual supper, so generously provided by one of the deacons, Mr. T. Phillips, was held on the 19th of March, in the Lecture-hall of the Tabernacle. There was a large company of the friends of the College present, and the meeting held prior to the supper was of a most enthusiastic description. Mr. Samuel Morley (we wish we could add M.P.), presided. Mr. H. Varley, of Nottinghill, offered up prayer, and Mr. Spurgeon followed with an interesting address. Mr. Rogers, the theological tutor, referred to his connection with the College during the past ten years, expressed his intense satisfaction with its present mode of working, and gave an interesting and cheering account of the work done by those students who had settled in various spheres of use-fulness. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, as one of the tutors, spoke to the same effect. Mr. C. B. Sawday gave an account of his work at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville. The chapel which, three years and a half ago, was almost empty, was now overcrowded, and more accommodation was greatly required. He did not think a single week, or a single service passed away without its conversions: 650 persons had applied for membership since he commenced his labors, and the conversions were found to be genuine. Mr. Wright, of Brabourne, followed with an equally interesting account of the progress of the work in his chapel; and Mr. Cuff gave a racy description of the way in which he became a minister and the pastor of the church at Ridgmount; Mr. Crouch, of Paisley, and Mr. Griffin, of Sandhurst, followed. The chairman then expressed his thankfulness for the invitation which had been sent him to take the chair on the present occasion. He congratulated Mr. Spurgeon on the work that had been done by the College, and said he felt that Mr. S.

had discovered, to some extent at least, the solution to one of the most important but difficult problems of the day; namely, how to get at the masses. Mr. Fowler, of the Society of Friends, also expressed his gratification at being present, and rejoiced in the work of the College. After an interesting speech by Mr. Spurgeon, the company adjourned to the Lecture-hall, where the cloth was laid for 400 persons. After supper, Mr. W. Landels made an interesting speech, and addresses were given by Mr. Morley, Mr. W. Lewis, of Bayswater, and Mr. Henry Allon, of Union Chapel, Islington. The collecting papers showed that the large sum of over £1,100 had been collected during the evening.

MR. SPURGEON AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

ON Sunday, March 24th, the first of the five special services to be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, during the rep. airs of. the Tabernacle, took place. I he area of the large building was provided with seats for about ten thousand persons, and there were between eleven and twelve thousand persons present—a number far greater than has ever listened to a Christian minister under one roof. The sight was, we need hardly say, most imposing. The arrangement of seats was admirable, and the ease with which everything was managed was creditable to all concerned. There was no collision between the public and the friends who conducted them to their seats; and when the great crowd surged in at ten minutes to eleven o'clock, the anxiety for first places did not manifest itself in a disorderly manner. An orchestra for the singers had been fitted up in the center of the baidline, at the north side. and the singing throughout was almost perfect. Upon the entrance of Mr. Spurgeon, the buzz of excitement was immediately hushed, hats were doffed, seats were occupied, umbrellas that had been 'up to shield the owners from the rays of the sun which we, re streaming in at the glass roof were shut up, coughing suppressed, and when the words were emphatically pronounced, "Let us pray," the dropping of a pin might almost have been heard. Throughout the attention was kept up, and we believe that nearly every word was distinctly heard in all parts of the building. Mr. Spurgeon's delivery was of course slow, measured, and emphatic; but nothing seemed labored, nor did the voice lose any of its accustomed music. It was clear as a bell, and from where we sat, which was three parts of the way down the building, it sounded: with peculiar mellowness and sweetness. The 103rd Psalm was read, and

suitable comments were made. The prayer which followed the reading of the lesson, was peculiarly fervent and solemn, and at the time Mr. Spurgeon was earnestly pleading for a blessing upon the neighboring ministers, most of them were engaged in praying that strength might be given him who was addressing so mighty a concourse close by. The text was taken from the 21st chapter of Matthew, 28th-31st verses, and the discourse, which was of a most impressive character, was specially addressed to the un-converted. The Sermon has been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

In the evening, two services were conducted in the lecture hall and schoolrooms of the Tabernacle:, by Mr. George Rogers, and Mr. Wildon Carr, of Newcastle. Through the kindness of Mr. Newman Hall, Surrey Chapel has been opened for the use of the congregation on Thursday evenings.

MASTER HENRY SMITH

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE noble army of Smiths may almost be likened to the company of Criesrials, whom no man cart number. Smith is not the name of a person, but of a clan, a nation, a race. Ever since Tubal Cain first smote the anvil, Smiths have swarmed in every quarter; and though many of them have been ashamed of the honest title, and have twisted it into Smythe and Smithers, and other transparent degradation of the fine old name, yet Smiths there are and Smiths there will be till the world's axle-tree breaks down for ever — blacksmiths and white-smiths, silver smiths and goldsmiths, a host able to hold their own against all comers. The Henry Smith of whom we now write was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, a master of assemblies whose hammer fastened many nails, and dashed to pieces many brittle wares, tie lived in the golden age of religion in England, that is to say, the Puritanic. Scarcely to be numbered with the Puritans in one respect, he was in others not a whir behind the very chiefest of them; and, in a peculiar vein of eloquence, he was richer than any one of that goodly fellowship, lie was not so much a theologian as *the preacher* of his day. Fuller says of him, "He was commonly called the *Silver-tongued preacher*, and that was but one metal below St. Chrysostom himself. His church was so crowded with auditors, that persons of good quality brought their own pews with them,! mean their legs, to stand thereupon in the alleys. Their ears did so attend to his lips, their hearts to their ears, that he held the rudder of their affections in his hands, so that he could steer them whither he was pleased; and he was pleased to steer them only to God's glory and their own good."

His sermons appear to have been surreptitiously issues from the press from notes taken by his hearers; and as these unauthorized productions were full of errors, the preacher was compelled to issue his own true copy, a necessity for which thousands have been grateful. Had we been among his hearers, we would certainly have preserved all that we could have taken down, and have published them if the law permitted; for such sermons were, never intended by God to be monopolized by any one generation. As well allow the harvest to rot unhoused, as such marvelous discourses to remain unprinted. They *were* sermons, sermons of the highest order, gems

of the first water, rare jewels, fit for kings. When preached, they crowded the churches, and when issued from the press, they cheered many a household; in fact, they were so relished, that some whose manner it was to forsake the assembling of themselves together, pleaded as an excuse-

*“Smith’s dainty sermons have in plenty storm me
With better stuff than pulpits can afford me.”*

Henry Smith, except in his public capacity as preacher, has no history; the pulpit is his entrance and his exit. Having borne his testimony like another Elijah, ‘he is taken up, but leaves no mantle behind him, or no, Elisha to inherit it. No stirring incidents of patient suffering or heroic service are recorded of him: like Thomas Adams, he is a great unknown; his sermons are at once his portrait and his life. “He being dead, yet speaketh;” and speaketh none the less powerfully because his personal self is so little known to us. One or two of the great painters have left the world their own *likenesses*, and we have thought that we could see Smith and his congregation too, sketched by himself as with Hogarth’s pencil, in his second sermon upon the art of hearing: “As the little birds perk up their heads when t-heir dam comes with meat, and prepare their beaks to take it, striving who shall catch most (now this looks to be served, and now that looks for a bit, so every mouth is open till it be filled); so you are here like birds, and we the dam, and the word the food; therefore you must prepare a mouth to take it.”

He must have been a very diligent student, for no extemporaneous or unstudied effusions could have been so sententious, so accurate, so complete as these *peerless* discourses. He was a simple preacher even to *homeliness*, but he was no ranting ‘declaimer trying to make up for emptiness by giving forth all the loutlet sound. Smith was not like those untrained dogs which give most tongue when there is least game, but when he bayed you might be sure there was good reason for it. His own advice on this point we commend to those who confound the foolishness of preaching, which God honors, with foolish preaching, which is to be abhorred. “If *you must* take heed how you hear, then we must take heed how we preach; for you hear that which we preach. Therefore Paul putteth none among the number of preachers, but they which ‘cut the word aright,’ 2 Timothy 2:15; that is, in right words, in right sense, and in right method; and because none can do this without study and meditation, therefore he teacheth Timothy to ‘give attendance to doctrine; that is, to

make a study and labor of it; for as Saint Peter saith, that in Paul's epistles, 'there be many things hard to understand,' 2 Peter in. 16; so in Peter's epistles, and John's epistles, and *James's* epistle, there be many things too which David before called, 'the wonders of the law,' Psalm 119:18, and Paul calleth, 'the mystery of salvation,' Ephesians 3:8, and Christ calleth, 'a treasure hid in the ground.' Therefore Solomon confesseth that he studied for his doctrines, Ecclesiastes 12:10. Although he was the wisest and learndest man that ever *was*, yet he thought that without study he could not do so much good. Daniel was a prophet, and yet he desired respite to interpret Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Daniel 3:16. Is the Scripture lighter than a dream, that we should interpret it without meditation? It seems that Solomon and Daniel would not count them sermons which come forth, like untimely births, from uncircumcised lips, and unwashen hands, as though they had the Spirit at commandment. Wheat is good, but they which sell the refuse thereof are reprov'd, Amos 8:6. So preaching is good, but this refuse of preaching is but like swearing; for one takes the name of God in vain, and the other takes the word of God in vain. As every sound is not music, so every sermon is not preaching, but worse than if he should read an homily. For if James would have us consider what we ask before we come to pray, much more should we consider before we come to preach; for it is harder to speak God's word, than to speak to God; yet there are preachers risen lately up, which shroud every absurd sermon under the name of the simple kind of teaching, like the popish priests, which made ignorance the mother of devotion: but, indeed, to preach simply, is not to preach unlearnedly, nor confusedly, but plainly and perspicuously, that the simplest which doth hear, may understand what is taught, as if he did hear his name."

Our author was lecturer for awhile at St. Clement Danes, without Temple Bar, but being by repute an unsound churchmen as to subscription to the Book of Common Prayer, he was a lecturer rather by sufferance than otherwise; indeed, at one time, he was suspended altogether, but the influence of some powerful relative seems to have screened him from the storm. 'We have sometimes thought that both Henry Smith and Adams have been denied a history because they were not more decided against the abominations of the Anglican Establishment. They evidently endured much sorrow of heart, and found out probably that when the Master calls his servants to go without the camp, it is sorry policy to try to stay within. No doubt they had their reasons, but it might have been better for them if those

reasons had made room for more ,complete avowal of truth by a bolder Nonconformity. Master Henry Smith had one mark said to belong to many of those whom God loves, for he died young, and so entered early into his rest.

Mr. Nichol has just issued in two handsome and cheap volumes a full edition of the works of Henry Smith; and although we trust the pre sent article may be interesting in itself, we must confess that we were led to write it very much with the view of inducing our readers to procure the treasure for themselves. No minister can fail, with God's blessing, to be improved as a preacher by carefully reading these renowned productions. He will learn at the least this one thing, namely, our need of having something to *say* when we preach, for Smith always gives us weight of matter, and therefore (strange freak of language.) is never heavy. Ode admirable quality which Smith pre-eminently displays is that of using Scriptural illustrations, a practice which cannot be too much commended. He is not so apt in quoting ancient history as Master Brooks, neither is he so rich in figures culled from nature as Gurnal or Charnook, but his baskets of silver, in which he places his apples of gold, are mainly of Scriptural workmanship. Take, as an admirable instance, his proofs that many make most deceivable shows of holiness who are yet strangers to it. "*You* have Pilate washing his hands in hypocrisy, as well as you have David washing his hands in innocency. You have the Shechemites with their circumcision, as well as the Israelites with their circumcision. You have the Sadducees with their doctrine, as well as the apostles with their doctrine. You have the Pharisee with his prayer, as well as the publican with his prayer. You have the Pythonist with her confession, as well as Peter with his confession. You have the exorcists with their *Jesus*, Acts 19:13, as well as Paul with his ,Jesus. You have Satan with his Scripture, Matthew iv, as well as Christ with his Scripture. You have Judas with his *kiss*, as well as Jonathan with his *kiss*. You have Cain with his sacrifice, as well as Abel with his sacrifice. You have :Esau with his tears, as well as Mary with her tears. You have Ahithophel with his wisdom, as well as Solomon with his wisdom. You have Zedekiah with his spirit, as well as Elijah with his spirit. You have Jezebel with her fasts, as well as Anna with her fasts. You have the harlot; with her vows, as well as Jacob with his vow." Master Smith was so full of the Word of God that his hearers could scarcely have failed to become good biblical scholars; his very divisions and lines of thought appear to have been suggested by the Scriptures which he brought to bear

upon his topic. We were greatly struck with this in his sermon upon the wedding garment; his text is, “Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;” and in the course of his exposition, he pours forth the following flood of scriptural allusions — “There be many fashions of apparel, but they are too light, or too heavy, or too coarse, or too stale, and all wear out. At last the apostle found a fashion that *surpassed* them all; it is never out of fashion, meet for all seasons, fit for all persons, and such a profitable weed, that the more it is worn the fresher it is. What fashion have you seen comparable to this? It is not like the clothes of David’s ambassadors, which covered their upper parts, 2 *Samuel* 10:4; nor like Saul’s armor, which tired David when he should fight with it, 1 *Samuel* 17:39; nor like the counterfeit Jeroboam’s wigs, which disguised herself to go unknown, 1 *Kings* 14:2; nor like the old rags of the Gibeonites, which deceived Joshua, *Joshua* 9:4, 5; nor like the paltry suit of Micah, which he gave once a year to his Levite, *Judges* 21:10; nor like the glutton’s flaunt, which jetted in purple every day; nor like the light clothes which Christ said are in kings’ courts, and make them lighter that wear them, *Matthew* 11:8. But it is like the garment of the high priest, which had all the names of the tribes of Israel written upon his breast, *Exodus* 28:21; so all the names of the faithful are written in the breast of Christ, and registered in the book of his merits, *Malachi* 3:16. It is like Elias’s mantle, which divided the waters, 2 *Kings* 2:8: so he divided our sins and punishments, that they which are clothed with Christ, are armed both against sin and death. It is like the garments of the Israelites in the wilderness, which did not wear out; forty years together they wandered in the desert, and yet, saith Moses, their shoes were not worn, but their apparel was as when they came out of Egypt: *Deuteronomy* 29:5; so the righteousness of Christ doth last for ever, and his merits are never worn out. As Mordecai shined in the king’s robes before the people, *Esther* 6:11; so and more glorious are the faithful in the robes of Christ before God. When Christ was transfigured upon the mount, *Matthew* earth that his face shined like the sun, and his clothes were as white as the light: *Matthew* 17:2; so when we are transfigured into the image of Christ, we shall shine before other men like lights! and therefore Christ’s disciples are called lights, because they, were clothed with light, and shined to the world, *Matthew* 5:14. Solomon was not so glorious in all his royalty, nor the lilies, which are braver than Solomon, *Matthew* 6:29, as he which is clothed with Christ, because the apparel upon him is better than all the world about him. There fore, if David said, Weep, ye daughters of Israel, for Saul which clothed you in purple, 2 *Samuel* 1:24; I may say, Rejoice, ye daughters of

Israel, for Christ which hath clothed you with righteousness, as it were with a vesture, before you come to the banquet.”“ Would that all ministers would after this fashion familiarize their hearers with the holy histories of the inspired volume, there would then be such an esteem for the sacred records that the attacks of skeptics upon the historical books would be harmless. Show the people the true use of the historical books, and they will laugh to scorn the sneering flippancies of superficial critics. If the pulpit does not honor Scripture more, the day will come when the people will honor it less, and that may God forbid. With all the earnestness of our heart we would press it upon all young preachers to be biblical preachers, gathering not only their doctrine but their illustrations from the inexhaustible mines of the Word of God. “I adore the plenitude of Scripture,” said one of the fathers: he who complains of any lack of variety and interest in the inspired Book, may rest assured that if he had something to draw with, he would not find the well to be dry.

Henry Smith was not led away by the whimsies of Fifth Monarchy men as to the millennium and the prophetic beasts, neither did he waste the time of dying men by fiddling the tune of sublapsarian, or supralapsarian controversy, to set men’s wits a dancing; but he went straight to the conscience, and dealt with it upon plain matters of duty and important gospel doctrine. If our crotchety Plymouthites, and others who are almost insane upon points of which they know nothing, could but ‘be persuaded to take an hour a week with some such preacher as the silver-tongued lecturer at Temple Bar, little as they would relish it, the medicine might be of good service to them. Let those who need reforming in this respect stand awhile before his “Looking-glass for Christians,” and see if there be not a few blots to remove from their faces. He is advising his hearers not to be curious in searching mysteries, and he remarks, “The star, when it came to Christ, stood still, and went no farther; so when we come to the knowledge of Christ, we should stand still, and go no farther; for Paul was content ‘to know nothing but Christ crucified.’ It is not necessary to know that which God hath not revealed; and the well of God’s secrets is so deep that no bucket of man can sound it; therefore we must row in shallow waters, because our boats are light, and small, and soon overturned. They which have such crotchets and circumstances in their brain, I have marked this in them, that they seldom find any room for that which they should know, but go to and fro, seeking and seeking, like them which sought Elias’s body, and found it not. Let men desire knowledge of God as Solomon did; but

not desire knowledge as Eve did. For these aspiring wits fall again like Babel, and run into doubts, while they seek for resolutions. As the Jews,* when they heard the apostle preach, burnt their curious books, and had no more delight to study such toys: so when men come to the truth, they are content to leave these fancies, and say with Paul, ‘ I know nothing but Christ crucified.’ Curious questions and vain speculations are like a plume of feathers, which some will give anything for, and some will give nothing for. Paul rebuked them which troubled their heads about genealogies; how would he reprove men and women of our days, if he did see how they busy their heads about vain questions, tracing upon the pinnacles, where they may fall, while they might walk upon the pavement without danger! Some have a great, deal more desire to learn where hell is, than to know any way how they may escape it; to hear what God did purpose before the world began, rather than to learn what he will do when the, world is ended; to understand whether they shall know one another in heaven, than to know whether they belong to heaven. This rock hath made many shipwrecks, that men search mysteries before they know principles; like the Bethshemites, which were not content to see the ark, but they must pry into it, and finger ‘it. Commonly the simplest men busy their heads about the highest matters; so that if they meet with a rough and crabbed question like a knob in the tree, and while they hack and hew at it with their own wits to make it plain, their saw sticks fast in the cleft, and cannot get out again; at last in wrath they become like malcontents with God, as though the Scripture were not perfect, and either fall into despair, or into contempt of all. Therefore it is good to leave off learning where God hath left off teaching; for they which have an ear where God hath no tongue, hearken not unto God, but to the tempter, as Eve did to the serpent.” This age needs just such a warning; but who shall utter it so that it may be noticed? It is difficult, if not impossible, to reach the heart of men who are besotted with the intoxication of curious questions, for foolish as they are, and plain as their folly is to all the world besides, they are, in their own conceit, wiser than seven men that can render a reason. If one of the old Fifth Monarchy fanatics should rise from the dead, he would find himself among brethren in many quarters. In those days, when swords and pikes gave ugly cracks to men’s craniums, this nonsense was excusable to old soldiers who had fought the Philistines at Naseby and Edgehill, and had returned from the fray with huge gashes across their foreheads; but nowadays our madmen are *born*, not made; or, if made, are manufactured by idleness rather than by warfare, and deserve less patience than those who came by their madness in honorable battle.

Why, in these times, men who care not for positive precepts, are downright zealots for the toes of the image, and the little horn of the beast; we have elaborate charts of the new world as it is to be after the advent of our Lord; and telegrams from futurity as to the fate of Turkey, Russia, and every other nationality. The prophetic fever is at its height, and Bedlam is expounding the Apocalypse. Oh, for a little love to the souls of men, and a grain of common sense to set professing Christians upon more profitable work than this guessing at religious conundrums, and forecasting of national nativities!

Henry Smith's doctrine was searching and sound; he was very clear in the gospel, and in dealing with the experience of a renewed soul. Especially was he very bold in denouncing all confidence in mere reformation, in which too many often rest, and so fall short of the new birth. "As ye may read, Psalm 51:10, David prayeth the Lord to 'create him a new heart;' not to correct his old heart, but to create him a new heart; Showing that his heart was like an old garment, so rotten and tattered that he could make no good of it by patching or piecing, but even must cut it off, and take a new. Therefore Paul saith, 'cast off the old man;' not pick him and wash him till he be clean, but cast him off, and begin anew, as David did."

Perhaps no better instance can be given of his forcible way of impressing truth upon the memory and conscience than the famous extract from "The Dialogue between Paul and Agrippa." It is Smith at his best, simple as Bunyan, sound as Owen, interesting as Brooks, quaint as Adams, earnest as Baxter, but aptly scriptural in his illustrations as none but himself; in that one respect he appears as a bright particular star shining apart and alone. Before we close with the extract, we must record our ever-growing delight in this author; we read his works, some years ago, in a neat copy dated we think, 1656, and heartily agreed with Thomas Fuller's epithet, "this useful and desired volume," and rejoiced with him that it had not been smothered, but brought into notice through the press; since then, we have read Henry Smith very frequently, till he has become our own familiar friend, whose words of wisdom quicken meditation as iron sharpeneth iron.

We hope that the extracts we have given will whet the appetites of our readers, and that the closing piece may be blessed to the undecided. "Now if we be *almost Christians*, let us see what it is to be almost a Christian. *Almost* a son, is a bastard; *almost* sweet, is unsavory; *almost* hot, is lukewarm, which God spueth out of his mouth, Revelation 3:16; so, *almost*

a Christian is not a Christian, but that which God spueth out of his mouth. A Christian almost is like a woman which dieth in travail; almost she brought forth a son, but that *almost* killed the mother and the son too. Almost a Christian is like Jeroboam, which said, 'It is too far to go to Jerusalem to worship,' and therefore chose rather to worship calves at home. Almost a Christian is like Micah, which thought himself religious enough because he had gotten a priest into his house. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimites, which could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, which brought a part, but left a part behind. Almost a Christian is like Eli's sons, which polled the sacrifices; like the fig-tree, which deceived Christ with leaves; like the virgins, which carried lamps without oil; like the willing and unwilling son, which said he would come and came not. What is it to be born almost? If the new man be but 'born almost, he!is not born. What is it to be married almost unto Christ? He which is married but almost, is not married. What is it to offer sacrifice almost? The sacrifice must be killed ere ever it can be sacrificed. He which gives almost, gives not, buff denieth. He which believeth almost, believeth not, but doubteth. Can the door which is but almost shut keep out the thief? Can the cup which is but almost whole hold any wine? Can the ship which is but almost sound keep out the water? The soldier which doth but almost fight, is a coward. The physician which doth but almost cure, is but a slubberer. The servant which doth but almost labor, is a loiterer. I can not tell. what to make of these defectives, nor where to place them, nor how to call them, nor unto what to liken them. They are like unto children which sit in the market place, where is mourning and piping, and they neither weep nor dance, but keep a note between them both; they weep almost, and dance almost. Believest thou almost? 'Be it unto thee,' saith Christ, 'as thou believest.' Therefore if thou believest, thou shalt 'be saved; if thou believest almost, thou shalt be saved almost. As when a pardon comes while the thief hangs upon the gallows, he is almost saved, but the pardon doth him no good; so he which is almost a Christian, almost zealous, almost righteous, Which doth almost love, almost; believe, shall be almost saved; that is, if he had been a Christian altogether, he should not be damned."

OUT WITH TOBIAH

“And I came to Jerusalem, and understood of the evil that Elijah

did for Tobiah, in preparing him a chamber in the courts of the house of God. And it grieved me sore: therefore I cast forth all the household staff of Tobiah out of the chamber, —
Nehemiah 13:7, 8.

THE story of stern old Nehemiah, and his struggles with Sanballat's traitorous crew, deserves our best attention. The spirit of decision met the foes of Zion at every turn, but watchfulness was always needed. Our case is very similar, let us gather wisdom from this ancient record,

Our enemies will not readily renounce their hold upon our souls When Tobiah could not prevent the restoration of Jerusalem, he plotted to obtain quarters within it; and when sin can no longer have dominion over us, it artfully contrives to dwell within our flesh. Inside the wall a foe is far more dangerous than without, and thus inbred sin is much more to be dreaded than outward temptation. It behoves us to keep a strict watch, for in some secret chamber of our nature sin will find a lurking-place. They say there is a skeleton in every house, certainly, there is a body of death in every saint.

Our enemies have allies within us. If it had not been for Eliasbib, the priest Tobiah had never obtained the great chamber, nor been able to introduce his household stuff. Alas! for us that our weaker passions should. so soon consent to sin, and that appetites which are in them selves but natural, should so easily become inflamed into furious, sinful passions. If traitors within did not open to enemies without, Mansoul would not so readily be taken.

Our holiest dispositions need careful watching. In the' house of the Lord, Tobiah gained a lodging, in the very chamber "where aforetime they laid the meat offerings and the frankincense." Spiritual pride will find a hiding-place in our devotions, unbelief will lurk amid our self-examination, and anger will conceal itself under the skirts of our zeal. In seasons of the highest spiritual enjoyment, it behoves us to exercise double vigilance against our great enemy, who so often transforms himself into an angel of light. The sweet flowers blooming in our window attract the buzzing bees, and so do our sweet graces draw the notice of the enemy to us. Thieves waylay men known to have full purses, and pirates watch for loaded galleons. Nehemiah tells us, "All this time was not I at Jerusalem:" his watchful eye was gone, or Tobiah would not have dared to intrude. Watch, believer, watch always! Watch most when least in apparent need of it,

It will be our wisdom to shout no quarter to our foe. “Cast forth all his goods,” was stern Nehemiah’s order; and then, having carefully purged the chamber, he filled it anew with the Lord’s stores. He did not leave him even a chest in which to store a few trifles, but turned out the whole. It should grieve us sore if we have given allowance to sin, and in the power of the Spirit of holiness, we should strive to make a clean riddance of the evil. Woe unto us if we make provision for the flesh. have we none of the household stuff of Tobiah to cast forth from the sanctuary of our heart? Is there no vacant space to fill with frankincense for the Lord our God?

This incident gives us the true history of backsliding, and of restoration from it. The process is simple and is seen in the narrative. At the outset of the evil, the heart becomes vacant, the precious stores of the Lord vanish one by one, and there is room for something else. Heavenly-mindedness is gone, and then the heart is ready to mind earthly things. Then comes the suggestion and allowance from the traitor within, and straightway the lumber of Tobiah is introduced by degrees, and the soul becomes a wholesale warehouse for the household stuff of sin. Behold the mischief when at its full: the heart, which should be the house of God, becomes a receptacle for the has gotten booty of thieves. If by God’s grace a decided sin-hating faith shall act the part of stern old Nehemiah, there will be a returning to a gracious condition, which will be reached step by step until there is a complete re-dedication of the now haunted chamber. Out will be thrown the cherished evils, out of doors and. windows with muck dust and breakage all will be hurled, and a riddance will be made as thoroughly as grace shall enable penitence to do the business. Next shall follow a cleansing, scouring, and purifying of no ordinary kind, in which, with many penitential tears and bewailings, the heart shall cry to be purged with hyssop, and cleansed from all its secret faults. To this the Holy Spirit will give an answer of peace, and the precious blood of Jesus shall purify the heart by a renewed experience of its cleansing power. Then, as the crowning mercy, the vessel of the Lord and: all the dedicated goods, shall be once again set in their places, and so by restoration to its proper use, the chamber of the heart shall be preserved from becoming again a receiving house for thieves. Emptiness and idleness of mind is a very dangerous condition; Satan never sees a vacant heart without resolving to fill it with the treasures of mischief. When the measure is full of wheat, there is no room for if; when the soul is fully occupied with Jesus, the enemy may look in yam for an entrance; but a heart usually thoughtless, indevout, and

inactive, is an inn upon the devil's highway, and shall be thronged with evil guests.

Dear reader, may this short sermon set thee Upon self-searching, and if Tobiah's baggage be stowed away in thy heart, may thy conscience, like Nehemiah, make short work with it, and may the Lord Jesus reign alone over all the powers of thy soul.

*“Soon as faith the Lord can see
Bleeding on a cross for me,
Quick my idols all depart,
Jesus gets and falls my heart.”*

OUR ORPHANAGE

AS we intimated in our last number, the property so generously given by one honor has been invested in trust, the number of trustees being twelve. We have also completed the purchase of the land at Stockwell, and the orphan- age will henceforth be known as “The Stockwell Orphanage.” It is now time to commit this enterprise to the care of the Lord's people, and to ask of them the exercise of prayer for the success of the work, and of liberality in aiding it. Our position is just this : — We did not seek this work, but it was by a most singular providence cast upon us; at first we felt inclined to avoid its onerous responsibilities, and pressed our friend to give the money to Mr. Miller, but being, upon fuller reflection, unable to refuse her request, we have gone forward in humble dependence upon the will of God, and expect to See his mighty power revealed. To found an orphan house in London into which children should be received without requiring from their friends the labor and expense of canvassing for votes, is: an object worthy of the aid of generous persons; and that the orphans when received will be under the care of Christian persons, and directly associated with a flourishing Christian church, should commend the project to the confidence of the lovers of the Lord Jesus. If the Lord shall be pleased to bless our efforts in future years to the conversion of the boys in the school, it may so happen that ministers and missionaries will be found for our churches among these children of our care, whose souls will be our first and highest concern. We entreat the Lord our God who has for several years provided so bountifully for our College, to stretch out his hand to help us in this new and untried work; and in order that his people may be

fully aware of the needs of the work, we must mention the following facts: — The sum of 20,000 transferred to the trustees is almost all!in the shape of Railway Debentures, or other forms of investment which cannot at the present time be realized without serious loss. As these: bonds nearly all mature within the next two years, we feel that it would be folly to attempt to part with them at the present juncture, and in the hope (not altogether without Fear), that these securities will be redeemed according to agreement, we must wait with patience tilt the full time shall come. Thus our Friends will see that the funds in hand are not available for present use, and that we are comparatively at a standstill. In order to complete the purchase of the ground which we thought it of the highest importance to secure, we have had to borrow £3,000 upon the security of a portion of our bonds. We confess that this necessary transaction is not to our taste, and we earnestly wish that we had the means to pay off that sum, and leave the bonds alone until they can be realized. Now the ground is in our possession, and the season is come for building operations, but we have no money to go on with unless we effect another loan, and this we do not think wise. It is true we can wait, but then the ground is lying idle, and the cause of charity will be losing, so long as we wait, £150 a year in the form of interest upon unused property; and, mean- while, many orphan children are seeking admittance for whom we can do nothing. It may be also well to mention that the law of mountain operates in our case in such a way, that should our generous friend be removed by death within the next twelve months, the heir-at-law can claim the properties which have been handed over to the trust. We firmly believe and earnestly pray, that the Lord who has spared her to see this great work commenced, will graciously preserve her for many years to come to see the growth and prosperity of the institution; but still there is the matter of fact as to the law, and it is not encouraging. What is needed, as far as shortsighted creatures can judge, is this—that the sum given by the first donor should be left altogether untouched, and remain for ever as an endowment fund, and that the Christian public should find the means to pay for the ground and erect the buildings. The fact that the gift is in a sense tied up and bound by providential circumstances, seems in some measure to indicate that this is the path which the Lord would have us pursue; and if he shall further move his people spontaneously to send the means. It will be to us a source of unutterable comfort.

Our plan is to build schoolroom, chapel, and other offices in the centre of the ground, and to erect as the funds may come in, houses in which the boys may live in groups, like families. This plan is certainly convenient for our circumstances, as it will permit of our building by degrees, and we think that its practical working will be of the most useful kind. This mode of building enables us to enlist and to use the aid of all our friends, whether able to contribute little or much. Many small sums may build the schools, and larger gifts may erect the houses. Are there not within our circle of fellow-laborers, persons of wealth who might give enough money to build one of the dwelling-houses which, according to the size selected, might cost either £250, £500, or £1,000? We know some who contribute very largely to orphans, would they not be investing their money profitably by enabling us to get this institution into working order? Could not many collect for the Building Fund among their friends? Might we not have a "Sword and Trowel" house built by our readers? Will not the friends at the Tabernacle make it a point of honor to have a Tabernacle House? The workmen of one firm in the building trade have agreed to build a house in their spare time, and the head of the land has promised to give the materials. Are there no other workers of a like mind? We have, as our friends need not be told, no personal interest to promote, and therefore we are bold to push the matter: the claims of the fatherless and the orphan will not, 'we trust, need any very earnest pleas from us to press them upon the followers of Jesus; and the opportunity now offered is one which must peculiarly commend itself to those whose views of divine truth are similar to our own.

It may be asked, What then is the amount which you ask for? Our answer is, that before the work can be thoroughly done, we shall need £10,000 to be laid out in building, and this amount we ask for' it is but a small sum for God to give, and if it be his divine will he will send it. If this is not sent to us at once we must do the best with what the Lord is pleased to entrust to us, and wait upon him for more as our needs arise. Will each reader of "The Sword and Trowel" who has power in prayer, send up to the Infinite Majesty a prayer for our success in this benevolent enterprise?

REVIEWS

NOTICE. — In our Review department we may be somewhat singular in our modes of procedure, but those who object to, our doings have a very simple remedy, namely, not to send us theft' books. We say, then, very respectfully, but very plainly, that *we do not intend to enter into any controversy with authors about our notices of their works*. They send their books that they may have the benefit of such publicity as our notice of them may afford; if that publicity should be attended with our censure rather than our commendation, they must put up with it, or find such other redress as may be available. Our opinion may be right or wrong, but if we give it when asked for, as far as our pages are concerned, there must be an end of the matter. Moreover, to all whom it may concern, we give information that we do not pledge ourselves to notice all the books sent to us, and especially controversial pamphlets, teeming with personalities, prophetic catch-pennies, or catch-shillings, insane maunderings, half heresy, half egotism, and rubbishing rhymes of the "poet Close" order: these may be advertised by the authors at their own expense, we shall not give them even so much encouragement as our public ridicule, unless indeed the ends of truth, or the interests of the public may be served thereby. Nor will we be drawn into *privately* expressing an opinion when we have been publicly silent. Her Majesty's revenue is much increased by letters sent to us requesting our views upon matters wherein we have no views, and by abuse of us for our silence. The Post Office profit is not increased by our answers, for we send none. This is a sad want of courtesy! Very likely, but if tiresome correspondents would be courteous enough to remember that they have no claim upon our time, we should not need to be so uncourteous as to tell them so. Courtesy or no courtesy, we give real gold instead of doubtful silver — the gold of silence instead of the silver of speech.

ON RETURNING TO THE RENOVATED TABERNACLE

A MONDAY EVENING ADDRESS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT strikes me that this building, so thoroughly cleansed and chastely beautified, has a lesson for us. The prophet Habakkuk spoke of stones citing out of the wall, and beams out of the timber answering thereto; surely this roof and these pillars have long enough heard the voices of our solemn assemblies, to be able to echo to us thoughts of truth and soberness. If there be indeed —

*“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in e ery rag,*

rest assured there is a lesson for us in the cleaning and reparation of the house in which we delight to meet for the united worship of God.

Do we not all need in our own souls, every now and then, just what this balloting required, namely, restoration and renovation? In this our smoky city the most careful housekeepers find cleanliness to be difficult; do what they will, dingyness will get the upper hand. Gilt grows dim, gloss departs, the purest whiteness is *discolored*, and dust and dirt are apparent everywhere, because our atmosphere is heavily laden with elements opposed to purity. Even so in this crooked and perverse generation, the best of believers will find it difficult to maintain the freshness and beauty of their piety, the closeness of their fellowship with Jesus, and the heavenliness of their conversation. Our first love all too soon grows cold, and much of its fair promise perishes, for the influence of the world is, to renewed souls, as the night wind of winter to tender plants, pinching them with biting frosts. Heavenly-mindedness is subject to secret, unceasing, and most powerful assaults; like a vessel floating in equatorial seas, it is assailed by innumerable minute enemies which seek to pierce its timbers of strength, and turn its solidity to rottenness. Holy zeal, like a sacred fire, seems burns low, unless fed by the unseen hand of our Well-beloved, for the forests of earth yield no fuel for its flame. Even under the ordinary circumstances of spiritual life, it is the easiest thing in the world to lose our first heat of love, and to decline into a lukewarm and sickly state; but under

certain conditions it becomes almost inevitable. "*Facilis decensus averni*" — *easy* is the descent to hell; down, down, down. It is easy work to slide imperceptibly down; and he must be watchful to the highest degree who does not find himself descending by the mere force of fallen nature into backsliding of heart, and active departure from his God.

In order that declensions may not continue, that blessed Spirit who has been pleased to make us the temples in which he dwells, gives us, at fitting periods, seasons of complete restoration, renewing us in the spirit of our minds. I am not referring now to those daily cleansings and quickenings which are the result of his indwelling; nor do I speak of that one great and perfect purification bestowed upon us when we believed in Jesus at the first; but my mind dwells upon that mercy of which David sang: "*He restoreth my soul;*" "*He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's;*" that been for which he pleaded in the plaintive words of the fifty-first Psalm: "*Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*" Concerning such visitations of grace, let us speak in few words, drawing a comparison between this building and our souls. As soon as we left this Tabernacle, the workpeople busied themselves in unsettling everything, creating clouds of dust, dragging in timbers and ladders, and manufacturing confusion by wholesale. Scaffolds sprung up as quickly as Jonah's gourd; and, instead of the place looking grave and sober as a place of worship should do, from top to bottom it bristled with timber, like a forest, abounded in crossbeams and yards, like a fleet of ships; and was as full of bustle and noise as a market or a factory. They that turn the world upside down, had come hither also. Then great havoc was made of everything which seemed passeth and decent; where there was a tolerable show of paint the ruthless spoilers scrape it off, and then picked out every flaw they could find in the ceiling, and made the cracks gape twice as wide as before, till the house was stripped and peeled, and made to put on sackcloth, and to be covered with dust and ashes, because its glory had departed. You who love this house for the sake of happy hours spent within it, might well have taken up a weeping and a lamentation for it. Yet these workmen needed not to be ashamed, for their work has been executed to perfection; and had it not been for the scraping and the pulling down, the whole business would have been very badly finished in the long run. Now, herein is an analogy as to God's dealings with the souls of his saints when he is about to bless them; for his gracious renewings frequently commence with strippings and humblings of no

ordinary kind. "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for his iniquity, then makest his beauty to consume away like a moth," and all this with a view of putting upon the humbled soul the beauty of the Lord, and the glory of the God of Israel. Job thus describes the dealings of the Lord when he brings down the high looks of pride: "I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder: he hath also taken me by my neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark. His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground. He breaketh me with breach upon breach, he runneth upon me like a giant I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust. My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death." This is severe usage, but when viewed as a preparation for future blessedness, wisdom teaches us to see the hand of love in it all. If the current were always smooth, might it not be a token of our gliding towards the gulf of destruction? Depend upon it, the most of us cannot endure great prosperity long together. As some constitutions cannot bear certain meats, so a long run of spiritual ease is much too strong a thing for the constitution of average Christians. The pools of our heart are apt to grow stagnant unless stirred by affliction. Peace and quietness are hotbeds for shams and superficialities; but when sharp troubles and keen temptations assail us, nothing will stand but that which is real and lasting. We should be very grateful to our gracious Lord for sending his rough providences to despoil us of our supposed excellency, and lay bare the poverty and nakedness of our natural estate. Traders with rotten establishments are afraid to have their books overhauled, but judicious men long to know their true position; and if they are shown by a wise accountant that supposed gains are real losses, they are thankful for the information, and change their mode of business at once. Soul trouble does this for our spiritual trading; it finds out the bad debts, the windy *speculations*, the worthless paper, the spurious securities which the soul has been: dealing in, and sets our spiritual efforts upon a less cheering, but much more certain footing.

This painful but truthful work within the heart is a preparation for manifestations of the Lord Jesus' sweetest love. The saintly Rutherford has written, "*I never find myself nearer Christ, that royal and princely One, than after a great weight and sense of deadness and gracelessness. I think that the sense of our wants when withal we have a restlessness and a sort of spiritual impatience under them, and can cry out because we want him*

whom our soul loveth, is that which maketh an open door for Christ. When we think we are going backward, because we feel deadness, we are going forward; for the more sense the more life, and no sense argueth no life. There is no sweeter fellowship with Christ than to bring our wounds and our sores to him.” Our own experience, after its fashion, comes to the same result; it is only as we are brought low in self, that we are lifted up in the ways of the Lord. A harsh-faced providence, although sternly breaking up our false refuges, has proved itself to be a good friend, by constraining us to flee into the inner chambers of the Redeemer’s love, for comfort. How sweet is the warm bosom of the Savior, when wintry blasts sweep over us and make our bones to quiver! then do we, like newborn lambs, rejoice in the Shepherd’s bosom, and cling closely to it as for life itself. For ever blessed be the hand which covers me with wonders and bruises, and so leads me to seek to the Physician of my soul. Glorious is the poverty which endows me with the riches of Christ; happy is the shipwreck which casts me helplessly upon the shore of divine love. Thus, out of the lion we gather honey, and the flinty rock drips with oil.

After all the defacing work had been done, the workpeople passed on to something more satisfactory, and first one, then another, busied him self according to his trade, until the house became fair to look upon, as we see it now. Your eye sees nothing of the scraping and the peeling, but you see the result, and are content with it; believe that it shall be so with your heart after you have fully known and felt the evil of sin. All the undoing is necessary to the renewal; all the laying bare of filthiness is necessary to the complete purification of the spirit. Farmers leave their fields fallow for a season that the earth may gather strength for a richer crop, and so we may be under the Lord’s desertions for awhile for our lasting profit; and, as after awhile the farmer returns to plough and sow and reap in that field, so will our blessed Master turn to us in mercy, and we shall know the Lord. Our house was not deserted altogether because we left it for a season, and we had no ill will towards it when we gave it over to the workmen’s hands; and the temples of the Holy Spirit shall have no cause in the end to accuse him of forsaking his own, or turning away his love from his chosen.

In the day when all the saints shall glitter like palaces of gold, and be pure as temples of alabaster, they shall adore the infinite wisdom which defiled their fancied purity that they might be made truly holy, and stained their imaginary glory that they might shine in a splendor altogether divine. My friends, beloved of ray soul, more dear than ever as years roll on, I do not

ask trouble for any of you; but if there be no other way of renovating your spirits, you may on your own account cheerfully welcome the severest trials, when sent by heaven, to visit your house. Come they will, whether we welcome them or no, for the promise is sure to all the seed, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Let us most devoutly praise God that he does not consult our whims, or our fancies, as to how he should deal with us; we have a Father who does not spare the rod for our crying, knowing better than we do what is good for us. He does not ask us in which path we will go; he directs our steps', according to his own wisdom, and not according to our folly. Surely we poor shortsighted creatures can even now feel that it is good for us to have infallible wisdom to direct us, and that it is our duty to give up our unbelief, and all our questionings, and submit ourselves absolutely to the will of the unerring Father. All our misery springs out of our self-will. Self-love is the nest out of which the hornets fly in their armies; would to God it were utterly destroyed. If self-will were slain, sorrow would lose its sting. The daily cross in itself is not heavy — as Jesus' yoke, it is easy; but self-will makes our shoulders raw, and then the cross becomes very heavy to bear. Sweetly does Madame Guyon sing

*Long plunged in sorrow, I resin.
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve, or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear."*

When the spirit gets into a condition of perfect acquiescence with the divine will, it flourishes equally in sunshine or shade. I pray God that we may be made willing to receive from him, with equal satisfaction, both that which seems to be evil, and that which is apparently good, and this may be an argument of which even our selfishness may feel the weight, that the time for casting away stones is followed by a time for gathering them together, and the period of humiliation is certainly succeeded by a deep and lasting exaltation of soul, and therefore we may complacently endure the first for the sake of the second. The heart in disorder of grief shall be but a prelude for the spirit in fullness of joy and peace; therefore let us be of good courage, and trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. In our outdoor campaigns, to drown the oaths and sallies of the enemy." You my brother," saith he to a spiritually skillful recruit, "can serve us well by using

the weapon of all-prayer.” “You, my friend,” saith he to one of bright countenance, and quick, intelligent eye, “can wield the sword of the Spirit against the furious attacks of our flocks.” In this way, he surveys his troops, keeping a sharp eye upon that slovenly, backsliding recruit, who has lost some military ardor by coming’ into too close contact with the opposite ranks, charging him to keep his regimentals in good order, lest the Great Captain should disband him from the army, or put him under sore discipline. “Valiant comrades,” saith he, cheerfully. “ours is a glorious conflict. Victory *must* be won, since we shall overcome in the strength of our great Warrior Master. Be firm, comrades, for our enemy goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Enlist all you can into this service. Remember the wages are good, the pay sure, the inheritance certain, and the final reward glorious. We shall be crowned by Royalty, and shall reign with our King for ever and ever.” “Ah!” addeth he, “is not all this worth working for? And there arises a responsive hearty shout, from thankful, joyous hearts, “Ay, sir, it is!” Where this earnest soldier’ of the cross discerneth an aptness for higher work, he promotes to nobler service; and thus he converts the most useful soldiers. into recruiting sergeants for Jesus. In this way, bands of men are quartered in various stations, until what were once the strongholds of Satan become garrisons of King Immanuel. “Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: *for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken/t.*”

OUR ORPHANAGE

THE Lord is beginning to appear for us in the matter of the Orphanage; but, as yet, he has not opened the windows of heaven as we desire and expect. We wait in prayer and faith. We need not less than £10,000 to erect the buildings, and it will come, for the Lord will answer the prayer of faith. One esteemed friend, Mr. George Moore, of Bow Church-yard, has, with spontaneous generosity, sent £250 towards one of the dwelling- houses, for which we are very grateful Perhaps other great merchants may be moved to do likewise. Three friends have offered £50 each in the hope that seventeen more will give the same, and so make up another thousand pounds;

this ought not to be a very great difficulty. One of these donations is already paid. We have received one or two small sums towards a Sword and Trowel

Cottage, and if others think well of the plan, one might be built for £500. The best project of all, to be carried out upon a large scale, is probably the suggestion of a friend, that ten thousand persons should give a guinea' each; and as we have considerably more than that number of readers of this magazine, and twice as many readers of the sermons, if the Lord do but so move his people's hearts, there can 'be no difficulty about it. We have received fifty guinea subscriptions at the moment of writing, though the plan has not been made public. Cannot every reader either give or collect one guinea? We have also received £2 2s. from a Sabbath-school in a small country town, thus setting a good example to our friends in that department. What more fitting than that children should help us to provide for children? Will none cooperate in building a house to be called the Sunday-school House for the Orphans? Many poor orphan children could be comfortably housed, if every one of our friends would do his best. It is the Lord's own work to care for the fatherless, but we do not think we are showing any distrust in his providence when we tell his own children our position and projects, for we are sure that he will provide by some means, even if our plans all fail. What, dear reader, ought you to do? Consider and act, and let your action be prompt.

WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF EVIL? *How is it that the Almighty God permitted it to enter into the world?* This perplexing question is raised by many when they are hard pressed in their consciences, and want a convenient corner in which to hide. They are ashamed of their sins but like them too well to give them up, and therefore they raise a great dust over this question, so as to hide themselves from the attacks of their conscience. Our somewhat rustic woodcut may suggest a far more profitable mode of procedure. The bullocks are in the field doing a world of mischief, and the boys are all squabbling as to how they got in, whether through a gap in the hedge, or because the gate was left open, or by crossing over the brook; but Farmer Brown is calling out to them, ‘Come along, boys, and get them out; don’t stand talking about how they got in, while the wheat is being spoiled.’ Wisely said, friend Brown; and just so our business with evil is rather how to get it out of ourselves, than to inquire how it came to be permitted in ‘God’s world. Nice questions about specific gravity will not save a man who-is drowning, nor will doctrinal disputes save our souls.

Reader, Jesus who gave his life for sinners, has power to save us from: our sins. The blood and water which flowed from his wounded side are sin’s perfect and certain cure; he who by faith rests in these is no longer under bondage to evil. Jesus, by his Spirit, can drive out the evil of our hearts, however deep-seated and powerful it may be; and if we seek him by prayer and faith, he will do it. Leave, then, all critical questions, and be in earnest to obtain an interest in him. This text is plain enough, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”

OUR engraving represents the Hospice of St. Bernard, and the wild scenery surrounding it. The place is so cold that fish will not live in the lake, and we have seen the snow lying knee-deep at mid summer. The Hospice is a refuge from the storm in which many travelers have rested securely, who otherwise might have been lost in the snow. This noble, institution receives all passers freely, whoever they may be, without money and without price; and in this respect it is like the salvation of our Lord Jesus, for Jesus gives freely of his grace to those who have nothing to offer in return. Reader, whoever you may be, your soul is in danger unless you find rest for it in the atonement of Jesus Christ; we pray you trust in him, and enter into peace. He asks neither money, merit, nor preparation from you. whosoever casts himself unreservedly upon the Mediator's merits is saved, even though he may not be able to see in himself so much as a single grain of merit. Jesus gives himself gratis to every willing soul. He will not refuse himself to you, dear reader. Try him at once! Let not your pride refuse his salvation because it is free, but the rather let your heart adore the generous grace of the Redeemer.

We have met in the Hospice persons of all nations and ranks, for none are excluded who knock at its doors. O dear reader, may we have the joy of meeting you in the home of Jesus, for he casts out none that come to him. Rich and poor, learned and uneducated, are equally welcome. May the Holy Spirit sweetly compel you to come into Christ's Refuge. 'Trust Jesus, and you are saved.

STOCKPILE ORPHANAGE.

WE have been waiting upon the Lord in faith and prayer concerning our Orphanage, but he is' pleased at present to try our faith by making us exercise patience; however, the work is so evidently of the Lord, that no doubts or fears have crossed our mind as to its ultimate success. As we have no object in view but the glory of God, by the instruction of fatherless boys in the ways of the Lord, having a special view to their souls' salvation, we had hoped that many of the Lord's people would at once have seen the usefulness and practical character of the enterprise, and have sent us substantial aid, so as to enable us to accomplish the work immediately. We felt that. the same divine power which moved one sister to give £20,000, could easily move others to contribute according to their

ability, and that thus another £20,000 would readily be sent in. The Lord's way, however, is always the best, and we rejoice in it, let it be what it may; if the work is to be one of time and long effort, so let it be, if so God is magnified. In all, we have received up to this hour, the sum of £650, and in the strength of this earnest of the Lord's gracious help, believing that money will come in as need arises, we have resolved to erect two houses, each house to cost rather: more than £600, and to hold fifteen or sixteen orphans. There will necessarily be a considerable expense!involved in the drainage, which must be done at once, and which, from the distance to the main sewer, will be large. We have also thought it necessary at once to erect a large covered shed, in which we can occasionally hold public meetings and tea meeting? upon the spot, in aid of the Orphanage, and which will also form a play-ground for the boys in wet weather. This, our friend, Mr. Higgs, will erect for us with, all speed, that we may hold a great meeting on the ground early in the month of September, when we hope the first stone of the houses will be laid. We have also engaged a sister to receive the first four orphans into her own hired house until the Orphanages are ready. Our beloved friend, the original donor, has given her plaice to be sold for this object, and in so doing has set an example to all believers who have surplus and unused gold and silver which ought to be put to better use than lying wrapped up in a box. We shall probably take two more children, and are ready to receive aid in the form of clothing for these first -six orphans. Half-worn cloth garments will be useful to make up. Thus a first step is taken; but we lay it heavily to heart, that we have borrowed £3,000 to pay for the ground, and that thus the original endowment is burdened: we pray that this loan may not need to be renewed. No one has come forward to meet the request that three persons should give £250, and so crown the gift of Mr. G. Moore, by making it into £1,000. Two sums of £50 are also waiting until seventeen others shall give the like sum to make up another thousand, one fifty having already been paid. We have had four sums from Sabbath-schools towards a Sunday-school house, and we hope these are four drops indicating a coming shower. The school at the Tabernacle is about to move vigorously, and to ask: the cooperation of other schools: when a circular is issued to superintendent's, we bespeak for it a kindly consideration. We purpose holding a great bazaar at Christmas, and shall be glad if friends everywhere will cooperate to make it; a success. Collecting boxes and collecting cards will be forwarded to friends who desire them. It is ours to work according to our best judgment, and then to look up in faith to our heavenly Father

for his help, which we know will surely come, for he is the Father of the fatherless.

Donations of clothing or money can be sent to C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

OURSELVES AND THE ANNEXATIONISTS

THERE is no bigotry in the world equal to the bigotry of modern liberalism. Sectarianism may be bitter, but latitudinarianism is wormwood and gall. We have been most ferociously denounced for tersely and accurately designating the action of the Congregational Union, in reference to Union Churches, as “a little dodge.” Viewing it in connection with the party who agitated the question, a little dodge we believed it to be, and at this moment we can find no better name for it; in fact, the tall talk which our description has evoked, has showed us how exactly we managed to hit the nail on the head. We have at all times endeavored to prove our hearty brotherhood with all the people of God, not by words merely, but by deeds. Our Independent friends know that our heart is always warm towards them, and that when it has been in our power to serve them, we have needed no pressing to make us do so; on the other hand, we have no truer friends than many among the Congregationalists, with whom we enjoy the dearest fellowship, and who have again and again practically helped us in our schemes. We hope that this brotherly love may continue and increase, and we trust there will never be any emulation between the Independent and the Baptist bodies, but that of holy desire to be foremost in promoting the cause of Christ. For either body to *endeavor* to increase its numbers by offering facilities for transfer to its own ranks, and inaugurating a policy, of annexation is unwise and unbrotherly. To attempt to convert men to our views is our duty, but to draft them without conversion into our body is no gain in any sense, either to truth or good fellowship. A certain company of would-be extra super- fine liberals, made up of Independents and Baptists, good enough men in their way, but thoroughly wrongheaded on this and some other points, are resolved to amalgamate the two bodies, and their first action, inoffensive and insignificant in itself, we judge, from what we know of them, to be merely the beginning of the end, a stepping-stone to something more, getting in the thin end of the wedge — in plain Saxon, *a little dodge*. They would

form churches and found a denomination in which Christ's ordinance of baptism would be left optional; some of them would even have; a font and a baptistery in each place of worship, which to our mind, is to form churches on the principle of despising the command of Christ, and counting it to be an utterly insignificant matter what the ordinance may be, and whether it be obeyed or not. "Whichever you please, dear friends; pay your money and take your choice. Sprinkle the infant or immerse the believer, our church does not care a farthing which;" this is the witness of the model Union Churches, and would be the witness of a United Baptized and Unbaptized Congregationalism. We quite understand the testimony of our friends who hold infant baptism, as they also understand ours; but to form a denomination which regards all baptisms with equal indifference, seems to us to be a scheme traitorous to Christ and his Word. 'This is what has been for some time, more or less covertly aimed at, and is now the darling object of those who were at the bottom of the Congregational Union resolution, and of others who looked on approvingly, biding their time. There was much more aimed at by some than was meant by all; and we judge not only by what was publicly said, but by what is privately done. We tell these gentlemen who are so set upon fusing the Paedobaptists, and the Baptists, that we hope all who think with them will avail themselves of the plank so conveniently and temptingly offered to them, but we take liberty to say again that there is one Baptist at least who will never be absorbed into the projected unity, and we believe that with the exception of a score or so whom we could well spare, there are none among the Baptists who would consider for a moment the question of breaking up an ancient and useful Christian community, for the mere sake of gratifying a morbid craving for nominal union, or an ambitious desire to form a large and influential congregationalism. We call upon our honest Paedobaptist friends to give an unmistakable utterance as to their views, for we believe that the ambitious designs of those who would swallow us up alive, are foreign to the mass of the Independents. We can go on in holy unity of spirit as two denominations, but the project of annexation is a serious injury to brotherly love, and should be dropped at once or carried, on by a public and explicit overture. What should we think of our Wesleyans if they indulged visions of annexing the Independents, and thought those to be uncharitable who opposed such fond desires of aggrandizement? What if the Presbyterians should come to the conclusion that the Baptists should unite with *them*, and grow enraged because any refused to endorse their magnanimous idea?

The cases are as nearly parallel as can be, for our affinities are about the same.

Some of the letters written upon the question show a very proud and overbearing spirit; mention has even been made of the word "schism," as though the Congregational Union is to be considered as the true church, and the Baptists are to be looked upon as a set of schismatics. We take leave to say that men would not use such language if they remembered how often it has been cast at us all in turn, and how easy it is to retort. Such talk naturally emanates from gentlemen. who sorely long to add Naboth's vineyard to their possessions, but it will cause a revulsion of feeling among the great majority of our liberty-loving brethren, the Independents, who are entirely guiltless of the present conspiracy, and have always shown the manliness to accord to others the liberty of association which they so worthily exercise on their own account. The Baptist body will never be absorbed into any other; why should it be? What an infinitesimal benefit would such an absorption be, and at what an expense would it be procured? In the interest of brotherly love, we hope we shall either have this matter fairly out, or never hear it mentioned again. The agitation of the scheme will create ill feelings, and its consummation, if it were possible, would create a new denomination, and so multiply sects. There would be the stanch Paedobaptists, who would adhere to their own views, the true Baptists' holding to theirs, and the Unionists, with their views or no views, vacillating to their heart's content alone in their glory. We frankly confess and publicly promise, that in every way we will oppose this annexation scheme, in the bud. as well as in the flower, in its first as well as its last phase; not because we love union less than other men, but love it more, and believe that the evil leaven which we see at work is as hostile to true union as it is to truth itself. Not a word have we ever said against the fullest and heartiest love to our Paedobaptist brethren, but we differ from them in a point which seems to us to be very important, and we feel that we can get on better in Christian love as we are than as it is proposed that we should be. We have as much right to Baptist Union as they have to a Congregational Union; and as we see good reason for maintaining our separate organization, surely our friends need not be angry, with us for doing, so; especially as they can at any time put an end. To their own separate existence, and unite with us if they think their infant baptism to be so unimportant that they can give it up, and follow our view of the Lord's command. If we should ever leave the Baptists we should

quite as soon join the Free Church of Scotland, or the Quakers, as the Congregationalists; but our anchor is down, and not at all likely to be drawn up. When we mean a change, however, we hope we shall be honest enough to avow it. We should feel ashamed to be a member of the Baptist denomination, and harbor the design of carrying it over in whole, or in part, to another body. When ministers get a footing in Baptist churches, and first disown strict discipline as to baptism, and then inoculate their people with hostility to their denomination, and coquette with Paedobaptist bodies, they present to our churches a reason for inquiry into the advisability' of the very first step in the descent; and they also raise the question as to the honesty of those who gain an inch with the covert view of getting an ell, when they know very well that no inch would be given if their ultimate design were known. We have, been open and above board in our expressions, upon this business, and we wish others would be. The anonymous letters in which we have been assailed we look upon as the weapons of cowards; *we* cannot write or speak without being known, and do not wish to do so; we believe the whole system of anonymous writing to be meanness itself when directed against public men who are mentioned by name. Put off your cloak sir, when your adversary wears none, or you will be scouted as one of the assassin's breed. Our friend, Mr. Brock, who has been even more savagely assailed than ourselves, is quite able to take care of himself, and could no doubt answer most crushingly if he cared to do so; but we blush for those who dared most falsely to say that under any circumstances the Baptist denomination could be ashamed of him — of *him, a man* whom to know is to love, whose genial spirit makes him incapable, of returning the bitterness which has assailed him and whose personal weight far exceeds that of all his critics put together. Most heavenly Christian union, we mourn that under shelter of thy hallowed name, there should be carried on a war against truth, which is thy best ally and surest foundation! That no one may make a mistake as to the writer of this article, 'although the editorial *we* is a plain enough indication of authorship, we append our name that it may be coupled with all the reproach which any may care to heap upon it for our plain speech in this matter. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

AUGUST, 1867.

THE CHRISTIAN AT THE SEASIDE

BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT this season many seek rest and recreation at the seaside, or in some rural retreat: not a word can be said against this, but a few gentle reminders may be seasonable. Ought not Christians to be consistent abroad as well as at home? Are they always so? We have no more license to sin at Margate, or Brighton, or Scarborough, or Dunoon, than we have at home; and though the Same eyes may not watch us, there is one all-observing eye for which we should feel the utmost regard. Cheerful, genial, unrestrained, and at ease, we may be — the holiday is useless without: it; but even when out of harness, a good servant of Jesus Christ will let his conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ. Our liberty is not license when, without care, we are not careless. We should not be without salt when sojourning by the sea, nor barren as the sands when walking on the beach.

Can we not do something for Jesus on the sands? If so, let us not miss such a happiness. What situation and surroundings can be better for earnest, loving conversation with our young friends concerning their soul's best interests? A few words about the sea of eternity and its great deeps, a sentence or two upon the broken shells and our frailty, upon the Rock of Ages and the sands of time, may never be forgotten, especially if they be but few, and those pleasant, solemn, and congruous with the occasion. A good book lent to a lounger may also prove a blessing. A handful of interesting pamphlets scattered discreetly may prove to be fruitful seed. Souls are to be caught by the seashore and in the boat: gospel fisherman, take your net with you.

Believers should not go to the worldly fashionable churches when they are away from home, but should seek out faithful pastors of their own faith, and cheer them with their presence and with an extra contribution. It is a shame that the members of our churches should be seen frequenting the

places where the world's religion flaunts its meretricious finery. Our friends laboring at watering places have much reason to complain that they do not meet with the sympathy from Christian visitors which they have a right to expect. Let not these loud and long complaints be aroused by the conduct of any reader of "The Sword and the Trowel." Drop in at the prayer-meeting if you can, but any rate on the Lord's-day worship with your own people, and have a good word for the minister.

Godly lodging-house keepers complain that Christian families are not so thoughtful as they might be in the matter of allowing them to get out to worship on the Sabbath. Cooking is sometimes expected to be done, and other labors are required of them for which no necessity can be pleaded. Surely a hint will be sufficient to remedy this evil. We would not detain our own servants from public worship: upon what principle are we justified in making other people's servants slave on the Sabbath for our conveniences or whims? A Christian household should leave a sweet savor behind, even after the shortest sojourn; and how can this be, when both mistress and servants are kept at home all day on the Lord's-day to oblige us?

Dear reader, living near to God during the season of rest will make it a double blessing, a recreation for both soul and body. Aim at this, and the Lord send you your desire. Purely the calm and beauty of all around you should assist you to be devoutly happy, serenely holy, sacredly at ease. You have had the yoke taken from your neck, and have left the exhausting cares of the world at home, will you not return unto your rest and rejoice in the Well-beloved who has dealt so bountifully with you? Seek the sweet society of your soul's Lord and King. Bathe in the sea of Jesus' love, pray for those healing winds which come from the wings of the Son of Righteousness, rest in your Father's bosom, and so be filled with heavenly peace.

The editor will be on his way to Hamburg to preach the Word soon after this number reaches his readers; he asks their prayers that he may have fruit in that city also, and that his brief respite from toil may refresh him to endure the unusual responsibilities of his position.

THE WORD OF GOD AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL."

The Lord Jesus having laid upon our hearts the desire to distribute gratuitously the "Word of God" at the Paris Exhibition, we feel sure you will rejoice with us that from April 1st to the present time very nearly One Million Gospels or other portions of the New Testament have been given away in the following fifteen languages : — French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Arabic, and Turkish; and 25,000 of these have been circulated amongst the French army, including an Arab regiment, to whom 250 Gospels of St. Matthew in Arabic were given.

Thus saith the Lord, "*My Word shall not return unto me void: the entrance of my Word giveth light.*" And as we know from Scripture that souls are born of God by the incorruptible seed of the Word, and sanctified through the truth, let us work with all our might in spreading abroad these little lamps of God's truth.

Hear also what Martin Luther said, "God does more by his Word alone than you and I, and all the world besides." Therefore, with these precious truths before us, is it not the duty and privilege of every child of God to do he can in help in; forward this work which our' loving God, and Father has, for the sake of his dear Son, opened up to us? not only having disposed the hearts of the Imperial Commissioners, but also of the police authorities of Paris, to grant us all we desired, and we are now permitted to work without the slightest opposition or hindrance in any way.

We rejoice also to tell you that, in answer to the prayer, "That God would, for the sake of Jesus, move upon the hearts of his people by the Holy Spirit, and cause them to give liberally and cheerfully to this, 'his work,' he has inclined more than 5,000 Christian people to give more than 5,000; but yet we want more (about £8,500), and we look to the Lord to send us this also. At one time imaginary persecutions and want of funds nearly deterred one of the undersigned from entering on this glorious work; but he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord he believed heard him, for upon opening the Bible after prayer, the first words which caught his eye were these, "*Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defense, and thou shalt have plenty of silver.*" This at once determined him to proceed, and God has stood by us,

blessing, we hope, the work which he has permitted us to do, "That the Father may be glorified in the Son."

The cost of the separate Gospels is 2 10s. per thousand, and any amount will be received with Christian thanks by Messrs. Barclay, Beyan, & Co, 54, Lombard Street, or by either of the undersigned.

We enclose a description of the work by an eye-witness and fellow laborer in the Lord's vineyard at Paris.

"On that eastern corner of the triangle of the 'Missions' section,' you will observe the kiosk appropriated to the Bible-stand. It seems like a large hive, and within it are the true working bees. At that window stands a young German, at the next an Englishman, highly honored as the chief promoter of this great enterprise. At the, third, a Frenchman, whose work is more constant than that of his coadjutors, and needs all his energy — bodily, mental, and spiritual. At the next a Russian gentleman, counting it all honor to devote his time to such a cause. At the next, an Italian Christian, ready for a word of welcome to his compatriots; and, at the neighboring window, a Spaniard, fellow prisoner of Matsmoros, rejoicing in liberty to give to his countrymen those Scriptures which have been the joy of his own soul; and then a Christian man at the next window, skilled in Oriental languages, and still another whose mission is to his own people, to whom once were entrusted the oracles of God. These are the workers within the hive, and outside it will gladden your hearts to see flocking, as if with eager haste, a hungry throng around, the hive; but they come, unlike the swarm of bees of which they have often reminded me forcibly, not with, but for, that which is sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb. As you look upon that sight, enough to make your heart dance for joy, you will, perhaps, be reminded of the inquiry of the prophet in olden times, as you trace in that kiosk no fanciful resemblance to an eastern dove cote — 'Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows?' O Christians, pray for this band of men whose hearts God has touched and inclined to this noble work. It is one of the greatest marvels of this exhibition that they are here at all; and Should their work, by any opposition of the enemy, even now be stopped, it would not be in vain. But it is of God, and if he be for us, who can be against us? Christians, as you pass by that kiosk, give a kindly word of sympathy and love to those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day. They need it, and they deserve it. There have been opposers that have tried to prevent the work — and

shame upon them! Englishmen, from the land of Bibles, have looked coldly and with a passing sneer upon the workers. But I need not tell you of the opposition from those who fight against God in this matter, and of journalists in London or in Paris who would rejoice to hinder this unprecedented circulation of his truth. Nor do I dare to tell you of the encouragements that have cheered our brethren on. It would not be well to publish names, of those, however exalted and influential they may be, who have thus received the Word of life, nor the numbers of the priesthood of the Romish communion that have accepted these portions of truth, and asked for more. We can but rejoice that the incorruptible seed is scattered with the full assurance that it must germinate, and that it will bring fruit for the great harvest-tide.”

The following is an extract from a letter just received from Paris : —

“To day a battalion of Algerian soldiers consisting of 630 men have received Gospels in Arabic. When these men saw the gospels in their own language, they surrounded us, and the officers were not able to keep them in line.

WILLIAM HAWKE,
JOHN M' CALL.

There is no room for two opinions concerning this unrivaled work. It is the direct dissemination of God's own word, and about its usefulness or success tee doubt can be admitted. Glory be to God that suck a work has been found possible! What would Paul have thought if he could have foreseen that such a door would be opened for the word? Our eyes are ready to overflow with tears as we think of the golden opportunity, and the courageous manner in which our brethren have grasped it: for once we wish we were rich, for then we would just write a cheque for £3,500, and think it the best expenditure that we ever made. The brave leaders of this enterprise must not be left in the lurch ; those who are favored with wealth must aid them, aid them at once and without stint. Our own 'works of faith at the present moment more than absorb the energies of our own friends, or we would urge upon them publicly the claims of this movement. If the above letter should find for the writers a friend able and willing to help them, we shall be glad indeed. — C. H. S.

METROPOLITAN COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION

OUR readers have, in previous numbers, been made acquainted with the work of the Colportage Association formed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The society has only been in active work for eight months, but during that time it has been the means of circulating large numbers of good books. On Monday, June 24, the usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was made special for the purpose of bringing under the notice of the congregation the work of Colportage, and of soliciting an interest in their prayers. During the evening, Mr. Goodwin, the secretary, reported that seven colporteurs were now employed by the society. The first was started in November last, in the East of London; another commenced in December, in Cambridgeshire, and others in East Kent, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, and Leicestershire. The character and progress of the work may be judged from the fact that already in East Kent, the agency is one-half self-supporting; that 210 Bibles, 463 Testaments, 278 portions of Scripture, 1,280 Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, 253 "Pilgrim's Progress," 29 "Morning by Morning" etc, etc.; and 1,000 miscellaneous works of pure religious literature, and about 300 magazines and periodicals monthly.

The meeting was commenced by a happy speech from the pastor, Mr. Spurgeon, who referred to the use the Reformers made of the printing press in spreading the truth. Before the Reformation, he said, Wycliffe used to give portions of the Scriptures, as fast as they were translated, to the young men of Lutterworth, and then would start them off to various towns to read publicly in the market-place, so that, though copies could not be readily increased, yet care was taken to read the one copy there might be in a town in the open street, and at the market cross, and thus the people became acquainted with the Bible. In Luther's time, the world declared the words of the great reformer were carried on the wings of angels — the angels being "printers' devils," who ought much more felicitously to have been designated "printers' angels." Mr. Spurgeon then gave a sketch of the colporteur of the age of persecution. He said : —

"But we find that the Word of God was sold in those days in places which it was not likely to reach through the shop of the common bookseller, and this was done by means of persons who took the Book and carried it secretly, hoping to meet with a sale. Very frequently in foreign countries the colporteur might be seen with a box of trinkets on his back, containing

jewels for fair ears, rings for my ladyfinger, and such like; and when he got my lady at the castle-gate, fully attentive, and looking over the trinkets, he would say that he carried with him a treasure better than all he was showing to her ladyship; but he would have to trust his life in her hands if he showed it to her. If she showed signs of displeasure, very likely nothing more was said, but very probably, when the lady heard of the dangerous secret, particularly wished to see it, and was especially curious about it — as we all are in such ‘a case — she would tell the good man that he might safely trust his life with her — what was it he had to show her? Then, by-and-by there came out a copy of the Word of God, which he offered to, sell. She would ask the price of it, and if she bought it, the purchase would be quite a secret between the two; for if any one heard of it, their lives might be called to account. So the priceless treasure soon changed hands, and the Book was read; and her ladyship did not long read the Book alone, but it got into the hands of the servants, who perceiving that her Ladyship read a Book which she always popped away when anybody came in, wanted to know what it could be. So the truth spread throughout the household; and Rome, with all its power, was unable to check the sale Of the Word of God. If the Book was not sold, still, perhaps, the good man, before he went away, asked if they would accept a little tract; and just a little leaf was left which contained some words of truth, which, even if it were burnt, might yet burn its own way into the heart before the hand had committed it to the flames. In that way, too, the truth was spread all through England. Mr. Spurgeon said that, “The word ‘colporteur’ was a horribly ugly name, he had heard people call it ‘coal-porter;’ and they have thought that a Colportage Society was a society for carrying coals. Now, that is very nearly correct. It is a society for carrying live coals about; and those live coals, believe, set many a place on fire. In our own country, since those times, the sale of religious books has always been a main help to the cause of truth, and I may add a potent means for spreading error too. This day Romanists scatter those little books of Dr. Challoner against Protestantism amongst young people, and on the cover it is stated, and very properly stated, by the author, that we ought not to wonder at Romanists giving away their little blue books, because we Protestants delight in doing the same. They say that the whole Reformation was got up through the secret distribution of books:, and why should not they adopt the same means for the spread of their views? When good men think of the infidel publications of England, and, what is worse, the silly trashy novels which debauch the minds of the young, they feel the greater necessity for

meeting this evil by scattering good books all over the land. There are many large districts where the ordinary bookseller is not within reach, and here the ‘colporteur’ has fine opportunities for disposing of his books. In Scotland there is a similar society, which was started about twelve years ago by three men, and which, under the blessing of God, has so grown that they have now more than a hundred and fifty agents, who go over Scotland, scattering the truth as it is in Jesus. He believed the committee of their own society were ambitious to do for England what the other society had done for Scotland, and he wished them success, since it was the right kind of thing to take up. There were many earnest brethren who were not adapted for preachers, but who were the right sort of men to sell a book, to pray with the sick, to comfort the desponding, to guide the anxious, and to lead sinners to the cross of Christ.”

An interesting address was also delivered by Mr. Young, the agent in East Kent.

This society languishes for want of funds but it is one which, under God, would be a mighty weapon if it were well used. We intend in future numbers to keep it before the mind of our readers. Let it be remembered that the committee will send a man into any district in which £30 per annum is raised. Already one colporteur has been the means of raising a new church, and much of this higher work would grow out of colportage if it could be thoroughly carried out. We are overworked, and have in hand enterprises beyond our means ; but God’s work must be gone, and we may soon be dead, therefore, O Lord, send help to thine own cause. — C. H. S.

NOTES OF VISIT TO HAMBURG.

ON board the good ship “Granton,” at an early hour on Wednesday morning, we found more than half a score friends waiting for us, all bound for Hamburg, to share in the joy of our German brethren in the opening of the new chapel for Mr. Oneken, and to take part in the triennial conference of the Continental Baptists. We dropped down the river in the best style, left Her Majesty custom house officers at Gravesend, steamed past the Nore, the Mouse, the Swin Middle, the Gunfleet, and the Sunk Lights in rapid succession, and were soon fairly out at sea, with fine weather and smooth water. Shoals and sands were behind us, and the deep blue waters were around us. A few, who thought that it would be a pity not to be

squeamish, seeing they were at sea. retired to amuse themselves in the unpleasant exercises of sea-sickness; but it was an unpardonable weakness, for if not quite a sea of glass, the ocean was in its best of tempers. On board we had a Babel of tongues — English, of course, dear mother-tongue, German in abundance, joy of the fatherland, Spanish, French, and a spice of everything else. With the exception of a few showers, all went “merry as a marriage bell.” Night came with its heavy dews, and warned the wise to seek their narrow couch, leaving the restless to tramp the deck, or talk soft nothings by the moonlight. During the night there may have been some tossings to and fro, and heavings of the uneasy billows; but sleep brought us blissful ignorance, and we awoke to find the watery way in as good condition as when we fell asleep. Passing every now and then vessels of all sizes, and experiencing rapid changes of cloud and sunshine, we soon after noon on Thursday were on the look out for the rocky shores of little Heligoland, the sentinel of the Elbe, over whose narrow islet waves Britannia’s flag. That seen ‘red passed upon our left, we soon saw the long sandy island of Neuwerk, and then passing the town of Cuxhaven, we were floating in the noble river Elbe, whose shores on either side sometimes reminded us of Holland, and then again of our own Thames, and the marshes upon the Essex shore. The increasing number of ships told us that we were nearing some important seat of commerce; but it was like seeking a miser’s money at the bottom of a very long purse, for Hamburg is some seven hours or more from the river’s mouth, and we did not cast anchor till nearly eleven o’clock. Just outside a long fleet of ships we were moored, some distance from the shore. It was too late to hunt out our friends on shore, and therefore we spent a second night in our cabins, and took our breakfast on board on Friday morning. After breakfast we were conducted by a brother in the Lord, who acted as messenger, to the hospitable abode of the venerated apostle of Germany, our beloved Mr. Oncken, who resides in an excellent house in a fine situation within the boundary of the city of Altona. Mr. Oncken’s residence is, during the conference, an open house for all comers; and if he is not altogether eaten out of house and home, it is not for want of visitors. Brethren came in from Scotland by the boat which leaves Leith, from Suffolk *via* Grimshy, from New York, from Switzerland, Denmark, Poland, Norway, Holland, and from nearly every other country where scions of the old Baptist stock have taken root. As the various arrivals were announced, and all rejoiced to welcome the new comers, we were reminded of that heavenly assembly to which many shall come from the east and from the west, and we anticipated the joy of the

celestials as they receive fresh companies of the redeemed within the gates of pearl. On Friday, our beloved brother Oneken escorted us round the city, a city of no mean dimensions, containing about 200,000 inhabitants, who are evidently lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, since on any one Sabbath in the year there will not be found 5,000 of them in all the churches of Hamburg. With all the sin of London we have a Sabbath; and our houses of prayer, though not so well attended as they should be, do nevertheless receive within their doors an exceeding great army. We saw the prison where, in years not long past, Mr. Oneken had been confined for preaching the gospel; and while looking up to its windows overlooking a canal, we thought of Bunyan's damp moss-grown cell by the river Ouse, and were glad that in this degenerate age, a Baptist could still suffer and vanquish his enemies by his sufferings. It is gratifying' to know that, in the very city which a few years ago persecuted a Baptist minister for preaching the word, public sentiment has now made such advances, that not only is religious liberty complete, but there is now no state church at all; and therefore the great reason and incentive to persecution is abolished. When will our own country have enlightenment enough to follow the example of Hamburg? It makes one breathe more freely to know that the soil is uncursed by a state church. We saw the room in which the first Baptist church was formed, and the larger places to which it emigrated as it grew in numbers. More interesting still was the consecrated spot upon the ramparts, looking down upon the city where, in lonely solitude, the young apostle was wont, early in the morning, to plead with God for the people. We understood the secret of Mr. Oncken's success when we saw the source of his strength in secret wrestlings with the angel of the covenant. Hamburg little knew that a man was gazing upon it from the ramparts and invoking with many tears the mercy of God upon its ungodly thousands. Mr. Oncken also indicated to us the various spots where in secret, beneath the cover of night, he had baptized his first converts. On the banks of the Elbe, and along the shore of the low island opposite Hamburg, believers, hunted by their enemies, have gathered silently to celebrate the immersion of the faithful into the Sacred Three. large *fresh* water lake, called the Alster, is the glory and beauty of Hamburg; and there also, away from human habitations, has the pastor immersed believers, until his secret was discovered, and the annoyances of violent enemies drove him to yet more secluded spots. These places are historical, and will find their record in the annals of eternity. That silver lake, the Alster, as we glided over its glassy surface, which glittered in the sun, appeared to us to glow with another

radiance than earth could give it as we saw, before our mind's-eye, the faithful and obedient disciples closely following their Lord.

Hamburg owes very much to the great fire which consumed its old decaying habitations, and left space for a new city of palaces. Our afflictions are among our choicest mercies' the fires which consume our earthly joys, often leave room for far more enduring heavenly delights. The ramparts, no longer needed for purposes of war, are partly thrown down, and form delightful walks all round the city, so that Hamburg looks like a huge pearl set in a ring of emerald; alas! that the pearl should be so clouded with abounding sin.

On Saturday, we went to see that remarkable institution, the Rough House, which forms an asylum for the protection and reclaiming of the neglected children of the streets of Hamburg. For lack of comprehending the German tongue, we were not able to learn much by our visit; but our impressions we will give more at length another time. We were very kindly received by Dr. Wichern, his lady, and his daughter, to whom be all honor for founding and carrying on so good a work. The lands of this institution contain about fifty acres, which are gardened to perfection by the boys, every inch being well cropped. The family principle is carried out, and hence there are many houses scattered over the grounds, all picturesquely placed and prettily planned, the Old Rough House, in which the work commenced, being the most romantic: of all. We expected to see, at least, a thousand children, judging from the abundance of buildings, and were not a little surprised that the whole number was about 190. The printing presses, the bookstore, the bakery, the farmyard and such like places we suppose, account, for the quantity of erections, but the thought which pressed upon our mind was, that if some one would give us fifty acres of such land, and we could put such buildings upon it, we would have a thousand children there, if not more. Our own George Muller would soon make more result out of so much plant and space. However, we may be quite wrong, and a passing visitor must not place much reliance on impressions so hastily formed. The place is a paradise for situation and beauty; the whole effect produced upon the eye is delightful, while the singing of the girls under the spreading boughs of the trees, was all that could be desired to charm the ear. Our heart was away at that little plot of ground at Stockwell, and we were counting the hours until we should see our new houses built and occupied by dear children whose voices should ring merrily along the greensward.

Our shrine of pilgrimage was, however, the new chapel. This is a very noble building, striking and well built; not at all the modest, plain structure which we like to associate with our English Dissent, but a Gothic erection, and therefore not to our taste, and yet, despite our judgment, a building to be pronounced externally beautiful and internally imposing. Built altogether of white brick, very lofty, with long windows, a platform and open baptistery at one end, and a gallery at the other — roof groined, and, like the walls, all of plain unplastered brick — the place is as true as the principles advocated in it — not a particle of paint, plaster, or stucco being tolerated; *but — and* sorry but — it is Gothic, which is fatal to begin with; that one word, so far, 'is preaching-houses are concerned, is the condensation of all possible faults. The echoes, except when the house is crowded, are countless, and jangle with each other like; brawling women in a fish-market, and (misery of miseries!) not a window opens, nor is there any ventilation beyond whole or two pricked in the roof, about half as useful as nothing at all. When will architects remember that there are other things to be considered in building a chapel besides merely satisfying the rules of an antique architecture, which ought long ago to have been superseded by something better? We would have a rule made by authority, and enforced by the heaviest penalties, that every window, great or small, in every place of worship, should be made to open, for we are sure that close, unventilated, cave-like churches and chapels, are accountable for more fevers, consumptions, and deaths, than most men dream of. We are open to receive donations towards setting these windows to rights; we have offered a five-pound note ourselves, and have the promise from the pastor that the matter shall be seen to. With these exceptions, the chapel is, as we have already said, a right noble structure, leaving nothing to be desired but money to pay for it, and remove a debt of about £2,000.

The opening services of the Lord's-day commenced early in the morning, at eight o'clock, for our German friends are up betimes. We were out of bed by half-past six, for we had a long walk to the chapel, which we found full, and even crowded — echo therefore all gone for the time being. We had singing up to our heart's desire, and beyond it; The choir sung, and sung, and sung again, and the congregation sang about, as often — in fact, the order of the day was, "O come let us sing unto the Lord." Programs were printed and scattered among the people, and the spiritual bill of fare was long and varied. Many fervent prayers, were offered, to which the congregation earnestly said, "Amen." Mr. Oneken gave an outline of the

history of the church, and magnified the grace of God in all that had been brought to pass. The chief feature, however, was the exceedingly sweet but exceedingly abundant singing. The chapel was very tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreens and flowers, the baptistery had flowers and wreaths floating in it, and at the head of the steps stood two large orange trees. It was Germanic altogether, and withal very pretty. Although the service was all dumb show to us, for it was in German, yet our heart entered into it; and so far as the great heat, and the heavy air would allow, we rose into fellowship with God — -the aforesaid obstructions being very powerful for though the spirit indeed is willing, the flesh is weak.

Our own service in the evening was equally crowded and equally hot; if possible, more so. There was much song in German, and two little hymns in English, and we hope that it was a good time, altogether. We intended to have described the communion service on Sabbath evening, the love feast on Monday, and the conferences of Tuesday, but having made a pause on Monday, we have not been able to proceed further, although this is the evening of Thursday; for alas! hours of pain and weariness have been appointed us, and our hospitable host has found his guest turned into a patient, and his house into an hospital. The great heat of the weather and other causes have quite prostrated us; but no amount of pain can make us forget the unalloyed delight which we have experienced in communion with our German friends. God has done a great work in this land, and has much more in store for it. Every Christian in England, especially every Baptist, ought to aid the work to the utmost. To have seen and shaken hands with earnest laborers from many lands, and to have received the kiss of charity from them, is a privilege never to be forgotten. We bless God at every remembrance of our honored brother Oncken, and pray that long life and growing success may be with him.

Next month, if spared, we will finish this paper, so abruptly and so painfully Shortened by unexpected richness, from which, by the Lord's will, we hope to have recovered long before these lines are issued from the press. The printer needs to have this article at once, and therefore it must go forth in its present fragmentary state.

HAMBURG, AUGUST 15TH. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

OCTOBER, 1867.

PENNY READINGS;

OR, A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

IN the name of God all manner of mischief is perpetrated. The great moral truth, that we must not do evil that good may come, appears to be still unknown or ignored among masses of professors. Things which Christian men, as individuals, would scorn to invent or commit, when they once become a fashion, and are varnished over with the pretext of doing good, are run after with greediness; and when committees are formed, and emulation excited, matters are even pushed to extremes from which decorous non-professors had abstained. Given a dozen worldly professors, an ungodly society to please, and the pretense of serving the interests of religion as a cloak, and no one can guess to what length they will proceed; if they had but the means they would not only, like the witch of Endor, bring up Samuel from the tomb, but raise the arch-fiend himself to entertain the public: the interests of morality and decency would be far safer in the hands of decent deists than under the management of vainglorious Christian professors, who have the name to live, and are dead. We are led to these remarks by reviewing the many disgraceful facts which have been brought under our notice in connection with Penny Reading's, and their association, not only with church clergymen and curates, but with our own places of worship. We have blushed for our common Christianity when we have observed the silly nonsense, the senseless foolery, the abominable absurdity, the loose and all but lascivious sing-song, the moon-struck sentimentality, which have been read, rehearsed, or sung, to congregations of our people in schoolrooms and lecture halls, with at least the implied sanction of the church, and its pastor and deacons, and sometimes with the evident sanction of them all. Manhood alone ought to have kept the performers and their admirers from sinking to the level of bathos which they have occasionally reached. What would not be tolerated at a second-rate theater, should hardly have gone down with men esteemed, at least by

themselves, to be persons of position and education: there are amusements allowable in the nursery, which we should hardly have expected to have seen entertaining' an assembly in which men of forty took a leading part. We are among those who would defend and advocate the Penny Reading system, by itself and rightly conducted as a valuable means of educating our popularity, and making them acquainted with the great writers of our and; we even believe that a higher end might be answered if choice, tender, poetic, telling extracts from our devotional writers were read with accompanying anecdotes and illustrations; we do not therefore run a tilt against the whole thing as such, but we feel bound to say that the abuse of it is in many places so serious that it would be far better to give up the entire business than perpetuate its evils. Very far are we from decrying popular lectures upon subjects scientific, historical, moral, or political — a good course of such lectures should, if possible, be provided by our religious societies in every town — and if the lectures maintain a Christian tone, much good will come of them; but lecturing and getting up courses of lectures *for mere amusement sake*, without end or purpose, is not to be tolerated by Christians. As to lecturers of known unsound views, who seize every opportunity to sneer at the gospel, their employment by Christian men, merely because of their cleverness, is a sin against the Lord. Penny Readings, or Popular Lectures, cannot be judged in the mass; they' may, like Jeremiah's figs, be very bad or very good; our lament is that in many places they have been "evil, very evil, they cannot be eaten, they are so evil." We heard a wise and experienced father say, the other day, that in his town, if he designed to ruin his children's souls, he should first give them a penny each to go to the readings, and then they would be quite ready to enjoy six-penny-worth of wickedness at the low music-hall, and the next step would be the play-house. Knowing what we do know, we thought him right. When the Penny Reading, or the lecture, is elevating in moral tone, let every right-minded man be thankful for it; but when it is a broad farce, a coarse comedy, a silly love-song, or worse, it is altogether out of place in connection with Christian men, their schools and associations. Let the church enter into rivalry with the theater, and we know which will get the better of it: on our side, such a contention would be all gain and no loss. We would by no means interdict the use of wit and humor; far otherwise, we hold that their plentiful use is frequently justifiable and advisable; we should like to see a more abundant spice of them, not only in lectures, but in sermons and in religious books; but there must be an end and a purpose in the humor, or it becomes idle jesting, which is not convenient. To make

men laugh at folly, at superstition, at meanness — -to pour ridicule upon contemptible motives and actions until men laugh them to scorn — is one thing; to keep an audience in a roar by a series of empty witticisms without moral purport is quite another. Against the cheerful, the genial, the humorous, there is no law; for the frivolous, foolish, and indelicate, there is no excuse. Between the moroseness which will not allow a smile, and the lawless levity which would turn our Zion into Vanity Fair, there is a wide difference. Will not all the managers of those societies which cater for the Christian public, look well to 'this matter, and act upon the rules of Christ, an prudence in arranging their programs? Shall the world be allowed to entrench itself within the church itself? Shall folly deliver its delusive teachings from the chairs of our own prophets? Let the mischief die at once, and as the lecturing season now commences, let sweeping reforms be accomplished forthwith wherever they may be required, before the plague spreads further in the camp.

In some places great ,dissatisfaction is felt concerning past proceedings, and this smothered fire will break into a flame of discord if fresh fuel be put upon it; in others old heart-burnings have already led to divisions through this offense; before such ills shall fall upon other churches, let the accursed thing be sought for and put away. Honest, innocent, instructive, interesting entertainment's are not so difficult to get up, that we are driven to ribaldry to help us; let us try again, and show the world henceforth that, even in their recreations, Israelites are not Egyptians, Christians are not men of the world.

JAMES HENDERSON, M.D. THE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE home of James Henderson's childhood was a little cottage, situated on the bleak muir of Rhynie, in the north of Scotland,' and distant a mile and more from any other dwelling. There, on a dark day in the middle of the December of 1832, while a violent snowstorm was exhausting its fury, he was left an orphan when scarcely three years old. His father had been an honest and industrious laboring man, had married young, and his brief life had been a hard struggle to obtain a scanty subsistence for this family. Ten

weeks before, he ruptured a blood-vessel in the lung, and the loss of blood then and on subsequent occasions, brought him to the brink of the grave. At four in the afternoon of the day mentioned, the good man rallied a little; but as the darkness displaced the daylight, amid the last outbursts of the storm, his spirit took its flight to another world in peace. He had no riches beside his blessing to leave to his three little ones, and no legacy to his wife but the assurance that God, who feeds the young ravens when they cry, would take care of her, and provide her and her children with bread. The tender years of the orphan boy prevented him from realizing his great and irreparable loss; and while his two sisters sat silently near the fire, but faintly understanding the sad scene around them, he crept to a quiet corner, and slept as soundly as if joy were beaming on all within and without the lonely cottage. Wearied with the discharge of the last offices of affection to her husband, the new-made widow having sat herself down to rest, her eyes wandered to her sleeping son; and, as they rested on his happy countenance, wept for the first time at the prospect of that heritage of sorrow, and care, and toil, upon which she had entered. She turned to the Book of God and read its cheering promises, and spread her distress before-the Most High in prayer. From midnight to morning she prolonged these devout exercises, and as the day revealed the stern difficulties of her situation, she faced them with a calm and courageous heart.

In the succeeding March she removed to a small cottage offered by a farmer in the neighborhood, and there, by doing such work as she could find on the farms around, kept herself and her children. Her evenings were spent in teaching her two girls and their little brother to read, and in hearing them repeat the portions of Scripture and questions in the "Shorter Catechism" assigned during the day. This pious custom she never set aside, though she often returned jaded and worn out, after working from six in the morning, to go supperless to bed; or had to begin her labor on no better breakfast than a crust and cup. of cold water. Two years of her life thus rolled slowly away, embittered by many hardships and privations.

Her own and her children's lot became more easy and comfortable when she went, after her mother's death, to live with her father, who rented a small croft in the district. The old man was rude and rigid in his manners, yet bore a 'warm and tender heart, in whose affections his grandchildren largely shared. His superior intelligence raised him in the esteem of his neighbors, and a plentiful supply of stories, gathered in his travels through the Highlands, rendered his company particularly entertaining in the long

winter's evenings. He loved the Bible, and often made little James, before he was seven years old, read whole evenings to him in the books of the Kings, and Chronicles, and Proverbs. At other times he would bring the boy to his side, and tell him to sing some ballad of the clans; and, as a daring exploit of the clan to which he belonged was sung with a deeper emphasis, his dim eye would kindle again with the clans-man wonted fire.

In a little while the old man was gathered to his fathers, and the widow was left in possession of the small farm. James was sent into the fields to lend his slender assistance in their cultivation. The summer kept him busily occupied, but the winter was a kind of long vacation, in which he roamed over the hills, and mightily terrified the timid rabbits and hares with an old gun, which only condescended to go off on certain occasions. His education was considered by his relatives complete with the ability to read the Bible and the "Shorter Catechism." Writing and arithmetic were deemed superfluous accomplishments, and their necessity in that part of the country was never imagined. For generations past his fathers, all honest and simple-minded men, had lived and died without a knowledge of these things, and why should the rising race seek to be wiser than they? Until he had gone half way through his teens, the only eminent and respectable literary characters whose acquaintance he had made were "*Jack the Giant Killer*," and "*The Forty Thieves*." It was only in his sixteenth year that he heard there existed such a country as China, or discovered how his own nation was governed. His faith was almost equally divided between the gospels and the current superstitions of the district; and it is duly authenticated that the most absurd story about the power of witchcraft was nothing more to the credulity of the people in those parts than a shrimp to a hungry whale. From earliest infancy his mother trained him to keep holy the Sabbath. On the afternoon of that day, his chief enjoyment was to repair to the bank of some rivulet or mountain spring, where he would sit for hours reading and correcting to memory many portions from Genesis, the Gospels, or the Book of Revelation. At a little distance lay his constant attendant, a fine collie dog, who, when he saw his young master weep — which he often did over the tale of the Savior's suffering and death — would come with great concern in his looks, and lick Ms hand, and try to comfort him.

From scenes like these, and with his mother's dying words, ringing in his ears — "Never forsake God, and he will never forsake you" — young Henderson went to the feeling market to hire himself to, the farmer who

would make the best offer for his services. He engaged for six months at a wage of twenty-five shillings, for which he had to tend fifteen herd of cattle, and do other work besides; “and, in fact,” he adds. “I had so much to do, that, at the end of six months, I was so thin and changed in my appearance that my old friends scarcely knew me. It was a hard-earned twenty-five shillings; but it was the first I had ever won. I had never been so rich before; for the largest sum I ever had was fourteen-pence, and this was all I possessed when I first left home, with one suit of half-worn clothes.”

His next situation, where he remained eighteen months, afforded him greater advantages, though it at first brought him less remuneration. He became groom to the village surgeon, who treated him with the utmost kindness, and obtained the services of the schoolmaster to instruct him in writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Instructive books were within his reach, and he: learned to lay aside his erroneous conceptions of the world in which he lived, and to think of other lands and people than the narrow spot and slender few to which both his thoughts and observations had hitherto been confined. Yet the reminiscences of the last twelve months spent in this place were the saddest that he gathered from any season of his life, not because of any suffering endured, for *that* only lends a zest to present enjoyment, but because of the sins and youthful follies into which he was led. His time not being fully occupied, he gave way to habits of idleness, and soon became the companion of those of whom, he says, he ought to have been ashamed. But for all these things conscience exacted a heavy penalty from him in his moments of retirement and, stimulated by the faithful sermons of Mr. Nichol, brought him every Sabbath evening in terror to his knees.

The scale was not yet turned in favor of the Savior; and he longed for gayer scenes and wider scope for pleasure. At this crisis of his rife, he was directed to the service of a gentleman under whose roof religion dwelt and flourished. The whole management of the establishment was in the hands of a pious butler, who, during a period of twelve years, had proved his fidelity to his master; this man was, by education, far above his present sphere; by humility and benevolence of heart, prepared for any undertaking that would benefit his fellow men or glorify the Savior. So brightly did the beauty of the gospel shine in his light, that Dr. Henderson says of him in after years, “Among all the devoted and excellent men I have known. I never saw a finer or purer example of the follower of Christ.” The reign of

undefiled religion was not altogether unpleasant to the boisterous stripling from the country. It fostered those desires of reformation which he had often secretly felt, and at the same time put a firm restraint upon those follies to which he was prone. The consistent daily life and pure conversation of James England prepared the way, and in a little while led to an entire change of heart and life.

What can I do, he anxiously asked, to extend the kingdom of Jesus? A voice: from within replied, endeavor to become a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, break through the barriers in the way, for whatever has once been done by man, may be done by man again. Not so, answered a multitude of voices from without, and more loudly than the others, the voices of those when held the sacred office. To them it seemed next to impossible for him to climb from his present poor and rude condition, over the extended difficulties of an eight years' curriculum, to that high point of education fixed for her ministers by the Presbyterian church. As if the project had originated in some frenzied mind bordering on insanity, each counselor in succession strove to take its life away, by pelting it with the sad tales of the miscarriages of others who had made a similar attempt. One told him of several excellent young men who gave up their occupations in order to study, but it would not do, and they were obliged to return to their old work and position, having lost health, time, and money, and, worse than all, were so disheartened that they could never hold up their heads again. Another mentioned one or two instances he had known of young men who, by dogged perseverance, coupled with an iron constitution, had succeeded in gaining educations; but they had to subject themselves to the most trying privations, such as living upon three penny rolls a day, taking in a garret at eighteen-pence a-week, and working twenty hours out of the twenty-four. No one appeared to have the most distant idea of the preparation necessary for the classes of the University, of the best way to prepare, or the probable expense of a University education. Yet, none of these things moved him: he meant to advance: only the direction of his progress was changed by this churlish treatment. After clinging for five years to his original purpose of becoming a minister, he abandoned it, and decided on devoting his energies to the study of medicine.

As we see the young man of twenty-five enter Surgeons all, Edinburgh, and take rank among the leading spirits of the classes, we are constrained to inquire how he has obtained the necessary means, and the educational

qualifications for entering upon the higher branches of study. A few sentences will suffice to answer both these queries, and bring!into the foreground the rugged path by which he reached the position he occupies at this stage of our brief narrative. Under the instruction of James England, he acquired a fair knowledge of the English tongue, and attempted the elements of Latin. When his friend's stock of Latin was exhausted, he applied to the parish schoolmaster:, who gave him periodical lessons till the close of the five years which he remained in Mr. Grant Duff's service. Dissatisfied with the pace at which he was progressing, he resolved to give himself up exclusively to study as long as his previous savings would last. For this purpose he went to live at the small town of Macduff. Every evening he received lessons in mathematics, Latin, etc, and from morning to midnight toiled daily over his studies. In five months he removed to Edinburgh, and obtained employment from a lady who in every possible way helped forward his designs. His duties being slight, he could freely spend a large portion of each day in supplying the defects of his education; and so abundantly were his diligence and self-denial re- warded, that he could afterwards say, "Before I was twenty-five years old, I could write Latin more correctly than I could write English when I was eighteen." His scale of living during these years is a curious specimen of economy and frugality:- "For nine months before I left Mr. Grant Duff" I had subjected myself to take only two meals a day, and had enjoyed excellent health; this plan I carried on at Macduff, and I had now been accustomed to it for fifteen months; I determined to continue it, and every month when I received my wages and board wages, I deposited all in the bank except ten shillings — namely, two shillings and six- pence per week for my food. But for the benefit of others, I may say that it is not easy to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh, and I should not like to go through the same course of regimen again; but like some other men I have heard of, in leading a forlorn hope, I was determined to carry out what I had view, or perish in the attempt. My motto was, ' If I perish, I perish.' It may seem rather strange too, that, on entering college I took comfortable lodgings, and began to live like other people, and this after submitting myself to comparative fasting for three years." It was about the middle of his curriculum when he resolved, in twenty-four hours after hearing at a public meeting of the good done by medical missions, to join the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. He was unanimously accepted, and soon became distinguished both by his industry in study, and deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his fellows. After the close of his studies, he practiced

for awhile at Rhyndie, waiting for an opportunity to go abroad. In 1859, the London Missionary Society engaged him as one of their medical agents in China, and after spending six months in reading theology with the Rev. S.S. England, at Walthamstow, and having obtained his degree of M.D. at St. Andrew's, Dr. Henderson set sail in the *Heroes of Alma* for Shanghai. On his arrival, he immediately took the superintendence, of the Chinese Hospital at that port. This was the work for which Dr. Henderson had hitherto lived and labored; and by this work he was speedily cut down. His own words best describe its varied character and extent, and prove the wisdom of uniting in the same mission the skill that can alleviate man's bodily sufferings with the truth that can restore to his spirit the life divine. Dr. Henderson says:—

“Although China has reached what some are pleased to call the highest deuce of civilization of which a nation is capable without the gospel, it presents, I believe, more physical mitering, for want of medical knowledge, than *any* other nation on the face of the earth. The multitudes of sick, and lame, and blind, which crowd the streets of this and other cities, are ample evidence of her deplorable condition in this respect. In an institution like this, a good surgeon may almost every day of his life make the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the paralytic whole; besides brining hundreds together under the most favorable circumstances, to have the gospel preached to them. I might be allowed to give one example of the influence which even one successful case exerts, not only upon an individual or a family, but upon a locality or neighborhood. Last spring I operated on a been able to distinguish day from night, light from darkness. Three days after the operation he was able to read the ordinary character, and on the fifth day he left the hospital, He was a boatman, and lives about half-way to Blankin, on the Northern bank of Yang-tsze river. Two months afterwards he arrived again in Shanghai with his boat, and brought six blind people to the hospital, five men and one woman, from his own neighborhood, and they not only wanted to have their sight restored, but made inquiries about the Christian religion, which they said their friend who brought them had told them about One man,” continues the doctor in another report, “a shopkeeper, who had been blind for three years, readily submitted to the operation for cataract. I need not say that he was much delighted when, on the

twelfth day after it, he was able to read the New Testament character with facility. This man left the hospital in very high 'sprats,' 'declaring that he would make known the gospel doctrine to all his friends and neighbors.

The method pursued in the discharge of the daily work of the hospital, is thus described by Dr. Henderson, in his first report:-

"At half-past eleven o'clock the hospital bell begins to ring for patients to assemble; at a quarter-past twelve the native preacher, belonging to the hospital, begins the religious services in the hall where the patients meet; he reads the Scriptures, and preaches till one o'clock, concluding with prayer. I begin to examine the eases at one o'clock, by taking first ten women into the dispensary, where they sit down, and each is prescribed for separately; ten men are then admitted in like manner: thus ten women and ten men are admitted successively until all are seen. Any case requiring a surgical operation is put aside till all the others are prescribed for. Cases of accident are admitted at all hours."

Then, having bestowed high praise upon the character of Chin Foo, his apothecary and house surgeon, Dr. Henderson proceeds: —

"Chin Foo's brother, Keih Foo, is the native preacher at the hospital, and is very attentive to all his duties. After I begin to see the patients in the dispensary, he commences to distribute tracts to all who can read, and to converse with those who are waiting on the all-important truths of Christianity. Soon after my arrival here, I had fifteen thousand copies of a small tract printed in Chinese, containing within a short space an epitome of the gospel; each patient who can read, and very many can, receives a copy of this: and thus, during the past year, large numbers from different parts of the country have heard the glad tidings of salvation through the Redeemer."

If to this I add an abstract of the numbers so treated, it may serve to suggest an idea, perhaps a very vague one, of the wide range which the influence of the hospital might be supposed to take. In one day the patients have numbered 217; the monthly attendance has fluctuated between 1,716, 3,512, and 4,701, according to the changes of the seasons, while in a year the astonishing number of 38,069 have been prescribed for. Dr.

Henderson's influence for good was not bounded by the precincts of the hospital. The reports of his work spread, interested the surrounding merchants, and secured their active sympathy. With all his native energy, he investigated every subject coming within the reach of his science that affected the well-being of the Chinaman. His papers on "Climate," and the "Medicine and Medical Practice of the Chinese," enjoyed a wide popularity; and by his "Shanghai Hygiene; or, Flints for the Preservation of! Health in Shanghai, he conferred a lasting boon upon the inhabitants of that city. A pure motive and single aim directed and sustained his varied undertakings. When asked were the Chinese grateful for what, was done for them, how high the principle revealed in his reply! "I never came to China to gain the people's gratitude, but to try to do them good, and the man who expects gratitude from the Chinese will be woefully disappointed." His genial manners won the esteem of the English settlers; and often when a clergyman dare not name religion, he could say a good word for his heavenly Master. With the young merchants from England he lived' on the terms of the closest intimacy. Beyond the observation of friends and the restraints of Christian society, they were exposed unarmed to the vilest and most seductive practices of a heathen city. He brought them to his own home. On Sunday afternoons he read with them the Scriptures, and not a few owed their first serious thoughts about the Savior to his kind and faithful conversation. But while the widest waves of his usefulness were spreading, when to human eye he seemed most needed upon earth, the divine voice called him away. It is not ours to murmur, but our hearts were very cold did we not mourn over so sudden a termination of a life so ardently active, so actively good. On the third of June, 1865, he was utterly prostrated with a slow fever of a typhoid character, and though removed to Nagasaki, he returned not to convalescence, but gradually sank till the 30th July, when he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. The elder of his two little ones had gone before — the younger in a little while after followed to the better land. So universally diffused was the fame of his good deeds and stainless character, that when the news of his death reached Shanghai, the city lamented the loss of a public benefactor, and its inhabitants a beloved friend. Belonging to-a short-lived race, and knowing that he could not extend the duration of his days, he had endeavored to expand their compass by a multiplicity of labor utterly destructive of the strongest constitution. He had fought too fiercely the battle of life to continue the struggle long; but the great achievements of his brief career will form powerful persuasives to similar devotedness, and throw a bright

and cheering ray around those who toil and well nigh faint along the upward way to usefulness.

Among the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," are there no believing young men who, by God's grace, will solemnly resolve to hew their way to positions of usefulness? They need not have the early difficulties of James Henderson to contend with, for the Pastor's College will gratuitously assist them in their education if they are really called to the ministry; but would it not be a noble thing to take rank as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, doing valiantly for the Lord? Surely, among the heather, or the cornfields, or the coal-pits, or the factories, or the marts of Britain, the Lord has hidden friends; let them come forth, for the Lord's cause, hath need of them.

HELIGOLAND

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

HER Majesty's smallest foreign possession is the is and of Heligoland. this little jewel in the British crown sparkles in a setting of liquid emerald, at the foot of Denmark, out in the North Sea, between the mouths of the two great German rivers, the Elbe and the Weser. Three or four hours' steam from Cuxhaven, or eight from Hamburg, brought us off this remarkable triangular rock, and twelve Hamburg shillings, value one shilling English, given to one of the sturdy boatmen, secured each of us a landing on the shingly beach which forms the lower part of the island. There lies our steamer in the channel to the right, and our landing-place is opposite to the building with a wooden tower, and a flag-staff, which the reader sees in the engraving. What a landing for a poor limping invalid longing for quiet, and come to sea to find it! All the visitors and half the population stood staring, up. on the new comers with all their eyes, and some of them with quizzing glasses in addition. Between two lines of more than ordinarily curious and inquisitive observers, all new arrivals had to run the gauntlet, the whole of the two clouds of witnesses gazing as intently as if they had never seen one of Adam's race in all their lives before. Well-bred ladies and gentlemen, no doubt, these staring humanities esteemed themselves to be, but another opinion found a supporter in one of the victims, who growled inwardly at the whole mob, and would have growled more savagely if he had not remembered that this is after the manner of all seaside societies, whether

German or English; the sea-side being the licensed arena for the display of the natural boorishness of those pitiful superficialities whose gentility lies in their apparel, and not in their nature. The humble cottager, Whose unaffected modesty would shrink from staring into a stranger's face, is a far truer lady than the girl with a truss of somebody else's hair at the back of her head, whose forward manners betray the absence of genuine good breeding. The world's politeness is at its best a dancing master's postures, but when its citizens follow their natural modes and manners, it is a barbarous world, or little better. Jesus of Nazareth is the teacher of the true gentle life, and those who know him and receive his meek and quiet spirit are, without learning rules of etiquette, from mere force of nature, the true gentlemen; but with all their Lord Chesterfields and dancing academies, and calisthenics, many of the fashionable classes remain essentially and in their inmost souls vulgar, and low, and brutish. Something after this sort our thoughts foamed and raged within us as we paraded ourselves before the crowd: hundreds of miles away from the place, we think our grumbling were very nearly correct, and therefore set them down in print. Happily we are out of the thick of the crowd, but where are we going? It is ascertained in a minute or two that all the hotels are full; our friend and counselor Mr. Oncken is equally well informed that lodgings are few and far between. He is off to the top of the rock to the upper town, while our friend Mr. Passmore is scouring the lower regions, and we too lame and ill for locomotion, sit down with our best earthly companion upon a bench, thinking of the traveler at Gibeah, of whom it is written, "And when he went in, he sat him down in a street of the city; for there was no man that took him into his house to lodging." The boys of Heligoland ought to remember us if we visit the island fifty years hence, for they gathered around us, and for half an hour or more interested and amused themselves with minute observations upon the two unfortunates who had not where, to lay their heads. Their interest in us, however, was eminently practical; they were evidently most willing to give us all the help they could, with a view to the shillings which might be forthcoming, addressing us alternately in German, in Frisian, and in something pretended to be **English**, expressing most unmistakable desires to carry our luggage off to the utmost verge of their green isle, if we would but tell them in which direction to move. At last a good clear voice with the accent of the sea, delighted us with the inquiry, "Do you want lodgings?" "Yes, Mr. Bluejacket, that is the one desire of our hearts; let us see what your accommodation is like." Glad enough we were when the said lodgings

were found to be clean as a new pin, and so situated that if we had been allowed the choice of every place in the is and, we could not have bettered ourselves. Blessings on those bare-legged urchins and their never-ceasing tongues; they had no doubt spread the information of our desolate position, and brought tidings to the good man of the house that wayfarers were abiding in the street. Down in the lower town close to the sea, with our windows looking upon the wide ocean, we took up our abode for the next week with the most kind, attentive, clean, and good-tempered people that it was ever our lot to see. Our little trivial discomfort this occasion was a gentle reminder to our hearts that there is always some good thing provided for us if we will but wait and watch; God will not leave us out in the cold; he will be better to us than our fears, and after brief intervals of trial we shall sing of goodness and mercy. The style of living on, what a writer in "Household Words," calls this very tight little island, is a great improvement upon the lodging-house system of English watering-places: you do not feel called upon to have your food spoiled by the people of the house; but you adjourn for breakfast, dinner, or tea, to a *restaurant*, where you can feed at discretion at your own hours. The particular *restaurant* which we patronized provided us viands of every variety, of the best quality, cooked in the best style, at the most moderate prices; we should like to seen similar establishment at every seaside resort. In this one respect, if not in some others, Heligoland is quite up to the mark in the race of progress.

We get up early on the island, Germans generally do; and out here in mid ocean, except under certain circumstances, the air is so delicious that it wakes you up and keeps you awake. Then when breakfast is over, or if you like before, the boats are ready to take you over to Sandy Island, where everybody goes to bathe. The long sandy islet about half a tulle off, which the natives call the Dune, is the faithful satellite of Heligoland, and helps to fill the pockets of the islanders. The boats carry from twenty to thirty passengers each, and with oars or sails, and sometimes with both, the bather skims over a sea which for clearness must surely be unrivaled, since in fine weather stones and sea plants, and zoophytes, may be clearly seen upon the ocean's bottom far below. Never was there such a sand to bathe upon, or a bath so pellucid; never more obliging servants to minister to your comfort, while using those neat little bathing machines. If you did not get your breakfast before your plunge, Sandy has one habitation which is a *restaurant*, and in the company of scores of sea nymphs, fresh from the

brine, you may feast upon the fat of the land. The landlord has lived in America, and will understand you well, even though you call say no more German than “yah, yah.” Sweet is: it to the weary in mind and body to wander over the sand island, and to find at last a corner out of the sun, where one can lie down in the sand and listen to the deep mysterious murmur of the main. When all the visitors and boatmen have returned to their homes, solitude may be enjoyed in all its charms, and silence with all its solemnity. Walk round the islet, and you remark tokens of frequent wrecks — shore blessings as they were called in the old barbarous days: in one place lies a bark breaking up at every tide, and in another almost a mountain of spoiled grain, once the freight of some good Baltic vessel. Saddest of all is a little enclosure in the sand, for the islet is all sand and pebbles, in which are three graves of nameless individuals, one grave being marked by a black cross, bearing the initials J.P, which were found upon the lady’s linen, and the motto, “The earth is everywhere the Lord’s.” Better theology this than that uncivilized, unchristian, infamous teaching which walls off a bit of land, calls it consecrated, and then forbids the burial of the unbaptized within the select enclosure. How far more like the free spirit of the gospel, to believe that the whole earth is consecrated by the Lord’s presence, than to imagine that some peculiar holiness belongs to plots of soil, dedicated by superstitious rites for the interment of ourselves and our fellow secretaries! He who sleeps amid the soft sand of the Divine, having his requiem sung by winds and waves, rests as blessedly as any one of all the company over whom priests have muttered, and consecrated clods have been laid. Returning to the mother island, we will give the reader in a few words an idea of it. Imagine a sand-bank lying under a red cliff, said sand-bank covered with houses, almost every one of which is either a shop, an inn or a lodging-house; forenamed houses arranged in two or three streets, the chief of which are paved with wooden planks — this is the Unterland, the lower town. Here is the Regent Street of the island, and here also is the Grand Parade in front of the sea, but upon the same scale as St. Paul’s Cathedral carved out of a cherry-stone; and lastly, here also is the Conversations-haus, with its balls and concerts, and worse; so that though lower geographically, the Unterland is by no means the inferior part of the island. Walk on the planks in the evening, and see if our lower town cannot show as much foppery and frivolity as any place of its size. Observe the dresses such as Chinese and Japanese artists depict upon rice paper with glowing colors, and note especially the heads of the ladies, some of them growing out behind like double potatoes, and others piled aloft with

heaps of hay or horsehair, till they become like pyramids! Now, who shall dare to insinuate that our little town on the lowland cannot be as insanely fashionable as Brighton itself? Let us not, however, do the natives of the island so great a wrong as to let it be imagined that we are describing *their* apparel, for there is nothing to complain of in their neat attire, in which, indeed, the only conspicuous item is the bright red petticoat, bound with a broad band of still brighter yellow.

Up the stairs we must now ascend to the Oberland; there are nearly two hundred broad steps, with a needlessly small rise; two at a time is a trifle too much, but one is too little for a nimble foot. In the "Transatlantic Review," we read, "when the summit is reached one stands upon the real island, for the sand bank below is an accident and an intruder. Heligoland proper may be described as a precipice-plateau, containing a small cluster of houses, a lighthouse, various pole-nets, springes, and other contrivances for catching woodcocks in their migratory flights, and a few miniature potato and corn fields. The extent of this plateau is not quite equal to that of Hyde Park." Of course, the inhabitants have no need of railways or stage coaches, when ten minutes' walk takes them from one end of the land to the other; indeed, there are no beasts of burden, no roads, and nothing upon wheels except, perhaps, a barrow or two. There is a legend that the governor keeps a cow, or did keep one, but we were never fortunate enough to see so much as a born of the animal: as an Irishman would say, all the cows we saw were sheep, which are tethered each one to its owner's scanty plot, and milked three times a day; although sheep's milk is but poor stuff, it is doubtless far better than none. Potatoes are the staple production of the rural part of our island, and exceedingly good they are, though seldom larger than a pigeon's egg, so small indeed that we should never cook them at all. A German friend told us that he wondered at the English eating such large, coarse potatoes, and that in his country they gave the large potatoes to the pigs; but upon watching the turning up of several hills of potatoes on the island, we thought the pigs must receive but a very small share of the produce, for we did not see so much as one root which could by exaggeration have been accused of being large. Every one to his taste, we make small potatoes the measure of what we think of a man who's very low in our esteem, and our neighbors on the other hand, count the smallest of their earth apples to be the best.

The narrow alleys which form the streets of the upper town might be pleasant, if it were not that on either side the filthy drainage flows along,

reeking with abominable odors, exposing its foulness both to eye and nose. The glorious sea breezes which God sends to make us all healthy and happy, might turn away in disgust from the laziness or stupidity which allows the sewage of so small a population to become a gigantic nuisance, not only to be smelled by those who walk in the narrow paths between its double streams, but constituting the source of a horrible effluvium, which taints the air of the lower town, and is discernible and loathsome even out at sea. When the wind blows from that corner of the island over which the sewage is poured, it is difficult to conceive of the rank and sickening odor. Fortunately, the visitors for the most part accept the declaration of the natives that it is *the seaweed*, a declaration, to which they all adhere most unanimously, adding that it is good for the health. Poor seaweed, what an action for slander might be raised on thy account, and every unsophisticated nostril would be thy witness, that such a stink (reader, we cannot help it, there is no other name for it), never came from any growth of Neptune's dominions, where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile!" To call the reek of sewage *seaweed*, is a specimen of man's craft, which he uses in every place wherein it is unprofitable to call things by their right name all the world over verbal aprons of fig-leaves are manufactured to cover the nakedness of human wrong doing; sin is imprudence, rebellion against God is a fine high spirit, and lasciviousness is the pardonable sowing of wild oats. Mephistophiles must surely smile as he sees how thoroughly his pupil, man, has become master of the art of shuffling words. We did not find in the case in hand that by the sweeter name the noxious exhalation smelled one whit the sweetest; and glad enough were we when the colors on the flagstaff blew in another direction, and real seaweed-sniffs and whiffs from the pure blue ocean came in at the window with the west wind. O men of Heligoland, have ye any noses? Are ye afraid that, the air will be too fresh and pure for fallen humanity? It may be true that as the fox is not killed by the foulness of his own hole, so you are not hurt by the effluvia of your own drains; but as ye value the good red gold of English visitors, and would fain tempt them to your lovely islet, reform, purge, purify! Set up a Sanitary Board, and knock it down again if it does not drain your hole within a month.

The school-house is the largest structure in the place, and reflects a credit upon the public spirit of the island. We inspected the school vicariously through a lady friend well versed in scholastic matters, and speaking German to boot, and upon her report we award the schools most

honorable mention. The bigger children were necessarily away, as the parents needed them during the visiting season; but all the long winter the children are regular in their work, and make good progress, although they labor under the unusual disadvantage that all the teaching is in German, which is not their mother-tongue; and the little ones have to pick up the language from their schoolfellows before they can understand the teacher.

The church externally looks as though it required some one to take pity upon it; it stands much in need of a frequent replenishment of the box for repairs, which is placed at the gate, with a reminder- that the spire points to heaven, and that it would be well to keep in order the house where men meet to worship God. Inside it is quaint enough, the gallery front being enriched with paintings by Van Daub, or some other rustic notability. The font, like nearly all ancient specimens, is large enough for immersion; the ancient candlesticks upon the altar are the gift of Gustavus Vusa; the seats are adorned upon their backs with the names of the owners of the pew behind, painted in all the colors of the rainbow: from the ceiling hangs a ship with three masts, in full sail, a votive offering from a grateful mariner; and, as for the pulpit, it is right glorious to behold: so huge is the screen in which it is set, and so elaborate is the whole concern, that the minister looks like a fly in amber, or a miniature portrait in oil, set in a frame of mahogany, six feet deep all round. We suppose the natives go to church in winter, but we can bear personal witness that they do not overcrowd the edifice in summer; there was enough to form a quorum, truly, and the minister was not quite reduced to Sydney Smith's small assembly, which he addressed as "Dearly beloved Roger? but the worshippers were few and far between. It was sadly odd to see the young men when they entered, put their hats over their noses and stare about to see who was there; all the while, we suppose, professing to be seeking a blessing in silent prayer. Query: Is not that putting the hat over the eyes one of the present ensigns of hypocrisy which genuine believers should utterly renounce? "Ms, why does Mr. Black always smell his hat when he comes into church?" was the very natural question of a youngster not yet trained in the fashions of Phariseism. Where there is least of the kernel there is usually most of the shell.

Lutheran worship is plain and unpretentious, and would have reminded us of the conforming Puritans, if 'the specimen before us had not been rather too grotesque. We sung more than twenty verses to the same tune (if a tune at all), accompanied by the organ and some boys, one of the boys

having a voice which, for screeching power, excelled all the curlews and seams in the universe; this was an accident, and to be borne with, but the semen was an evil not to be remembered without sorrowful indignation. By-the-way, the minister gave us a specimen or two of intoning, solo singing, nasal whining, or whatever may be the proper name of the noise which is now so popular among the High Church brethren; whether he was praying or singing we do not know, but upon the whole, ‘we should say it was a successful attempt, if he intended it to be funny; if he aimed at solemnity, it was as dead a failure as if he had read us one of “Ingoldsby’s Legends.” Not that there was any lack of solemnity in the gentleman’s face, and hands, and prayer-book, and gown, and bands, and bowing, and lifting of the eyes and hands, of this there was enough leaven to leaven a thousand German miles, of clergy, but it was the masquerading solemnity which, takes. in the superstitious and ignorant, but makes manly revolt into laughter or scorn. When will preachers lay aside attempts to look devout? Why can they not serve God in truth, and not give themselves holy airs and make sanctimonious faces? When men take bitter physic, they screw up their physiognomies as much as to say, “We don’t like it;” but no one has to set his countenance in order when he takes a draught of the clear crystal, and is refreshed thereby; it is because men- do not enjoy religion that they make pious faces, and try to be anything but themselves. All faults of manner, however, are pardonable; but the matter of the sermon was beyond all bearing from a Lutheran. The theme was the young man whom Jesus loved, who claimed to have kept the commandments from his youth, but could not bear the crucial test of giving up all to follow Jesus; and the strain of the preacher was to the effect that many go a long way in religion, and stop short somewhere; but that; if we would be saved we, must go still further; we must be perfect — we could be perfect, and that was the way of salvation. Nothing’ about the sin-cleansing blood of Jesus, or the power of the Holy Spirit, or the value of precious faith, but much crying up of the creature and his perfection. Alas! for a people doomed to hear such unscriptural teaching. Well may they stay away from church when such husks are poured from the pulpit. Happy they who sit under a ministry which deals with gospel truth honestly and with heavenly unction; let such be very grateful, and do their utmost to help every earnest effort to educate sound preachers, praying that the Master may send forth many such into his harvest. We wished heartily that Martin Luther could have risen from the dead, and come into that church, he would not have heard the priest read half his sermon before he would have shouted to him to come down,

and then the burly old reformer might have repeated his memorable protest upon the article of justification : — -

“I, Martin Luther, an unworthy preacher of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, thus profess and thus believe: that this article, THAT FAITH ALONE WITHOUT WORKS, CAN JUSTIFY BEFORE GOD, shall never be overthrown neither by the emperor, nor by the Turk, nor by the Tartar, nor by the Persian, nor by the Pope, with all his cardinals, bishops, sacrificers, monks, nuns, kings, princes, powers of the world, nor yet by all the devils in hell. This article shall stand fast whether they will or no. This is the true gospel. Jesus Christ redeemed us from our sins, and he only. This most firm and certain truth is the voice of Scripture, though the world and all the devils rage and roar. If Christ alone take away our sins, we cannot do this with our works: and as it is impossible to embrace Christ but by faith, it is, therefore, equally impossible to apprehend him by works. If, then, faith alone must apprehend Christ, before works can follow, the conclusion is infrangible, that faith alone apprehends him, before and without the consideration of works; and this is our justification and deliverance from sin. Then, and not till then, good works follow faith, as its necessary and inseparable fruit. This is the doctrine! teach; and this the Holy Spirit and church of the faithful have delivered. In this will I abide. Amen.”

Dismissing the thought of the spiritual barrenness of the land with a fervent prayer for a reformation, and the hope that our friend Mr. Outken may be able to send an evangelist there for a season, we are reminded by our churchgoing of the abundant fish which enrich the surrounding sea: lovers of fish will find a perfect paradise in Heligoland. By the way, the inhabitants, pronounce it *Helgoland*, and they ought to know the name of their own country. Turbot, haddock, brill, lobsters, all sorts of good sea creatures beside, reward the venturesome fisherman. But why did the church service remind us of the finny tribes? Answer. Because they were prayed for by name. First came her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alexandra, and all the Royal Family, then the Governor and then four sorts of fish. “God bless them and multiply them exceedingly, and send a good catch of them to our bold fishers;” that was, we suppose, the spirit of the petition; and a very proper petition too, and one in which we should, be all likely to agree. far’ more so than if the prayer had been about the weather. “I recollect,” says Mr. Cradock, in his “Memoirs,” “a very worthy rector, possessed of a great living in one of the Midland Counties, who informed; me that, on his induction to it, he had

met with a particular difficulty; for an enclosure had just taken place, and half of his parish petitioned that he would, pray for rain, that their quickset hedges might grow; and the other half that he would intercede for fair weather, as they were in, the midst of their hay harvest.”

Fish is frequently brought to the island for sale by English fishing boats belonging to Hull, Yarmouth, and other ports; and in connection with this business we learned a most saddening fact. There are six English soldiers upon the island, and in conversation with them we learned that they are stationed there because of the drunkenness and consequent riotous conduct of our fellow countrymen, who come on shore from the fishing smacks. Riots had been caused by them, and once the whole place was likely to have been in flames; hence an order has been made that there shall be only six on shore at the same time, and each of these is attended by a soldier armed with a cutlass. We were thoroughly ashamed to hear the drunken maudlin song of a poor intoxicated fellow countryman, who staggered along with a soldier at his side; and we felt the more heart-sick, because the noble appearance of the fine hardy fellow when he landed in the morning, called forth expressions of admiration. What must be the estimate formed of Englishmen when our representatives abroad are so addicted to drunkenness, that they must be shut out from an island over which the Union Jack proudly waves? Should any laborers for the Lord in our eastern ports read this article, we wish they would take note of it, and inquire how it is that the fishing boats are left in such a state. Our friend Mr. Passmore gave his own Bible to one man, who said that in the ten boats with which he sailed, there was not a single copy of the word of God. Believers of Hull, Grimsby, Lowestoft, London, is there no method of evangelizing this bold race of men? Is there no method of redeeming them from the disgraceful drunkenness which makes them a terror where they land? All are not so. “There are bad and good of all classes,” said one honest Jack: to us, and his face bespoke him one of the good; but what a pity that so many should belong to the bad! The place has many temptations doubtless, for since everything is untaxed, wines, spirits, and tobacco, are marvelously cheap; but for all this, since we do not hear of Germans, or Danes, or Frenchmen, needing to be watched over by a military escort, this indulgence in drink is a special disgrace to us as a nation, and this particular case calls for the vigilant and vigorous efforts of earnest Christians in our ports. There are some, we know, in the port of Hull who will look after this.

Another evil also requires speedy rectifying. At the Conversations-haus the roulette table and rouge-et-noir are in full operation. When the German princes are many of them putting down the gambling tables, why is gambling allowed and sanctioned in our only German possession? We are loud talkers of morality, but in this instance our example speaks very loudly in contradiction of our words. Cowper argued, "We have no slaves at home, then why abroad?" and the reasoning is to the point here. A gambling saloon would not be tolerated in London, then why in Heligoland? Voices will not be wanted in the House of Commons to ask why the evil is not abolished. England cannot afford to give gambling shelter beneath her flag when even petty German princelets are washing their hands of it. The Heligolanders have their own motives for desiring to see the tables permitted, but their reasons cannot have enough weight to exonerate our authorities, if they defer to so unrighteous a demand. Down with licensed gambling, even though the islanders should then have to pay a trifle to raise the interest of their debt, or discharge necessary expenses. The home government should be always just and generous, but it should not tolerate a known evil, even to please three thousand Heligolanders.

Our readers scarcely care to hear of the politics of this little state. The governor is surrounded by two assemblies of constitutional representatives, and the *regime* is liberty itself. For all that, there are conservatives and reformers, and party spirits, and diplomacies, and policies, and all the other inventions of governments; in fact, a man may be as eminent a politician in Heligoland as in England, if he aspires to become master of the science. It suffices us to know that if the people are not satisfied, they ought to be, and that in no respect could they expect to be better treated, should the Claw of the Prussian eagle tear them from the Brittanic grip. In the old French wars, the place was exceedingly valuable as a depot for our manufacturers, which were smuggled from hence into Europe, in defiance of the old Napoleon; and even now it may be valuable as an out station, but there is room for difference of opinion upon that matter; it is to be hoped that it may never become a bone of contention between us and Prussia, and if it ever should, it might be well to yield so small a bone at once. Whoever may be its master, let us hope that the red, white, and green flag will always wave over a free and happy people.

*Red is the strand,
White is the sand,
Green is the band —
These are the colors of Heligoland.*

There is a telegraph station on the island, but much cannot be said for it, when we are told that the cable is broken both ways, so that you can neither communicate with England nor Germany. It will hardly pay to send a message to the sea-serpent, for his address is uncertain; but we may at least get a moral from the useless telegraph station, if it remind us of the utter uselessness of mere formal prayer, unless the communication be maintained between our soul and heaven, no result is achieved.

Before we take our leave, we must row round the red island, to note its giant caves, its huge rifts, its enormous detached rocks, its many-colored hands, and its pure sea waves. Echo answers to-our joyous shouts. Let us sing a hymn, and what can be more appropriate than “Rock of Ages, cleft for me”? How sweetly blended voices sound upon the water! even the our-plash is in tune, and all around and above are in unison with the praises of the Son of God.

Grand old rock, farewell! The beams which flash from thy towering lighthouse have saved many a good ship, while thy sunken rocks have sent many a shipwrecked mariner to his watery grave. Evil and good blend in thee as in us all. May the good become supreme. Sentinel of the Elbe, stand fast for ever. Peace be to thy sons and daughters, and grace from the God of peace. God send thee his best blessing, the gospel of his Son, and his Holy Spirit to give power thereto.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE SERMON UPON A HYMN

BY. C. H. SPURGEON.

*“Jesus, the sinner’s Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.*

*Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
 Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost I am till thou art mine.*

*At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for thee:
 Here, then, to thee I all resign;
 Thine is the work, and only thine.*

*What shall I say thy grace to move?
 Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
 I give up every plea beside,
 Lord, I am lost — but thou hast died!”*

MR. CHARLES WESLEY was a true poet, and one of the best of hymn-writers, more especially from an experimental point of view. He has, in his many sacred odes, pictured the human mind in all its phases, from the first stage of spiritual life in the lowly vale of penitence right up to the most elevated point upon the glorious mountains of communion with Jesus. The hymn before us very sweetly and exactly describes the emotions of most converts when they come to Christ; and I should very gravely question whether any man has passed from death unto life if he cannot, to a great degree, join in the words before us, and feel their spirit to be such as he longs to possess.

Observe, dear friends, the choice title by which the penitent sinner is here supposed to address the Savior:

“Jesus, the sinner’s Friend.”

“Jesus” is, of all his names, the most encouraging to the lost, to the sinful, to those; who desire salvation, since that golden title, like a costly casket, encloses within itself all the comfort which they need. Here is a door of hope for the most hopeless, since a Savior is come into the world with power to deliver: “Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.” Despair has become sinful since God has provided a Savior; away then with rebellious despondency’s. What pensioner need despair when the King has appointed an almoner, and laid a charge upon him to seek out and relieve the destitute? You desire to be saved from your sins; this heavenly Joshua is commissioned by God to save you. It is his business and his life-work, his meat and drink to save. It is the will of him

that sent him; it is his own will that sinners should live; let the name, Jesus, ring the death-knell of *your* fears.

“The *sinner’s Friend!*” Here is another silver bell ringing forth a wealth of consolation to sinners; hear it, my friends, and rejoice in its celestial music. “This man receiveth stoners” was thrown at our Lord as a reproach; it is at once *his* brightest, glory and *our* richest consolation. Jesus has befriended the vilest of sinners; he, still befriends all sinners who come to him: “Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out” is his promise, and to accept all who come to him is his habit. Men say that there is no rule without an exception; but herein they err, for this rule has no exception whatsoever, and never shall have. Will there be no one who shall in after days read these lines whom this hymn will give a gleam of comfort? Fair title of SINNERS’ FRIEND, thou ‘wilt surely woo and win some hearts to the bosom of the faith! Eternal Spirit! cause the Star of Bethlehem to dart its, cheering rays upon some benighted mariner, tempest-tossed and ready to perish in the thick darkness of despair; and may the words before us be his guide and his light to conduct him to the port of peace. “Jesus, the sinner’s Friend:” the sinners only friend, who alone can give the needed help; the sinner’s faithful Friend, who never breaks his word; the sinner’s able Friend, “able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him ;” the sinner’s tender Friend, who upbraideth not; the sinner’s meek and lowly Friend, who tenderly carries the lambs in his bosom; the sinner’s everlasting Friend, who will uphold him in the hour of death, and defend him at the bar of judgment; the sinner’s present Friend, waiting to be gracious at this moment to thee, even to thee, thou trembling seeker.

*“Jesus the sinner’s Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee.”*

Here is the sinners’ description of himself. He is *lost*. He has lost his God, and therefore he is himself lost; he has lost his way; he has lost his life; he has lost the truth; he has lost happiness; he has lost hope; he has lost all; he has lost himself; and, unless grace prevent, he will be lost for ever, beyond all hope of restoration. Lost!, That is a terrible word! It makes the ear to tingle! It curdles the blood in the veins. We think of the lone raft at sea, the child in the wood, the traveler upon Sahara’s strand, the miner in the closed-up pit. Lost! lost! lost! A castaway! A forlorn, forsaken, hopeless waft, for whom no man cares. O lost one, join in the verse before us and take heart, for it is not written, “The Son of Man is come to seek and to

save that which was lost?" Your case is exactly the case of those whom Jesus, the sinner's Friend came to succor; trust in him at once and you cannot die. Then the sinner owns that he is "undone". We say of some ruler when they prosper in the world, that they are "made" their success has made men of them." But here is one who is "undone" like a piece of woven stuff unraveled, untwisted, rent, and undone; or like some work of the seamstress over which she has been toiling for weary hours, but the thread has broken and her work is undone. The man's heart is woe-begone; his hope is perished; his good works are gone to tatters; his confidence is swept away like a spider's web; in every respect he is undone! O piteous spectacle of disappointed hopes and withered joys! and yet even here free grace can work a transformation more wonderful than a dream. Friend, do you feel this to be your case? Do you bemoan yourself as one who is altogether lost and undone? Then repeat the lines softly, solemnly, and from your heart —

*“Jesus, the sinner’s Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone for aid I flee.”*

“I never should have fled to thee if I had not been lost; I should not have come to thee unless I had been undone; but now that the power of thy Spirit has shown me my nakedness, my poverty, my ruin, under a deep sense of unworthiness, I come to thee.”

*The next lines are beautifully descriptive : —
“Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.”*

“*Weary of earth ;*” weary of earth's joys — finding no content where once there was so much satisfaction; weary of earth's sorrows — broken down under them, feeling that God's curse comes 'with them; weary of earth's vanities — finding them to be nothing but mere froth, with nothing solid at the bottom, mere husks, on which the soul cannot feed. The awakened heart is weary of earth in all its shapes. Reader, do you feel this uneasiness and spiritual discontent, this unrest and disquiet? Do you turn away from earth and say, “Ah! it will not do for me; at once could build my nest here, but I cannot now, for I am ‘weary of this changing world’”? Then you will also add, “I am weary of *myself*;” I am: aweary, I am aweary, I am a weary of my sinful, false, and feeble self.” :Does it not sometimes seem too much weight to live, a burden to exist, because of fears within, tremblings without, a sense of coming woe, and a remembrance of the iniquity which

is past, which God has sealed up as in a bag? Have you come to this, to be weary of yourself — weary of that righteous and amiable self which once promised so much content? weary of your knowledge? weary of your own good sense and wisdom? weary of your self-righteousness sick of it, feeling it to be the greatest of all shams, the most miserable of lies? If it be so, I rejoice that you are being taught of God. Then comes the other word — weary of “*sin*.” O that many more of my fellow men were weary of sin! Alas! they are wearying God with their transgressions, so that the Lord might say as in the days of *Amos*, “I am pressed down under you-as a cart that is loaded with sheaves. O that all my readers would become weary of their sins, then should we see a harvest of souls indeed. Would to God that all who shall read my words were tired of every form of sin, whether gross or refined; sick of the pleasures of sin as well as alarmed at its penalties. What a mercy it is to be thus weary, because *Jesus* Christ has bidden all those who ‘labor and are heavy-laden to come to him! When, like Noah’s dove, we grow so weary that we can hardly enter into the ark, Christ will do with us as Noah did with the dove, he will put out his hand and pull us into, the ark and place us in the bosom of his love.

“Open thine arms and take me in.”

That is what the sinner says, and what he thinks, but it is not quite correct, for the arms of Jesus are always open. Our Lord Jesus might well reply, “O sinner, my heart is not closed; open *thy* heart, and take *me* in by being willing to be saved by me; let thy heart yield itself up to me — it is not my opening my’ arms that is wanted; I opened them upon the tree, and to show thee how wide open they were, I had them nailed so far apart that they could not be opened wider; my very heart ‘was pierced until it ran with streams of blood, to show that my whole self is open to every guilty, needy, weary sinner that shall come to me for rest.” The prayer is good, but its wording arises from unbelief. Pray it, however, if’ it rises from your heart, and may the Lord hear it. Please go back to the hymn, and quietly, word by word, repeat it as a prayer to the Lord Jesus, the sinner’s Friend.

Pass on to the second verse : —

***“Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
‘Tis thou alone canst make me whole.”***

Observe that the seal is conscious of its sickness, it desires restoration, and it clearly perceives that there is but one Physician who can heal it. That

man is not far from eternal life who feels that none but Jesus Christ can help him. When all other hopes are cast down, then our hope in Jesus shall lift us up. It is a great thing when the mind is clean divorced from every ground of confidence except the Lord Jesus Christ; I would admonish every soul that is seeking mercy to be quite clear about this second line : —

“Tis thou alone canst make me whole.”

You cannot heal yourself, nor can your fellow creature help you; your tears are insufficient, your prayers cannot of themselves avail; Jesus alone must be the physician of your sin-sick soul; he, and he only, can restore a soul from going down to the pit.

Follow now with the next two lines : —

***—” Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.”***

We were born in the image of our first father Adam, which is a debased and fallen image; fallen we are, and fallen we must be until the first image shall be taken from us, and the image of the second Adam shall be put upon us. May the apostle’s words be fulfilled in us, “As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.” Our redemption will not be completed in us until we shall bear upon our hearts the glorious image of Christ, and shall be like him, seeing him as he is. Meanwhile, awakened, troubled soul, you can never be restored from the ruins of the fall except through bearing the image of the second Adam: that you want that you shall receive as a rich gift of grace. Seek it and be not afraid.

“And I lost I am till thou art mine:”

Lost you are indeed, quite lost, completely lost, finally lost, eternally lost, unless you lay hold upon Christ Jesus. No matter what else you have, though you even feel a sense of sin, yet “lost you are till you look alone to the crucified One.” Though! pray, though repent after a sort, yet “lost I am till thou art mine.” Though I attend a place of worship; though I give up all my outward sins; though I amend my life, yet “lost I am till thou art mine.” You must distinctly confess, my dear brethren, that Jesus is your only he, and if you do know and feel him to be so, I congratulate you. ‘I thank God that you have learned this heavenly wisdom. Once again I would lovingly request you to read this second verse over calmly and deliberately, and

make its confession year own. The third verse is singularly full of meaning :

***“At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee.”***

I could scarcely desire a more suggestive text for a sermon. Notice the words, “*At last,*” as if the soul did not acknowledge its helplessness until fairly driven to it. We fight long and hard against the truth of our own utter powerlessness and unworthiness. We will have at least a finger in the business of our own salvation if we can. Granted that Jesus must save us, yet we dream of fitting ourselves to be saved. We are very loath to come to Jesus with our smutty faces and our black hands; and, therefore, we try to wash ourselves a little, and so grow blacker than ever. We want to enter mercy’s door as respectable sinners. But this is not the way to come to Jesus.

***“’Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.”***

We must come just as we are, precisely as we stand in our condemned state. Before men can be brought to this, they need much hewing with God’s word, and ploughing by his Spirit. Like the feel of whom Solomon speaks, we need to be brayed in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, before our foolishness will depart from us. The hymn says, “*At last,*” as though God had struck many blows at our pride, and yet it was only killed at last by his putting forth the full power of his grace.

***“At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee.”***

I thought I must make myself a sensible sinner; I thought I must be awakened; I thought I must be prepared; I thought I must have horrible dreams; I thought I must see visions, and that I must put myself through a sort of purgatory, to wait a little, and grow somewhat better; but, Lord, I see it all now. know now that it cannot be that I should fit myself for thee. And now, Lord, help us to feel the next two blessed lines : —

***“Here, then, I all to thee resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.”***

When the sinner gives up all hope in self, and rests in Jesus only, then he is saved. When he sees despair written across the brow of self, and beholds all his carnal hopes to be struck with mortal disease, and finds that now he cannot so much as lift a finger in the matter of his own salvation, then it is that he has eternal life. We must confess at the feet of Jesus that he is all our salvation. "Jesus, it is thine to wash me, thine to clothe me, thine to keep me, thine to bring me safe from heaven." Take care, young converts, that you do this work thoroughly; I mean this work of doing no work. Take care that you are clean swept out of all confidence in self.

*"Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing,
'Doing' ends in death.*

*Cast your deadly 'doing' down,
Down at Jesus' feet,
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete!"*

I am afraid many who are converted need further light upon this point, for they do not appear to have given up self-confidence in every shape, shade, form, and degree. Our friends who entertain constantly the fear that they shall not persevere to the end, and think that their perseverance is a thing depending upon themselves, have not made so clean a riddance as we could wish of all self-confidence. I do believe that our holding out to the end no more depends upon our own power than did our first salvation by Jesus; for every step to heaven we must take through Jesus' merit, and not in our own strength. Jesus is Alpha and Omega, Jesus is not to be Alpha, and then self to be Beta, then Jesus Gamma, and self Delta, and so turn and turn about right on through the alphabet to Omega. The A of the gospel alphabet must be Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ next, and Jesus Christ next; and as for me, where am I to be? I am to be less than nothing. To feel myself to be nothing is my happiest, my safest, my best possible position; to be in complete subservience to my Lord's will — to work out my own sanction with fear and trembling — not because I can do anything at all in the effectual working of it, but because God himself most gloriously worketh in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure, this is my joy. If the Lord works it in us we can well work it out, but unless he works it in, no man living can work out what is not within. Dear friend, carefully and

prayerfully repeat the words of this verse, and if your heart enters into it, you are saved.

Now we come to the last verse. The sinner inquires —

“What shall I say thy grace to move?”

Have you never felt this want of argument, this unutterable longing, when you have been in prayer? “O Lord, if I knew what would touch thine heart, I would plead it! Oh! if I did but know what sort of knocking opens heaven’s gate! O that I could so implore and beseech the God of heaven that the infinite mind would have compassion towards me, a worthless, weary sinner!” You perceive that the seeking sinner is shut up on every side, he has no way of escape, he has nothing to plead but the one thing, and being driven to that one thing, he pleads it before God. Oh! it is a blessed thing to be thus shut up to God’s one way of mercy : —

“Lord I am sin but thou art love.”

Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. “I have nothing of my own but sin, hell-deserving sin, which might well destroy me for ever and ever, and divine justice might have been magnified in my destruction; I am sin essentially; I am not only sinful, but I am a great black lump of sin through and through; I am nothing else but sin; but, Lord, thou art nothing else but love; and oh! when love and sin come into contact through a Mediator’s blood, how sin departs! Even love itself cannot tolerate sin; but when love looks with her dove’s eyes through the red glass of the sacrifice of Christ, then she sees “no sin in Jacob, neither iniquity in Israel.” “Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, unto whom the Lord doth not impute sin.”

“Lord, I am sin, but thou art love.”

Cast yourself, then, sinner, upon the love of God in Christ Jesus, feeling your sin, and coming as a sinner. Do not come in any other shape or way, but as an unworthy, undone, worthless, sinful rebel, whose only plea is mercy. O come to your God, for God is love. Make this your only plea: —

*“I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died”*

If I ever had any other plea, I renounce it. There is a legal process in which a person pleads before the court in what is called *informa pauperis*, that is,

he pleads as a poor man, he pleads his poverty; and there are certain privileges allowed to those who thus plead *in forma pauperis* which are not accorded to the wealthiest persons in the land. This is the only successful way in which to plead with God: we must come as paupers, having nothing of our own; giving up every pretense of right or claim of deserving. We must cry, "Lord, I am lost! I am lost! I am lost! but thou hast lived and thou hast died; thy life, thy sufferings, thy griefs, thy groans, thy death, all these were for those who needed such a sin-atonement sacrifice, and on that sacrifice by blood I rest; I cast myself, lost and ruined, upon the work which Jesus Christ has done for me!"

I would to God that some who have been wandering up and down, trying to find reset for the sole of their foot, would make a full surrender of themselves to Jesus at this moment. Why do they delay? They may come now. No preparation is needed. O that you who are needy would come at once.

*"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth.
Is to feel your need of Him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam—"*

For the last few weeks there has been one or two men in London whom I do not know, but whom I have constantly seen, and thought much about. How I came to see them is this: whenever I look out of the little window of my vestry I almost always see them or their work. I first saw them about a month ago, when I noticed something rising above the houses which looked to me like a noble obelisk, but now it has changed its shape, and has developed into a very tall chimney. These men are working at the top of it. I do not know what the men are like; they are too far off for me to judge, but I have thought of them, and have even prayed for them as I have seen them looking down upon us all from their elevated position. There has been no communication between us, but as I have noticed the whole thing going up to the sky, and the builders getting daily nearer the sky, I have thought to myself, "Ah! my dear fellows, you must come down before long; I am sure you must, you cannot stop up there; if you want rest and comfort, you will not find it on the top of your towering handiwork." How wonderfully like this is to some of you. You continue building up your good works and prayers, and so on, and you think perhaps that your

Babel-tower will reach to heaven, but be assured that if ever you are to find joy and peace, you will have to come down. You will never obtain a place of rest by all your building, you will need a better ground of acceptance than anything which you can do. 'When you have done your best, you will only build a chimney which will pour forth the foul smoke of your proud self-righteousness, and you yourself will have to come down to the foot of the cross for salvation. Come down now, and rest upon the solid ground of that foundation which God has laid in Zion, namely, the work, the finished work of the Son of God, which he performed for us when he said, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.

THE STOCKPILE ORPHANAGE.

THIS month we report further progress. On Monday afternoon, August 9th, the first stones of three of the houses of the Orphanage were laid, under most auspicious circumstances, and as most of the daily and weekly newspapers have given full accounts of the proceedings, ours will be no more than a mere epitome. The grounds, which are situated in the Clapham Road, were opened at three o'clock, and in a short time between three and four thousand persons had passed under the banner of *Welcome*, along a splendid avenue of flags and standards, waving merrily from lofty tricolored masts. All of these had either collected for the Orphanage or had purchased a ticket. The scene presented at the commencement of the ceremony of laying the stones was an exceedingly picturesque one. A number of men climbed the trees, in order to gain a good view of the proceedings, and we noticed that some of these persons sang with as much gusto as the congregation below, while balancing themselves on what seemed at; the distance to be rather weak branches. Fears were entertained of the satiety of some of the more venturesome, and one man especially seemed in a most dangerous position, as he hung like a monkey with his two arms on a branch, and his legs dangling against the trunk of the tree. Everything passed off well, however, excepting when Mr. Spurgeon was commencing his address, numbers of persons, were standings, on a temporary fragile structure, which gave ay, and precipitated several young men. No one was hurt, however, and Mr. Spurgeon remarked, amidst considerable laughter, "Our friends Were told not to go there. They did not come down of their own will, and therefore providence arranged it." A hymn was sung, and Mr. Spurgeon gave, an account of the origin of the

undertaking, and announced, what had before been unknown, amidst vociferous cheers, that the donor of the £20,000, was Mrs. Hillyard, who would lay the stone of one of the houses. The tackle having been placed to the wrong house, Mr. Spurgeon was obliged to begin. This house is to be called the Silver Wedding House," and the circumstances which led to the noble gift were detailed in the last number of our magazine. The stone of the second house was laid by Mrs. Hillyard, amidst great applause. This house is given by a merchant in the city "Whose name," said Mr. Spurgeon, "is not to be mentioned now nor at any other time." It will be called the "Merchant's House." The third house will be known as the "Workman's House." The workmen in the employment of Mr. Higgs, agreed at a meeting to build a house, the materials being found by Mr. Higgs. The workmen will no doubt faithfully redeem their pledge, but thinking it would be a long time before they could work their money out, Mr. Higgs has advanced the whole in the shape of a commodious and elegant wooden shed, which will be occasionally used for public meetings, and as a covered playground for the boys. It was also mentioned that the beloved family of the Olneys had given a cheque for 500 for another house to commemorate the memory of their sainted mother, to be called "Unity House: At each stone, appropriate verses were sung, and a prayer offered. The afternoon proceedings terminated with singing of the doxology. At capital band of the boys of Lambeth Workhouse enlivened the company with their cheerful music Tea was then served at a monster table, 330 feet in length, and was partaken of in a picnic fashion. We took it as a very gracious token of the bountiful providence of God, that a friend unknown to us before, Mr. Trotman, of Southwark Bridge Road, came forward spontaneously, and at his own cost manufactured for us a boiler and cistern, by which 300 gallons of boiling water could be supplied every quarter of an hour; without this kind assistance the work could scarcely have been accomplished. God has indeed raised up many able friends for the orphan, and it is not their desire that all the names should be mentioned, or we could say much more. The long table and the awning above it were most elegantly decorated by the aid of Mr. Dillon, the decorator, Mr. Fowle, the florist, and Mr. Donne of the city. Our esteemed friends, Messrs. Phillips and Murrell, did their part of the work in a right masterly style, and the display excelled anything ever seen by us on any similar occasion. It was a festal day indeed. Unfortunately, the sunshine which gilded the pleasant scene gave way to black clouds, and tea was scarcely finished when a gentle shower betokened a heavier downpour of

rain. The rain soon came down handsomely, and the people ran into the shed and marquee for shelter. Hundreds were unable to gain an entrance, and had to assemble in the refreshment shed, or to return home. The public meeting was held soon after six o'clock. Mr. Spurgeon was the first speaker. He referred to the enterprise they had publicly commenced that day as 'being thrust upon him in the name of God, and upon them also. Did they not all feel that if any Christian sister could give the major part of her property to such a work, they could not refuse to give their help? To this the audience answered with loud and prolonged cheering. He referred to the other works of the church — the College, which under no circumstances must be allowed to suffer, and their provision for widows in the almshouses at the Elephant and Castle. In a church numbering so many members, there must be a large number of fatherless children, and it had become absolutely necessary to make some provision for them, and they ought to be thankful to their sister for enabling them to make it, and at the same time to offer the same boon to others. They would require £80,000 to finish and permanently to endow an Orphanage for 200 boys, but there was no absolute need that it should be endowed in full, as annual subscriptions would be always forthcoming. Mr. Archibald Brown, of Stepney, Mr. Wilkinson, the curate of St. Michael's, Stockwell, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. John Spurgeon, sent, Dr. Hugh Allen, Mr. W. Olney, Mr. Murphy, and other gentlemen also addressed the meeting: Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, observing that the lady who had given the £20,000, though a widow of a Church of England clergyman, was now a Baptist, and had been for many years separated from the Establishment. It would be understood that though the Orphanage was to be conducted by Baptists, it would not be a denominational institution, since the trustees did not care to what denomination the parents belonged, when they considered the cases brought before them. Our valuable and indefatigable brother, Mr. W. Olney, announced that the sum of :6'2,200 had been brought in that day, by collecting cards and subscriptions, and that the whole of the £3,000 required for the payment of the freehold land was now in hand; the land had been purchased, and four houses would be built without touching either principal or interest of Mrs. Hillyard's :620,000. Our actual financial position roughly stated, is as follows: we have received about 5,500 in donations, and after paying for land, the houses, and other matters, have about £220 to keep house with, and to act as a nest-egg for the school-house fund.

The houses of which the stones have been laid, are the three fast *of a terrace* to consist of eight houses. Each house contains a large sitting-room and lofty bed rooms for the boys, and a sitting-room, kitchen, and bed-room for the persons in charge of: the house. Each house will average about fifteen boys the exterior will have scarcely any ornament except that arising from simple and picturesque arrangement of parts. May the Lord send his blessing upon the whole enterprise. Thanks to every donor, worker, collector, and thanks above all to the great Giver of all good.

We do not wish to build more *houses* just at present, our next work must be the school-house, and the general cooking and dining establishment. We shall have sixty children in the four houses when they are complete, and we shall have no school accommodation for them unless we prudently get ready our plans, and our heavenly Father graciously sends us the means. Moreover, we have the drainage to arrange, architect to pay, roads to make, furniture to purchase, and seven children to maintain, which will absorb a considerable sum. It will be best, therefore, if the liberality of friends should run rather *in the direction Of our general funds and the school-house*, than to any more new houses for the next few months. There is one exception however to this remark, our Sabbath-school children are raising money for a Sunday-school house, and have already paid in 150, and as that's, a special. and delightful design, we hope all our schools will without fail have a hand in it.

BISHOPS! BISHOPS! BISHOPS!

IF bishops be, as certain ecclesiastics appear to think, the panacea for all the ills of the church, the church in London ought to be in the soundest condition, for the town swarms with bishops as Egypt once swarmed with frogs. English, Scotch, Irish, Colonial, American, all the varieties are abundant, and make their appearance in public too, in processions, and sermons; indulging humanity with beatific visions of lawn and 'black silk. Now that they are all here, there is one question which we should like to ask them. Dr. Watts asks the youthful catechumen, "Can you tell me, child, who made you?" Now, your grace of Oxford, Nassau, Quebec, Graham's Town, never mind which, can you tell me who made you? Who made you bishops? Who gave you prelatial power over the ministers of the gospel? Who anointed you to be lords where Jesus says that all are brethren? That

the Holy Spirit did it, is impossible, for much as sanction anything like a prelate; indeed, the office lives in defiance of all inspired canons. Moreover, my lords, to make short work of a long story, you know as well as any of us, that Lord Palmers on and other prime ministers, made the most of you; indeed, they created all of your Britannic graces; axed you 'know equally well, that election by your brethren, and your special call 'by the Spirit, were all a matter of course, after Caesar's representative had resolved to frock you. 'You cannot say with the apostle that your office is "not of man, neither by man;" you are the creatures of the civil power, and owe your crowns, of. rejoicing, in other words, your pontifical miters, to a decree, of the. rulers of this world. Another questions. we might also trouble you with. We have 'heard of your being enthroned, in fact, in cathedrals we have seen your thrones; can you tell us where the apostles, pastors, or evangelists appointed by Jesus of Nazareth, were ever enthroned upon is earth'? My lords, these men who were not lords, nor prelates, waited for their thrones in heaven, but rested upon far other seats on earth. Your throne is here below, as your dominion is of the earth earthy, but they looked for another kingdom, invisible and eternal. Did it ever strike you what Bible-reading Christians must think of you and your claims, or what the great Judge of all will say to your: pretensions at the last great day? "Right *Reverend Fathers in God,*" when you have to stand like common mortals before the judgment-seat, how will those infamous words of flattery grate, in your ears! It will be a dread scene indeed, if the great mercy of God does not forgive you for your arrogance, when your *graces* will have to give an account for having tolerated such titles as addressed to your sinful selves. You have lived long enough in your sinful dignities, lay them down, drop your titles of pride, go on with your work wherein it may be good, walk humbly before men, and then you may hope to rest in peace.

This is far too much to expect from their lordships, and we do but hint at the path of duty, knowing that; it will not be followed. We have a great respect for some of these dignitaries personally, although their office we hold in utter abhorrence, but we must confess to some little amusement, when we found one of them, last Sunday, September 15, magnifying his office at a rate the most surprising, and in a manner the most novel. It is a fact not generally, known, that the revolt of the American states from British rule was-mainly caused by the absence of bishops in America, in those benighted times; ands, moreover, the United States as a nation, is not

at all what it might have been if bishops had been there from the very dawn, of colonization If any should doubt this new historical fact, ‘we refer them to the infallible testimony of a bishop, and who can ask for more convincing evidence?’” The Bishop of Louisiana, according to the daily paper, “spoke of the manner in which the work: of the church was advancing, in the colonies and dependencies of the British crown, a matter in which he said he had much experience. If the same had been done for America in days gone by, it might have been a greater and a better country than it was now. For a hundred years there existed in America an Episcopal church without bishops, and the church which had government protection was that which^o was left without any organization. In vain that church pleaded with the government of England for redress. Archbishops and bishops pressed the matter upon the attention of the crown, and year after year the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel made strenuous efforts to remedy the evils; but while it was allowed to the Roman Catholic Church to have what bishops she pleased in her discretion, the sons and daughters of the Church of England were left without the ministrations which were pledged to them at their baptism. Nothing so much as this strengthened the Americans for their struggle against this country; nothing induced them more than this to look with interest upon the struggle for independence, and to delight in seeing the secular power scattered into fragments, until at length it entirely disappeared.”

He who doubts must be a heretic indeed. Receiving the episcopal statement for truth, we see the proper method of securing our colonies to us for ever. Should Australia grow perverse, or Canada become restive, our government cannot do better than double or treble the dose of bishops- We shall heartily concur in the plan of sending off Oxford, and Salisbury, and others, to Botany Bay, and hope they may prove a blessing abroad, for they are the reverse at home. But no, we are supposing what cannot possibly occur; these colonies never can grow rebellious, for they have imbibed the specific, they are blessed with bishops; even Natal has its Colenso.

We venture to predict that when the Christian church” returns to her pristine purity, it will be difficult for her young members to believe the profane history in which the existence of officers, such as those meeting at Lambeth, will be recorded. The unsophisticated mind of an enlightened Christendom in another two or three centuries, if time keeps on its axles so long, will tie staggered at the possibility of the past existence of many

things in our professedly. Protestant church, but at nothing more than at the creation of prelates, and the reverence given to such unscriptural lordlings by avowed believers in the lowly Jesus. If all Christians will at this present, search the word of God as to the true position and office of a Christian bishop, the present swarm of bishops may not have come together in vain. Otherwise, we can only repeat the answer which we gave the other day to the question, "What will be the end of this synod of bishops?" We ventured to predict that it boded no good to anybody, and was only one wheel in the machinery by which it is hoped to re-establish a universal popedom, under certain modifications. First the fusion of all Anglican episcopacy, then union with the Greek church, and then with the Roman; this we suspect to be the full program, not perhaps endorsed by all, but clearly in the minds of those who pull the *strings*, that is to say, the Ritualists, to the music of whose pipes of Pan the broad church, and many of the evangelicals, are made to dance. May the Lord deal with them and their maneuvers according to his wisdom.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

THOUGH thy crooked heart is not willing to yield, yet thy judgment cannot choose but be convinced of this, that great riches are unprofitable, and not worth a rush. Wealth is uncertain. It is like a run agate servant, a fugitive, a plain vagrant, which, though he be big boned and strong and skillful, and able to work, yet no man greatly cares for, because he will be gone when a man hath most need of him, and, perhaps, also take something away with him that was worth more than all his service. So wealth will take its heels when a man hath most use for it, and carry contentment away, too, which is more precious than all the false happiness that, it could procure whilst it remained with us. This wealth hops from man to man, and place to place, as a light-winged bird from tree to tree. And no man can say where it will roost at night. The Holy Ghost hath compared it to a wild fowl, most swift of wing and strong in flight, saying, "Riches takes to itself Wings, and flies away," not like a cock or hen, or some tame house-bird that a man may follow and catch again, no, nor like a hawk that wilt show where he is by her bells, and be called again with a lure; but like an eagle that mounts aloft past sight, and is carried away with so much haste that nothing will recall her. And where is the man that can clip the wings of an eagle, when it is in his own custody, that it shall not be gone from him when he thinks least of

it? If it could procure any benefit to your lives, you see it were not yet worth your wishes, your toil for it, it departs when you Should use it, and that without taking leave; and then, as he that riseth from a stool and thinketh to sit Clown again, the stool being removed, takes the more dangerous knock, so the mind that relies on wealth, when it misseth it, is more tormented with vexation by the untrustiness thereof. The Holy Ghost calleth it a lie, because it will play him such slippery pranks, that hath confidence in it (as every man hath in that measure he desires it), and a shadow because every cloud that flies over the sun may irrecoverably cut it off. — *A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross by Mr. Wheatie, 1589.*

REVIEWS.

Short Arguments about the Millennium; or, plain proofs for plain Christians that the coming of Christ will not be pre-millennial : that his reign will not be personal. By B.C. Young. Second thousand. Elliot Stock.

Those who wish to see the arguments upon the unpopular side of the great question at issue, will find them here; this is probably one of the ablest of the accessible treatises from that point of view. We cannot agree with Mr. Young, neither can we refute him. It might tax the ingenuity of the ablest prophetic writers to solve all the difficulties here started, and perhaps it would be unprofitable to attempt me task; yet me perusal of this work might be very useful to those dogmatical prophets who think that they are masters of the whole matter, when in fact there are great mysteries surrounding it on every hand. Only fools and madmen are positive in their interpretations of the Apocalypse.

Essays and Discourses on Popular and Standard Themes. By T. W. Tozer. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Tar. subjects of this book are various, and for the most part, with no direct connection with each other. Some are of social and others of religious interest.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

NOVEMBER, 1867

A MEMORABLE HYMN.

A SACRAMENTAL DISCOURSE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.” — -Matthew 26:30.

THE occasion on which these words were spoken, was the last meal of which Jesus partook in company with his disciples before he went from them to his shameful trial and his ignominious death. It was his farewell supper before a bitter parting, and yet they needs must sing. He -was on the brink of that great depth of misery into which he was about to plunge, and yet he would have them sing “an hymn.” It is wonderful that HE sang, and in a second degree it is remarkable that THEY sang. We will consider both singular facts.

Let us dwell awhile on THE FACT THAT JESUS SANG AT SUCH A AS THIS. What does he teach us by it? Does he not say to each of us, his followers, “*My religion is one of happiness and joy; I, your Master, by my example would instruct you to sing even when the last solemn hour is come, and all the glooms of death are gathering around you. Here, at the table, I am your singing-master, and set you lessons in music, in which my dying voice shall lead you: notwithstanding all the griefs which overwhelm my heart, I will play the chief musician, and be to you the sweet singer of Israel*”? If ever there was a time when it would have been natural and consistent with the solemnities of the occasion for the Savior to have bowed his head upon the table, bursting into a flood of tears; or, if ever there was a season when he might have fittingly retired from all company, and have bewailed his coming convict in sighs and groans, it was just then. But no, that brave heart will slug an hymn. Our glorious Jesus plays the man beyond all other men! Boldest of the sons of men, he quails not in the hour of battle, but

tunes his voice to loftiest psalmody. The genius of that Christianity of which Jesus is the head and founder, its object, spirit, and design, are happiness and joy, and they who receive it sing in the very jaws of death.

This remark, however, is quite a secondary one to the next: *our Lord's complete fulfillment of the law is even more worthy of our attention.* It was customary when the passover was held, to sing, and this is the main reason why the Savior did so. During the passover, it was usual to sing the hundred and thirteenth, and five following psalms, which were called the "Hallel." They commence, you will observe, in our version, with "Praise ye the Lord!" or, "Hallelujah!" The hundred and fifteenth, and the three following, were usually sung as the closing song of the passover. Now, our Savior would not diminish the splendor of the great Jewish rite, although it was the last time that he would celebrate it. No; there shall be the holy beauty and delight of psalmody; none of it shall be stinted; the "Hallel" shall be full and complete. We may safely believe that the Savior sang through, or probably chanted, the whole of these six psalms; and my heart tells me that there was no one at the table who sang more devoutly or more cheerfully than did our blessed Lord. There are some parts of the hundred and eighteenth psalm, especially, which strike us as having sounded singularly grand, as they flowed from his blessed lips. Note verses 22, 23, 24. Especially observe those words, near the end of the psalm, and think you hear the Lord himself singing them, "God is the Lord, which hath showed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar. Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever." Because, then, it was the settled custom of Israel to recite these psalms, our Lord Jesus Christ did the same; for he would leave nothing unfinished. Just as when he went down into the waters of baptism, he said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness," so he seemed to say when sitting at the table, "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness; therefore let us sing unto the Lord, as God's people in past ages have done." Beloved, let us view with holy wonder the strictness of the Savior's obedience to his Father's will, and let us endeavor to follow in his steps, in all things, seeking to be obedient to the Lord's word in the little as well as in the great.

May we not venture to suggest another and deeper reason? Did. not this singing of "an hymn" at the supper, show *the holy absorption of the Savior's soul in his Father's will?* If, beloved, you knew that at — say ten

o'clock to-night — you would be led away to be mocked, and despised, and scourged, and that to-morrow's sun would see you falsely accused, hanging, a convicted criminal, to die upon a cross, do you think that you could sing to-night, after your last meal? I am sure you could not, unless with more than earthborn courage and resignation your soul could say, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." You would sing if your spirit were like the Savior's spirit; if, like him, you could exclaim, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" but if there should remain in you any selfishness, any desire to be spared the bitterness of death, you would not be able to chant the "Hallel" with the Master. Blessed Jesus, how wholly wert thou given up! how perfectly consecrated! so that whereas other men stag when they are marching to them joys, thou didst sing on the way to death; whereas other men lift up their cheerful voices when honor awaits them, thou hadst a brave and holy sonnet on thy lips when shame, and spitting, and death were to be thy portion.

This singing of the Savior also teaches us *the whole-heartedness of the Master in the work which he was about to do*. The patriot warrior sings as he hastens to battle; to the strains of martial music he advances to meet the foreman; and even thus the heart of our all-glorious champion supplies him with song even in the dreadful hour of his solitary agony. He views the battle, but he dreads it not; though in the contest his soul will be "exceeding sorrowful even unto death," yet before it he is like Job's war-horse, "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off." He has "a baptism to be baptized with, and he is straitened until it be accomplished." The Master does not go forth to the agony in the garden with a cowed and trembling spirit, all bowed and crushed in the dust; but he advances to the conflict like a man who has his full strength about him — taken out to be a victim (if I may use such a figure) not as a worn-out ox that has long borne the yoke, but as the firstling of the bullock, in the fullness of his strength. He goes forth to the slaughter, with his glorious undaunted spirit fast and firm within him, glad to suffer for his people's sake, and for his Father's glory.

*“For as at first thine all-pervading look
 Saw from thy Father’s bosom to th’ abyss,
 Measuring in calm presage
 The infinite descent;
 So to the end, though now of mortal pangs
 Made heir, and emptied of thy glory awhile,
 With unaverted eye
 Thou meetest all the storm.”*

Let us, O fellow heirs of salvation, learn to sing when our suffering time comes, when our season for stern labor approaches; ay, let us pour forth a canticle of deep mysterious melody of bliss, when our dying hour is near at hand. Courage, brother! The waters are chilly; but fear will not by any means diminish the terrors of the river. Courage, brother! Death is solemn work; but playing the coward will not make it less so. Bring hither the harp; let thy lips remember the long-loved music, and let the notes be clear and shrill as thou dippest thy feet in the Jordan: “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.” Dear friends, let the remembrance of the melodies of that upper room go with you to-morrow into business; and if you expect a great trial, and are afraid you will not be able to sing after it, then sing before it comes. Get your holy praise-work done before affliction mars the tune. Fill the air with music while you can. While yet there is bread upon the table, sing, though famine may threaten; while yet the child runs laughing about the house, while yet the flush of health is in your own cheek, while yet your goods are spared, while yet your heart is whole and sound, lift up your song of praise to the Most High God; and let your Master, the singing Savior, be in this your goodly and comfortable example.

There is much more that might be said concerning our Lord’s sweet swansong, but there is no need to crowd one thought out with another; your leisure will be well spent in meditation upon so fruitful a theme. We will now consider THE SINGING OF THE DISCIPLES. They united in the “Hallel” — like true Jews, they joined in the national song. Israel had good cause to sing at the passover, for God had wrought for his people what he had done for no other nation on the face of the earth. Every Hebrew must have felt his soul elevated and rejoiced on the paschal night. He was “a citizen of no mean city,” and the pedigree which he could look Back upon was one, compared with which kings and princes were but of yesterday.

Remembering the fact commemorated by the Supper, well might Israel rejoice. They sang of their nation in bondage, trodden beneath the tyrannical foot of Pharaoh; they began the psalm right sorrowfully, as they thought of the bricks made without straw, and of the iron furnace; but the strain soon mounted from the deep bass, and began to climb the scale, as they sang of Hoses the servant of God, and of the Lord appearing to him in the burning bush; they remembered the mystic rod, which became a serpent, and which swallowed up the rods of the magicians; their music told of the plagues and wonders which God had wrought upon Zoan; and of that dread night when the firstborn of Egypt fell Before the avenging sword of the angel of death, while they themselves, feeding on the lamb which had been slain for them, and whose Blood was sprinkled upon the lintel and upon the side-posts of the door, had Been graciously preserved. Then the song went up concerning the hour in which all Egypt was humbled at the feet of Jehovah, whilst as for his people, "He led them forth like sheep," by the hands of Hoses and Aaron, and they went by the way of the sea, even of the Red Sea. The strain rose higher still as they tuned the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb. Jubilantly they sang of the Red Sea, and of the chariots of Pharaoh which went down into the midst thereof, and the depths covered them till there was not one of them left. It was a glorious chant indeed when they sang of Rahab cut in pieces, and of the dragon wounded at the sea, by the right hand of the Host High, for the deliverance of the chosen people!

But, beloved, if I have said that Israel could so properly sing, what *shall I say of those of us who are the Lord's spiritualist redeemed?* We have been emancipated from a slavery worse than that of Egypt: "With a high hand and with an outstretched arm" hath God delivered us. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God's passover, has been sprinkled on our hearts and consciences. By faith we keep the passover, for we have been spared; we have been brought out of Egypt — and though our sins did once oppose us, they have all been drowned in the Red Sea of the atoning Blood of Jesus: "the depths have covered them, there is not one of them left." If the Jew could sing a "great Hallel," our "Hallel" ought to be more glowing still; and if every house in "Judea's happy land" was full of music when the people ate the paschal feast, much more reason have we for filling every heart with sacred harmony to-night, while we feast upon Jesus Christ, who was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood.

The time has now come for me to say HOW EARNESTLY I DESIRE YOU TO “SING AN HYMN.” I do not mean to ask you to use your voices just now, but let your hearts be brimming with the essence of praise. Whenever we repair to the Lord’s table, which represents to us the passover, we ought not to come to it as to a funeral. Let us select solemn hymns, but not dirges. Let us sing softly, but none the less joyfully. These are no burial feasts; those are not funeral cakes which lie upon this table, and yonder fair white linen cloth is no winding sheet. “This is my body,” said Jesus, but the Body so represented was no corpse; we feed upon a living Christ. The blood set forth by yonder wine is the fresh life-blood of our immortal King. We view not our Lord’s body as clay-cold flesh, pierced with wounds but as glorified at the right hand of the Father. We hold a happy festival when we break bread on the first day of the week. We come not hither trembling, like bondsmen, cringing on our knees as wrenched serfs condemned to eat on their knees; we approach as freemen, to our Lord banquet, like his apostles, to recline at length or sit at ease; not merely to eat bread which may belong to the most sorrowful, but to drink wine which belongs to men whose souls are glad. Let us recognize the rightness, yea, the duty of cheerfulness at this commemorative Supper; and, therefore, let us “sing an hymn.”

Being satisfied on this point, perhaps you ask, “What hymn shall too sing?” Many sorts of hymns were sung in the olden time: look down the list, and you will scarce find one which may not suit us now.

One of the earliest of earthly songs was the war-song. They sang of old a song to the conqueror, when he returned from the battle. “Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.” Women took their timbrels and rejoiced in the dance when the hero returned from the war. Even thus of old did the people of God extol him for his mighty acts, singing aloud with the high-sounding cymbals: “Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name.” My brethren, let us lift up a war-song to-night! Why not? “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.” Come, let us praise our Emanuel, as we see the head of our foe in his right hand; as we behold him “leading captivity captive,” ascending up on high, with trumpets’ joyful sound. Let us chant the paean; let us shout the war-song, “To Triumphs!” Behold, he comes,

all glorious from the war: as we gather at the table, let us salute him with a psalm of gladsome triumph.

Another early form of song was the pastoral. When the shepherds sat down amongst the sheep, they tuned their pipes, and warbled forth molt and sweet airs in harmony with rustic quietude. All around was calm and still; the sun was brightly shining, and the birds were making melody among the leafy branches. Shall I seem fanciful if I say, let us unite in a pastoral tonight? Sitting round the table, why should we not sing, “The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters”? If there be a place beneath the stars where one might feel perfectly at rest and ease, surely it is at the table of the Lord. Here, then, let us sing to our great Shepherd a pastoral of delight. Let the bleating of sheep be in our ears as we remember the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his flock.

You need not to be reminded that the ancients were very fond of festive songs. When they assembled at their great festivals, led by their chosen minstrels, they sang right joyously, with boisterous mirth. Let those who will speak to the praise of wine, my soul shall extol the precious blood of Jesus; let who will laud corn and oil, the rich produce of the harvest, my heart shall sing of the bread which came down from heaven, whereof if a man eateth, he shall never hunger. Speak ye of royal banquets, and minstrelsy fit for a monarch’s ear! ours is a nobler festival, and our song is sweeter far. Here is room at this table tonight for all earth’s poesy and music, for the place deserves songs more lustrous with delight, more sparkling with gems of holy mirth, than any of which the ancients could conceive.

*“Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah’s equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done!”*

The love-song we must not forget, for that is peculiarly the song of this evening. “Now will I sin unto my well-beloved a song” His love to us is an immortal theme; and as our love fanned by the breath of heaven, breaks into a vehement flame, we may sing, yea, and we will sing among the lilies, a song of loves.

In the Old Testament we find many psalms called by the title, “A *Song of Degrees*.” This “Song of Degrees” is supposed by some to have been sung as the people ascended the temple steps, or made pilgrimages to the Holy Place. The strain often changes — sometimes it is dolorous, and anon it is gladsome; at one season the notes are long drawn out and heavy, at another they are cheerful and jubilant. We will sing a “Song of Degrees” to-night. We will mourn that we pierced the Lord, and we will rejoice in pardon bought with blood. Our strain must vary as we talk of sin, feeling its bitterness and lamenting it, and then of pardon, rejoicing in its glorious fullness.

David wrote a considerable number of psalms which he entitled “*Maschil*,” which may be called in English, “instructive psalms.” Where, beloved, can we find richer instruction than at the table of our Lord? He who understands the mystery of incarnation and of substitution, is a master in scriptural theology. There is more teaching in the Savior’s body and in the Savior’s blood than in all the world besides. O ye who wish to learn the way to comfort, and how to tread the royal road to heavenly wisdom, come ye to the cross, and see the Savior suffer, and pour out his heart’s blood for human sin.

Some of David’s psalms are called “*Michtam*,” which means “golden psalms.” Surely we must sing one of these. Our psalms must be golden when we speak of the Head of the church, who is as much free gold. More precious than silver or gold is the inestimable price which he has paid for our ransom. Yes, ye sons of harmony, bring your most melodious anthems here, and let your Savior have your golden psalms.

Certain psalms in the Old Testament are entitled “Upon *Shoshannim*,” that is, “Upon the *lilies*.” O ye virgin souls, whose hearts have been washed in blood, and have been made white and pure, bring forth your instruments of song : —

***“Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string!”***

Let your hearts, when they are in their best state, when they are purest, and most cleansed from earthly dross, give to Jesus their glory and their excellence.

Then there other psalms which are dedicated “To the *Sons of Korah*.” If the guess be right, the reason why we get the title “To the Sons of Korah “

— “a song of loves “ — must be this: that when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up, the sons of Dathan and Abiram were swallowed up too; but the sons of Korah perished not. Why they were not destroyed we cannot tell. Perhaps it was that sovereign grace spared those whom justice might have doomed; and “the sons of Korah” were ever after made the sweet singers of the sanctuary; and whenever there was a special “song of loves,” it was always dedicated to them. Ah! we will have one of those songs of love to-night, around the table, for we too are saved by distinguishing grace. We will sing of the heavenly lover, and the many waters which could not quench his love.

*“Love, so vast that nought can bound;
Love, too deep for thought to sound;
Love, which made the Lord of all
Drink the wormwood and the gall.*

*Love, which led him to the cross,
Bearing there unutter’d loss;
Love, which brought him to the gloom
Of the cold and darksome tomb.*

*Love, which made him hence arise
Far above the starry skies,
There with tender, loving care,
All his people’s griefs to share.*

*Love, which will not let him rest
Till his chosen all are blest;
Till they all for whom he died
Live rejoicing by his side.”*

We have not half exhausted the list, but it is clear that, sitting at the Lord’s Table, we shall have no lack of suitable psalmody. Perhaps no one hymn will quite meet the sentiments of all; and while we would not write a hymn for you, we would pray the Holy Spirit to write now the spirit of praise upon your hearts, that sitting here, you may “after supper sing an hymn.”

For one or two minutes let us ask, “WHAT SHALL THE TUNE BE? It must be a strange one, for if we are to sing “an hymn” to-night, around the table, the tune must have all the parts of music. Yonder believer is heavy of heart through manifold sorrows, bereavements, and watchings by the sick. He loves his Lord, and would fain praise him, but his soul refuses to use her wings. Brother, we win have a tune in which you can join, and you shall

lead the bass. You shall sing of your fellowship with your Beloved in his sufferings; how he, too, lost a friend; how he spent whole nights in sleeplessness; how his soul was exceeding sorrowful. But the tune must not be all bass, or it would not suit some of us to-night, for we can reach the highest key. We have seen the Lord, and our spirit has rejoiced in God our Savior.

We want to lift the chorus high; yea, there are some true hearts here who are at times so full of joy that they will want special music written for them. Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell:" said Paul, and so have said others since, when Christ has been with them. Ah! then they have been obliged to mount to the alto notes, to the very loftiest range of song.

Remember, beloved, that the same Savior who will accept the joyful shoutings of the strong, will also receive the plaintive notes of the weak and weeping. You little ones, you babes in grace, may cry, "Hosanna," and the King will not silence you; and you strong men, with all your power of faith, may shout, "Hallelujah!" and your notes shall be accepted too. Come, then, let us have a tune in which we can all unite; but ah! we cannot make one which will suit the dead — the dead, I mean, "in trespasses and sins" — and there are some such here. O may God open their mouths and unloose their tongues; but as for those of us who are alive unto God, let us, as we come to the table, each contribute our own share of the music, and so make up a song of blended harmony, with many parts, one great united song of praise to Jesus our Lord!

We should not choose a tune for the communion table which is not very soft. These are no boisterous themes with which we have to deal when we tarry here. A bleeding Savior, robed in a vesture dyed with blood — this is a theme which you must treat with loving gentleness, for everything that is coarse is out of place. While the tune is soft, it must also be sweet. Silence, ye doubts; be dumb, ye fears; be hushed, ye cares! Why come ye here? My music must be sweet and soft when I sing of him. But oh! it must also be *strong*; there must be a full swell in my praise. Draw out the stops, and let the organ swell the diapason! In fullness let its roll of thundering harmony go up to heaven; let every note be sounded at its loudest. "Praise ye him upon the cymbals, upon the high-sounding cymbals; upon the harp with a solemn sound." Soft, sweet, and strong, let the music be.

Alas! you complain that your soul is out of tune. Then ask the Master to tune the heart strings. Those “Selahs” which we find so often in the Psalms, are supposed by many scholars to mean, “Put the harp strings in tune :” truly we require many “Selahs,” for our hearts are constantly unstrung. O that to-night the Master would

*“Teach us some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above!”*

We close by inquiring WHO SHALL SING THIS HYMN?

Sitting around the Father’s board, we will raise a joyful song, but who shall do it? “I will,” saith one; “and we will,” say others. What is the reason why so many are willing to join? The reason is to be found in the verse we were singing just now —

*“When He’s the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?”*

What! a Christian silent when others are praising his Master? No; he must join in the song. Satan tries to make God’s people dumb, but he cannot, for the Lord has not a tongue-tied child in all the family. They can all speak, and they can all cry, even if they cannot all sing, and I think there are times when they can all sing; yea, they must, for you know the promise, “Then shall the tongue of the dumb sing.” Surely, when Jesus leads the tune, if there should be any silent ones in the Lord’s family, they must begin to praise the name of the Lord. After Giant Despair’s head had been cut off, Christiana and Mr. Great-heart, and all the rest of them, brought out the best of their provisions and made a feast, and Mr. Bunyan says, that after they had feasted, they danced. In the dance there was one remarkable dancer, namely, Mr. Ready-to-Halt. Now, Mr. Ready-to-Halt usually went upon crutches, but for once he laid them aside. “And,” says Bunyan, “I warrant you he footed it well!” This is quaintly showing us that sometimes the very sorrowful ones, the Ready-to-Halts, when they see Giant Despair’s head cut off, when they see death, hell, and sin led in triumphant captivity at the wheels of Christ’s victorious chariot, feel that even they must for once indulge in a song of gladness. So, when I put the question to-night, “Who will sing?” I trust that Ready-to-Halt will promise, “I will.”

You have not much comfort at home, perhaps; by very hard worst you earn that little. Sunday is to you a day of true rest, for you are worked very

cruelly all the week. Those cheeks of yours, poor girl, are getting very pale, and who knows but what it may be true of you : —

*“Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.”*

But, my sister, you may surely rejoice to-night in spite of all this: There may be little on earth, But there is much in heaven. There may Be but little comfort for you here apart from Christ, But oh! when, by faith, you mount into his glory, your soul is glad. You shall be as rich as the richest to-night if the Holy Spirit shall but Bring you to the table, and enable you to feed upon your Lord and Master. Perhaps you have come here to-night when you ought not to have done so. The physician would have told you to keep to your bed, but you persisted in coming up to the house where the Lord has so often met with you. I trust that we shall hear your voice in the song. There appear to have Been in David’s day many things to silence the praise of God, but David was one who would sing. I like that expression of his, where the devil seems to come up and put his hand on his mouth and say, “Be quiet.” “No,” says David, “I will sing.” Again the devil tries to quiet him, But David is not to be silenced, for three times he puts it, “I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.” May the Lord make you resolve this night that you will praise the Lord Jesus with all your heart.

Alas! there are many of you here to-night whom I could not invite to this feast of song, and who could not truly come if you were invited. Your sins are not forgiven; your souls are not saved; you have not trusted Christ; you are still in nature’s darkness, still in the gall of Bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. Why must it always Be so? Will you destroy yourselves? Have you made a league with death, and a covenant with hell? Mercy lingers! Longsuffering continues! Jesus waits! Remember that he hung upon the cross for sinners such as you are, and that if you believe in him now, you shall be saved. One act of faith, and all the sin you have committed is blotted out. A single glance of faith’s eye to the wounds of the Messiah, and your lead of iniquity is rolled into the depths of the sea, and you are forgiven in a moment!

“Oh!” says one, “would God I could believe!” Poor soul, may God help thee to believe now. God took upon himself flesh. Christ was born here among men, and suffered on account of human guilt, being made to suffer

“the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” Christ was punished in the room, place, and stead of every man and woman, who will believe on him. If you believe on him, he was punished for you; and you will never be punished. Your debts are paid, your sins are forgiven. God cannot punish *you*, for he has punished Christ instead of you, and he will never punish twice for one offense. To believe is to trust. If you will now trust your soul entirely with him, you are saved, for he loved you, and gave himself for you. When you know this, and feel it to be true, then come to the Lord’s Table, and join with us, when, “after supper we SING HYMN?”

*THESE lads to gain the fruit must shake the tree,
 Good reader, mark the lesson writ for thee!
 If from the tree of promis’d mercy thou
 Wouldst win the good which loadeth every bough,
 Then urge the promise well with pleading cries,
 Move heaven itself with vehemence of sighs;
 Soon shall celestial fruit thy toil repay —
 ‘Tis ripe, and waits for him who loves to pray.
 What if thou fail at first, yet give not o’er,
 Bestir thyself to labor more and more:
 Enlist a brother’s sympathetic knee,
 The tree will drop its fruit when two agree:
 Entreat the Holy Ghost to give thee power,
 Then shall the fruit descend in joyful shower.*

PLEASE TO TAKE NOTICE

WE have already received no less than one hundred applications for admission into the Stockwell Orphanage, and they are still pouring in. As the trustees can only hope to admit thirty-six boys at the end of next March, it is obvious that friends of orphans had better look to other orphanages, since ours may be considered full for some time to come.

The bazaar which we spoke of for Christmas, we have resolved to postpone till next June, when, God willing, we can hold it, if the weather be fine, upon the Orphanage ground. We shall esteem it as a great favor if, between now and then, our friends will work hard, that we may have a most extensive stock for sale. Let not those who can give little withhold from fear, and let not those who can do much restrain their bounty. I’m the

name of poor orphans, whose heartrending cases of distress might well dissolve the adamant, we ask for aid. Our God will supply all our need.

REVIEWS

The Religion of Redemption: a contribution to the Preliminaries of Christian Apology. By R. W. MONSELL, B.A, late pastor of the Congregational Church, Neufchatel, Switzerland. Wm. Hunt & Co, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

WE have been very tardy in reviewing this learned and thoughtful work, which is evidently the production of a deep student and a profound scholar, and therefore worthy of the careful perusal of the reviewer. We have now read it with patience, and our conclusion is, that as a whole we do not like it: there are fine thoughts, able reasonings, and valuable observations in it; but the general tendency of its teaching is to dilute the gospel, and rob it of its strength. We have not so learned Christ. The great fact of our Lord's actual and literal substitution for sinners we cannot give up; and the doctrines of sovereign grace we ever must maintain, and therefore, when we see new renderings given to them, and their names retained while their true meaning is lost, we are not able to withhold our protest.

Demonologia Sacra; or, a Treatise on Satan's Temptations. In three parts. By RICHARD GILPIN, M.D. Edited with Memoir by ALEXANDER BALLOCH GROSART. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: Nisbet & Co.

THIS is another of Nichol's valuable series, of which we cannot speak too highly. James Nichol, the father, did good service to the church of God, before he was removed to a better world, by commencing and continuing the issue of reprints of the works of Puritanic divines, under much difficulty and discouragement. We knew him well, and esteemed him highly; and now we thank God that James Nichol, the son, does not relinquish the good work: God speed and prosper the enterprise. The present volume we have read many times; it is *the* treatise upon the subject, and the subject is one of the *most* important in the whole range of theology. e remember that in a conversation with the late Earl of Carlisle, he asked us to recommend him a book upon the temptations of Satan, and we at once mentioned Gilpin as the best writer upon the subject. John Ryland once said, "If ever

there was a man that was clearly acquainted with the cabinet councils of hell, this author is the man." His work was held in high repute in days when there were men upon earth worthy to give an opinion; it has been once or twice reprinted, and remains to this day unrivaled in its own sphere. There are a few queer passages, in it upon witchcraft, and the devil carrying men through the air, and other marvels, but these are as the small dust of the balance; indeed, they give a spice of antique interest which one would be sorry to miss. It is the pastor's book, sagacious and full of insight into human hearts; it is equally the people's book, experimental and sympathetic, instructing the ignorant and confirming the weak. No minister, however poor, can afford to do without it. The reprint now offered to the public will make this once rare book accessible to all. We gave many shillings for our old copy, and now, in good type and excellent binding, it is to be had for a very few. Wealthy believer, buy it for your minister. Order it at once.

Remarkable Facts, illustrative and confirmatory of different portions of Holy Scripture. By the REV. J. LEIFCHILD, D.D. With a preface by his Son. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

As might be expected from the great age of the author, the illustrations here collected are not such as dazzle by their novelty, but such as edify by their sober earnestness. To compile this book was Dr. Leifchild's last work on earth, and it is one of his best memorials now that he has passed into the skies. We were favored to obtain a copy of this interesting work some six years ago, when a small edition was issued by subscription; and we felt sure at the time that the public would one day call for a wider circulation of it. Our octogenarian friend did well to leave us these mellow fruits from the garden of his experience. He was one of a noble band of Congregational ministers, whose generation should be as well acquainted with the genial, wise, and holy writings of Old Humphrey, as we were in our boyhood, when we read them with great zest, and not a little benefit. The writer has, after a useful life, gone over to the majority, but no one has arisen to fill his place; in his own style he remains without a successor.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL. Our volume for 1867, bound in the usual handsome case, will be ready on the first of December, and we believe it is, as a whole, a volume of such permanent interest, that it will be read with satisfaction in years to come. Those who have the numbers, can procure cases for binding of the publishers.

SPURGEON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC, FOR 1868, *price one penny*, is now ready. In the chamber of slackness we have put our little Almanac together, and hope that it may prove acceptable and useful. We have heretofore sold about fifty thousand each year; but by the aid of our zealous friends we might send forth a hundred thousand. Those who think well of it, will do us the favor to spread it. A specimen of the engravings and the articles we have placed elsewhere.

WE have received, besides the usual copies of our contemporaries, such as *Good Words, Sunday at Home, Christian Work, Happy Hours, Christian World Magazine, Baptist Messenger, Old Jonathan, British Workman, Baptist Missionary Herald, Missing Link*, etc, the following :-

FORWARD, *a monthly magazine for the promotion of a liberal evangelical Theology*. This is a serial for the promotion of ultra-Arminianism and the overthrow of Calvinism. In our view, it would have been more appropriately named BACKWARD. Calvinism will probably survive the onslaughts of the writers of this monthly, which seem to us to be less forcible than usual, and a little more self-confident.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE. The October number is a rich spiritual feast, with just a sprinkling of bitter herbs; a fine corrective for any noxious effect produced by reading *Forward*. If the two editors would give their candid opinions of each other's theology, the result might be edifying to combative believers. If any one will calmly read a number of each serial, he will find the Gospel Magazine full of heavenly unction; and the other, as to spiritual savor, as dry as the desert of Sahara.

PLYMOUTH BROTHER TRACTS, and pamphlets hailing from that party, when forwarded to us, are disposed of so as to do no further mischief. We shall not assist their dissemination by special notice.

NOTICES

MR. Spurgeon, at the invitation of the Baptist Missionary Society, has consented to sit on the Committee of that society.

Our readers will be glad to learn that, although the new chapel at Upper Holloway, built by the London Baptist Association, was only opened a few weeks ago, it is already crowded with attentive congregations on the

Sunday evening. The same success has attended the newly-opened chapel in the Grove-road, and we are glad to be informed that some thirty or forty persons have already expressed their desire to form the nucleus of a church there. The Association is doing a glorious work, and we hope its influence upon the churches will be increasingly great. A site is wanted for the third chapel. We should like to hear of some wealthy brother giving a site to the Lord, for this new undertaking for his glory.

Those who participated in the blessing that attended the day set apart for fasting and prayer last year, will rejoice to know that the London Baptist Association at its meeting at Cross-street, on October 15, agreed unanimously to appoint the 5th of November for special prayer. The meeting will be held in Bloomsbury chapel, from two to six o'clock, and the prayers will be followed by the administration of the Lord's Supper. We believe the brethren throughout the country will adopt thus plan, so that we all may supplicate the Lord on behalf of our churches, their pastors, and members.

On September 24, the Evangelists' Association, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, held a *soiree* in the school-room. After tea, a meeting was held, at which Mr. Edward Leach, a member of the committee, was called to the chair. Prayer having been offered, the chairman stated the objects of the meeting, and suggested various plans by which the work of the association might be extended and promoted. The secretary (Mr. W. J. Orsman), gave some interesting particulars relative to the work of the association. Mr. Cooper spoke of the necessity for preaching in the lodging-houses of Westminster. Already there were twenty good-sized rooms in connection with these houses in which they were at liberty to preach, and he was told that that number could be readily doubled, were a sufficient staff of preachers provided. Mr. Garrett said that every Sunday evening during the summer, about forty or fifty young men met at the Tabernacle before the service, and after a hymn had been sung and prayer offered up, they proceeded to various open-air stations, where they preached the gospel. Their out-door campaign had been very successful. As the winter was drawing nigh, the members of the association would have to find some in-door work. Mr. J. D. Cox gave a remarkable account of services held in Lambeth Workhouse. He had preached to about sixty young girls there who were out of situations; and he believed good impressions had been made. He also gave an account of several remarkable conversions, as the result of open-air preaching during the summer. Mr.

Conquest mentioned the case of a remarkable conversion, which was the result of the divine blessing upon their open-air preachers. Mr. Marshall spoke amusingly and eloquently of his work in the New Cut, where he had preached on a Sunday morning to congregations varying from 200 to 400 persons. Mr. Lardner referred to the open-air services of Lock's Fields, Walworth, of how the brethren had been threatened and insulted by the Irish, and protected by the English, and of the anxiety of the people living in back streets to hear the gospel preached at their own dwellings. Mr. A. Chamberlain agreed with the chairman when he said he was proud of the Evangelists connected with the association. Men who would go into filthy dens, low lodging-houses, and preach amid so many difficulties in the comers of the worst streets in the metropolis, were men o! whom they might well be proud. He was glad to learn that there were sixty members connected with the association, who preached in the open air every Sunday. The chairman concluded the meeting by urging the brethren to seek to improve their gifts, and to make the association worthy of the church, and of their beloved pastor, whose sympathy they knew was with them in this work.

The Baptist church at Bridestone, Suffolk, having applied, on the resignation of Mr. D. Thompson, to Mr. Spurgeon's College, Mr. A. H. Knell, after supplying the place for several Sundays, was invited to the pastorate. He commenced his stated labors there in January, 1865. Since that period both the church and congregation have considerably increased, which has rendered the erection of galleries needful for the accommodation of the hearers. The re-opening of the place, after the erection of the galleries and other improvements, was celebrated by a public meeting, on Wednesday, 25th ult. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. J. Spurgeon, of Cranbrook, preached. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which Mr. J. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. E. Spurrier, of Colchester; A. Smith, of Boxford, Underwood, Gibbons, Bull, and A. H. Knell, the minister of the place. On the following Sunday, sermons were preached, in the morning and afternoon by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; and one in the evening by Mr. A. Smith, of Boxford. The attendance at all the meetings was good; and the collections towards the expenses amounted to the sum of £31.

THE EDITOR'S ILLNESS

A LETTER TO OUR READERS AND OTHERS.

DEAR FRIENDS, — I have spent two months in ill health, and much of the time in severe pain, but, by the good hand of God upon me, I am now much better, and hope to resume my home work very speedily. It is due to many friends to make the following communications; and I beg them to receive them with their customary kindness.

1. MANY THANKS are hereby tendered to the scores of thoughtful friends who have sent me prescriptions of eminent physicians, medical works, and advice as to homeopathy, hydropathy, animal magnetism, galvanism, Turkish baths, patent medicines, cotton wool, hot fomentations, cold compresses, etc, etc. I can assure my friends that I have had communications concerning all these, and more. It has been a great pleasure to receive such a vast number and variety of evidences that Warm sympathy towards me abounds, and an additional comfort to discover that there are at least hundreds of ways in which rheumatism and rheumatic gout may be cured, in periods varying from an hour to a week. My gratitude is doubly due to those who not only gave me advice and prescriptions, but were so generous as to purchase the medicines and send them to my house. I have received boxes of pills, bottles of liniment, and phials of physic in super-abundance; I am most truly grateful for the kind feeling which prompted the gifts, but I have been so utterly bewildered as to which out of such a number should have the first trial, that I have fallen back upon my kind friend and tried physician, Dr. Palfrey, of Finsbury Place, and I feel quite content with the result of having followed his directions. Will friends be so good as to cut off the medical supplies, now that all need for them is, I trust, over for the present! While some of the prescriptions are more amusing than valuable, there are little incidents connected with some of these well-meant gifts which much pleased me; it would not be right to print them, but they proved most clearly that the poorest persons can show their sympathy with as much tenderness and delicacy as the best educated and the most refined.

2. APOLOGIES are offered to those friends who have been disappointed of services which I had promised to render; the act of God in laying me low is a sufficient exoneration from all engagements. These apologies are the

more needed, because it will not be in my power, at any future period near at hand, to fulfill those engagements; for, although to a great degree recovered, the limb is weak, and standing upon it in preaching, or wearying it in traveling, will be likely to lay me up again. I have resolved, for twelve months at least, to refuse almost all work away from home, and I now earnestly beg friends not to distress me with importunate requests to preach here, there, and everywhere. For years I have preached from eight to ten times a week, besides issuing the weekly sermon, editing the magazine, overseeing the church, superintending the college, directing the orphanage, founding new churches, attending committees, and a thousand other things; but many signs indicate that there must be a pause. I am not less willing, but I am far less able than I was, to serve the church by preaching. My excellent secretary and myself are very hardly wrought in the matter of correspondence, and the more so because, after having given one refusal, friends often write three or four times, and put us to much trouble and expense. I would refuse no one if I could comply, and therefore a refusal is always meant when given. If friends are unreasonable enough to write two or three times when they have once been answered, they must not wonder if they get no further reply. During the year 1868, I must crave for mercy from the Christian public, and a little lightening of my burdens, or otherwise I shall have to lay them down altogether.

3. AN URGENT REQUEST I would, in closing, offer to my friends in Christ, namely, that as they have so fervently prayed for me of late, they would continue those supplications, beseeching the Lord to bless my ministry to my church and congregation, and to the many thousands who weekly read the sermons; to prosper me in the college, giving much grace to all who are trained in it; and to sustain our colportage, and orphanage, and other works. No kindness can be more effectual than that which leads us to pray for our friends. Brethren, pray for
Your affectionate friend, C. H. SPURGEON.

P.S. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, my dear and valued brother, being about to become more closely my fellow laborer in serving our vast church, earnest prayer is requested for a rich blessing upon this most auspicious accession to my strength.

ON MY BACK

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his inimitable work, "A Tour round my Garden," has a chapter headed, "On my Back," and a most interesting chapter it is, detailing his observations among the insect and vegetable world from a position by no means the most advantageous for the naturalist. "On my back," in a painfully literal and involuntary sense, is our position while writing at this moment, and in addition we are not altogether free from a mental prostration, which, in a still more bitter sense, throws us on our back. How long we shall be made to lie prone upon the ever-hardening couch, the great Healer of diseased bodies and souls only knows; our term of chastisement will be exactly as protracted as the divine purpose requires for its benign design, but not a moment longer we are sure. It has already been long enough for nature, but faith makes it none too long for grace. We are the Lord's prisoner, bound in fetters of pain and manacles of weakness, waiting till the emancipating word shall restore us to the liberty of service. He in this case shutteth, and no man openeth; and when he openeth, no disease can shut. The sorest part of our captivity, which is sweetened by multiplied mercies, is our Sabbath silence. As the king of Sodom said to Abraham, "Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself," so say we to sickness; give us our Sabbaths, and let the week-days be as they may. How we envy the birds which fly around the house of prayer, and above all, the poorest occupants of the remotest seats or standing places in the tabernacles of the Lord. Dumb Sabbaths are a heavy trial to an active minister: to be kept out of market on the market day is a sad loss to those who are covetous of doing good to men and bringing glory to God. The trumpet sounds for the battle, and the hosts are marshaling at the call, but our sword rusts idly upon the wall, and our shield is laid aside. O for a day's renewal of strength to serve the Lord as our wont has been, by dealing out our heaviest blows against the enemies of his crown and cause! If it must not be, then, good Master, renew our cruse of patience and our barrel of resignation! Six week-days of pain would be a cheap exchange for one heavenly soul-refreshing Sabbath spent in preaching in the power of the Spirit. A silent preacher is like a monarch uncrowned, or a vessel laid up to perish by dry rot in the dock, or an eagle penned in a narrow cage, forbidden to soar into its element. *"I am weary*

with refraining,” said the seer of old: his experience is ours; the word is like fire in our bones; we long for a door of utterance, or our soul will melt for heaviness. Finding, however, that we cannot march to the wars, but must needs remain a prostrate soldier in the hospital, we must imitate those riflemen who can strike the target while lying upon their backs; if we cannot preach at length, we may at least write an outline discourse, and so let loose a remark or two, which may kindle a holy thought here and there, and perhaps set others preaching. Those who cannot fire the guns, may at least hand out the ammunition to the gunners. He who cannot go to the field to hunt with Esau, may find his savory meat nearer home. Reader, silver of learning and gold of eloquence have I none, but such as I have give I thee; not precious fruit, brought forth by the sun of prosperity, but a few clusters put forth by the moon of adversity. The Puritans sometimes called a laborious divine, “*a painful preacher;*” here is our brief sermon, and for once we also claim the title of “*a painful preacher.*”

*“This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God,
that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.” — John 11:4.*

THIS was a very comforting answer to the messenger sent to our Lord, by the anxious sisters, with the mournful tidings, “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.” Jesus was sure to send the best cordial he had to mourners whom he loved so well. To be infallibly assured that all will end well is one of the best possible supports under heavy trials. Such comfort have all the saints. From our Lord’s words we learn —

I. THAT THERE IS A LIMIT TO SICKNESS.

Here is an “unto” within which its ultimate end is restrained, and beyond which it cannot go. Lazarus might pass through death, but death was not to be the ultimatum of his sickness. In all sickness, the Lord saith to the waves of pain, “Hitherto shall ye go, but no further,” while his fixed purpose is not the destruction, but the instruction of his people. Satan was permitted to worry Job up to a certain point — further he must not go. As the porter at the house Beautiful told the pilgrim, “The lions are chained,” even so are our pains and griefs. When God wills it, sickness will hear us unto deep decline, but not unto death; unto weariness of body, but not unto weakness of soul; unto restlessness, but not unto wretchedness; unto moaning, but not unto murmuring; unto depression, but not unto despair. There are bounds about this mount of fire. Wisdom hangs up the thermometer at the furnace mouth and regulates the heat. Gideon taught

the men of Succoth with thorns and briars, till they died under the lesson: our Instructor deals with us far more tenderly; his aim is not to kill, but to cure. We are in the hands of Jehovah, not Nebuchadnezzar; the furnace may be heated seven times hotter, but there is no rage and fury in the King who casts us into it, as is very evident, since he intends himself to be with us in the midst of the flames. Noah's flood rose not an inch higher than God's decree allowed, and it began to assuage at the very moment when the divine mandate was issued. If the Lord ordains our trials ten, they cannot be eleven.

1. *The limit is encouragingly comprehensive.* The God of providence has limited the time, manner, intensity, repetition, and effects of all our sicknesses; each throb is decreed, each sleepless hour predestinated, each relapse ordained, each depression of spirit foreknown, and each sanctifying result eternally purposed. If the minutiae were not in the decree, we might fret over little things; but now we dare not, lest we murmur against the Lord: if our great pains were not regulated by wisdom, we might be alarmed at them, but now we need not be afraid. Nothing great or small escapes the ordaining hand of him who numbers the hairs of our head, and keeps the paths of our feet.

2. *This limit is wisely adjusted to our strength, to the end designed, and to the grace apportioned.* Affliction comes not at haphazard; the weight of every stroke of the rod is accurately measured. He who made no mistakes in balancing the clouds and meting out the heavens, commits no errors in measuring out the ingredients which-compose the medicine of souls. We cannot suffer too much nor be relieved too late. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; the load is fitted to the weak shoulder.

3. *The limit is tenderly appointed.* The knife of the heavenly Surgeon never cuts deeper than is absolutely necessary. A father smites no harder than duty constrains. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." A mother's heart cries, "Spare my child;" but no mother is more compassionate than our gracious God. When we consider how hard-mouthed we are, it is a wonder that we are not driven with a sharper bit. So much rust requires much of the file; but love is gentle of hand. The thought is full of consolation, that he who has fixed the bounds of our habitation, has also fixed the bounds of our tribulation.

II. THAT JESUS KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

He gave the sisters infallible information, for he knew all things. This knowledge he possesses as the only wise God and our Savior: because he is divine, he has knowledge and foreknowledge; sight, insight, and foresight; perfect, minute, universal, continual, immediate acquaintance with all that concerns his people. The child is cheered as he sings, "This my father knows;" and shall not we be comforted as we discern that our dear Friend and tender soul-husband knows all about us?

1. *He is the Physician*, and, if he knows all, there is no need that the patient should know. Hush, thou silly, fluttering heart; prying peeping, and suspecting! What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter, and, meanwhile, Jesus, the beloved physician, knows thy soul in adversities. Why need the patient analyze all the medicine, or estimate all the symptoms? This is the Physician's work, not mine; it is my business to trust, and his to prescribe. If he shall write out his prescription in uncouth characters which I cannot read, I will not be uneasy on that account, but rely upon his unfailing skill to make all plain in the result, however mysterious it may be in the working.

2. *He is the Master*, and his knowledge is to serve us, instead of our own; we are to obey, not to judge. In some respects we, as servants, must remember that "the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth." Shall the architect explain all his plans to every hodman on the works? If he knows his own intent, is it not enough? The vessel on the wheel cannot guess to what pattern it shall be conformed, but, if the potter has a clear eye to the ultimate result, what matters the ignorance of the dull clay? My Lord must not be cross-questioned any more by one so ignorant as I am.

3. He is the Head. All understanding centers there. What does the finger know? What judgment has the arm? What comprehension has the foot? All the power to know lies in the head. Why should the members be so anxious to inquire and question, when the head is already fully acquainted with everything? Why should the foot have a brain of its own, when the head fulfills for it every intellectual office? Here, then, must the believer rest his comfort in sickness, not that he himself can see the end, but that Jesus knows all. Sweet Lord, be thou for ever eye, and soul, and head for us, and let us be content to know only what thou choosest to tell us.

The tree of knowledge brought no good to man, but in Jesus we see the tree of knowledge united with the tree of life: the second Adam by his knowledge saves us; let us be content to have it so.

III. *Jesus assures us* THAT THE DESIGN OF SICKNESS IS DIVINELY GOOD: “Not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.”

Sickness is by no means destructive, but aims at that which every regenerated mind considers to be the highest good, the chief end for which man was created, namely, the glory of God. *Negatively*: sickness works us no real ill. It is not unto the death of our joy, though it may annihilate all physical enjoyment, for the believer’s heart-joy flows from springs which are not affected by the frosts of outward circumstances. Neither does sickness Work the death of our peace — we can be calm in heart when racked in body; our peace is not a thing for flesh and blood to reign over. Nor is our usefulness put to death by our illness; blessed be God a weak hand can sow good seed, and a couch may be a pulpit: besides, the experience gained in the chamber of affliction may enrich us for future work, as lying fallow fattens the soil for future crops. Our usefulness is suspended, and this frets us no little, but we shall do all the more by-and-by, and this may cheer us. Sickness is unto the death of no Christian virtue; like a rough wind, it shakes down a great deal of rotten fruit, but the living fruit of grace is uninjured, nay, it is mellowed and sweetened by it. Oh! how foolish are we to fear and dread bodily suffering, when it hath no killing hand, but two hands fall of blessings. We fear our mercies and tremble at our soul-enrichments; we cry out against a friend as though he were an enemy, and chase away an angel as though he were a devil. If we could but see the words, “Not unto death,” emblazoned upon the escutcheon of our afflictions, we should receive them with more willing mind.

Positively: sickness in the believer is intended for the glory of God, and in part this design is answered during the trial. It is to be feared that the Lord gets but a small revenue of glory from some of us; we defraud the royal exchequer of many dues: much conscience-money might we all send into court on account of our long and heavy arrears of thankfulness. Sickness takes out a warrant against ingratitude, and surcharges us for our defalcations, by bringing our negligences to remembrance. God gets many a song from his caged birds which might never be heard if they had

strength to wanton on the wing. Psalms and hymns, like music on the water, sound sweetly from the deeps of suffering. Moreover, God is glorified in the after results of sanctified pain, by the gentleness, meekness, quietness, and unction which adorn the spirit of the experienced believer. Until the oyster is sick it yields no pearls. Heavy damps of adversity make souls verdant. Saints, unlike the plants of earth, grow fastest in the sharpest weather. We make most progress in our voyage heavenward when the wind is rough: calms are more pleasant than profitable; better for comfort than for commerce; fairer in the present than in the retrospect. Affliction cuts the facets of the Lord's diamonds, and so they shine with a greater luster to his honor. What the church owes to the file and the hammer no tongue can tell. Would the church triumphant have been so glorious as it now is, if its members had been spared the great tribulation Out of which they passed to their crowns? Would half the grace which now beautifies the church militant have been discernible at all, if severe trials had not developed it? Would the Lord have had honor among us if the chastening rod had been laid aside? For the world to see how a Christian can endure hardness, is a great glory to God. The great hospital of saintly suffering is a grand exposition in which the choice works of the Holy Spirit are exhibited to all who have eyes to see. Our covenant God is magnified by the virtues peculiar to tried believers, quite as much as by those which adorn his active servants. True religion has for its choicest ornaments the patience of the sick, the triumphs of the dying. Lazarus had made small figure in the book of the Lord's mighty acts had it not been for the sickness which so grieved his sisters; but through that affliction, and that which came of it, the name of Jesus became famous, crowds flocked together, and many believed on him. If we could but hope that in any way the Son of God would be glorified in our pains, we would fall on our knees and bless the Lord for them with joyful tears. But why should it not be so? It shall be so through the supply of the Spirit; for whose sacred power let us pray with increasing fervor.

This is enough for a man on his back to write, and perhaps as much as our readers may care to peruse, for we fear that our thoughts must be very prosy, since the mind from which they come is far from being in a lively state. We shall, therefore, draw to a close by quoting the following quaint lines from "Quarles' Divine Fancies," written upon "*The change of weather;*" they argue well the sweet uses of adversity, and therefore suit our state and theme.

*And were it for thy profit to obtain
 All sunshine? No vicissitude of rain?
 Thinkest thou that thy laborious plough requires
 Not winter frosts, as well as summer fires?
 There must be both: sometimes these hearts of ours
 Must have the sweet, the seasonable showers
 Of tears; sometimes, the frost of chill despair
 Makes our desired sunshine seem more fair:
 Weathers that most oppose to flesh and blood,
 Are such as help to make our harvest good;
 We may not choose, great God; it is thy task:
 We know not what to have, nor how to ask.”*

ALABASTER PILLARS.

IN the Cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice — a marvelous *building*, lustrous with an Oriental splendor far beyond description there are pillars said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple; these are of alabaster, a substance firm and durable as granite, and yet transparent, so that the light glows through them. Behold an emblem of what all true pillars of the church should be — firm in their faith, and transparent in their character; men of simple mould, ignorant of tortuous and deceptive ways, and yet men of strong will, not readily to be led aside, or bent from their uprightness! A few such alabaster men we know; may the great Master Builder place more of them in his temple *l* — *From the Note Book of my Travels. C. H. S.*

EDITOR'S HEALTH

STRANGE rumors having been set afloat as to our death, we beg to assure all the world who care about us that we are alive, and hope, by God grace, to be fully at our work in a few days. We consider that we are off the sick list, although not quite entered among the able-bodied soldiers. God be thanked that we, in writing the last part of the magazine, are no longer “*on our back,*” as we were at the beginning. O for a renewal and increase of the divine blessing upon the work to which we are now restored.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AS it is most probable that our esteemed brother, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, will become wholly engaged as our Assistant Pastor, he will have frequent Sabbaths to spare. Ministerial well-wishers to the College, and other church officers, will much aid us if they will invite him to occupy their pulpits on the Sabbath, and make Collections for the Pastor College. Thus substantial aid might be rendered to our work without inconvenience to the donors, and, we trust, with abundant profit to the churches. Our brother cannot preach for any other object, but for this he cheerfully offers himself; and we as willingly spare him. Will friends make this known, and so oblige us P

· Next month we intend giving a large engraving of the Orphanage, as it is to be when completed; and we shall then take the liberty of pressing the bazaar, and urging upon our readers the plan of becoming collectors for the work. We greatly need help for erecting the school-house and dining-hall. We shall have four houses built very soon, and four more will follow, but we have no school for the boys; this will very much embarrass us, and prevent our proceeding as we would. May the God of Israel help us, for we are in this and in the College business in great straits. The very small amount of donations to the Orphanage announced this month is very far from encouraging, and apart from the Weekly Offering, the College fund would be worse. Jehovah-Jireh is, however, asure word.