

217
To Beverley

From her uncle

Dec 12th / 1899.

Awarded to
Master Alex^r Dixon
as a prize for "general pro-
-ficiency" at the examination
of the Fort-Dalhousie School
held April 7th + 8th 1868

D. J. Long
Teacher
--"

REV. DR GUTHRIE'S

ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

1st place in Roman History
1st " " Geography
1st " " Writing
2nd " " Arithmetic

D. J.



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ANECDOTES & STORIES

INCLUDING THE

PLATFORM SAYINGS.

OF THE

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

AUTHOR OF THE "GOSPEL IN EZEKIEL," ETC.

[Ed. 5.]

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND.

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PREFACE.

THE contents of this Volume are the result of the labour of one who has been long inspired with a high admiration of the reverend and amiable Author.

Scattered amongst reported Speeches, extending over a period of some twenty or thirty years, they were, in many instances, difficult to find, and even when found, justice to the high reputation of the Speaker demanded attention to the best and most correct Report.

It may, therefore, truly be said, that while the result as to size bears but a

small proportion to the labour expended upon it, its real value may safely be left to be estimated by its intrinsic merit as a Collection of the characteristic Sayings and Anecdotes of one of the most eloquent Orators of our time.

The task of the Editor in whose hands the Collection has been placed, was comparatively easy, being limited to the supplying of Titles to the Extracts, and to the exercising of his best judgment, that from such an *embarras des richesse*, only the best and most telling passages should be selected from the numerous Speeches which Dr Guthrie has at various times delivered upon almost every Subject.

The Editor does not require to quote the well-known authority of Lord Macaulay,

whose opinion on the right of the public to spoken words is contained in the Preface to his Speeches ; but while his Lordship complained of being incorrectly reported, no objection on that score is applicable to these Sayings, which appeared in all the Public Prints of the day, and their authenticity has never been disputed.

As regards the trouble and labour expended in making this Collection, the Editor may feel himself consoled by the remark of Mr Carlyle, that every one who gives a Book to the Public is a benefactor of Mankind. The ingenious Speaker himself cannot but feel pleased that the various philanthropic Schemes which he has so nobly and eloquently advocated may be benefited by the reproduction of

the spirit of his advocacy in favour of the rights and interests of the poor and the unprotected.

That these "Anecdotes and Stories" have met with public approbation, appears from the fact, that four large Editions have been exhausted, and a fifth is now called for.

The Publishers, in order to make this Work accessible to every class, have resolved to issue it in future in two forms,—first, for the book-shelf, price EIGHTEEN-PENCE; second, for Railway Reading, price ONE SHILLING. The two Editions are identically the same, except as regards the Binding.

LONDON, *January* 1866.

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REV. DR GUTHRIE'S
ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

The Charm for Conjugal Disagreements.

WELL, now, I don't blame either Free Church people or Established Church people. We all know there were some differences at first. We were not angels. If we had been, of course there would have been no disagreement; but we were poor and fallible human beings; and there was a row, you know, and a row always raises a sea. The storm, however, has calmed down. There were faults on both sides; they gave us hard knocks sometimes, and we gave back hard words, when, I believe, we should have held our tongues. We did not go upon that plan the woman adopted, though it was an eminently successful one. There was a woman who went to her minister for advice, and she said, "Dear sir, my life is very miserable."

"Well," said the minister, "what would you have me to do?" "Ah!" says she, "my husband and me don't agree. We quarrel very often. He comes in sometimes tired and ill-tempered, and I fire up. Then we go to it with tooth and nail." "Very well," says the minister, "I can cure that." "Oh, can you, sir? I am so delighted, for I do love my husband when a's come and gone," said she. "It's a certain cure," said the minister, "and will work a charm." "Oh, I am so happy to hear it," says she. "Well," continued the minister, "when your husband comes in from his work fractious and quarrelsome, and says a sharp thing to you, what do you do?" "Oh, I answer back, of course." "Very well," says the minister, "the singular charm is this, whenever your husband comes in and commences to speak sharply, the first thing you do is to run out to the pump, fill your mouth with water, and keep it in for ten minutes." Well, the woman came back to the minister three or four weeks after, and she said, "The Lord bless you, sir, for that's the most wonderful charm I ever heard o'! 'Deed is't."

How would You Like it Yourself?

There was a gentleman, the other day, questioning me about my opinions in regard to slavery. Now, in reply, I asked this man, how he would like that it should be done to himself, his wife, and children, as was done to the slaves. I told him he would look strange, if, on Saturday, he should see in the *North British Advertiser*, that Mrs So-and-So, and so many children, were to be sold—that his wife was to be put up for a thousand dollars, and that his children, weighed in a balance, were to be sold at so much per pound.

A Good Remark.

I heard a good thing said one day. A fellow, pointing to a dram shop, said to his friend, "Eh, Tam," says he, "there's a place whaur ye'll get a raving headache for tip-pence."

A Gaelic Scholar.

I recommend those who have never seen Skye, to go and see it as soon as possible. It

is said that everybody should see Switzerland before he dies, because, in looking on its glorious sun, he will feel emotions to which before he was a stranger, and will see God's glory in a new light. As it has been said, you hear God's voice in the roar of Niagara, and you see His hand in the mountains of Switzerland. Now, much as I admire Switzerland, I cannot help thinking that the scenery in Skye is in some respects not behind Switzerland, and in some respects it is before it. The scenery of Skye produced emotions in my mind which even the scenery in Switzerland did not produce. No doubt, in point of altitude and magnitude, the mountains in Skye are not for a moment to be compared to those of Switzerland. There is the hill of Sguir-nan-Gillean—but I don't pretend to speak Gaelic; and I must guard myself against a similar blunder to that which was on one occasion committed by Dr Begg. He is a bold man, my friend Dr Begg and he was not content to tell his assembly at Inverness, in plain Saxon, what he had to announce, but would quote Gaelic, and so he gave a sentence in Gaelic, in which he intended to intimate that a sermon would be preached in a certain

place; but in his boldness and ignorance of the proper idiom of the Gaelic tongue, to the infinite amazement of the Highlanders of Inverness, gave out that the sermon was to be six hours long!

An Argument for Snuff.

You have no idea how money grows. It grows better than even corn and trees, if you could just save £1 a-year. But I hear one man say, how can I save £1 a-year? I will tell him, he may save it off tobacco. I find that the great mass of working men use tobacco, and I cannot say that I object to its use when it can be afforded. I do not go so far as my teetotal friends, and when they urge objections against it, my answer is, Did you ever hear of a man cutting his wife's throat because he snuffs.

An Incident in War.

I shall relate an incident that happened in the Peninsula. Our troops, borne back by

the superior force of the enemy, hastened to place a river between them. The last of the men had swam the stream. The bugles were sounding, and the army was about to march over the high ground, when, looking across to the opposite bank, already occupied by the French sharpshooters, they saw a woman. She was the wife of a common soldier. She had been left behind, and was holding out her arms in apparent dumb appeal, for her voice was lost in the roar of the flood and the sound of the rattling musketry. What was to be done? Who will venture across for the common soldier's wife? Suddenly the ranks opened, and out came an officer. He rode with his horse into the flood, and many a rifle was levelled at his gallant head; he stemmed the stream, and passed across amidst a very shower of bullets. He reached the shore, swung the woman on his saddle-bow, turned his horse's head to the stream, and dashed into that ride of death. But those who were our enemies then, and are our allies now—a gallant and generous nation—saw why he had come, and not a musket was again levelled at him. They cheered him on in his progress, and the cheers were echoed from the British lines as he passed

over safely with that living trophy of his noble gallantry. That man was sent there to kill, but he had another mission also to save; and so, when we are compelled by dire necessity to destroy God's image on those who compose the hurdles of a despotic tyrant, let us do what in us lies to imprint God's image on the minds and hearts of those wretched children at home, and while stretching one arm across the Atlantic to break the bonds of the slave, and another across Europe to break the yoke of the despot, let us, by reclaiming our outcasts at home, leave the slave proprietor of the west and the tyrant of the east no more occasion to say to us, "Physician, heal thyself."

An Interdict Contradict.

I have had enough of fighting in my day. I thought I was done with it. I look upon it as a serious calamity when the civil and church courts come into collision. We may come to yield to what we think wrong in civil matters, but we cannot yield to what we think wrong in spiritual matters. I have no desire to be placed in the position I was in before,

when, in going to preach at Strathbogie, I was met by an interdict from the Court of Session, an interdict to which, as regards civil matters, I gave implicit obedience. The better day the better deed, it is said; and on the Lord's day, when I was preparing for Divine service, in came a servant of the law, and handed me an interdict. I told him he had done his duty, and I would do mine. I was present with Dr Cunningham and Dr Candlish in the Court of Session, and saw the presbytery of Dunkeld brought to the bar for breach of interdict, and I heard the Lord President of the Court of Session say, that on the next occasion when the ministers broke an interdict, they would be visited with all the penalties of the law. The penalties of the law were to get lodgings free gratis in the Calton jail. That was my position on that Sabbath morning. That interdict forbade me, under the penalty of the Calton-hill jail, to preach the gospel in the parish church of Strathbogie. I said the parish churches are stone and lime, and belong to the State. I will not preach there. It forbade me to preach the gospel in the school-houses. I said the school-houses are stone and lime, and belong to the State. I will not preach there. It

forbade me to preach in the church-yard. I said the dust of the dead is the State's. I will not preach there. But when those Lords of Session forbade me to preach my Master's blessed gospel, and offer salvation to sinners, anywhere in that district under the arch of heaven, I put the interdict under my foot, and I preached the gospel. I defied them to punish me, and I have not been punished down to this day.

Ornamented Churches.

I am one of those who think a church should be ornamented. Ha! you will say, what has the house of God to do with ornament. My answer to that is this: Go to your mountains, and pick me up a flower that is not an ornament. God never made a thing that was not beautiful. Up in yon great Exhibition, what are your beauties there but poor imitations of the Divine work. The finest loom the most ingenious man ever made, never wove a carpet such as I see at Lochlee, the Highland glen where I spend two months in the year. The fairest

work ever man made is not to be compared with the simple lily, with the blushing rose, or with the golden broom. Yes, God has poured beauty on everything He has made; and I say it is a right and proper thing, that the house of God should not offend the taste that God has given me. I don't believe there is any sin in beauty, and neither do I believe there is any holiness in ugliness.

Beggars and Mosquitoes.

Referring to Mr Cumming's remarks on juvenile vagrancy, I stand now on this platform, and challenge the whole world to deny that we have cleared the streets of these juvenile beggars. When I was in Venice lately, there had not been a shower for four months, and the mosquitoes, as well as the Austrian police, were very troublesome. I was much annoyed by both. In fact, it is a wonder to see me here at all, for I was very nearly laid up by them, for they treated me like a brute, whereas I taught them I was a Briton. Then, besides the Austrian police, my friends were devoured by the mosquitoes; but I said the mosquitoes

of Venice were never so bad as the juvenile beggars of Edinburgh were when we began our Ragged School. They came up in crowds every morning from the Cowgate and the Grass-market, and swarmed around, and bled the people right and left with a dexterity that beat any mosquito or leech ever heard tell of.

An Angel.

I will now tell you what I saw in London. I went away to the darkest, most ragged, most wretched district of London—dark and dingy save where the glare of what are called the gin palaces of London throws light on the dark wynds of prostitutes and haunts of robbers. I was accompanied by two gentlemen. We at last reached a dark dingy building. I mounted the trap stair, which led to a place about half as large as this church, and I found myself in the strangest scene of misery, woe, crime, wretchedness, and guilt I ever saw. That place was fitted up as a refuge for houseless women; that is, a refuge for women who have no place to lay their heads on save on the cold stone steps of a door. Here were

found a fire, a couch, and a roof to cover them. There were not fewer than forty or fifty of them there. Many of them had retired to their couches. They were ranged up along the wall. There was laid on the floor a piece of wood with a coverlet. I never saw such countenances where vice and guilt stared at you. Altogether it was a scene of misery. Now, who was there? In the middle of the room stood a table; on that table lay a Bible, out of which these poor wretched outcasts heard the word of God, and by that table stood a woman, or I might say an angel. She had left father and mother, brothers and sisters, and came to be the mother, the sister, the physician, and the friend of those wretched outcasts for whom no one cared.

Clever Urchins.

And they are clever fellows, some of these boys. They are, as we say, real clever. There are some excellent specimens among them. For example, I remember walking along the street we call Hanover Street, when an old lady was going toddling along on her old limbs,

with a huge umbrella in her hand. A little urchin came up who had no cap on his head, but plenty of brains within; no shoes on his feet, but a great deal of understanding for all that. Very well, I saw him fix upon that venerable old lady to be operated upon, and my friend beside me, Dr Bell, never, I will venture to say, performed an operation with half the dexterity with which that boy skinned that old lady. He went up and appealed to her for charity. She gave him a grunt. He went up again, she gave him a poke. He saw there was no chance of getting at her through her philanthropy, and he thought to get at her purse through her selfishness, so he pulled up his sleeve to his elbow—his yellow, skinny elbow—and running up, he cried out to her, displaying the limb, and exhibiting his rags and woeful face, “Jist oot o’ the Infirmary wi’ the typhus fever, mam.” I never saw such an electrical effect. The old lady put her hand to the very bottom of her pocket, and taking out a shilling, thrust it into his hand and ran away.

*The Difference between Starving the Body and
Starving the Soul.*

Why does the State take care that the child of every mill-spinner should be taught, and punish the party for neglecting it, and not take the same care of the children of the Grass-market and the Cowgate? The law does not allow a man to starve his child; it is very cruel, it may be said, to starve the body; very cruel, it is true, and the State interferes with the liberty of the subject there. But if it is right in the law to compel the parent to feed his child's body, is it right in that law to allow him to starve his child's soul? Suppose the law did not compel him to feed his child's body, death would step in, and relieve society of the evil there; but if it does not compel him to feed the child's mind, what happens? The untaught child in nine cases out of ten becomes a burden, a nuisance, and a danger to the State

The Effect of War on Civilization.

Truly it may be said, "The eyes of the fool

are in the ends of the earth." There are many things at home to touch our honour. There is drunkenness, and there is ignorance, far more formidable enemies to our country than Pope or Czar. I am not a coward; for if an enemy were in sight, I think I would be down on Leith Sands as soon as any of you; but I have an abhorrence of war; and I wish only that those who speak so much about it only knew a little about it. I am thoroughly convinced that if this country were to go to war, it would put a spoke in the wheel in every social improvement in Great Britain. As in the case of the last war, there would be nothing spoken about but war. I wish newspaper men and speechifiers would remember that the national honour is concerned in other matters than those at a distance. There is nothing I pray for more earnestly, than that God would preserve this country in peace. Our ragged schools, our mechanics' institutions, our apprentice schools, and four-fifths of our beneficent schemes have grown up in fields of peace; they cannot grow amidst the smoke of cannon; they will die if watered with streams of human blood.

A Successful Bazaar.

I am thankful to say our bazaar was supported by all classes and by all parties in the country. On the list of lady patrons we had nearly an abridged edition of Burke's Peerage, and on the lists of ladies receiving goods there were of them from all Protestant denominations; and then there were subscriptions from all classes and all mansions, from the ducal palace down to the lowest cottage in the land. Poets strung their lyres, painters seized their brushes, captains of the navy made sketches, captains of the army gave music, with which they marched to victory, and music herself tuned her notes into the best of all notes—bank notes. The result of all this was, that at the end of the sale I counted the proceeds, which yielded a clear profit of £1200, and I can assure you that, on that occasion I sat on the ottoman, the gift of Mr Purdie, with much more ease than the grand Sultan of Turkey sits on his dais.

A Bed of Down.

As to the miserable condition in which the

recipients of our bounty in Ramsay Lane are often placed, I will state, on the authority of Mr Tod, the superintendent of the school, that recently, when measles had broken out among the children, it was found that out of fifty-five cases there were only two of these that had the advantage of a bed, all the other fifty-three poor miserable little creatures lay in their affliction upon the naked floor. I appeal to you whether such a fact as this is not one that ought to awaken your kindest sympathies on behalf of these unhappy creatures. To show the ignorance of the pupils as to the luxury of a bed, I may mention an anecdote of one of the boys, who, on coming in his lesson to the words, Bed of *down*, said, "Ah, that's a bed on the floor."

A Reversal of Order.

In the disposition of public money it has hitherto been the custom to call in first the University of Oxford, to call in the College of Edinburgh, to call in the Free Church, to call in this body, and to call in that, and, last of all, to call in the Ragged School; but now I trust

the order will be in the words of Scripture, that the first shall be the last, and the last first, so that it will be they that need the money most that get it, not those who need it least.

The Way to Smooth Differences.

I think I see an omen that brighter days are in store for Scotland in times to come than she has seen in the times that are past. We sometimes hear of fulminations; and Dr Harper has told us it is all sheet lightning. We are told that we are composed of very heterogeneous materials, that the only *vinculum*—a very learned word—which binds us together is antipathy to the Established Church. I do not know whether we are heterogeneous materials or not. There is no doubt of this, and I don't conceal it, that on some points connected with education, with the details of it—some people will say principles, I say points—that on some of these points there are differences of opinion among those on this platform; but it appears to me, that if others would speak out as honestly as we do, there would be found differences of opinion among them too. No

matter what the subject is, there are some men who can't unite or co-operate unless you drive them into a corner and bring them to what they call a logical conclusion. I'll tell you what, and you know it as well as I do, that on all points we will never be agreed till we are in a better church than any here below. Is that a reason why we should not act together, because there may be differences of opinion among us? Just think of the roses on a bush kicking up a row because they are not all painted alike. Just think of the planets resolving that they won't go round the sun because they have not the same weight or the same orbit. When is this going to end? It would destroy all nature. And if people refuse to act together for God's glory and for a good cause, for the reason that in all points they do not think alike, it will not be so much the dividing of the church into sections as it will be the dividing of the blessed robe of Christ into separate threads; we would all be reduced to the condition of an excellent and learned man in Edinburgh, who could agree in worship with nobody but his own house-keeper, and who, when his housekeeper died, was left alone in the world. Now, if I asked what I am going to do with men who won't

agree with us, I just say, that I will try to remove their difficulties, I will just get up the steam of love, of zeal, and charitable affection, till I get a pressure of fifty pounds to every square inch on my brother, and he goes over the difficulty like a railway train.

The Wisdom of Rowland Hill.

I have always admired the wisdom of Rowland Hill. And what did he do on one occasion when summoned to the death-bed of a lady belonging to the Church of England? Among other things for which this pious woman gave thanks to God was, that she had all her days been kept from the company "of those methodists." What was Rowland to do? He did a most wise and sensible thing, the very thing I would be disposed to do in similar circumstances. He did not tell her that she was wrong; no, he said to himself, "She will be in the kingdom of heaven in half-an-hour, and she will find out her mistake there."

A Supposed Battery.

As there may be some members of the Established Church here, I wish to say, that I wash my hands clean of the most absurd, most unreasonable, and most unfounded charge that has been brought against some of us, as if the only reason that brought me and others to the platform was to erect a battery, Lord Panmure being behind the guns, for the destruction of the Established Church. That is the greatest mistake in the world.

A Challenge.

If any man, let him be who he may, dares to stand up in a public court, or anywhere else in this country, and talks of me as a man destitute of common honesty, I challenge him to bring forward the records of the church courts, to bring forward the votes of assembly, synods, and presbyteries, and bring forward the history of the last fifteen years. Let him erect a standard of honesty, and I will go up and measure myself with him any day he chooses. I de-

sire to make no charge against other ministers, and I say, let them make none against me. They had better "let that flea stick to the wa'," and "let sleeping dogs lie."

The Lid of the Tankard.

I would appeal to you to adopt a different policy from that of yielding nothing. At the time of the Disruption a certain party would yield nothing. At the University Bill time they would yield nothing; and, at this time [of the Education Bill] they will yield nothing. There was a very sagacious man in this city, perhaps the most sagacious of all the citizens, I mean the late Sir James Gibson-Craig, who, on one occasion, was dealing with a gentleman who insisted on his having the last rights of law. Sir James advised him to yield a little. The man said he would not yield a straw. Sir James urged him, but he was obstinate. "Well, then, let me tell you," said Sir James, "that the man who will have the last right and the last word at law, is very like the man who will have the last drop in the tankard, he has the chance of getting the lid down on his

nose." Now, if my friends in the Established Church would just hear me—for I know there are many sensible men among them—I would say that, at the time of the Disruption down came the lid; at the time of the University Bill they would have the last drop, and smash came the lid; and now [the Parish School Bill] that they would have the last drop again, let them take care that the lid does not only hit them on the nose, but that it does not hit it off altogether.

A Wise Foundation.

From the First Book of Discipline I find that one of the first things John Knox set himself to was the matter of schools. He provided that there should be in every large town in Scotland a college, in every notable town a grammar school, and in every parish a common school. Ay, and still more—and in this I have always been a follower of John Knox, and intend to be so to the end of the chapter—John Knox goes on to say, that no parent, whoever he may be, whether a dealer in rags in the Cowgate, or whether a laird or a duke, “that no parent, of whatever station he might,

be allowed to train up his children according to his own fantasy, but that he should be compelled to give his children an education in virtue and learning."

Both Best.

I believe there are a few who hope that by casting out of education religion, they will infidelise the conscience of the people. I hope they are few. There may be also a few who, practically speaking, may be ready to sacrifice religion for any or for every other object. I am, however, bound to say in favour of those who are secularists, that there are many among them who, to my own knowledge, are as devout as any man on this platform. I am bound to say this in justice to them, that they believe that religion would be better taught in the houses of the people than at school, and, therefore, they would roll the whole responsibility of this over upon the pastors and parents. I don't agree with them in this, it is true; but if you ask me whether I believe the religion taught at home or in the school is the best, I would at once answer, The religion taught at

home. But if this were a good reason why we should have no schools with religion taught in them, it is just as good a reason why we should have neither churches nor pulpits; and if you ask me whether it is best to have religion taught in the school or religion taught in the parental home, I say with the man, Why, both are best.

Religion a Necessity of the People.

I appeal to the country ministers on the platform, and I would put it to them, if among the young communicants who came to them, they do not find many, very many, nine-tenths of them indeed, who owe their knowledge of the Bible to the tuition they have received in the common schools of the country. That at least is my experience. I am not a Voluntary, I am a Free Church man; perhaps I may be a Voluntary by-and-by, and perhaps the Voluntaries may be Established Church folks by-and-by; with this I have nothing to do. I would have no objections myself that religion should be in the bill, but then I don't care whether it is or not, for I am sure it will be in the school.

The Philosophy of the Fitness of Things.

I hold it to be the greatest delusion that ever entered the brain of a man, to attack the management of a school, and utterly shut out religion. How are you going to teach morality? Suppose a boy picks the pocket of his neighbour of an apple or a marble, how is he to be taught that he has done wrong? Just fancy some dominie pulling up the shock-headed urchin, a lubberly laddie, who has committed the offence. Religion must be excluded, the Bible shut, and the dominie is driven to address a learned discourse to the boy on the congruity and fitness of things. That will do him a world of good! As to the congruity, the boy knows nothing about it, and as to the fitness of things, why, he thinks that they fit remarkably well. The apple fits his mouth, and the marble his fingers. It is perfect absurdity. Ah, they know little of the heart of man, and they know little about a boy's heart, if they don't know this, that the only way of reaching a child's conscience, and the only way of reaching a child's heart is, as our excellent friend, Mr Black, said the other day, to tell him, "Thou, God, seest me;" "Thou

shalt not steal;" "Thou bleeding Lord, the best morality is love of Thee."

Empty Kirks and Schools.

I have heard of kirks where so few sat that you might drive a cart-load of whins through them, and it would not job a living soul; but these kirks would be entirely eclipsed by any secular schools if they were attempted in Scotland.

Two Kinds of Diets.

I was seven years in the parish of Arbirlot, and while I believe I was just as attentive as my neighbours, I do not recollect of being three times in the parish school, though it was next door to me, except on those occasions, once a-year, when the presbytery committee came to examine the parish school. The truth is, though I do not like to use a harsh expression—perhaps they are a great deal better since we left them—that presbyterial supervision was very much a decent sham. To be sure, if there was any old schoolmaster

among the parish ministers, he pricked up his ears like an old hunter when he hears the sound of the horn; but as for the rest of us, who were not accustomed with it, to sit for weary hours hearing *A-b, ab—B-o, bo*, was the drierest business I ever had to do with. And well do I remember to have seen how often the watches were pulled out to see how the time went, and the truth is, if the diet of examination had not been followed by another kind of diet at the manse—a committee dinner and a social crack with the brethren—there would have been very few at the diet of examination.

The Old Parish Dominies.

As to the laudation about schoolmasters, it is really worth reading. Dr Muir “looked on these gentlemen as scholars, and as most exemplary individuals, and as animated by the feelings of honourable men and gentlemen.” Now I say that is quite true of many of them. I have the greatest respect for country schoolmasters; but it is a notorious fact, that in consequence of the Established Church having no power of putting out unfit and inefficient

schoolmasters, many of them are inefficient. I have known the most daidling bodies in the world in these schools. I once knew a daft creature in a parish school wearing a beard as long as that [measuring nearly a yard,] and I know a case of one who was a parish schoolmaster for thirty years, the very greatest drunkard in his own parish, or in half-a-dozen round about him, and he died a parish schoolmaster.

How the Old Dominics were Estimated.

To shew the estimate the people had of the schoolmasters of the olden time, I will tell you of a remarkable man in my own native parish, Mr Linton, teacher of the grammar school. An honest man came to him one day with a "halffin," a long empty chap, who had taken it into his head that he would have some little learning. The father said, "Oh, Mr Linton, you see my laddie's fond o' lear. I'm thinkin' o' making a scholar o' him." "Oh," said Mr Linton, looking at him, and not seeing any sign that there was much in him, "what are you to make of him?" "You see, Mr Linton,"

rejoined the father—and it showed how sound the old Scotchman was—“if he gets grace, we’ll mak’ a minister o’ him.” “Oh, but,” says Mr Linton, “if he does not get grace, what will you make of him then?” “Weel, in that case,” said the parent, “if he disna get grace, we’ll just mak’ a dominie o’ him.”

A Happy Family.

You may not get the old stagers to unite on a system of education. You will not get the old branches of the tree to unite; but take the young branches, and twist and twine them together, and they will be uniting before another summer is gone. I have no hope of those old stagers, but I have great hope of the children. It is wonderful what you may do if you get the young to agree together. I saw a happy family the last time I was in London; animals of the most antagonistic natures lying together in peace, because they had been put together when young, and fed, bred, and nursed together. I saw the mavis sleeping under the wing of the hawk; and I saw an old, grave, reverend owl looking down most com-

placently on a little mouse, and, with the restless activity of his species, a monkey sitting on a branch, scratching his head—for an idea, I presume—and then reaching down his long arm and seizing a big rat on the floor, and lifting it into his breast, and dandling it like a baby. This is what early training will do. I just put it to you: Suppose these animals had been brought up in the denominational system, if they had been brought up in the sectarian system, and then brought together in one place, what a row there would have been.

A Bright Union.

Get our children bred, nursed, trained, and brought up to learn Divine truth, and I tell you, it will prevent them contracting the rust and dust that hangs about too many of the sick, and then, when the dust is rubbed off, these sects will be like the different globules of purified quicksilver; when brought into contact, they will run into one shining mass.

Sectarian Points Disappear to the Dying.

Give me a common education, the different denominations working together in one common good cause. Give me this, as Dr Chalmers used to say, and it will sweeten the breath of society and soften the asperity of the violent speech, and, I may say, the uncharitableness of which we have heard of late too much from the people of all parties, especially from the clergy. I have extremely regretted the strong language which has been used. I do not think I have used such language myself; but when I read the reports of some of those meetings where men have brought into the question the artillery of their prejudices and passions, and when afterwards I have walked down the High Street, or some such part of the city, I must say I have felt my indignation burning within me in a way I found difficult to express. Why, what are those points about which they make such wrangling as has deafened the ears of the people, to those wretched, naked, unwashed, unshorn, uncared-for, lost, perishing, doomed children, that crowd the streets and lanes—what are these points to them? My disturbing points

will look little enough when I am lying on a bed of death; and my disturbing points look little too when I go down among my poor fellow-creatures; and sure I am, that if some of my friends would come with me, and spend one short forenoon in these places where I have been till my heart has been like to break, and I could hardly eat the bread on my own table, it would make them ready to agree almost to anything.

Promise and Performance.

We all know that the emptier any instrument is, it sounds the louder. The drum can be heard for miles away, and as for the skirling bagpipes, they can be heard at the distance of half a glen. I do not care much for violent and extreme men. They are seldom worth attending to; and it is well known that some of them who were the loudest and most violent in the Non-Intrusion controversy, drew back at the Disruption. One worthy man, for example, in the view of the Disruption, said, if he invited any persons to his house, they would

get for their dinner a salt herring and a potato, and yet my friend of the salt herring and the potato is at this moment flourishing upon the very fat of the Establishment. I have never said so atrocious a thing as another minister said, that the only way to settle the Non-Intrusion question was to have a horizontal pole sticking upon an upright one, and to hang the seven judges on the one, and the seven ministers of Strathbogie on the other. And what is more, I never promised, if I did not come out, to lay my head on the block. I was never such a blockhead as say anything of the kind. These three great speakers, however, instead of going out, remained in, and one worthy gentleman has his head upon his shoulders yet, though his people provided him with a block and an axe the morning after the Disruption; and, what was very wonderful, he would not make any use of them. What was the worth of his head, he knew best himself.

Burnt Bairns Dread the Fire.

I hope parties will take care this time [1854] as to who gives them information about Scotland. Let them remember who gave them

information in 1843, and who led them on the ice then. I don't say whether it was for the good of the country or not, that they were led upon the ice then; but I must tell them, they are now dealing with the very same men who made them then believe, that of five hundred ministers, not fifteen of them would come out. I do not enter into the merits of the controversy, but I am mistaken if Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham did not add their illustrious names to the illustrious list of illustrious men who have realised the old proverb, "Burnt bairns dread the fire."

A Canny Advice.

As to the different views regarding the bill [for education] entertained by different bodies, and the empty cries that are roused against it, all of which I hope Parliament will disregard, and will consider only, whether this bill is or is not contrary to the Word of God and the good of society—to each and all of these religious bodies, beginning with the Free Church, I will give the advice tendered to an honourable Baronet. When Sir John Sinclair

was chosen member of parliament for his native county, a man came up to him and said, "Noo, maister George, I'll gie ye an advice. They've made ye a parliament man, and my advice to you is, Be ye aye tak takin' what ye can get, and aye seek seekin' till ye get mair."

The Two Springs of the Machinery.

The other day I had the honour of conducting a distinguished member of parliament through our School, along with Mr Thackeray, and I was very much struck with the way in which that gentleman condensed the whole of our machinery, as it were, into two words. Turning to Mr Thackeray, he said, "This is an agreeable sight." Mr Thackeray replied, it was the finest sight in Edinburgh, the most touching sight he ever saw. The other gentleman then remarked, "I see where the whole power of this Ragged School lies. It is, first, in the food; and secondly, in the twelve hours daily in the school." In these two things you have the whole secret of our machinery.

The Expense Saved.

The Lord Advocate says that the expense of a criminal to the country, on an average, cannot be less than £300. It is a simple question of arithmetic. We have sent [1842] 216 of our children to employments. Suppose that 30 of these have not done well, then multiply the remaining 186 by 300, and you have the expense these would have cost the country,—between £50,000 and £60,000.

The True Characteristic of the Ragged School.

You will observe that the peculiarity, if it can be called such, of our Schools, is this; I claim a right to feed the child I take from the street. I feed, I clothe, I house, and I educate him. I stand up for my right to teach that child what I believe to be God's truth, and I say I cannot consent that that child, because its parents were in error, shall be brought up in error also. I hold it to be a piece of tyranny in any man to insist that I shall educate the child I adopt in the errors of his parent, because he happens to be baptized in a particular church. I

would shut the door of the Ragged School in Ramsay Lane in the face of a priest with as little hesitation as I would shut against him the door of my house in Lauriston Lane. I leave other parties, however, to do good in their own way. I rejoice that they are doing, so far as they are doing good, but I wish the public to understand that the principle of our Schools is this, that we hold ours to be *in loco parentis* to the children; and believing as we do that *their* souls will be required of us, we consider ourselves bound to teach them God's truth. I wish to live in a brotherly way with all men; but I dare not close God's blessed word against any sinful fallen creature whatever. To the principles of an open Bible we must adhere; I will never consent to let that go out of sight; I will never consent to take that flag from the mast-head, whether in storm or in calm.

A Difference.

Though I agree with Mr Hope in many things, I differ from him in regard to his views on teetotalism, as I could not condemn the use of stimulants on the grounds he does. I ab-

stain myself, unless I may use them in the way of Timothy, for I have to take a little wine for my stomach's sake. I do not agree with Mr Hope, inasmuch as he denounces my snuff-box as much as he denounces a bottle of whisky.

A Resolution.

I do not see why this should not take place, that when the hour of six o'clock has struck, it should witness every man amongst us leaving his place of toil; and if God spare me health and strength, the next blow I intend to strike, is at that system which shuts up these young men.

Labour, Labour.

I would remind you that there is no royal road to knowledge; all must work to learn knowledge as well as to learn trades; learning is only to be got by work; and you may think me rather professional, but I will give you an illustration how difficulties are got over by hard perseverance. A minister who had got no memory, was asked how he was able to get

his sermons by heart. "Why," says he, "I just sit down doggedly to it." The young men who attend these schools [Apprentice Schools] must just do the same; for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "it is not given to man to attain excellence in any thing but as the effect of labour." Some young men believe they have genius; but I believe every man of genius on this platform will agree with me, that the finest genius is like the richest soil; if you do not manure it, it will run out. If knowledge cannot accumulate in the mind, a man will soon find himself at the end of his thread.

A Curious Mean.

I knew a young girl who was forced to resort to begging for a livelihood, but who employed part of the money she received in that way to pay for education at an evening school, and who now occupies a respectable sphere in society, in consequence of the lessons she received in that place.

A Victory.

On one form I saw the grey head of the grandfather and the yellow locks of the granddaughter almost mix, as the two pored over the same Bible; and when the venerable parent stood up to be examined, the reverend principal observed the child begin to cry. On asking her the cause, she exclaimed, "I have trappit grandfaither, and he winna let me up."

Experiments.

Hitherto these Schools [Ragged] have been in a certain sense an experiment. As my friend Dr Gregory no doubt knows, experiments are not always very safe. I have had a salutary fear of experiments ever since, when studying under Dr Hope, I was on one occasion making phosphorated hydrogen in a glass retort. When I was admiring the bells as they rose on the surface, and was in the very act of exclaiming "How beautiful!" off it went with a horrible explosion, discharging a shower of acid and water, and iron filings, and blazing phosphoru

over me. I am uncommonly happy, however, to say, that our experiment has been attended with no such results, with the exception, perhaps, of a small explosion which took place here some years ago, and blew off some of our most respected friends, carrying them clear over the Nor' Loch, and landing them in South Gray's Close [the United School,] in the arms of Mother Church.

An Amiable Tiger.

I recollect my friend Miss Lockhart and I were sitting, engaged in the discussion of Ragged School matters, when in comes a tiger, not of a menagerie, not out of a menagerie, not such a tiger as that, but a big five-foot-high tiger, with a salver,—a very pretty tiger, a most gentle tiger, a most well-bred tiger, for he made a bow like a dancing master when he came in, and then stood erect as a sentinel presenting arms to the Secretary-at-War. You may imagine how delighted I was, when I found that this page had been a Ragged School boy, but now no more like what he was before than a painted butterfly is like a kail-worm. This boy had

been taken into the service of two ladies, who will pardon me, I hope, for mentioning their names, the Misses Borthwick of Crookston. They took him from the Ragged School, and I found him one who could appreciate kindness, for he spoke to me in the most feeling terms of the manner in which he had been treated.

A Ragged School Corydon.

One day I was asked to come down stairs, when I found some girls who were about to be sent out to the colonies by the Society established for that purpose. They had got over the fears they once entertained on the subject, and were about to proceed to a foreign shore. Along with the girls I saw a boy, the brother of one of them, who had come to Edinburgh to bid her farewell and commit her to the care of God. He was a remarkably fine-looking lad, a pretty shepherd boy. He looked as if he had never snuffed the smoke of Edinburgh before. You may fancy, when I saw him standing before me, a plaid across his breast, a bonnet on his head, long yellow locks flowing over his shoulders, shoes on his feet, fitted to stand the wear of the

heather, and in his hand a shepherd's staff, and two as pretty roses blooming in his cheeks as you ever saw—you may imagine how my heart leapt with joy when I was told, "That's one of your Ragged School boys."

A Hunt.

I had a letter from a lady, withdrawing her subscription to our Ragged Schools, because, as she said, they were so flourishing. If I knew who this good lady is, I would hunt her through the town with a pack of beggar boys until she ran to earth at the subscription box of the Ragged School.

A Reflection.

Keeping out of view the depravity of human nature which is common to all, these children are very much what you choose to make them. The soul of that ragged boy or girl is like a mirror. Frown upon it, and it frowns on you; look at it with suspicion, and it eyes you in the same manner. Lift your arm to strike, and there is an arm lifted against you. Turn your

back, and it turns its back on you. Turn round and give it a smile, and it smiles again in return. It will give smile for smile, kindness for kindness.

An Apt Quotation.

I might address this meeting [held for a beneficent object] in the words of Pope, on an occasion when he made a speech to a field of corn: "God give us your ears, and we will never want food."

A Transformation.

We have thus seen how the children [of the Ragged School] are disposed of. Now I will glance at what they are made of. I have seen heaps of filthy rags, such as may be cast off by a vagrant, received by the man of science and art, and turned into a creamy pulp, and afterwards manufactured into a fabric as white as snow, destined to receive from the pen the words of wisdom and of knowledge, and to carry man's thoughts abroad over the wide

world. And so it is with these unhappy children. They were the raw material, and by-and-by you will see the fabric we make out of it.

A Certain Amount of Knowledge.

Nothing has surprised me more than the attainments of some of the pupils in geography; indeed they know far more about it than I do myself, or was ever taught at school; and I almost venture to say that some of these little fellows could steer you along the coast of the White Sea, or carry you safely through the Adriatic Gulf. And as for general knowledge, I am quite prepared to take a dozen or two of these Ragged scholars before the directors of the New Academy, and pitch my Ragged fellows against their pupils, and they will beat them hollow any day they choose. I myself have some knowledge of banking among other things; and I find they have little less, for they can give you the per-centage they ought to have on a pound's worth of spunks, and the exact commission they should receive on twenty shillings' worth of sticks.

Half-Learned Artisans.

I was very much taken, like many ignorant people, with the fine idea of making these Ragged School children cobblers, weavers, and shoemakers, and staymakers, and every other kind of makers, until I met with a man of great practical understanding and good sense in this city, who told me that the last man he would take into his bootmaking establishment was just a lad who has half-learned his trade. The chap gets conceited, and fancies he can do the thing, and will listen to neither rhyme nor reason about his ignorance; and the truth is, that to make an ill-taught workman a good one, is just as difficult as what I have sometimes attempted to do, to make an old sermon a new one. The best thing is to put it into the fire.

A Large Present.

If you ask me what class of society has done best [in contributions,] Established, Free Church, or Episcopalian, it would be hard for me to tell. There is a venerable lady at the head of a noble family, who sent me a most kind letter,

wishing, besides giving a subscription, to be put down as an annual subscriber; and on the back of this comes a poor Highlander on his way to Australia, to find bread in a distant land he could not find in the land of his fathers, and before he set his foot on the emigrant ship, singing "Lochaber no more," this man, out of his hard-earned and ill-to-be-spared money, gives a gift to the poor children of the Ragged School. Then there is, on the one hand, another noble lady, who has set her wits a-working, and set up for their benefit charity boxes at the different railway stations; and, on the other, we have the produce of the milk-maid's labours—the pennies she has lured from her fellow-servants and companions for a "read" of one of my Pleas. Then we have England, with her usual generosity, coming to our help. We have money from Constantinople, from India, amid all its din and war, pouring its riches into our treasury. Turning to the north, we have gifts from the Orkneys in the shape of contributions from the Sabbath-school scholars of Kirkwall. I do not despair of Shetland, and I even wouldn't wonder were I to get a whale from the Esquimaux!

A Gratifying Letter.

I have received a most gratifying letter from Francis Jeffrey, one clause of which is to this effect:—"I have expressed my high approbation of your scheme [Ragged Schools.] If I were young enough to have a chance of tracing his progress to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation; but as it is, I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find for him a better superintendent, and for that purpose I enclose you a draft for fifty pounds."

State of Education in England.

The present state of matters [1847] in regard to education in England, is a very deplorable one; and in proof of this, I may refer to the fact, that I came down from England last year with a clergyman belonging to the English Church, who told me that he was sure that in his present charge there were not five individuals who could write. While, therefore, the Puseyites might think that this scheme [Government Scheme of 1847] would work well for

themselves, it would, in reality, work their own ruin; for the real strength of Puseyism and Popery lies in the ignorance of the people, and their incapability to think.

The Three R's.

I wish to say that, having had perhaps better opportunities of knowing and understanding the people of Scotland than many present, I would just beg my brethren to bear in mind what Dr Candlish has said, that there is a broad distinction made by the people of Scotland between the principles that apply to the church and those which apply to the school. The people of Scotland never have confounded, and I hope never will confound the preceptor with the preacher. It is not to the school they look for the religious and pious education of their children. They look for this to the parents, to the teachers of the Sabbath School, and to the pulpit of the church. I have often had occasion to see that the people of Scotland attach the greatest importance to the master of the school in regard to secular education. This is the feeling of the people, and it would not be easily

changed. Be his creed and the church to which he belongs what they might, the teacher who is the most expert at teaching the common branches of education, is the man above all others to whom the people will send their children. I could give sufficient instances of this, were it necessary. I have known them to prefer a poacher to a preacher, just because he brought on the children faster in what they call the three R's—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic.

Worship of, and not Worship with.

We find an Episcopalian who will not worship in a Presbyterian Church. We find a Free Churchman who turns his back upon the Establishment, and I know an excellent Old Light Burgher who almost worshipped Dr Chalmers, but who would not worship *with* him.

An Example of Modern Tent Preaching.

It was resolved that on the Sabbath I should preach twice on the high road to Canobie [where the people had been refused a site for a church,]

and in the evening here [Langholm,] and here also on Monday night, and in this way I would be able to leave this for home on Tuesday. Well wrapped up, I drove out yesterday morning to Canobie, the hills white with snow, the roads covered ankle-deep in many parts with slush, wind high and cold, thick rain lashing on, and the Esk by our side all the way roaring in the snow-flood between bank and brae. We passed Johnnie Armstrong's tower, yet strong, even in its ruins, and after a drive of four miles, a turn of the road brought us in view of a sight which was overwhelming, and would have brought the salt tears into the eyes of any man of common humanity. There, under the naked boughs of some spreading oak-trees, at a point where a country road joined the turnpike, stood a tent, around, or rather in front of which, was gathered a large group of muffled men and women, with some little children, a few sitting, most of them standing, and some old venerable widows cowering under the scanty shelter of umbrellas. On all sides each road was adding a stream of plaided men and muffled women to the group, till the congregation increased to between 500 and 600, gathering in the very road, and waiting for my

coming from a mean inn where I found shelter till the hour of worship. During the psalm singing and the first prayer, I was in the tent; but finding that I would be uncomfortably confined, I took up my position on a chair in front, having my hat on my head, my Codrington close buttoned up to my throat, and a pair of bands, which were wet enough with rain ere the service was over. The rain lashed on heavily during the latter part of the sermon, but no one budged, and when my hat was off during the last prayer, some one kindly extended an umbrella over my head. I was so interested, and so were the people, that our forenoon service continued for four hours. At the close I felt so much for the people, it was such a sad sight to see old men and women, some children, and one or two individuals pale and sickly, and apparently near the grave, all wet and benumbed with the keen wind and cold rain, that I proposed to have no afternoon service, but this was met with universal dissent. One and all declared, that if I would hold on, they would stay in the road till midnight; so we met again at three o'clock, and it poured on almost without intermission during the whole sermon; and

that over, shaken cordially by many a man and woman's hand, I got into the gig, and drove on here in time for an evening sermon, followed, through rain in the heavens and the wet snow in the road, by numbers of the people.

A Delicate People.

The people [of Canobie] spoke respectfully of the Duke of Buccleuch, and were anxious to give no offence. I remember one thing. I preached [subsequently] in the open hill, down in a sort of hollow, and the people were ranged on the side of the mountain. It was a swampy place in which I preached, and I wished to have some protection between my feet and the wet ground. I saw some fine planks of wood lying close by, and I wondered why the people did not take them and use them. In place of that they went into a house and brought out an old door. After the sermon I was naturally led to ask why they did not bring the planks that were close by, and they said these were not theirs, that they belonged to the Duke of Buccleuch, and they would not touch them in case any offence might be taken at their doing so.

A Stiff-Necked Congregation.

A man was settled at Creach [Ross-shire] some thirty years ago, unacceptable to the people, with the exception of seven or eight individuals—a very few at least. The men and women left the church, and they met for two years under the lee of a rock, behind a rock which I have seen, summer and winter, worship being conducted by the elders and the godly men of the parish. However, they found they could not stand out this, and they broke out into three parties. They continued to worship thirty years in these three divisions; and the Disruption, which broke up other congregations, united these people of Creach, after thirty years' separation, into one congregation, now worshipping under the Free Church minister of that parish.

A Sympathetic Driver.

Committee-man.—" Might I ask you whether your feeling was not, that some oppression had been exercised towards those people in Canobie?" *Dr Guthrie.*—" Certainly I felt that the people were in most grievous circumstances,

being necessitated to meet in the turnpike road; and not only I, but, I may mention, the person who drove me in the gig from Langholm to Canobie, when we came in sight of that congregation standing in the open air, in such a day, and in such a place, burst into tears, and said, "Was there ever sight seen like that?" *Committee-man*.—"You have mentioned that oppression makes a wise man mad. The feeling of the driver might be one thing; but you, a man of the gospel, might be very considerably excited by what you saw, thinking it an act of oppression." *Dr Guthrie*.—"Deep feeling would be excitement; but if you mean by excitement that I was ready to break out into unsuitable expressions, I say, Certainly not. I felt, when I saw it, as if I could not preach, I was so overwhelmed by the sight. To see my fellow-creatures, honest, respectable, religious people, worshipping the God of their fathers upon the turnpike road, was enough to melt any man's heart.

A Strange Instance of Forgetfulness.

Committee-man.—"Do you recollect what the subject of your discourse [at Canobie] was?"

Dr Guthrie.—"I really do not. Allow me to say, I am unfortunate enough in having a short memory for texts, and often forget the subject of my discourse a short time after." *Committee-man.*—"But there was a memorable occasion here, so memorable as not to have been forgotten easily. Do you still say, that you have no recollection of the subject-matter of your discourse to that congregation under circumstances so peculiar and not to be forgotten?"

Dr Guthrie.—"Most certainly, and for this reason I went there to preach the gospel, and nothing but the gospel." *Committee-man.*—

"You say you have forgotten what your sermon was?" *Dr Guthrie.*—"Most entirely, and I

have not the most faint recollection of it. I may explain, since you seem to be suspicious, that so forgetful am I of these things, that I have in one twelvemonth preached twice from the same text, and never known it till I was told by the people."

A Habit of Joking.

Committee-man.—"Do you recollect of Sir John Cunningham Fairlie making this obser-

vation. Being introduced to the Free Assembly, he is represented to have said, that he himself had given a site for a church, and another for a manse, and both of them so near the parish church, that they [the Free] would have the advantage of the use of both the clock and the bell?" *Dr Guthrie*.—"Yes, I remember a joke to that effect, which filled the Assembly with laughter." *Committee-man*.—"It did not meet with your disapprobation." *Dr Guthrie*.—"Not the joke, it was said as a piece of mere humour." *Committee-man*.—"I find it reported, that at a Free Church meeting, you also jocularly alluded to this, and said, that you in every case recommended its adoption in other places." *Dr Guthrie*.—"The unfortunate thing is, I have a habit of joking, and I have no doubt that was one of my jokes. I have not the least recollection of saying it; but if I did say it, I have no doubt it was a joke."

A Wide Toleration.

Committee-man.—"I ask you, what is your opinion on that point—you claiming sites for the Free Church, upon the great and general

principles of toleration. Are you of opinion that that toleration ought to exist, and to extend, if pushed to its legitimate consequence, to granting sites to Roman Catholics?" *Dr Guthrie.*—"I would grant a site to a Mahometan—to any man who worshipped God according to his conscience." *Committee-man.*—"Jew or Mahometan?" *Dr Guthrie.*—"Yes." *Committee-man.*—"Or idolater?" *Dr Guthrie.*—"Yes; I have no right to stand between man and his God, whatever that God may be."

Anti-Patronage.

Unmusical as I am, the words anti-patronage are sweet words to my ear. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished by the friends of the Church and true religion; until that is obtained I wish no resting-place for the Church in her present conflict. I wish the flood to rise and swell, and not subside until the Ark of the Churches is landed on the Ararat of Anti-Patronage. Some talk of the difficulties and danger in which the Church is now placed, but I for on rejoice in the storms which are compelling the Church to take refuge in the haven of Anti-

Patronage. Government is, in fact, doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves. When William-of-Orange sailed for England, he meditated landing on a spot which was the very lion's den for him; but, wonderfully enough, the wind blew strong from that quarter. It rose to a hurricane, and eventually, contrary to his wishes, he was drifted, and compelled to land in the very spot that was best and safest for him. So with the Church; she has tried to effect a landing at *Veto*, and next after this she was in danger of striking on the shoals of *Lib-erum Arbitrium*, but the force of wind and tide has at last driven her into the harbour of Anti-Patronage, where she will be safest and most secure.

A Pro-Patronage Agitation.

Let the Moderates try to get up a Pro-Patronage agitation, and let them commission Dr Bryce. He shall have ready access to the houses of the gentry, and abundance of scope for his eloquence; and I will make him welcome to every one he converts to his pro-patronage views.

A Promised Refuge.

I have been surprised to hear Dr Muir say, that the issue [of the Non-Intrusion controversy] will be revolution and infidelity. They who oppose timely reforms are the true friends of revolution and infidelity. On their heads must be the consequences. They may drive the best men out of the Church, but they cannot drive them out of the hearts and affections of the people of Scotland. The poor country minister, with his wife and family, driven from the manse, will find a shelter among God's people. Many a door will be opened to receive him. I will undertake, that in Edinburgh alone a thousand houses will be opened to the ejected, and that in this very town I could get a hundred ladies who would fit up this day a prophet's chamber in their own dwellings.

Secular Education.

Secular education I do not undervalue; but I am not of the number of those who believe that there is a regenerating power in the multiplication table, or that men are to be made moral

by putting them in a bath and making them clean. I believe that in the case of those poor children [of the Ragged School] their minds are so distempered, that it is only by the effectual application of the Word of God that you can hope for success in this great undertaking.

The Three Banners.

The differences among the opponents of Intrusion are getting less every day. Sir James Graham is now [1842] in the Home Office. I rejoice at it. I like to see men come out in their hostility as he has done. If our friends the Tories had not been in office, Sir James Graham would not have been in the War—I beg pardon—in the Home Office, and neither Dr Gordon nor Dr Chalmers would have been with us to-day. Give me such men as those at the head of our agitation, and I don't care though it rains Sir James Grahams. Not to compare Sir James Graham with another of the same name, more generally called Claverhouse, I cannot help thinking of the fate of the Covenanters at Bothwell Brig—a fate the anti-patronage men are not likely to meet. Claverhouse was that day saved

from ignominious defeat, because his opponents were foolishly engaged in wranglings and contentions about points of doctrine. But although the battle of Bothwell Brig was lost, the lesson of Bothwell Brig will not be lost. We have two banners in our regiment—on one, No Surrender; on another, No Division; and, I hope, by next Assembly we will have a third, on which you will see the words, No Patronage.

The Split.

The state of matters is this: I publish a Plea for Ragged Schools, with the Bible on the face of it. Those gentlemen [the secularists who split] came to me, offering to co-operate with me; and, therefore, was not I bound to believe, on all the principles and practice of logic, that they concurred in my opinions? Now, I have only farther to say, that I wish to clear myself. Lord Murray did so; and I know his motives to be pure and honourable; but, nevertheless, as my name has been dragged into the controversy, I am desirous of stating to the public the facts. If these gentlemen who differ from us have cause to find that the principles laid

down in my Plea are not, according to their view, quite practicable; if, in the circumstances, they find that the School cannot be carried out on the principles there avowed, far be it from me to find fault with them for leaving us. They are free to act upon their principles, and I am free to act upon mine. All that I assert is, that the principles laid down in my Plea, and the principles of the constitution approved of at last meeting, are carried out in our Ragged Schools; and when it is said that our professed practice is opposed to our professed principles, I say that is a mistake which demands and admits of a flat contradiction.

The Two Accessories.

Under the same roof, that is, the roof of our Ragged Schools, the temporal and moral wants of the poor are provided for. Both these gentlemen meet most harmoniously in one school-room, for Dr Alison comes in with the bread, and Dr Chalmers with the Bible, and so there is food for the body and food for the soul.

Lady Glenorchy.

A certain noble lady, a near connection of that same noble family [the Breadalbin,] the well-known Lady Glenorchy, was wont to give thanks to God, that where it is said, "not *many* noble," it was not the word "*any*" which had been placed there instead. And as we cannot boast of "*many*" nobles among us, we ought to be all the more thankful that we even have "*any*." For there is so very little in our condition attractive to mere outward rank, whether possessed by man or woman, that of such, when they join company with us, we may entertain the comfortable assurance that they must be adorned, not by the nobility of rank alone, but with that of a far higher order, the nobility of principle and character.

The Ragged School Children at Biggar Fair.

The Ragged children who were here to-day have sung. The people only paid twopence. Dr Aiton was sitting next me, and before he began to speak, he put his mouth to my ear. "They've got the value of their money already,"

said he. I agree with him. I agree with Dr Aiton. I put it to every father and mother, and to every kind-hearted man and woman in this house, Was not the sight of these twenty-two children saved from misery in this world—saved from a life of crime—from the police office—from the prison—from the penal settlement—and in place of all that, enjoying the healthful sweetness of boyhood;—was not the sight of these children worth three times the money? But how is that connected with Biggar? I will show you. I promised last year to bring out the Ragged School band. I promised I should come out to Biggar like a comet with a blazing tail; or, descending from celestial to terrestrial things, like a peacock with his starry tail. Now, though you may have seen a peacock show his feathers in the sun, I am sure you never saw the eyes of these feathers, pretty as they are, so glowing as the eyes of these boys from the Ragged School.

A Preference.

I very much surprised a great meeting which I attended the other day in Edinburgh, on the

subject of National Education ; and they are to send me to London next week to wait upon Her Majesty's Ministers, when I hope we will get as agreeable an audience as I find around me now. I was requested also to wait to-day on the Lord Advocate, who is framing a bill on the subject of education ; but I astonished the committee when I replied, " Oh no, that is impossible, for *I am going to Biggar Fair.*"

Alarm of the Old Maids.

I may tell you that I was overhauled some time ago by a number of old ladies who had never been married themselves, and who came to me holding up their hands in horror at some statements made by me at last fair, as to the opportunities which lads and lasses had, or should have, for courting in a decent way. I will stick to all I said. I won't withdraw a single word. I have kept house now for thirty-two years, and I have always given my servants regular opportunities for seeing decent and respectable young men.

Working Men's Houses.

There is plenty of money in Edinburgh if they would just go to Parliament and say, that since the days of George Heriot (for his money was intended for a class different from those who get it), there had been a disease in Scotland which caused people to leave money for hospitals to take children from the bosoms of their mothers, and from the care of their fathers, whom God has given them—that there was a horrid epidemic to that effect. If there are no other means of redding up the Old Town of Edinburgh, let us get the money of those hospitals. That would be a far greater blessing to the community than as it is at present employed.

The Dr in a Play Bill.

I like to see innocent amusement. I like to see a kitten chasing its own tail, if it has nothing else to do. I like to see all kinds of innocent amusement, although I must say the town of Dundee [where the Dr was speaking] scandalized me on this point. On one occasion I had advocated innocent amusement for the working

classes, and a short time afterwards there was sent me a play bill. Yes, a play bill with my name in it! The Reverend Dr Guthrie in a play bill issued in Dundee by some provincial players! I never was more astonished in all the days of my life. I found that my friends, the players, had made an unfair use of an expression made by me on that occasion, and had stuck my name into the bill between, if I recollect, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *A Roland for an Oliver*. Surely I may say, necessity makes strange bedfellows, and play bills strange companions.

A Fair Cured of Drunkenness.

Four weeks ago I was at Biggar Fair, and the week after next I am going to Calder Fair—not to buy sweeties, far less to drink whisky toddy; but recollecting what I witnessed in my early days at the two hiring markets in my native town of Brechin, and the scenes of drunkenness, dissipation, and disorder there enacted, I will go there for the purpose of doing what I can to stop them, with God's help. I believe I succeeded at Biggar Fair in keeping some

hundreds of people sober, and sending them home sober as judges; ay, and more sober than many judges have often been.

The Dr a Banker and a 'Sound' Reasoner.

I do not intend to give you [the Dundee folks] any learned disquisition on commerce. The truth is, that is rather out of my line, and I won't meddle with it in that way; not that I am altogether ignorant of commeree either. I don't want any of you to understand that. I was a banker for two years; and Mr David Milne, formerly of the Union Bank, said when I left that profession, (for if nobody will praise me, I must praise myself), that if I preached as well as I banked, I would get on remarkably well; so you see I am not so ignorant of these things as one of my brethren with whom I was sitting one day. He took up a newspaper and began reading, when he came upon "Sound" intelligence, which you Dundee people all know means the ships that pass through the "Sound." "Why," says he, "what do they mean by Sound? Is it intelligence that may be relied on?"

Knows Something of Agriculture too.

Neither am I so ignorant of agricultural affairs. At least I have been in the habit of testing the agricultural knowledge of my brethren in the church by asking them how many teeth a cow has in her front upper jaw; and they don't know a bit about it; they don't know that a cow has no teeth in her front upper jaw at all. Some of them guessed half-a-dozen, and some of them a whole dozen. They were all as ignorant as an old friend of mine in the city of Brechin, who wished to have a first-rate cow. He accordingly gave £12 or £15 for a handsome one, thinking that she was in the flush of her milk and the beauty of her youth. But a wag went up to him afterwards, and said to him, "Dear me, look, Mr Smith, she hasna a tooth in her upper jaw. You have been fairly taken in. Instead of buying a young milk cow, she is a venerable grandmother!"

Letting the Wind out.

I do not rejoice in their [the Americans'] disasters. At the same time, I know many excellent

Americans for whom I have the highest esteem, while I know their missionaries have been the noblest missionaries in the world, and I believe no church has such missionaries as the American churches have. I am bound to say that our friends across the Atlantic, our cousins over the great fish-pond as they call it, have become very vain. There have been a pride and haughtiness—for I have met them—and an assumption about our friends in America that I must say, while very ridiculous, is very intolerable. Just think of a people that hold four millions of their fellow-creatures in chains, and sell them by the pound! Well, I say, for a country such as that to talk of itself as standing in the van of freedom, and waving over them the vaunted flag with the motto, "All men are born free," I can't but think a mockery. After all, I am not sorry that the wind should be taken out of them, though I had rather it had not been with the knife.

Pride.

Nobody likes pride. I hate ecclesiastical pride. I hate national pride; and, above all

things, I hate purse pride. I have a word for you merchants in Dundee. Well you know we do not object much to see the pride a little taken out of people, just as you see a man coming strutting down the streets of Dundee, tailored to the top of the fashion, sailing by everybody as if they were dirt under his feet, and treating the earth as if it were beneath his notice, carrying his head as high as if there were nothing below the stars worthy of his attention; whereby comes a gust of wind that carries off his hat, and his wig too. Then he scuds away, not under bare poles, but a bare poll, in pursuit of his hat! Now, really, you cannot hinder people from laughing. I don't blame them for laughing. I laugh myself, and the more proud the man is, I laugh the more. Then I laugh the more again when the man gets up to the hat, and when he is about to grasp it, the hat!—oh, that wicked hat! as if it had a pleasure in making a fool of him—starts off on a new journey, and goes rolling away into the mud, until the man has as little covering for his confusion as for his head. We all like to see pride taken down a little; but, as regards America, proud as she is, God grant that the troubles of that country may soon cease.

Sauce for the Goose not Sauce for the Gander.

I take peculiar interest in the cabmen, whom I take to be second cousins to the carmen of Ireland, to one of whom, in a good measure, I owe it that I am an abstainer. It is twenty-two years since I first visited Ireland. I went with Mr C. J. Brown and Mr Bridges on a deputation. In this journeying we reached a town called Omagh, from whence we had to travel through a mountainous country to another place called Cocton. The day was one of the worst possible, with bitter cold and lashing rain. Half-way there stood a small inn, into which we went, as a sailor in stress of weather runs into the first haven. These were the days, not of tea and toast, but when it was thought that the best cure for a wet coat and a cold body was a tumbler of toddy; and we no sooner got within the inn than the toddy was ordered. We took our toddy, and, no doubt, in moderation. But if we, with all our haps on, were in an uncomfortable state, far more uncomfortable was our half-ragged carman; if we were drenched, he was drowned. Of course, we felt for our courteous and civil driver, and we thought that what was sauce for the goose was

sauce for the gander, and we offered him a glass; but the carman was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for; to our perfect amazement, not one drop of the toddy would he touch. He said, "I am an abstainer, and will take no toddy." Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart and (though in another sense than drink) to my head. That and other circumstances made me a teetotaller.

The Cellardyke Fishermen.

I was over lately in Fife, at a place there they call Cellardyke, a little fisher town which stands facing the billows of the German Ocean. A finer population than that of Cellardyke I have not seen anywhere. They are fine stalwart fellows; and I may tell you that it is chiefly by the produce of their labours that Edinburgh and Glasgow and Dundee are supplied with fish. Well, I spoke to one of these hardy fellows when there, and asked him all about the habits of the place. "Oh, sir," said he, "the habits of our people are greatly improved within the last ten or twelve years. I have seen the time when no boat went off to sea—and

they fished up the Doggerbank—without two or three bottles of whisky on board; now all that is changed. I have seen the time when no boat was hauled up on the beach after the fishing, without it costing so many shillings for whisky. Now, sir," he said, pointing to the long row of boats, "do you see all these boats?"—(There were 75 of them all high and dry).—"Well, sir, would you believe it, twelve years ago, £25 worth of whisky was needed to run up these boats; and now, there they are, and it has not taken a single drop." Now, instead of the men taking whisky, they take coffee. They take a kind of machine with them, I don't know what they call it, but it is a coffee-making machine, and they make their coffee at sea—they plough the deep, and they reap the deep, and they come home as sober as judges.

Love is the Instrument of Conversion.

Does any man imagine that the world is to be converted by the fear of hell—that the power of the gospel lies in its terrors and threatened punishments! Does any parent ever rear a happy, virtuous, and holy family by the ap-

plication mainly of the rod! We all know that it is the very opposite; and that if we wish to conquer men, it must be by the power of LOVE.

Juvenile Offenders.

A man may place that infant at the bar, but I believe, as I believe there is a just God in heaven, that when he is arraigned at the bar of the Judgment-day, he will not stand there as a sinner. What will such child do? You see what is their condition. They are committed to ten days' imprisonment—to six weeks' hard labour. They go in bad, and they come out worse. You might as well bring in a poker which has knocked a man's brains out, and lay it on the table and try it.

Money Misapplied.

The Government give much more to the Reformatory Schools than to the Ragged Schools. It is a grand thing to give a man a fever, and then cure him; but it is better to drain and

clean the town, and prevent the fever from coming. Think of the Government refusing money to save a man's leg, but giving him money instead to buy a wooden leg when the limb is cut off.

A Strange Missionary.

We never keep these Ragged School boys from home unless the house is an infamous den of iniquity, or the parents cruel. We know that in the bosom of the child, worthless as the parents may be, God has planted a link of affection, and what we want to do is to strengthen that tie; and we have known instances where these poor children have carried salvation to their homes.

A Ragged School Hero.

We have Ragged scholars that are cutting down the forests in America. We have them herding sheep in Australia. We have them in the navy; and, what d'ye think? there was an odd thing in this way; we had a competition among boys in the navy, and the Ragged School

boys carried off the highest prizes. We have them in the army too. Just the other day, I had in my drawing-room one of my Ragged scholars. What was he doing there? you ask. Well, he was just standing beside a very pretty girl, dressed like a duchess, with an enormous crinoline, and all that. There he was, and on his breast he carried three medals. He had fought the battles of his country in the Crimea. He had gone up the deadly march to Lucknow, and rescued the women, and the children, and the soldiers there. And was I not proud of my Ragged School boy when I saw him with his honours!

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

I have had so long a bad opinion of human nature when acted upon by personal, and pecuniary, and selfish motives, that I stand, and have always stood, in fear that the enormous crime of slavery in America will not be ended without suffering, and that of a terrible nature. I have read history, and my reading of history has led me to the conclusion that the suffering people, whether in Italy, in Austria, or in Scotland in the days of old, and in America perhaps

now, never got their rights till they took the wrong-doers by the throat. I hope that country will never show the fearful spectacle of brother plunging his sword into brother's bosom, and all for so base a thing as slavery.

A Definition of a Sermon.

People come to a market or a fair. Very well. The day is very cold and very wet, and what house but the public house had they to go to in many instances! What amusement did they get, unless, it may be, Punch and Judy, or some wild beasts! No refreshments are provided as we have here at Biggar Fair, or any entertainment as we are endeavouring to give to-night, because I think that the speeches at a soiree should not answer to the description a woman gave of a sermon she heard, for when some one asked her—"Weel, Jenny, what did you think of the minister?" "Naething ava," said she, "for he was neither edifying nor diverting."

A Plea for the Liberty of Courting.

I want you distinctly to understand that I

want more holidays. I want every servant to have a holiday and liberty within certain bounds, and that is not liberty that has no bounds but license. Well, I recollect of a servant who went to London, and she was hired there on the condition that she was to have no followers. Now, 'no followers' in London just means in Biggar nae lads. Now, I say, is there a woman in this house who would not rebel against such a rule? It is a most monstrous thing. Why, the world would come to an end before many years, if that rule was to take place; and what is the world to do? I say, that is not the way to treat a servant. No good servant would like to have boundless liberty; but I say that every servant should have liberty to have her holiday, and that every servant should have liberty to see her lad at a decent hour, and the more (I was going to say), the more she had the better; but that would not be good. I say that every attempt to fly in the face of nature and prudence can only lead to mischief; and to prevent a decent servant girl from being courted is folly, for, firstly, she will be courted whether you will or no; and, secondly, to refuse a servant girl proper time and opportunities for being courted is

to drive her into dangerous times for being courted.

A Competition of Sounds.

The truth is, this [Biggar Fair] is the commencement of a great movement; and I say the people have been shamefully used. They have assembled in great masses; they have come with loving hearts to see each other; their spirits were up; they were tempted to go to the public house, and I say the blame of that lay very much with the ministers. I don't exonerate my brethren. We ought to have made this discovery long ago, and we ought long ago to have rattled the tea cups against the gill stoups.

Points and Principles.

Sobered by age, and removed twenty years from the final struggle [the Disruption,] we do not regard the principles for which we contended other than we did on the day of the contention, or that these principles in our judgment have lost one single inch of their height, their depth, their length, or their breadth. If

they had been points and not principles, distance of time would have such an effect upon them as distance of place has upon other things—on the mountain, that it reduces to a mole-hill; but while the higher ranges of the Alps, to one who is retiring far from them, seem to be drifted snow-heaps lying on the far horizon, the star that shines upon the hoary head of Mont Blanc is not so affected. It shines as bright, and looks as big to the seaman on the distant main as to the peasant in the Valley of Chamouni.

A Look Back.

The Free Church is nearly a major now [1861,] and ought to be getting into her senses. What is the history of the last nineteen years?—harmonious settlements, unscattered flocks, peace and a good measure of plenty within our borders—mutual regard among the brethren. “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.” We left the Establishment for liberty, and liberty is sweet. Our fathers laid down their lives for it, and we laid down our livings for it. We will never repent it, and I thank God for

our beloved Sovereign, and our free Constitution, that we have revelled in the sweetness of it for the last nineteen years, and no attempt has been made to rob us of the fruits of our victory except one [the Cardross case;] and those who made that attempt seem to me very much in the condition of Pharaoh and his men of war in the Red Sea. They have got in, and I fancy they would thank any one to show them the way out.

The Veto without a Reason.

We thought, and the longer we tried *our* way, and saw the other, we had the more confidence we were right, that a man, a free agent, is not bound to give his reasons, nor a woman either, why he does not like a minister. A man is not bound to give reasons why he refuses a servant. A constituency is not bound to give reasons why it refuses a candidate for a membership of parliament. I am not bound, as a patient, to give reasons why I decline such and such a physician. A client is not bound to give his reasons why he declines the services of a particular lawyer, and everybody knows that a lady is not bound to give her reasons

why she declines a particular suitor, even though she might have no better reason, than that when the gentleman came to pay his addresses, he took out his spectacles, placed them upon his nose, and read a long lumbering speech.

The Way to Do it.

There is a place called Sconser, eleven miles from Portree; and, certainly, I never saw any human habitations like what I saw there. When I was in Lochaber, I certainly was much shocked to see the way in which the people lived. The houses there, in many cases, had absolutely no chimneys, the smoke going through the roof. Now, I say, if I were the minister there, I would not be many weeks there, before I should get to the top of the house, and teach the people how to build a lum.

The Advantages of Emigration.

I have heard a great deal about houses for the working classes, and I say I have not heard too much; but of all the forms in which I ever

saw Christian men and women live, I never saw anything like what I witnessed in Skye. I could see from their faces, they were half-starved; and if I were a Skye man, I would not be long before I turned my face to the American colonies. I knew the case of a part of a family, who had emigrated from Skye, across the Atlantic, but some members of which had refused to go. In course of time, one of them, who was quite a boy when his father went out, came back to this country to study, and I visited him at his house, just after he had been to see his kinsmen who had refused to emigrate. I asked the young man if he thought it was good for the Highlanders to emigrate, in place of clinging to their bare rocks, and living in poverty and wretchedness. "I'll tell you what," says he; "I left my father, who carried me out when a boy to Nova Scotia, in the enjoyment of every earthly comfort that a contented man could wish. I came to Skye to visit my friends who would not emigrate, and I have only this to say, that it would be a most blessed day for the Highlanders of Skye, if the British navy were to be drawn up along their shores to carry them all to America."

An Appropriate Sign-Board.

We ought to show sympathy for the poor Highlanders; but I am sorry to say I saw too much evidence of drinking. I remember that at an inn where we were staying, we were very much disturbed by the rioting and noises of drunken parties. On one occasion, the door opened, and in came a fellow reeling, and most uncommonly polite—for the Highlander is polite, even when he is in drink. He bowed, and called me "my lord," which I am not—and Mrs Guthrie, "my lady,"—and was bowing and scraping in the most polite style, when in came the servant girl, and, taking him by the shoulders, turned him out with a dexterity which shewed she was well accustomed to that kind of thing. Drink is the curse of the Lowlands, and of the Highlands too. I once saw a very appropriate sign over a drinking-shop in London—the man's name, "Death." In Fort-William, I once saw another not nearly so appropriate, namely, the Gaelic words for Peace and Plenty.

A Good Character.

The Highlanders are exceedingly hospitable; and this reminds me of the defence of their vices made by a Highland minister, who, in giving a notice of his parish in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," and being required to state its moral condition, said, with matchless clearness and dexterity: "The people of this parish are very brave, therefore they are always fighting. They are very hospitable, therefore they are always given to drink. They are very polite, therefore they are in the habit of telling lies."

A Calm Resignation of £600 a-Year.

I am no longer minister of St John's. I understand that this day there has been a great slaughter in the old Assembly, and among the rest, my connection with the Established Church has been cut, or rather, I may say, I have cut it myself. I know they have resolved to declare my church vacant. They may save themselves the trouble.

A Brave Tar.

I see, looking to the reports of the Residuary party, that they are greatly distressed at finding that we are setting ourselves right with the public. I find that a Mr Norman M'Leod chooses to say what is to me, and what must be to you, extraordinary news, that we went out just at the very moment we were prepared to strike. Now, who told Mr M'Leod we were about to strike and take down the flag—"Retract, no, never." It is a vile attempt to stab the character of my brethren, and injure them with the public. I'll venture to meet Mr M'Leod on this topic, and go with him to the proof. I saw Dr Chalmers climb the mast, and saw his own hand nail the flag to the topmast.

Taking the Fire from the Altar.

Mr Norman M'Leod says we have kindled a fire, and left them to put it out. Now, it is my opinion we took all the fire away with us; but if there is any remaining, there is plenty of cold water engines to put it out. No; I know

of no fire my brethren have kindled but the fire of the gospel over many parishes in Scotland. We have kindled a fire in Strathbogie which never can be put out; and I tell Mr Norman M'Leod, if God spare me and my brethren, we will kindle similar fires in every parish of Scotland, which they will never be able to put out.

The Potato an Instrument of Regeneration.

When I was in Portsmouth, I went to visit a place I have great interest in, St Mary's Street. I went along that street till I came to a very humble part of the town. I paused at the shop of the man in whose history I felt so deep an interest. I went into the shop. It was a cobbler's shop. I think it was about ten feet long and seven wide; and there worked the poor cobbler. Before that man was laid in his grave he was the means of saving not fewer than five hundred children from eternal ruin, and making them useful members of society; and he did that without fee, without reward, without praise, without pay, without notice; but that man has run into celebrity since he was laid in his grave. The man I refer to was

John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools. There was a poor cobbler who had his shop running over with children. He was to get nothing for it. Yet he used to entice the boys to come in; and if a boy happened to be Irish, he might have been seen holding a smoking potato under the urchin's nose, in order to get him to come to school.

The Blacksmith's Wife.

I was one day waited upon by a woman in Edinburgh, wanting my advice about something I was interested in. This woman had opened a school and taken in some dozen of children on Sabbath evenings. Afterwards she took them in on the week-days. Then she tried to get some to give her assistance, and to get means to give the children a meal, and the acorn thus planted became a goodly tree. This is an amazing fine example of great power. That woman was no lady. That woman had no title. That woman had no place. That woman had no wealth. That woman was neither more nor less than the wife of an ordinary blacksmith.

Earth and Heaven.

This world is not for enjoyment; it is for employment. This earth is not for the wages, but for the work. Earth for the work, heaven for the wages. Earth for employment, heaven for enjoyment. Earth for toil, heaven for rest.

Help from the Irish.

There is another matter for which we are much indebted to the Irish. It cannot be forgotten that the deputation from the Irish Church did us good service in the time of need. They came as commissioners to the Church of Scotland, and as one of them said, they sought the Church of Scotland, and where did they find it? Up yonder? It was true they found the dragoons there, and they found the Commissioner, and they found the little boys with their powdered heads and their long swords, much more delighted with their own array than confounded or dumbfounded with the Disruption; and they found Dr Syntax drawing heads with nothing inside of them. Some of the speakers have talked of John Bunyan. I was

reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" the other day, and it is my opinion that John Bunyan had some idea of the Disruption. Some of his characters are so like those of the present day. There is Mr Byends, for instance, and Mr Saveall, and a great many more such characters. Well, the Irish did not find the Scotch Church up yonder, but they found it here. They asked, Where is the Missionary Church?—Here, in Canonmills. Where is the Church with representatives from foreign Christian churches?—In the Canonmills. Where is the Catholic Church, admitting to her pulpits ministers of all denominations?—In the Canonmills. Where is the blue banner of Scotland waving?—Here, above the heads of this Assembly.

A Good Simile.

Some people are like hedgehogs. They bristle up at the slightest allusion to controversy; but I believe that if hedgehogs would only love one another, they might lie thick enough, for they would keep their bristles down.

Old Sores to be Healed.

There are still some crotchety spirits elsewhere. I don't doubt there are some among the Dissenters, too, who still keep their wounds rankling that they received in the Voluntary controversy. For my part, my wounds have been healed for many a day; and I wish to remind those who have got their old sores about them, that if they are not yet healed, it is a proof they have got a bad constitution. So I say, both to the Free Church and the Dissenters, that if they have not yet got their wounds healed, they will need to look after their constitution. There is something wrong about the heart.

Boys and Girls.

I believe that bad girls are more dangerous than bad boys; and I believe it is true of women as of the figs of Jeremiah—the good are very good, and the bad are very bad. They cannot be eaten.

Reformatories.

I have just been reading a pamphlet by a clergyman named Richard Smith, a Master of Arts, condemning Reformatories; but it is certain, that though this gentleman calls himself a Master of Arts, he is not a master of the art of curing society. I could produce a boy or a girl from the Grassmarket or the Cowgate, who has a drunken father, or a drunken or dishonest mother, and that child, from its very infancy, was trained to crime. The only things its parents taught it were to lie, and steal, and deceive, and it is sent out in its early years to carry on such a nefarious trade; and yet society stood by and saw it so trained! They took no notice of it. No kind hand led the child to school. No person took it to church. It was left to be brought up a criminal. I hold this child is not a criminal in the proper sense of the word; for where there is no law there is no transgression. We have no right to punish this child because we have never taught it the difference between right and wrong. Would any man punish a child for stealing, if he put it into a garden filled with gooseberries, cherries, and apples, and never told it, it was wrong to steal?

Plucked Pigeons.

The whole system of raising money for charitable purposes in Edinburgh is bad. There is a good number of charitable people who are applied to on all occasions, and the collectors go only to the parties who have given before. Accordingly, a good number of the charitable people of our city are like pigeons. They are regularly plucked every year ; and were it not that God gave them a new lot of feathers, they would be going bare and ready for roasting.

The Fallen Tenement in the Canongate.

Knowing some of the officers of police, I got through the crowd and to the pavement opposite, and there saw a most awful and shocking spectacle. The whole of the front wall had fallen, and there remained the west gable, the east gable, and the north wall. These are not gables like those you have about Coupar-Angus ; but gables that towered to the height of eighty feet, for it was a house of seven or eight stories, and so they still were standing alone, while those who had been the inhabitants the night before

were there below, buried in the wreck and ruin of their own houses. Next morning I saw many things that were touching indeed. That evening it was in the fading light of day, and it was a most awful thing to see the dresses on the walls, three or four stories high, which had been hung up by the inhabitants before the building sank, carrying men, women, and children, sleeping, waking, sinning, praying, however they were engaged, down into one grave, in an instant of time. In consequence of the floors giving way there were wardrobes which were exposed upon the walls; and it was a horrid thing to look upon these, and see three or four gowns shaking and moving most ghastly in the night wind, and think that right down below were those who had put them off last night and in perfect health, now lying begrimed, and mangled, and blackened corpses. I was struck with a staff that was hanging on the wall. It was five stories high, much higher than your steeple here, and its owner had hung it up. Little did that man think that that staff would never be in his hands again. It appeared to me to say that his pilgrimage had ended, and that the pilgrim had laid up his staff. There were looking-glasses hanging up there, in which, I

had no doubt, women had admired themselves, and there they were flickering in the evening twilight. There were two clocks, too, high up, about seventy feet, that told the hour when the catastrophe had happened. They were emblems of their owners below. Death had stopt the pendulum.

A Picture.

I entered the office, descended some stairs, and passed through some cells, when the man flung open the door of the dead room, and there, ranged along the floor, partly covered with blankets, were six or seven women and two men lying against the wall, and behind me there was one man lying on a table. There were nearly as many in another room. It was an awful lesson. The bodies bore evidence that the death in many cases was in a moment. They were dug out of the ruins of their homes, some of them ten, twelve, or fourteen feet below the rubbish. Some of them had been suffocated there. Some had had time to pray; and there was one woman whose face bore all the evidence of slow suffocation; but though it was horrible to look at, it was under this consolation, that

that woman in her dying moments might have prayed for the mercy she needed, and He who granted it to the dying thief might have granted it to her. Another had had time to know what was to happen. I have seen pictures of the countenances of the damned. I have seen a painting intended to represent the horrors of hell ; but there was one woman's face there I shall never forget. She seemed just to have wakened from her sleep, to have seen the gulf on which she was standing, that in another moment she would be in eternity. The eyes, the mouth, and the whole face formed a picture of unutterable horror, and when that horror was on her, death fixed the features. There she lay, a most ghastly spectacle. At another place I saw a babe lying on its mother's bosom. It was most touching to see it—the dead mother and the dead babe in her arms. There was a man lying beside her—her husband. He was a powerfully built man, a perfect athlete in appearance; and there he lay, as if he still slumbered, without a mark of pain or suffering on his face ; and beside him, as they had lain living and lain loving in one couch together, lay his poor cold dead wife ; and so sudden had it been, that she lay with her hand upon her

cheek, she hadn't had time to remove it when she died. It was a most affecting sight as well as instructive. I have heard many a sermon on death, but I never heard a sermon on death like that I heard from the livid lips of those corpses around me. I seemed to hear the voice of God, 'Be ye ready.'

The Living Victims.

I then went to the cell of the living. There I saw a poor emaciated child, ill nursed and ill cared for. She had been taken out from beneath seven feet of rubbish after lying three hours amongst it. She looked almost as like the dead as those I had left, and I did not disturb her. There lay on the floor two pretty little interesting girls. I asked one of them, "Had you any warning?" "Oh yes, sir," she said, "my mother heard a noise like a great crack, and she rose and said the house was falling." And what happened then?" "Oh, sir, she heard no more, and then she came into the bed to me." And then I asked her, "How long did you lie in bed before the roof and the building fell?" "Perhaps, sir," said she, "I was ten

minutes in my bed when the roof came in and fell upon us, and I went down, and down, and down, till I remembered no more."

The Brave Men.

They dug by torch-light, those brave bold men, expecting every moment to be buried, and, very likely, it might have been in the same grave with those they sought to save. By torch-light and gas-light did those brave men dig in the depths of the night among that rubbish. They heard the wail of the sufferers. They heard the howling of the dog, and the strange sounds with which the peace of the Sabbath morning was disturbed. They heard the roaring of the wind, which at any moment might have pronounced their doom, and yet on they dug, although they might have been instantly hurried into eternity, and they reached this child, and her little sister, and they found them like two corpses. No sign of life was there. They were dust-begrimed. And the nostrils and the mouth were filled with lime and dust, but still, if means were used, they might

live; and the doctor told me, that just as you have seen a man shake a watch when it stops, and it will set it a-going again, they shook these children, those corpse-like bodies, while the doctor had his hand upon their pulse. The pulse begins to beat! There is life there!

The Warning.

They had, I learnt, ten minutes warning—ten minutes opportunity to escape. How much turned on these ten minutes! Some took the warning, and fled, and are still living. Ten minutes saved them. Some neglected the warning, and went to bed, and are dead. Ten minutes ruined them. Ten minutes may do the same with you. The lives of those in that building turned upon ten minutes. Ten minutes prayer will save a man. The thief did not pray ten minutes, but ten minutes neglect of prayer may damn him for ever. Some take the warning, and go to heaven; some neglect it, and go to hell. Which of these two parties will you rank yourselves with?

The Magdalene.

I found the house as tidy as need be, and I found that, under its blessed roof, these wretched girls, many of whom had never been trained to regular labour, were engaged in industrial habits, and in that which would facilitate their return to a respectable position in life. In regard to the inmates, no man or woman who had a heart could look upon some of those girls without the deepest pity. I do not speak of old wretched, miserable, hardened-looking women; but I saw some children—I can call them nothing else—in that house, that had not the stamp of evil upon them, who, to use the words of Scripture, in plain language, had not the “forehead of a whore.” They had, some of them, been more sinned against than they had sinned themselves—seduced by villains who should be banished not merely from Christian society, but from decent society, and who, after they had plucked the flower, had flung it in the street, to be trodden by every black and vile hoof.

A Book of Unfortunates.

I requested from Mr Dymock a sight of the book in which the histories of these poor creatures were written down. I loathe the sin as much as any man or woman; but I hope, that while I loathe the sin, like my blessed Master, I love the sinner. No man or woman could read that dark, and painful, and melancholy record of their histories, without having every feeling touched. The revelations of the ages of the inmates were most fearful and most pitiful. A great proportion were led astray when they were little more than children, with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, and a large number of them had no Christian mother, and no kind father to guard and guide them. Yes, a large number of them were little else than children, and with their fathers and mothers lying mouldering in the grave. When I read these histories, I felt within myself, What better would any of our daughters have been, if they had been placed in the same trying circumstances? I always looked upon these wretched women with compassion. There is never anything that goes to my heart so much, in walking along these

streets in a winter evening, as when I see some of these wretched, degraded, and miserable, and unhappy of my fellow-creatures; and if I felt my kindness getting the better of my loathing before, I felt it more after reading that sad record.

An Unjust Charge.

I have heard it said that dressmakers furnish a large number of those wretched creatures, but I believe that that is not true. It is a mistake. In justice to many of these girls, who labour hard from morning to evening, perhaps for the support of some aged parent—and I must tell the ladies present, that this labour is greatly increased by having to furnish them in too much haste with luxurious dresses to attend balls and public assemblies, which I think is a great evil, and ought to be remedied—I am led to say, that very few of those are in the books of the Asylum. I lately asked a gentleman who has a large number of shop-girls in his employment—some thirty or forty—and he said that he had carried on business for many years, with always a large

number of girls in his shop, but that he had never had but one instance of a girl going astray. I think it is but justice to the servant-girls also—and I know no class more liberal in their gifts in a good cause, and none more affectionate to their minister—to say that I rose from perusing that book with thankfulness, on finding that it was a very small number of girls in respectable service that had sunk into such a condition as that. I find but one that was a lady's maid, and I found another who said she had been in genteel service; and I take this opportunity of repudiating what is a common but a very serious error.

Sabbath Evening Sermons.

In regard to Sabbath evening sermons, I say that I never allow any of my servants to go out on the Sunday evenings; and I hold that some member of the family should stay in on the Sunday, and let the servant out during the day to worship, rather than at night. A great deal may be done by parents. I am astonished at the carelessness of many heads of families. I have found out, in regard to many, especially

of the working classes, that they allow their children to be out in the evening. I say, Take care of the lambs when the wolves are abroad!

Liberty.

People talk of the liberty of the subject, but I believe the worst enemies of liberty are the men who support licentiousness. No man loves political, ecclesiastical, or personal liberty more than I do; but there is no man who does *scunner* more when he hears some people talking of liberty, than I do. It is enough to make liberty stink in the nostrils of the public. Why should not I have the liberty to send my boys along the streets of Edinburgh without their being called to face those wretched women who ply their infamous trade at mid-day? They grant the strumpet liberty, but they deny it to the decent part of the community. They have the liberty, and we have the bondage. It is a perfect disgrace for respectable ladies who walk along the streets, to be obliged to face those wretched creatures, and be forced to blush on meeting iniquity marching barefaced. It is a thing they would not tolerate on the Continent for twenty-four hours, no, not for one hour.

The Three P's.

These infamous houses are the means of destroying the whole of the property in the neighbourhood, and they ought not to be allowed to exist. If there is a nuisance under God's blessed sun, it is these houses, and they are a far worse nuisance than all the manufactories, dunghills, or aught else. I do not blame the magistrates for the present state of things, but the law by which they are guided. While I would support the Magdalene Asylum, and while I would like to see the law employed so that the streets might be cleared of what is a disgrace to us, and which is so great a cause of the nuisance complained of, yet my faith is not in what the Magistrates or the Asylum may do. My faith lies in raising the moral tone of the community, in so raising the moral feelings of respectable womanhood, that she should turn her back on any man who has been guilty of such a vice. I consider that the man who seduces a woman is a greater criminal than a thief. The one merely steals wretched pelf, but the other steals body and soul, and purity, and brings the grey hairs of parents with sorrow to the grave. But it is necessary, not only that the moral tone of

women should be raised, but that the moral tone of the men should be raised as well, so that they may not continue as they do to talk lightly of this great evil. How is this to be accomplished? It is to be done simply by the three P's—the Pulpit, the Press, and the Platform.

The Duties of Ministers.

I am for ministers to be done with what is called delicacy. Is there any delicacy on our streets? And why should we not attack this social evil in the temple of the Lord, and speak out like the brave good prophets of old? I am happy to think that the *Times* and some of our Edinburgh papers have spoken out on the subject. The pulpit, the press, and the platform have spoken out against drunkenness with a power, during the last twenty years, which they had never done before, and I am happy that drunkenness has diminished. On the other hand, the evil of immorality is increasing; but I believe, that if for the next twenty years my ministerial friends would speak out, and the press and platform use their influence, much good will be effected. I know that this vice is

a damning sin, and, in speaking against it, I know I have Christ upon my side, that I have God on my side, that I have on my side conscience and the peace of families. I believe that if we fight the battle for the next twenty years, we will see a very different state of society.

The Reformatory Act.

Lord Palmerston's Act of Parliament says to us, 'Don't take a child and send him to a Ragged School, where you may prevent him from becoming a criminal. Don't take him while he is on the edge of the precipice; but wait till he has fallen down. Wait till he has become a criminal. If you attempt to save a child from becoming a criminal, I will help you with a penny a-week; but if you will allow the child to become a criminal through your neglect, and then try to rub out the mark, you will get seven shillings!'

A Naked Government Protégée.

Why is it, I ask, that Government money should be withdrawn from our Ragged Schools, and a grant of £100 a-year given for the dis-

creditable and disgraceful purpose of paying for a nude woman in the Royal Institution? We are not corrupting, but improving the morals of the people. We are raising the fallen, and saving immortal souls, and yet the Government does not give so much to three hundred of these poor children as it gives for this shameful and disgraceful purpose—nay, a purpose so disgraceful, that, for two years, they could not get a woman who would accept it!

Martin Esculante.

Well, Martin Esculante, a British subject, has been arrested in Spain for distributing the New Testament. That he is a British subject is beyond denial, though this privilege has been denied to him on the ground that his name is not in the Consul's book. But is a man's life and liberty to be sacrificed by any wretched legal subterfuge of this kind? I hope Lord John Russell will very quickly go through that spider's web. Is the British citizenship not like the Roman citizenship of old? If Esculante had been an American subject, the Spanish Government would soon have heard "Yankee Doodle" played in their ears!

The Soft Paw of the Catholics.

Why should we use our utmost influence with the Emperor of China and the Sultan of Turkey to grant religious liberty to their subjects, and lick the dust of Spain's feet, and let her do as she pleases in those matters? What do we owe Spain, or, rather, what does Spain owe us? We plucked her from the talons of the French eagle. We have spent blood and money to defend Spain, and this is the return we get! Esculante is now feeling what is under those paws which seem to so many here so velvety and soft; and this case may satisfy us that the Inquisition is hid under those smooth, oily faces, that we meet with in the streets, in whose mouths one would think that butter would not melt.

The Old Students of Divinity.

I have here before me a number of young men, who, in God's providence, are not only to tell on the rising generation, but who are to be placed in the most influential positions which any man could occupy—to influence effectually the community. I look upon one divinity stu-

dent as worth a hundred old grey-haired ministers. The reason why I set them above the ministers, is just because the large body of the ministers are advanced in life. So I look upon such divinity students as are before me as the best recruits that can be got in the cause of temperance. I have great pleasure in seeing so many men who are to fill the pulpits of our country, and mould the habits of the rising generation in our beloved land in favour of Total Abstinence, and this all the more when I look back on the old divinity students. I don't say that the students of that day were dissolute or immoral men; far from it. There were black sheep among them, no doubt. Even among divinity students there were suppers, and if there were suppers there were tumblers, and if there were tumblers there was toddy, and I don't know in regard to them, whether, as there were tumblers, there was tumbling; but it was a very likely thing.

An Old Tectotaller.

When I was a student, there was not, I believe, an abstaining student within the Univer-

sity, and not one abstaining minister in the whole Church. I did, indeed, know one minister who was practically a total abstainer. He was a minister in the parish of Brechin; but my worthy friend's total abstinence was because he thought he could not stand drinking; and I remember that, in place of taking his glass of whisky like other people, or his tumbler of toddy, my friend, the excellent minister of Menmuir, although he did not drink whisky or chew tobacco, had a practice of chewing rhubarb. The people of the parish of Menmuir wished another parson, when my excellent friend, Mr Waugh, was appointed, which was sometime near the end of last century. They were very adverse to his appointment; but these were the days of high-handed patronage, and the patrons put him in. The people said: "Well, we will soon get rid of him. He's Waugh by name, and Waugh by nature," for he was the most ghastly and cadaverous-looking man you could have set your eyes upon. He was that when he went to Menmuir, but, notwithstanding, he lived till he was near eighty-four, in spite of his people's anticipations and hopes, and, I believe, Mr Waugh's useful and blessed life was to be attributed far less to the rhubarb than to his teetotalism.

A Teetotal Belligerent.

I remember very well the first great party I went to with the resolution of making my first appearance as a teetotaler. It required almost as much courage on my part as I would have required to go up to a battery of cannon. Nevertheless, I did what I thought was my duty, and I rather delighted to go in such a capacity, for this reason, that I had a good opportunity of practically exhibiting the principles of total abstinence, and if there happened to be somebody present who did attack me, I rejoiced to have an opportunity of pommelling him

The Ethics, Physics, and Economics of Abstinence.

I have four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.

One Way of Closing the Mouths of Objectors.

There is one way of closing the mouths of

those who oppose temperate principles, and that is, to ask them if there ever was no young man of their acquaintance, or among their friends, or among their relations, or, it might be, in their own family, who had been ruined by the very indulgence against which they lift up their voices. No man can doubt, and no man denies, that nine-tenths of the immorality of our country may be directly or indirectly traced to drunkenness. What is it that makes our public markets such scenes of immorality and discord but drunkenness. The fall of many young women attributed to these markets, was by the men and women having indulged in liquor, which dulled the conscience, fired the passions, and stupified the reason. What is it that leads to most of the cases of discipline? It is drunkenness. What is it that mars the minister's influence in the large cities? It is drunkenness. What is the demon that starts up at every corner to confront the city missionary or the territorial missionary? It is drunkenness. What is it that sends these hundreds of children to the Ragged School? It is drunkenness. What is that clothes these men and women in rags in the High Street, the Grassmarket, or the Cowgate? It is drunkenness. What is it that leads

to the quarrels between husband and wife, sometimes ending in murder? In all cases in evil, it is drunkenness. What is it that sends so many young men away with broken characters from the shop, the counting-house, and the place of business? It is drunkenness. What is it that keeps these wretched women facing public opprobrium, and walking the streets without a woman's shame? It is drunkenness.

Roots.

I would rather see in the pulpit a man who is a total abstainer from this root of all evil, drink, than a man crammed with all the Hebrew roots in the world.

A Rarity.

In the course of another generation the man who shall sit down to his bottle of wine or his tumbler of toddy will be as rare as those creatures, the Megatheriums, which remain to us the strange specimens of another and, let us be thankful, a past generation.

Governesses.

But the thing which, in the case of governesses, appeals to my sympathy is their domestic position. The governess has no position in the family, or rather, a position so anomalous and painful that I have always made it a point of paying more attention to a governess than to any one in the room.

A Ragged School Genus.

I will give you an extract from a production of a Ragged School child of whom I hope to make a preacher:—

“Thank God for His blessings, small as well as great. Each bright particle comes from the sun to give us light and heat and life; and the clouds still shower down rain and dews to water and refresh the earth, and the seeds sown by man still give back an abundant harvest. Grass covers the hill-sides and spreads a green carpet over the valleys, trees spring up in the forests, flowers in the gardens, corn in the fields, and fruit in the orchards; and all this is the great and glorious effect of the combined in-

fluence of millions of little and insignificant causes. And thus, by the dictates of God's providence, 'While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and winter and summer, and day and night, shall not cease.' Take courage, then, O faint heart! Has not the coral insect built many islands, and were not these islands clothed with herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees by little birds dropping small seeds as they winged their way across? Is not the ocean made up of small drops of water? Are not the towering mountains composed of little grains of dust? So live, little faint-hearted one, that by little words of kindness, ever flowing as a crystal stream, thy life may appear as an ocean of charity! So live, that by many little tender loving deeds, thy life may become as one great mount of good works! Why should you fear? He who paints the rose and the lily, who clothes the grass of the field, who guides the sparrow in its airy course, and who gives to the ravens their food, He is thy Father. Thou art not too little for His notice. Rejoice, then, in His love."

A Royal Roast, but not a Royal Delicacy.

We must meet the social evil. We have been standing. But really the comparison is a ludicrous one. I can't resist it. They tell of a king of Spain who was roasted to a cinder for the sake of dignity. It was contrary to the etiquette of the Spanish court that he should ever move, but his chair should always be lifted by someone of his court. They set him down one day before the fire, and, by some mistake, there was an enormous quantity of coals in the grate. The king began to get warm, and then he got hot, and then it got intolerable, and then it got killing, and when the Spanish court returned they found the king roasted to a cinder, for anything that I know, for the sake of dignity! Now, really, ladies, to come to a solemn and serious matter, ministers in the pulpit, parents in the family, sisters with their brothers, the press itself, we have all been leaving the country to go to wreck and ruin for the sake of *delicacy*.

A Country without Lawyers.

To the glory of Japan, and to the shame of

Great Britain, education is general among the Japanese. There are no such children in Japan as we have in our Ragged Schools. The very lowest and poorest of the children of Japan can read and write. They have many books there, and if a good medical book were published in Edinburgh, the Japanese would be sure to find it and translate it. They have all sorts of professions, doctors, soldiers, and others, but they are wise enough not to have lawyers—their laws being short and simple.

Easy Conversions.

Referring to the religion of Japan, I may mention that no sooner was that country discovered than away went Francis Xavier, the head of the Jesuits, a man of extraordinary zeal, to subdue that country to the Catholic faith; and such was the zeal with which the Catholics laboured, that, before many years had gone, they acquainted the world that they had converted no fewer than two millions of the Japanese; the conversion of the heathen to Roman Catholicism being a very slight thing, as, by casting a little

water on the head of a child, they put down that child as a convert.

Ragged Schools versus Palatial Hospitals.

I consider these hospital palaces about our town as public nuisances and a curse to the city. I believe that the money spent upon them would be a thousand times better spent in educating these Ragged School children, and saving them from destruction.

Shopkeepers.

Shopkeepers are one of the most important classes of the community. With few exceptions, the houses in Edinburgh stand upon shops; and if the foundation go to pieces, where will the superstructures be? Did not Napoleon Buonaparte call us a nation of shopkeepers, and did not this nation of shopkeepers lick Napoleon Buonaparte and all Europe to boot? I say, then, up with the shopkeepers! Close your shops in good time, and let us have a right race of shopkeepers, morally, physically, intellectually, and

religiously. Although the brains of our shopkeepers are not yet what they should be, and what they shall be, I will say for them, that they make the best, very best, the most virtuous, honest, and religious part of the community. They are not what you may call a learned people, but they are very clever, very sharp, and I will say for Edinburgh, that one or two of our most sagacious men are shopkeepers, whose intelligence I'll stake any day you like against "the tottle of the whole" of the advocates and all other men in the city. I say let no man despise shopkeepers. They are the backbone of our country, and if the backbone is not right, depend upon it, the whole body is wrong. With regard to the grocers, I have a special interest in them. My father was a grocer, a merchant engaged in various branches of business. He had a shop all his days; and do you think I am ashamed of that? I thank God I had such a father, a man who maintained a high character in the community, and, I repeat, God forbid that I should be ashamed of such a man! More than that, I have two sons in the trade. I might have sent these sons to India, or used any influence I had to get them into Government offices. Some of my genteel friends held up their hands in

astonishment that I should have made my sons grocers. But I'll tell you why I made them grocers, and did not send them to India. I wanted my sons to stand upon their own feet independently of any man's patronage; and if any man wants a good advice from me as to how he would dispose of his sons, I recommend him to do the same. I felt that if I asked favours for my own family, I should soon be required to ask favours for other people; and if I once began, I saw I would soon become a perfect Solicitor-General. I felt that by doing so I would soon lose any influence I possessed with great men, whose acquaintance I never sought, though they sought mine, and that, in so far as I could make a good use of that influence, I was bound to use it for the religious, educational, and benevolent interests of the people. I have reserved my influence for those; and so far as asking favours for myself or others of my family, these hands are clean.

A Cold Place.

Dr M'Leod, whom I thank for coming here at my request, to help the cause of Government grants to our Ragged Schools, has remarked

that it is cold here. But it is far colder in Downing Street. A shocking cold place that. I have seen a bunch of grapes put into a well, and when you take it out, in place of a bunch of grapes, you find it a bunch of stones; and I have sometimes seen a good kind-hearted man go into office in Downing Street, and the next time I saw him, he was as hard as a stone!

A Difficult Study.

As to the Minutes of Council on Education. I have now succeeded in understanding Bradshaw, but the Minutes of Council I cannot comprehend. The short and the long of the system is, that they give £1,200,000 for the purpose of education, and of that only £5000 is given to educate those who must go to the prison or the gallows, if not educated. All the rest of the money goes to support schools, in which, I venture to say, that, in nineteen out of twenty cases, the parents are well enough able to give education to their children. Government does not believe that prevention is better than cure. They seem to think that wooden legs are better

than legs of flesh and blood. They give £20 to the institution set up to provide wooden legs, but to the Institution which is set up to prevent the necessity of the leg being taken off, they give only five shillings!

A Play at Shuttlecock.

Well, we went up to Government, and complained of its treatment of our Ragged Schools. We went three times to Downing Street; and last summer I bade the officials farewell, and told them I should go there no more. I shook the dust off my feet, and, no doubt, it is lying there yet, if anybody likes to go and see it. But when we went to Downing Street, we told Mr Lowe how we had reduced the number of commitments to prison, and especially the juvenile commitments, and how we had cleared the streets of begging boys, who, a dozen of years ago, swarmed like mosquitoes; we told him, moreover, we had discovered a remedy for crime such as had never been heard of before; and what answer did we get? It was very clever, and, I admit, an answer so astounding, that I had not a word to say, I was clean dum-

foundered! What he said was this. Taking advantage of the proof we had given of Ragged School operations, "Oh, then, gentlemen," says he, "it's no affair of mine, it's a matter of crime and police. Go to the Home Office, and they'll give you the money." And, I fancy, if we had gone to the Home Office, we should have been like a shuttlecock between two battledoors, and been sent back to the Privy Council again!

Hagar and her Son.

We must, unless you *come out*, turn out 70 children. We must throw them overboard. Who is to select the victims? Are they to draw lots? I'll not select them. I'll not be *there*. I will sympathise with Hagar, who, when she had done her utmost to sustain her fainting son, withdrew, not choosing to have the pain of seeing him die.

The Retort Courteous.

I see some men, or rather women, for they are more given to it, who would grind their ser-

vants down as if they were really not flesh and blood, and who appear as if they wished to dam up human nature, and all the feelings of human nature, rather than let them flow freely. When I was pleading the cause of the servant girls, one old lady who called upon me, told me, "Oh, my chamber-maid, my cook, and my scullery-maid have done such and such." And I said to the lady, "You have given me a very bad account of your servants, which I take to be a very bad account of yourself."

Fairs and Affairs.

You may imagine that I am very much like the ill bawbee, aye turning up; and you may also fancy, from my being here at a fair, that I have nothing to do at home; if so, I assure you, you are in a great mistake. I am not like the man on the tramp, seeking a job; but the truth is, I was induced by my son-in-law to come to the meeting last year, and the thing was so great a success, that I felt it my duty to come again; and if the result of this fair be like what the result of the last four was, I do not know what I shall do. So much was the public taken by

the report of the last fair at Biggar, that I can't tell how many invitations to fairs I got after that. There was such a large number of letters, that if I had attended them all I would not have been able to attend to any other *af-fairs* at all.

Relaxation.

I wish to know why working men should not have a day of relaxation as well as other men. I wish to know why young men and young women, under proper regulations, should not have a day of relaxation as well as other people. God gives us a day of relaxation. You are not wiser than He; and if you think you are, you are labouring under a great mistake. And what is required, is to give vent to every feeling that is not sinful, in a proper way. I am a minister, and I do regret that ministers do not take a greater interest in the common amusements of the people, keeping them within proper bounds. I like to see amusements carried on. I like to see children playing themselves. I even like to see a kitten chasing its own tail if it has nothing else to do. Well, I want all

these amusements to be properly regulated; and if all the ministers around Biggar would come into the fair, their presence would have a good effect. It would have the effect, no doubt, of checking immorality. And this just reminds me of the two men of whom I have heard it told, that they were coming along the road swearing; the moment they turned the corner, the one cried to the other, "Whisht, man, there's the minister!"

An Invention to Kill and an Invention to Save.

If I could go to Downing Street and tell them there of a gun that would carry ten miles and kill forty men, no doubt I would get a coronet. But it fills me with indignation to think that men who have invented a plan whereby lives are not slaughtered, but hundreds or thousands of poor wretched creatures are saved, go up to Downing Street and hardly receive common civility. I say it is intolerable. It is clean contrary to the whole spirit of the country. It is the spirit of the country to help the weak, and let the strong fight their own battles. This was the spirit shown by the Havelocks, the Outrams,

and the Colin Campbells when they left Lucknow. They brought the women and children safe through these deadly streets, and left the men to fight the way for themselves. This was the spirit our noble soldiers displayed in the *Birkenhead*, when the boats were too few to save them. They formed a line along the deck of the breaking-up ship. It was not Napoleon's cry at Waterloo that was heard on board of the *Birkenhead*, "*Sauve qui peut*" No, to the everlasting honour of this country and its army, those soldiers stood as if on parade, and the women and children passed all through that line to the boats, and they remained steadfast there, every man of them, to perish. That is the spirit of our country but it is not that of the Privy Council.

Religious Soldiers.

I have never seen a finer spirit of religion under a black coat than I have seen under a red. I have never seen a finer spirit of burning, fervid, devoted piety, than I have witnessed among soldiers; although sometimes I have thought they have so far outshone other

men, owing to the very difficulties they, as religious men, have to encounter. And the remark is true, not only of officers. but of men. I like to hear the gospel preached, whether by a black coat or a red coat, for I wish that all the Lord's servants were prophets. One of the Sutherland Highlanders, who have been referred to, I once heard preaching in the Grass-market; and having for forty years heard all kinds of preaching, I will say I never heard a better discourse than that soldier delivered.

Ministers for the Army.

What right has Government to collect a thousand men together and give them no minister of religion? If Government, in the matter of Established Churches, thought it right that a thousand people in a parish should have a minister, what right have they to collect a thousand men together, bound and prepared to die for their country's defence, and leave them without a minister? I know no men who have more need; and it is both a cruel and an anti-Christian system, to deprive those men of the regular provision of the means of grace. In the

days of Marlborough every regiment had its chaplain, who marched and campaigned with the soldiers, and even went to the field of battle with them. In Marlborough's time the soldiers never battled with the enemy but they rose from their knees to do it; and the regular practice was for the men to join in prayer before they joined in fight; and many of the officers went to the Lord's table and communicated, believing it might be for the last time; and, with all honour to the British army, we have never had better soldiers than in the days of Marlborough.

Cromwell's Ironsides.

In the days of Cromwell, Christian parents did what no Christian parents in our day would do. They sent their sons into the army, that they might get a religious upbringing. Yes, they sent their sons to be privates in the army, that they might be brought up in the strictest, godliest system. And what was the result? It was then that Cromwell's men, from the very power which they felt and exercised, got the name of Ironsides, and they never went into battle but they went to victory—a com-

plete proof that the more religious a man is, he is the better soldier, and that the more a man fears God, he is the less likely to fear man.

Celibacy in the Army.

There is another thing that prevents the army from being the true representative of a Christian nation; and that is, that domestic comforts and influence are denied to the soldier. Now, that is a grievous wrong, and it is idle to prove it. I hold that if celibacy is a bad thing in the Church, it is a worse thing still in the army. They may blame the soldier if they would, but I blame the system under which the soldier is tempted. Ah, it will be said, married soldiers would be a great expense. But what right has a Christian nation to secure its defence at the risk of the ruin of man's happiness? Give a soldier better pay. That's it. Lord Macaulay lets us into the secret. The soldier was at one time paid twice the wages of a day labourer; and I say, that until they pay the soldier as well as they do the mason or the carpenter, they will not do the army justice.

Secular Education a Bugbear.

I prefer secular education to no education whatever; and the principle has been recognised by the Church of Scotland, which never thrust on Roman Catholics the principles of the Protestant faith. The people of Scotland are at one as to the religion taught in the school, and even as to that taught in the pulpit. Give us a national education for Presbyterians, and I will join you in doing what can be done for those not provided for. The fear of secular education is the veriest bugbear. There have been many Voluntary adventure schools in Scotland, managed by the people themselves, in which I put more confidence than in Church or State; and I challenge any one to mention an instance of a school so set up, where the Bible is not as well, if not better taught than in the pulpit schools. Just put on the door of a school in Scotland, **THE BIBLE IS NOT TAUGHT HERE**, and I will answer for it, you will have no scholars.

The Demon of Drunkenness.

Seven years of my ministry were spent in one of the lowest localities of Edinburgh; and

it almost broke my heart, day by day to see, as I wandered from house to house, and from room to room, misery, wretchedness, and crime; the detestable vice of drunkenness, the cause of all, meeting me at every turn, and marring all my efforts. If there is one thing I feel more intensely than another, it is this; that drinking is our national curse, our sin and shame, our weakness. I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say that this vice destroys more men and women, bodies and souls, breaks more hearts, and ruins more families, than all the other vices of the country put together! Nor need I speak of the multitude of lives it costs. Nothing ever struck me more, in visiting those wretched localities, than to find that more than a half of these families were in the churchyard. The murder of innocent infants in this city by drunkenness, out-Herods Herod in his slaughter of the innocents of Bethlehem. I appeal to every missionary and every minister who visits these localities, whether the great obstacle that meets him at every corner, is not drunkenness. I believe we will in vain plant churches and schools, though they be as thick as trees in the forest, unless this evil is stopt.

The Sobriety of the Continent.

During a seven weeks' tour in France, Belgium, Sardinia, Switzerland, Prussia, and Germany, I have seen, in seven weeks, although I was in Paris at the time of the baptismal *fetes*, and in Brussels during the three days' celebration of Leopold having been on the throne for a quarter of a century, less drunkenness than might be seen in Edinburgh in three days. "What a blessed providence it is," said a distinguished foreigner, "that you Anglo-Saxons are a drunken race; for, were you not, there is a power, talent, and energy within you, would make you masters of the whole world!"

Wild-Man Animals.

The first thing the State should charge itself with, is the duty of seeing that every child is educated. I hold that the State is not entitled to punish a child as a criminal when it has taken no means to instruct that child in its duty. I have said that before; and as to compulsory education, I follow John Knox in this

respect, and hold that no man should be allowed to bring up his children according to his own fancy; but that every man, of whatever state, be he peer or peasant, should be compelled to give his children an education in learning and virtue. I maintain that no man is entitled to breed wild beasts in this country for the sake of the play of hunting tigers and wolves which will endanger the lives of other men. No man is entitled to breed the most dangerous of all wild beasts, a two-legged un-educated animal! Talk of liberty. I hold that any liberty, the liberty of walking about in freedom and personal safety is encroached on, if children are brought up in such a way as to be dangerous to the community. Men are "havering" up yonder in Parliament about espionage. Do we hear anything of espionage in levying the taxes of the country, as in making a man tell what his income is; and will any man call it espionage to see that every parent educates his children?

Smuggling the Bible.

The mass of people can' only read principles by the light of the martyrs' fires, and by men

making sacrifice and suffering for them; and, I believe, in their case, Popery has made a great mistake. In reference to Spain and other countries having even prohibited Protestants from passing through them, I say that this only renders such associations as our Bible Society the more necessary, for when the preacher could not be sent, the word of God might still be secretly distributed. If the trade is not open, we can smuggle the Scriptures in. But it may be said, Would I break the law? Would I engage in smuggling? Wouldn't I? I have been a beggar in my lifetime, and I am ready to become a smuggler too. Were I in America, I would be a smuggler there; I would smuggle the fugitives across the States, and land them under the shadow of Canadian liberty! I would run a contraband trade in Bibles on the shores of Italy; I would carry the slaves across the American border, and would feel that I had done no wrong. Yes, I would break the law of States that are at once tyrants and slaves,—the law that stands in opposition to that highest of all laws, "Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

A Good Inscription on a Grave-Stone.

I long and pray that the time will come when these unfortunates will be educated by the State, and nursed in the bosom of a pious country; nor from such prayer will I ever come down to consider schemes of such sects. I don't care if the people are saved, whether the scheme crack the crown of St. Giles', or hurl Free St John's down the West Bow. I love my church as much as any one, but I love my country more than I love my denomination. I love these unhappy children, and wish that they who are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—I wish much rather that they be made Christians than that Christians be made Free Churchmen; and feeling as I do that the first duty of the State is to educate her people, and the last to hang them; believing as I do that her first duty is to prevent crime, and her second to punish it; believing as I do that the first duty of the State is to build schools, and her second to build prisons; believing as I do that the State should charge herself with the duty of seeing that no child within her borders goes without education;—I rejoice in the Lord Advocate's Bill [of 1855,]

because I believe it will accomplish that; and I rejoice in the rising tide of public opinion that will soon float it out into the open sea. If I were his lordship, and the time were come for me to die, I would have nothing on my grave-stone but this—following the example of Thomas Hood, who desired for an inscription, “Here lies Thomas Hood, who wrote the ‘Song of the Shirt’”—I would have nothing, were I James Moncreiff, but this as my highest honour: “Here lies James Moncreiff, who prepared and carried through Scotland’s Grand Education Bill.” I think these are bright days for our country; I trust that this bill will pass through Parliament; and if I am spared to see it in operation, along with that of Mr Dunlop, and that of Lord Palmerston, we will beat the dramshops and put down drunkenness; we will illuminate the darkness, and rouse the sunken masses, and save our neglected population; we will empty our prisons and fill our churches; and the blessed time will come when your immense penitentiaries, your frowning jails, and your gorgeous hospitals will stand in ruins as the relics of a barbarous age.

A Good Time for Begging.

At this time of the year [the New Year] money is very abundant; people's hearts are somehow warmed by the cold; the weather that freezes the streams of water, sends the stream of benevolence flowing from the heart;—therefore we sent out our collectors.

A Great Character.

I am delighted to see the chair occupied by one [Dr Alison]—I say it in his presence, and it is no news to the public—yes, we have got it occupied by one whose name is a household word in every dwelling of wretchedness in Edinburgh, whose name is identified with humanity itself, and who of all men living knows most about the poor, and has done most for the poor.

A Friend at Court.

We are going to have some hundreds of the children of the School brought in a little, and

set a-singing, and what I will say of them is this, that there is not one Ragged boy and girl among them but will now be able to say in respect of the Duke [of Argyle,] being now one of the councillors of the nation, "I have now got a friend at Court." I do not entertain the extravagant expectations that Jeanie Deans did of her great ancestor, when, with Reuben Butler's paper in her hand, and with her plaid over her resolute heart, she sought an interview with John Duke of Argyle, as he was issuing from the snuff-shop of Mrs Glass; nevertheless, I am sure he will do all he can for us, and I am sure of this, that to use Jeanie's own words, that if he meets any opposition, "he winna be chappit back, or easy cast down with the first rough answer."

A Soft Part in a Hard Heart.

I remember reading in the "Life of Burke"—not Burke the great patriot, but Burke the atrocious murderer—how that on one occasion he had saved the life of a child, and that there was one passage in the dreadful history of this dreadful man which afforded him some comfort

in his prison cell. When the wheel of a cart or carriage was about to pass over the head of the child, he saw the danger, and sprang forward, at the peril of his own life, and saved that of the child; and then, while in jail, he used to reflect upon that circumstance, the only one in all his life that afforded him any satisfaction. Now, if that child had been like one of those unhappy children who are like the objects of our charity, I don't know for what end he saved it. I have often thought that it is happiness for such children to die early. I have sometimes been glad to see them in their coffin; and I can understand the feelings of a mother spoken of in this report: she was married to a drunken husband, who was leading her children to ruin; and, on standing in the infirmary of the prison, over her poor boy who had already been three times convicted, although he was only eleven years old, she expressed a wish and a prayer that the unhappy boy might never rise from his bed again, but might die there. I can understand that; and if it was a satisfaction to Burke that he once saved the life of a little child, what must the satisfaction of any right-minded person be if he has saved something that is far better and more valuable than life.

The Bible like Goliath's Sword.

The three hundred children of our School, according to their ages and capabilities, receive the ordinary elements of education—reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography; and, above all, to what we attach greater importance, a thoroughly Scriptural education. The Bible is our text book, without note or comment. Of the Bible, we say what David said of Goliath's sword, "Give me that, there is nothing else like it." We do not disparage other kinds of knowledge—anatomy, phrenology, physiology, and all the 'ologies' that ever were eulogised by any man; only we say this of them, "Thou canst not minister to a mind diseased."

Fact and Fiction.

I hold in my hand a book of evidence on juvenile crime, and such a record I never read. You may talk about "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and no one thinks more of it than I do—there are more harrowing facts and circumstances and stories in this book than ever I read in any other book of fiction or of fact. The evidence,

too, is given by the most competent of all judges; and it is gratifying to me, as it will be to the supporters and directors of this Institution, to find that, however they may differ in some small matters, there is one thing they do not differ upon, that the honest man and he who has been the thief—that the Episcopalian and Presbyterian—that the governor of the prison and the master of the reformatory school, all of them agree in this, that the grand reformatory power in all such schools is the thoroughly moral and Scriptural training of the young.

A Small Historian and a Small History.

One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists, and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland, by his answer to the question, "Give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?" Now, listen to the answer. It looks like as if it had gone through a Bramah press, it is so well condensed: "Paul was born at Tarsus, and brought up in Jerusalem. He continued a persecutor till his conversion; after which he

became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died." Now, could any of you have done half so well?

A Noble Sentiment.

A poor boy was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for really little more than the horrid crime of sleeping out. Well, it does excite one's feelings to think of an infant, without father or mother, committed to prison for sleeping under the canopy of heaven. Oh, that our country, like Rachel, were weeping for our children. They tell me about her commerce, about her wealth, about her colonies, and about her noble institutions. I say, let her arise; and, in the words of a bad man, turned to a good use, "All this avails me nothing, so long as these infants are living in crime and dying without hope." I wish every one of you to adopt the noble sentiment of a Prussian Prime Minister: "I promise to God that there shall not be a child but shall look on me as one he could blame before God, unless I provide him with the best education both as a man and a Christian that it is possible for me to do."

A Singular Complaint.

Mr M'Guire complains that we don't take into account Roman Catholic children. Does he imagine that we are to keep a box of old bones, and hang the bairns with rosaries, and put them through their genuflections?

A Speaking Picture.

It is rather curious, at least it is interesting to me, that it was by a picture that I was first led to take an interest in Ragged Schools, a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh, that stands on the shore of the Firth of Forth. I had gone thither with a companion on a pilgrimage; not that there was any beauty about the place, for it had no beauty. It has little trade. Its deserted harbour, silent streets, and old houses, some of them nodding to their fall, give indications of decay. But one circumstance has redeemed it from obscurity, and will preserve its name to the latest ages. It was the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers. I went to see this place. It is many years ago. And going into an inn for refreshments, I found

the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and tars in holiday attire not very interesting. But above the chimney-piece here stood a large print, more respectable than its neighbours, which a skipper, the captain of one of the few ships that trade between that town and England, had probably brought there. It represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees—that massive forehead, and firm mouth, expressing great determination of character, and below his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls, who stood at their lessons around the busy cobbler. My curiosity was excited, and on the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the poor ragged children, left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to run in the streets, had, like a good shepherd, gathered in the wretched outcasts ; how he had brought them to God and the world ; and how, while earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery, and saved to society, not less than five hundred of these children. I

felt ashamed of myself for the little I had done.

An Analogy.

Suppose I found a child flung into the canal, like Moses in the ark of bulrushes, and that that child's father was a Mahometan, and required that it should be brought up in that faith; am I to bring up that foundling in what I believe to be fatal error, because the monster of a father by whom it was deserted chose to believe that that was his wish? I say before the world, that if a father or mother cast a child upon the State, then the State is bound to bring it up in its own religion, because the little one becomes the child of the State, and the religion of the State is Protestant, and not Roman Catholic.

A Portrait of Himself.

I am not come for the purpose of speaking; and I can assure you that I will not trespass upon your time; and indeed I would not have come, but it being a total abstinence meeting, I wished to give it my countenance, although

I am afraid that that will be of very little benefit to you. A friend of mine has told me, that a person who was asked to describe Dr Guthrie, said that he was a hard-favoured man, with a voice like thunder. I am, therefore, afraid that his countenance will not do you much good.

Fighting One's Way to the Grave.

I am very happy indeed that our chairman has brought out the circumstances of the moderatorship. I think that it is very creditable to the Free Church, that out of six or seven living Moderators of the Free Church, there are no fewer than three of them total abstainers; and I hope that not only will that be borne out by the clergy, but that it will be exceeded in. I wish that our total abstinence friends will bear this in mind, that the service they do the Church and society is not at all to be measured by the number of adherents they have. I believe that they have done greater good to those who are not adherents than they have to those who are—that they have been the means, in God's providence, of turning public attention to the enormous evils and the enormous crimes

that are connected with the producing and using of intoxicating liquors. They have taken the stave out of the cog of many a man who has his cog still. We cannot go abroad in society, either high or humble, without blessing God for the extraordinary change that has taken place in the habits of the people. Some of our total abstinence friends will not go into company if there is to be strong drink there. Now, I always go whither the devil or drink is ; and I know that one result of my going into company is, that the subject of temperance always springs up, and is discussed so that I might say that I am fighting my way to the grave.

Drink and Popery.

I got a letter the other day from a man urging me to propose in the General Assembly of the Free Church, that students before being licensed should be bound to become total abstainers. Well, whether Dr Begg would consider that an innovation, I do not know ; but I am afraid that Dr Begg would object. However, we are not ripe for that yet ; and I told my worthy friend that we must take care and not shear the corn

before it is ripe. Whether that time will come or not, I believe that it will. I think that drink—and I use the expression with all solemnity—I think that drink damns more souls, that drink is more injurious to the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls, than any other vice in which society indulges. It has been said that Popery is the enemy of the liberties of mankind; but I consider that drink is the greatest enemy of the cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ.

*A Long Look for Union.*¹

I cannot consent to give a silent vote on this great and momentous occasion. When I say that I intend to vote for Dr Buchanan's motion, [in favour of union,] I have said nothing that has taken the House by surprise at any rate. I have made no progress any more than my friend Dr Gibson. I am in the very position to-day that I stood in the year 1843, when I made my first speech as a Free Church minister in our General Assembly. Whether I have logic or not, I have a good pair of eyes, and I

saw a long way ahead of me, which was more than Dr Gibson, with all his logic, did. I see a long way ahead of me this happy day; and I expressed the very sentiments in the Free Church General Assembly of 1843, that I stand up now to express. I find, on turning to the *Witness* of that period, that I said, "I am for union in the meantime, in the way of co-operation. I would propose to Dr Brown," (speaking of home mission work), "you take that portion of the work, and to Dr Alexander, you take that, and I will take this; let us devote ourselves to this labour, and go forth to the heathen lanes of Edinburgh just as we go forth to the heathen lands of Africa." But, sir, I added, "We cannot stop there." And in reference to the very chapter which Sir Henry Moncreiff read here this day, I went on to say, "I defy any man to stop there, who has at heart what our clerk read this evening, that touching and affecting prayer of Jesus for His disciples! What is first and foremost in that prayer? What is mentioned once, twice, thrice, four, and five times? What is repeated over and over again, in that prayer of our Redeemer?— 'That they may be all one, as I and my Father are one.' And I never will rest content, I will

never cease to pray and work till that end is achieved, and as I do so, I will bury in oblivion the memory of former controversies. Yes, sir; oh that the day were come," (and it is not far distant now); "oh that the day were come, that I might meet with my brethren," (and I see some of them before me in this House), "over the grave of all former controversies, that we might shake hands, and join hearts, and be one in Christ Jesus; one regiment, bearing the same colours, and going forth like an army mighty for battle, against one common and tremendous foe."

The Dr originally a Seceder.

My regard for the Seceders, if I may be allowed to allude to personal matters—and I would not do it, except as bearing in some sense on this question—is not a causeless prejudice. It is founded on a better knowledge of the Seceders than perhaps many in this house have. One of my parents—a sainted mother, and how she would have rejoiced to see this day!—was a Seceder, and other two members of my family felt themselves constrained, by the thrusting in

of an unpopular minister into the collegiate charge of Brechin, to leave the parish church; and in consequence of the accommodation in the parish church being deficient when we were young, we were all Seceders. We were sent to the Secession Church; until I came to the college, I was in the regular habit of sitting in the Burgher Church; and, until I became a preacher, I generally worshipped, on the Sabbath evening, in the Burgher Church of Brechin. I do not think I lost anything by that. With my mother's milk I drank in an abhorrence of patronage; and it was at her knees, sir, that I first learned to pray, that I learned to form a reverence for the Bible as the inspired Word of God, that I learned to hold the sanctity of the Sabbath, that I learned the peculiarities of the Scottish religion, that I learned my regard to the principles of civil and religious liberty which have made me hate oppression, and, whether it be a pope, or a prelate, or a patron, or an ecclesiastical demagogue, resist the oppressor.

No Thought of a Return to the Establishment.

Well, we defended Establishments so long as we thought them worth defending. We did

what we thought was our duty, and a very curious thing it is, that all those, with hardly an exception, that defended Establishments in 1843, left her, and left her never to return, left her, never thinking of returning; and they have cause to bless God with all their hearts for His kindness to them since that day.

A Description of the Seceders.

I have seen them outside in, and inside out; know more of that body than a very large number of those here, and the sound of Seceder, sir, sounds like music in my ear, and is dear to my heart. I did not say they were perfect. I do not know anybody perfect except our friend [indicating Dr Gibson,] who has to confess nothing at all. With their Anti-Burghers and Burghers distinction, their Lifters and Anti-lifters, and with their aversion in the olden time—though they have changed wonderfully of late, and let no man ever say that he will not change—with their aversion to gowns and bands, to crosses on the outside of the church, or any ornament whatever within, there is no denying it, my friends were a little narrow.

There are worse things now-a-days in the world than being narrow. The way of life is narrow. Doubtless they said of my friends, the Seceders were narrow, twisted, and gnarled. They were gnarled. They were a gnarled oak, sound to the core, solid in the grain, and the very timber, before all others, out of which men like to build ships in which to fight battles, or ride out the storm.

A Dead Question.

So far as it is a practical question with reference to the endowment of the Church, it is dead and gone. It may be committed to the custody of the keeper of the Antiquarian Society. Will you get up that old ghost, and frighten me with that! You might as well insist on unity of sentiment in regard to other subjects—such, for instance, as the Revolution settlement—that question which led to such miserable results between the Protestants and the Resolutioners at Bothwell Bridge.

The Queen.

I happened to be reading a book yesterday—a book published in America, though I believe it is an English work—giving a succinct and brief account of the history and characters of the Sovereigns that had occupied this throne, and I could not turn page after page of that book over, without feeling what cause of gratitude we had to Almighty God for the gracious providence that has placed on our throne such a Sovereign as Queen Victoria. I believe you will search all the pages of history before you find one in this, or in any other country, who unites in herself so many qualities that command the admiration and secure the welfare of the country. Where was there ever gathered together in a Sovereign, so many admirable personal qualities—a Sovereign of wisdom so well suited to her circumstances—and a Sovereign that maintains a Court of such matchless and unspotted purity? We have abundant cause to bless Almighty God that he has given us such a Queen—to congratulate not her only, but ourselves, on the return of her birth-day—and to wish that that birth-day may be continued to her in the spirit of one of old, who said, “O

king, live for ever!" Not that we could expect that such a prayer would be granted; but we may certainly pray and expect that, when it pleases God to take her away from her earthly throne, to bestow on her, we trust, a better crown than that which now adorns her brow, as she adorns it; that throne will be filled by one whom we are now to congratulate upon his marriage, who will be a bright example of his father's merits and of his mother's virtues.

A Pillow to Lie On.

I have thought it would be a capital plan, if any of you who have saved money by going to the Corn Exchange instead of to the public-house—and I am sure that many in this house have done so—would give that saving to me for the purpose which I have indicated. I am sure it would be a ten thousand times softer pillow to lie on, to think that you had given a shilling or a sixpence, and to know that you had done something to save a child from ruin, than to lie next morning with what the man called "a rivin' headache."

Something to be Thankful for.

I think we have great cause to be thankful to God, that all the other affairs of the Government are not managed with so little discretion, [as the Ragged Schools.] If such were the case, pity the State!

The Effect of Porridge.

Many of these children come to us only skin and bone, but it is grand to observe what a difference—what a rounding—porridge produces on them in the space of three months.

A Reason for not being Moved.

I have heard a story of a man who was on one occasion in the church. Where it was, I don't know; it does not matter; but he heard a very pathetic discourse that melted the whole audience. Those that were ice, thawed, and those that were rock, melted, and tears were

soon on the faces of men and women; but this man stood like that pillar, perfectly unmoved, when all the rest were in tears. Somebody said to him, "It is most extraordinary that you can sit when everybody is thawed and melted just as unmoved as the seat you sit upon." And he says in reply, "Oh, the reason is very plain, I dinna belong to the parish."

A Reversal of Judgment.

I recollect of going, about fifteen years ago, into one of the prisons, and, looking through the eyelet of the cell door, I saw a poor infant within these four walls immured there in prison, a little boy who ought to have been catching trout in a stream, or making necklaces of daisies, or amidst the hum of the busy school, or sitting at his mother's fireside. But there was this poor infant buried, living, in a coffin, withering like a delicate flower, pining from morning to noon, from noon to night, in weary, weary solitude. Oh! sir, my indignation boiled at the spectacle. I beckoned to the warder. I said to him, "Who put that boy there?" "The Sheriff,

sir," said he. I replied, "If I had the Sheriff, I would let the boy out, and put the Sheriff in."

A Grand Banquet.

Well, as I said, we resolved to give a banquet [to the Ragged Scholars.] We furnished one of our best rooms, and had it brilliantly lighted with gas, and adorned with laurel, and ivy, and the coral-beaded holly. And the quantity of tea and toast—it wasn't to be told! We just sent away through Edinburgh, and in a day we got one hundred and fifty, all doing for themselves. So I heard a great rush of feet. I was standing at the door, you know, to receive my company, and I could not believe my eyes when I saw the succession of good-looking, respectable young men, and the array of comely, virtuous-looking, happy young women. I never saw a more respectable company; and how they laughed and sung! And we prayed, too. We prayed, and we gave them good advice. I never spent a happier night; no, not in the grandest, noblest house I was ever in, than that when I entertained my Ragged children.

Anecdote of Guizot.

If there is no end of beneficent institutions, neither is there any end of money. The country is growing richer every day; and I consider it is the glory of this country, that the evils by which we are surrounded are met by societies supported by voluntary subscriptions, and not by any grand Government scheme. I have been told that Guizot was not more struck by anything in this country than by seeing, as he rode through the streets of London, so many institutions with this inscription on the front of them, "Supported by voluntary contributions." I think that is the glory of this land.

The Virtues of Cold Water.

I could stand here from morning to sundown, and from sundown to sunrise, occupying, if I had physical power, every hour and every minute of that time, telling the evils these stimulants have done, and I will defy any man to occupy five minutes by telling me the good they have done. Everybody knows I have been talking everlastingly all the winter through. I

have done, I believe, double the amount of public work of that of any minister in Edinburgh, and yet people have said to me, "You are looking remarkably well; you are looking ten years younger. How is that?" "Cold water," is my answer.

Not Exactly the Right Cause.

I am not a teetotaller, because I was coming to like drink, as a lady supposed, who said to Professor Miller, "I am sorry Dr Guthrie has got to bad habits, and has been obliged to become a member of the Teetotal Society to keep him from being deposed."

A Conflict.

A number of the houses in Skye had no panes of glass in the rooms, and no window in the wall; but there is a hole at the top of the wall, and the whole day long there is a battle whether the peat-reek shall get out, or the sun and air get in.

A Fungus.

When you get religion dying, drink is like a fungus growing upon the rotten tree. When religion begins to revive, along with it revive temperance and total abstinence societies. There is a remarkable connection. The moment the revival appeared, in many places the public-houses began to be shut.

A Ghost Viewing Retribution.

There, in America at this moment, you have a house divided against itself. You have brethren in mortal combat by the cradle where they were rocked, over the graves of their common parents. The world has never seen such a horrid strife; and, if the dead walk this earth, I could fancy the spirits of the Red Indians saying, that the hour of their revenge had come now, when the sons of those that had exterminated them were exterminating each other. Ay, and I could fancy the Negro, though he does not express it, chuckling in his heart at the sight which America now presents, when the men who hunted him, and the men

who assisted in the hunt, are in a death-grapple, are having each other by the throat, and are burying their swords in each other's bosoms; and if the Negro knows our proverb, I can fancy him saying to himself, "When de rogues fall out, de honest men will get dair own."

An Unnatural Son.

The President of America's Secretary says he wonders that a man could propose that a matter like that [the rebellion] could be referred to the arbitrament of a foreign country, and especially to the arbitrament of an European monarchy. Which is the monarchy which the Governor of Maryland proposed to refer the question? It is not to the monarchy of Russia, nor to the monarchy of Napoleon, nor the monarchy of King Bomba, or King Bomba's son. It is the monarchy of *their own mother*.

An American Edition of the Bible.

I hold in my hands a paper, from which I will read an extract. The writer says that

negro slavery was instituted by divine authority at the time of the creation of the world! That's news. I wonder where he got that. It is certainly not in our Bible. They must have another edition in America. The fact is, before he can prove that from the Bible, I will undertake to prove that Adam and Eve were both black.

A Warning not Taken.

Well, then, the Americans did not improve the time of the Revival. If men don't improve the time of a revival, God will next try them with judgment; and there has come a judgment upon them by civil war!—a plague worse than the ten plagues of Egypt! In Egypt, the first-born fell by the hand of God! Yonder, Abel falls by a brother's stroke!

That Cursed Slavery.

I believe God will over-rule the American struggle for good, and, I hope, that when fathers in America are washing the blood from the bodies of their sons, they will come to

abhor the cause of all the turmoil and ruin in that country! I say of it, what the man now lying in Dundee Jail under sentence of death, said of drink. He was a poor, honest, well-doing man, and the highest testimony was borne to his character at the trial. When his wife learned the habit of drinking, she spent his hard-earned wages! His children were ragged and neglected. Driven to desperation, the man took to drinking himself. On one occasion he gave her twenty shillings to pay an account, but soon after the creditor came in, and he found that his wife had only paid thirteen shillings, and had drunk the rest! Back she came with the children. His passions were roused. He knocks her down. He tramples on her body, he beats her with his heavy shoes, till he beats her dead. By-and-by the storm is over. Ah! there is the bleeding corpse of his wife. They assure him she is dead. He hangs his head in misery, and covering his face with his hands, exclaims, "Curse that drink." And when America stands over the bleeding bodies of her own sons fallen in this fraternal war, I trust she will cover her face with her hands, and cry, *Curse that Slavery.*

A Small Fraction.

Before the establishment of Ragged Schools, thousands of juvenile beggars frequented the streets; but, under the operation of these Institutions, the streets have been cleared of them. Five per cent. of the criminals were formerly juveniles under 14 years of age, but in the fourth year after the establishment of these Schools, the proportion was reduced to one per cent., and in the fifth year they had only half a juvenile.

The Spit against the Spelling-Book.

I want the ladies to pay their Governesses at least as well as they pay their butlers and cooks. I believe it is far better for young women to roast meat in the kitchen, than to teach the young idea how to shoot in the school-room.

The Ragged School and the Prison.

Fancy seventy of these children walking weeping out of our School, not like our first parents, when they went out of Eden weeping for their sins. They have committed no sin.

They have been more sinned against than sinning. That is truth; they are suffering innocents; but out they must go, and when they go out, let them muffle that drum, and beat the funeral of their good and their highest hopes, and then let Mr Smith open his prison doors. The prison is well nigh empty. It will be filled by-and-by. Let them cry, "Room in the prison." God cries, "Room in Heaven for the guilty." Here they cry, "Room in prison for the Innocent." And when these poor creatures have once made their horrid march from our blessed School to yon grim door and dreary cells, and, instead of singing, "Come to Jesus," are pining in yon cold solitude, let the authorities put on the door of the prison, "Under the patronage of Her Majesty's Privy Council."

The Volunteers.

The Emperor Napoleon is a man of too much sense to think of attacking us, as he knows the first cannon shot he fires would be the signal for his own doom; but that of course is contingent upon our keeping up a strong defensive position. I know two timid ladies who could neither eat

nor sleep for fear of invasion, but I contrived to quiet their fears by solemnly promising that whenever Napoleon actually landed, I would come and breakfast with them. I believe that any visit that potentate would make would be a pacific one, and I think that we ought to have invited him to come to see our Queen review 21,000 brave and armed men in the Park at Holyrood, and then given him his dinner, and that would have put all thoughts of invasion out of his head fast enough. I value the Voluntary—no, I mean the Volunteers; but, after all, it is one and the same word, for are not Volunteers Voluntaries? I value the Volunteer movement because it is not, nor can it be, one of offence or aggression, but is and must be one of defence alone—like our national emblem the thistle, with its motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," which means, 'Hands off, if you're wise.' The thistle is a quiet enough plant—it is only when you meddle with it that you feel its prickles. Such being its object, I hold that every man who has health and strength ought to be a Volunteer—and there is no woman deserving of the name who should not say to her lover, "Join the Volunteers, or I'll have nothing to say to you."

Rory no More.

I have now to propose Mr Roderick M'Leod of Snizort; so that, while other Moderators may have moved into the chair, while other men pulled the strings, it is my happiness, in proposing Mr M'Leod as Moderator, to give effect to my own wishes and intentions. I need not tell this House who Mr M'Leod is. I need not tell them who Mr M'Leod of Snizort is. Go to the Highlands, or meet in with a Highlander, and you will soon learn that. His name is as a familiar word in all the pious homes of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. He was a man-at-arms and a standard-bearer of the truth in the Highland hills and amid the stormy isles—ay, and a sufferer for it too, long before our time. He is a man venerable for more than years—loved, esteemed, admired by all who come into contact with him—and he has for many years shone as a light in his own Highlands, while those who hated the light, because their deeds were evil, would probably have liked to extinguish him. But Roderick M'Leod was not the man whom they could daunt, and bravely did he stand up in the

General Assembly in olden times for the cause of truth, the purity of morals, and the discipline of the Church. He did more than that—he performed a feat unexampled in the history of the Free Church, and perhaps never to be equalled in the history of our Church, though it should last till the end of time. Macaulay tells us that “Horatius, single-handed, kept the bridge of Rome;” but Roderick M'Leod, single-handed, at the Disruption, kept Skye for years. He was the sole minister and bishop of the island—preserving for the Free Church her thousands of noble and pious people, by his undaunted bravery and untiring energy and unwearied zeal. I shall not dwell on his merits. I will just say that yesterday I received an acknowledgment of some money I had been the means of sending to the committee to aid the poor people of Skye. The lady who returned me the answer said there were many of the people of Skye going off, by means of the money that was being raised, to America—that they were quite happy and hearty, their only regret being, that in leaving Skye they would hear Rory no more.

One Point of Agreement.

There are many questions connected with it, [education] on which people very much differ. There are, for instance, the questions as to whether it should be compulsory or voluntary, —whether it should be a religious and secular, or only a secular education,— whether in the matter and management of it, one sect should be preferred, or all should be equally favoured, — whether the funds to meet it should be drawn from the public revenues, or by local assessment— whether it should be a national system of education, or conducted on the principle of the Privy Council grants. These are questions on which I admit the country is divided; but there is one question on which there is no division; there is one aspect of the educational question on which all are agreed, and that is, the advantage and necessity and success of the Ragged Schools.

*What the Humber Classes think of
Ragged Schools.*

There can be no doubt as to the feeling entertained towards us by the humbler classes. If you

had gone with me to the fair at Biggar, where we had the band of the Ragged School, and if you had there seen the honest peasantry of Peeblesshire looking to the children with tears in their eyes, and pronouncing that sight to be the finest they had ever seen—and if you had witnessed them loading the children, filling the pockets of the bairns with sweeties—you would have just had one example of the feeling with which the Ragged Schools are looked upon by the humbler classes of the country.

Let Whig and Tory all Agree.

My excellent friend, Professor Simpson, who, amid many other calls, is here to-day, deserting for a time his own patients—though I hope they will be none the worse of that—to cure the ills of these Ragged School children, said he was afraid that in what he had to say he might trench on politics. Now, I am happy to say that all political men are agreed on this question; here, I may say, we have the idea fully realised of the old song which says — “**Let Whig and Tory all agree.**”

A Noble Fight.

The battle these Lancashire people are fighting with poverty and want is a nobler fight than Waterloo. For my part I would rather take my stand before the foe, and hear the roar of battle around me, than hear the cries of a starving wife and child for bread, and have none to give them.

Strikes.

I am not in favour of strikes, they are productive of enormous evils; but I say it may happen that the working man may have justice on his side in refusing to work for low wages, and demanding higher; and the only way in which he can maintain his rights is by having a good deposit in the savings' bank. That spirit of independence which prevails amongst our countrymen may be called Scotch pride, but I say it is a good pride; it leads any man to adopt means by which he can stand securely on his own feet.

A Hercules.

I cannot express the astonishment with which I have listened to Dr Roxburgh's account of his labours—my astonishment has been great indeed—how he could be the minister he was in a Glasgow pulpit, and the pastor he was over a Glasgow congregation, and at the same time, with a sort of Herculean strength and giant power, managed as he did the business of this scheme [of Missions.] The only result of such a system is this—that you either, by such appointments, damage such offices—the office of pastor and the office of convener of the committee—or you kill the man who holds the two. I hope the General Assembly will take occasion from this retirement, as well as from the retirement of another convener—to copy the practice of Churches that have been longer on the road than we have been. It is said that it is best for a man to go first through the wood and last through the bog. Now, the Wesleyans and the United Presbyterian body have been in the bog longer than we have been—they know the firm bits of the ground, they know how to get through with clean feet, without being bogged in the moss—and I know that

these two Churches follow a practice the very opposite of ours.

An Underground Missionary Railway.

The subject was the evangelisation of London, and I shall never forget how proud I was—and the Assembly will be glad to hear it—when in that House one who is, as I have said, one of Britain's most eminent statesmen, with his eye flashing and his hand upheld, declared that the Free Church was the noblest and most remarkable phenomenon of the day. The scheme in regard to London was fully discussed, and I told them how we had done the work in Scotland, and that it had been done mainly through the powerful instrumentality of the membership of the Church. One of those present started a difficulty as to how they would do with the West-End congregations, when I stated that we worked on a poor district with a wealthy congregation, and made the abundance of the one supply the want of the other, and the piety of the one to meet the impiety of the other. "But, ah!" said one, "how could we get a West-End congregation to deal with St

George's-in-the-East?" when this gentleman with singular ingenuity said, "That is settled by the underground railway. The means of communication between the two points was formerly very difficult, but now, by the underground railway, any lady or gentleman can leave the Palace and be set down among the dens of St George's-in-the-East before they well know what they are about."

A Challenge.

Mr Knox, in course of his address, has stated that from £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 were annually spent, and that chiefly by the working classes, and he could have told you that 60,000 died, directly or indirectly, yearly in Great Britain from strong drink. But Mr Knox has not told you, nor can he, the number of mothers this night that will shed tears on their pillows because they have drunken sons; or the number of wives that will wet their pillow this night with tears because of drunken husbands; or the number of children that will go this night supperless to bed because of drunken fathers. Will any man stand up and undertake to tell me that drink is not an enormous evil? I will

meet him in the Music Hall or anywhere else. Will any man come and deliver a lecture on the benefits of drinking? I will undertake to attend him though I should come from the Land's End.

The Territorial System.

Now, I will not trespass upon the time of the House much longer; but I wish to say that I consider the territorial scheme of the Free Church to be one of her greatest glories. We have been reproached—I can't mention the names of the men, for I looked the papers, and I could not find them—I say we have been reproached—and I would have the men pilloried who would dare to do so—by two or three ministers of the Established Church, for having left the poorer districts of the town, and gone to the wealthier districts. Now, Sir, I meet that with a broad and distinct denial. I say that the very opposite is true, and I will prove it. Go with me along the darkest and most miserable and wretched districts of Edinburgh; we shall begin at the Canal, and observe the state of matters. Let us look at our terri-

torial churches; have not these all been erected since the Disruption? Our territorial system is no new affair. It does not consist of what an honest fishwife called "codsucker" (*quoad sacra*) chapels. Commencing with the time immediately after the Disruption, and beginning with the Canal at the west end of Edinburgh, I will ask the public to consider a question. I ask the public to go with me from the Canal to Holyrood, and let them say whether the charge is true, that the Free Church has neglected the poorest districts of the city. I might say for myself, if I were to speak of such an humble individual, that no man can charge me with having planted myself in a wealthy district of Edinburgh, for up there I am amongst the poorest and most destitute of the people. The Lawnmarket is not a wealthy district of the city. The Bow was famous in days of old for men who went down there to be hanged; but it is not remarkable for its wealth. At the best, it consists of brokers' shops, and people who want to buy old chairs, or anything of that sort, may be induced to pay it a visit. Well, I begin at Fountainbridge territorial church, and I say the Established Church has no territorial church there. I come to the West Port,

and there is Mr Tasker's territorial church, and the Established Church has no territorial church there. I come to the Grassmarket, and in this House I have the greatest pleasure in bearing my testimony to the zeal, energy, and piety of Mr Robertson, the Established Church minister of that district. He has a place there, where he ministers to the people, and I honour him for his work. But it is not what you would call a territorial church. It is a preaching station or a working men's church, and is honourable, I must say, to the minister who set it a-going. At Cowgatehead I find my friend Mr Smith labouring in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has no territorial church there. I walk down the Cowgate, and come to Mr Pirie's territorial church, which, like the rest, has been planted since the Disruption, and there, again, the Establishment has no territorial church. Travelling through this dark and destitute district, and passing over charitable institutions and houses of refuge, I come to the Pleasance, where I find Mr Cochrane in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has no territorial church there. Then, after leaving

the Pleasance, which my excellent friend Mr Cochrane is now making worthy of the name of "the Pleasance," I come to the Canongate, where I find Mr Gall in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has none there; and thus I began at the Canal, and I end with royalty. I come to Holyrood, where I find my friend Mr Balfour in a territorial church belonging to the Free Church, and the Establishment has no territorial church there. I think I have now disposed of that charge.

Adam Smith and Dr Chalmers.

I believe it is by this territorial scheme that the lapsed masses of our large towns are to be raised. And I don't despair of raising them if only the people do their duty, and the elders do their duty; and I advise my own elders, instead of attending at two diets of worship on Sundays in St John's, to devote a part of the day to visiting such districts as that, and to try what good they can do. I advise every man and woman to do that, and I should be happy to see my church pretty empty if I thought the

people were so engaged. It is this territorial system that is to save our country; and I believe, that as Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" is now, in the House of Commons and House of Lords, what you would call the standard book by which the nation's commercial affairs are to be regulated—I believe that Dr Chalmers' "Economy of Large Towns" will be such another book ere many days or years are gone; and I believe that that man will stand in the field of moral and religious enterprise holding the same position—though many may have imagined that his notions were only devout imaginations—I say I believe that before many years Dr Chalmers will occupy, in the churches of Christendom, the place which Adam Smith occupies amongst the commercial nations of the world.

Beard Shaving and Drinking.

A minister of the gospel, a clever man in his way, said to another friend of mine the other day, "Become a total abstainer! Is there any reason why I should have my hands tied behind

my back in case I should fight?" That is not a fair analogy. The ground I take up is, that the mischief the drink does is so many thousand times greater than the good it does, that on the principles of Christian expediency and love of humanity, men should give it up. 'Tie your hands behind your back' is not an analogous case at all. Here is an analogous case. You see a man going about with a long beard. Some say that long beards are good for preventing colds and chest complaints, therefore the beard is a good thing. Now, the truth is, I see my friends with beards stroking them with manifest delight, so that it is plain it is not the danger of cold, but because they think them ornamental that they wear them. Supposing the beard shaving to go on as it does, and every tenth man who used the razor to cut his throat—supposing that, what would you say? I would preach in favour of beards from the pulpit. I say it would be the duty of every man to wear a beard, and never to handle the razor, if it could be proved and demonstrated that every tenth man that handled a razor cut his throat. If I can prove that something like the same proportion of evil is done by the use of strong drink, that something like the same proportion

destroy by it their character, household comfort, domestic happiness, and their bodies and souls, is there a man among us that would not say, "Be done with drinking!"

High Ground.

I am no bigot. Everybody that knows me knows that I hold what many of my friends think loose views on the subject of education. People tell me I should take high views on that subject. Why, I think the top of a steeple is high ground, but it is not very safe.

The True Chart.

I am prepared to give men knowledge, to give them letters, to give them learning, to give them unrestricted instruction. I was told the other day of a poor Ragged School boy who wanted to become a sailor. Suppose I said to him 'I shall teach you magnetism, the use of the compass, the use of the chart, provided you take my Bible, and if you do not take my Bible, I will not teach you.' I would be the last man

to do this. I would teach him those useful arts, and I would shew him where the rocks are that he has to avoid—the sand-banks he is to steer clear of.

Nothing at All.

The very existence of these Schools arises from the existence of a class in our cities who are, in fact, of no religion at all. It is an utter abuse of words to call them Roman Catholics, or to call them Protestants. I will venture to say, that within the last few years, I have known as much of those people as any person in this city can do, and I say they are nothing at all. I can appeal to any city minister in Edinburgh in proof of this. The truth is, they are perfect outcasts, neither Protestants nor Roman Catholics, and it is in that light and character I would like to look at them here. What is my position, then, in regard to these outcast children? I deny the right of the priesthood. I deny the right of any man, be he parson, or priest, or clerk, or whatever else, to stand between a perishing sinner and God's word.

The Last Relic.

I feel an interest in the Schools. They are dear to my heart; but dear as they are, I would say, Perish the Ragged Schools, if they can be kept up only by parting with the Bible. I would rather we were found like the body of the sailor boy that lay upon the lone sea-shore. A handkerchief was tied round his body, and when the wrecker came, he thought it was gold, and tearing it open, it was found that the only thing the boy had saved, the only thing he had bound round his body in the dreadful hour of shipwreck, was the Bible which his mother had given him with a mother's blessing.

Cruelty to Animals.

In my view the man or the woman who inflicts cruelty either upon their children, or the brute creatures, sins against the light of reason as well as against the law of God. Hogarth, the great portrait painter, painted some pictures representing the progress of cruelty. He began with a boy torturing cats, and ended by show-

ing him at the gallows for murder. I warn parents against allowing their children to kill flies, or to inflict needless pain on any creature. It is quite consistent with my profession that I should come forward to take a part in such a meeting as this, [to hear Mr Gamgee's lecture on cruelty to animals ;] but some of my friends, who remember a picture in the Exhibition, in which I am represented as fishing in a boat, may be inclined to ask whether I practise what I preach. Now, I believe I have derived health both in body and mind from angling ; but if I really thought I was inflicting cruelty on fishes by so doing, I would not have engaged in that amusement. But one day, when I was fishing along with my son, I caught a trout of which I happened to make a *post-mortem* examination, and in its belly I found a rusty hook and a piece of gut, which must have remained there for weeks or months. It is quite clear that the fish could not have felt any pain from *that* hook, otherwise it would not have seized so readily on *mine*. In fact, the trout was evidently in the most comfortable circumstances in the world. People think that when a fish is taken out of the water, and when they see it walloping its tail about, that it is

suffering great pain ; but the fact is, that after the fish is dead, it can continue to wallop its tail for a good while.

A Woman without a Parish.

I remember an old woman who, twenty years ago, came to me and said, "I am starving." I said to her, "You have a parish." "Yes," she replied, "I must have a parish somewhere, but when I go to the Edinburgh workhouse, they say I belong to Leith, and Leith says I belong to Edinburgh, and they have driven me back and fore for the last four years." This is just the way we were treated by the Government Offices in London, when we wanted help for our Schools.

One never Misses the Bit to the Poor.

I once saw a man, a poor Papist Irishman, in the Cowgate, surrounded, as Pat generally is, with a pretty large family, and who, when I asked him if one of the children, a fair-haired lassie, was his, answered, "Oh, no, plase yer riverince, she's nothing ov the kind, but she is

a poor child. Her father and mother died next door, and she had not a cratur in the wide world to care for her ; and so, though I had plenty bairns ov my own, I said to Mary, we'll take her in, and, plase your riverince, we have never missed the lassie's bit ov food." Now I say to you, you'll never miss the bit of food to these Ragged children.

The True Plan.

It is not the harsh stroke and the hard word, or the flashing eye, that will wean from the paths of sin. The kind word, the affectionate heart, the weeping eye, and the judicious counsel have ten times more power for good.

Fighting it Out.

I would not have been exceedingly glad to see my two friends, Dr Begg and Mr Robertson, go and fight it out if they could not be reconciled [in the Causewayside dispute,] but I believe it was better to leave the parties to fight it out, rather than involve the two Churches in the matter. I hope I will be pardoned the

illustration, but I assure my friends I do not mean to suggest that there is an analogy between their case and a Reformatory. A friend of mine, at the head of a Girls' Reformatory, where the girls are, of course, very unruly, informed me that her Reformatory was lately visited by Mr Sydney Turner, who asked her, "How do you do when the girls are likely to quarrel." She replied, to his great astonishment, "I just make a ring of it, and let them fight it out."

Lovers' Quarrels.

I believe the quarrel [about the South-Side Mission] may be settled, and perhaps it may happen that it would be like lovers' quarrels, they would like each other better after the whole was over.

Going to the Fountain Head.

In Nottingham, Birmingham, and other towns I know that there are thousands of small, puny infants, who toil every day from morning to noon, and from noon to night, to feed the drunkenness of their fathers and mothers, and

Society has allowed that horrid system to go on, and never minded. The consequence is, that in England, and Scotland too, there are thousands of girls that go wrong, and cannot but go wrong. Here, hundreds of girls are brought up in the filthiest dens, and in the midst of the foulest and most abominable crimes; and I hold it is impossible with such houses, and with such moral and physical abominations surrounding them, that they grow up anything but criminals. I believe my own children, if they had been exposed to such influences, and lived in such places, would have been no better. Until Society go to the spring from which these evils flow, by providing better houses for the poor, and providing better means of education for their children, they will be no better. If Society did as it ought, there would not be a single child left without food and raiment, nor a single boy or girl-brought up without education. I often think of the lines Sir Wm. Hamilton inscribed over the chair in his lecture room:—

The only THING great in the world is man
The only THING great in man is mind.

A Book more Difficult to Read than to Answer.

I think there is no Institution in Edinburgh that has stronger claims on the community than this [the Dalry] Institution for the reformation of young girls. The objects ought to be objects of our pity, and kindness, and compassion. They have been criminals, or were in the way of becoming criminals, and it is the duty and the interest of the community to try to prevent them from going further, or to bring them back from crime if they were chargeable with it. I got a tract yesterday, which contained a great deal of talk about Reformatories, and tried to show they did evil instead of good. If I had time I would read it, and, what is more, I would answer it, for to read it would be a great deal more difficult than to answer it.

Geology or Clean Shirts.

It will not do for the people of this country to be mere protesting bodies. It won't do to pick faults in this or the other scheme for remedying the evils of society. It won't do to content themselves with saying they would not see the working man's houses so clean and comfortable as the Reformatories. If that should

be the case, I say, all the worse for the working man. But it is absurd to meet with objections of that kind. The very end and object of such Institutions is to train the children to cleanly habits. It is very needful for their health, and it is far better than teaching them a great deal of what is taught in some schools. I was lately in a school where a class of little pupils were taught the stratification of rocks ; all about Silurian, and Oolite, and Devonian, and all the rest of it ; but I think it is of far more consequence to teach girls how to cook and wash, and how to keep their beds, floors, and persons clean.

A Little Protesting Body.

We are bound, as, blessed be God, we are beginning to do in this Christian age, to look to one object to try by judicious tuition, and judicious kindness, to reform that child and make it a useful member of society. This Irishman [author of a pamphlet,] with his objections to Reformatories, reminds me of an old minister belonging to the "Old Lights," whom I used to know in Dundee. I had a great respect and regard for the Old Light body of Christians. They

were long the very backbone of religion in this country; but they were peculiar in some things. My friend, Dr Roxburgh of Glasgow, wanted this old minister, whose name was Dr Duncan, to join us first when we were in the Establishment, and afterwards in the Free Church. Said Dr Roxburgh, "Why don't you join us?" "Oh," said Dr Duncan, "we have this objection and that objection." Dr Roxburgh was a tall man, as big as myself, and looking down upon Dr Duncan, who was a very little man, "Now, Dr Duncan," says he, "what is the use of your body in this world? What Missions do you send to the heathen at home or abroad? What use are you in the Church?" "Oh," said Dr Duncan, "we are a protesting body; we protest against everything that is wrong in other bodies." "Man," said Dr Roxburgh, bending down to him, "if ye would ca' yoursel' a protesting body, it would be liker the thing."

The Prodigal Son's Brother Revived.

Mr Smith [the author of the pamphlet against Reformatories] went on to say that the Refor-

matory Act places young criminals in a far better position than the children of the honest poor, and then the Irishman waxes eloquent upon the injustice done to the honest poor, and the bitter feelings with which a poor man would contrast the discomfort of his own home, with the care and plenty, the cleanliness and the conveniences of every Reformatory provided for young criminals. When I read that, I fancied an angel coming down from some distant star, to which he had been sent on some divine errand, and finding in Heaven a book called the Bible, in which it was written, how God, out of his love to us poor, wretched, guilty, abominable sinners, had bestowed on us his own Son, the greatest gift that God Himself could give, and the greatest gift that creature could receive. Could you imagine an angel in Heaven, on becoming acquainted with these facts, turning round, and saying, "God has done more for these sinners than he has ever done for me. He is bestowing greater honours on crime than ever he bestowed on innocence." When I read that charge, I remembered an old story in the Blessed Book, the story of the elder brother who, after the prodigal's return, came back to his father's house, and when he saw how his

father had bestowed his love on that prodigal, turned round on his father and said, "Lo! these many years have I served you, but you never did that for me."

Irresistible Prayers.

Mr M'Leod says that the best proof of a revival would be the support of this work, [the reforming of the young.] Prayers are all well, but I say there is not a prayer that will go up from Edinburgh for these charities from prayer meetings, the Music Hall, the Assembly Hall, or Carrubber's Close, but will, unless there be a sheet of adamant between Heaven and this earth, be answered, for I hear the voice of Jehovah coming down, and it says, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?"—(*That* for America, *this* for home).—"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily. Then

shalt thou call"—then it is, when you have done *that*—"then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer."

*The Times' Estimate of Dr Guthrie,
28th January, 1861.*

Why, then, don't people come forward in crowds to assist such a cause as Dr Guthrie's. He goes into the streets and finds wretched urchins flitting about in dirt, boys engaged in all kinds of wickedness, if, indeed, it be wickedness (interposes the Doctor) for such beings to follow nature and occasion like cats and dogs. The parents of these poor creatures are drinking gin, or worse; as the children may not be destroyed as vermin, and, somehow or other, do grow up, they naturally become the burdensome occupants of our prisons and workhouses;—all this is evident, and Dr Guthrie makes it more than evident. He makes it marvellous and picturesque. He introduces us to the world of the streets, and the splendid annals of ragged life. He takes the beggar from the dunghill, and places him among duchesses.

SPURGEON'S
ANECDOTES AND STORIES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

THE
REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S
ANECDOTES AND STORIES

NOW FIRST

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

OLIVER CREYTON

WITH A SKETCH OF MR SPURGEON'S LIFE

THE TENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON
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THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

It is impossible to treat the subject of this brief notice on ordinary terms. It will not be denied that Mr Spurgeon has made more enemies and more friends than any other preacher of his day. At a very early age he has gained for himself a position of unparalleled notoriety. His congregation is—I believe it may, without exaggeration, be said—the largest in Christendom. And he is as popular with his own class out of the Metropolitan Tabernacle as he is in it. Wherever he goes large crowds follow him; and he goes everywhere. He has disciples and friends in all parts of the earth. His discourses are regularly published, and circulate throughout the civilised world. He stands on an unexampled eminence; and yet his claim to confidence and respect has been bitterly disputed. He stands comparatively alone, too. He is not the pampered hero of a sect or a faction in the Universal Church. He has never sacrificed his individuality to partisanship. He has submitted to no narrow denominational bondage. He is not known as the rampant and uncompromising advocate or apologist of any small dogmatism. He is one of the most catholic, though one of the most isolated celebrities of his time. True, he is a Baptist; and he never conceals his views on that point; but he is not restricted by them in his Christian sympathies, or his manly genialities, or his religious charities. Unreserved in the declaration of his own peculiar opinions and beliefs, he has a heart for broad and kindly fellowships, and his services are ever

at the command of those who are engaged in any good word and work. What can we make of this man, then, so eccentric in his manner and spirit, and yet so wide in his liberality? How shall we account for his extraordinary position? To what circumstances of his career, or elements of his character shall we ascribe the wonderful successes which he has achieved among us? These questions are very natural, and I will answer them, to the best of my judgment, with the utmost possible candour and sincerity.

About the fact of his unequalled popularity there can be no dispute. For the purpose of re-testing my impressions of the man, I attended his chapel on Sunday morning last. It was a miserable day; the rain came down in torrents; it was a thick, heavy, set rain—not a capricious occasional rain, but what the omnibus conductor called a “regular soaker.” As I passed by churches and chapels, on my way to Newington, I found the doors open, and here and there a straggler might be seen entering the sanctuary; but the streets were not thronged with worshippers going up to their chosen temples as they usually are on a Sabbath morning at that hour. I thought to myself, “Well, this is a day to put even Mr Spurgeon’s hold on the public to the test!” As I approached the Tabernacle, however, I found abundant signs of the fidelity and earnestness of his people. From every direction they came in unbroken lines, and marched to their places with a directness of purpose, a cheerfulness of aspect, and (a virtue that cannot be too highly commended) with a unanimous punctuality which, Mr Spurgeon altogether apart, was impressive and almost thrilling. From top to bottom, that vast edifice was crowded. I do not regard the Tabernacle as a perfect model of architectural taste, but I must confess that it is admirably adapted to its purpose, as the assembly-room of a great congregation of people who go there to keep holy day. To the minute, Mr Spurgeon ascended the rostrum, and when he stood forward to commence the service, there was

scarcely a vacant seat in the place. And spacious as is that building, his magnificent voice fills it without taxing the speaker's breath. He never pants, he never strains, he never gets husky, but is clear as a bell, and mellow as a harp, and easy as a professor talking to his class.

This voice of his unquestionably gives Mr Spurgeon an immense vantage-ground. It is all very well for spiritual purists to say that the tidings of salvation are as sweet when spoken in a rough, harsh, grating tone as in strains of silvery sweetness, and to insist on the independence of preaching of this material fascination ; but facts are against the spiritual purist on this point. The human senses are just as powerful in their influence over the human soul as they are exquisite in their own organisation. It has been appointed by Heaven that it should be so, and really to a devout mind the appointment must appear a gracious and a blessed one, constituting, as it does, a most delicate yet momentous element in the great economy of Providence. A beautiful lady who has to plead with man for pity or for love has in her beauty a weapon which her plain sister might do without, but the lack of which would require to be counteracted by some extra earnestness of manner, dexterity of appeal, or captivating importunity. So, if Mr Spurgeon had a weak voice, he would necessarily have a less congregation ; and if he had a less congregation, who will say that he would not have less capacity for usefulness in the world ? The immense number of his followers is itself a mighty element of moral power ; and whatever ministers to the numerical success of his efforts becomes a double blessing, bringing an augmented throng within the immediate range of his proclamations, and impressing the outside world with the importance of them.

I should be very sorry, indeed, to insinuate that Mr Spurgeon is a mere voice. His voice is an advantage to him only as its charms are supported by the sanctity of the objects to which he dedicates himself, and the mental and moral resources which he has at his command

in pursuing them. We cannot understand this man, if we judge him by the mere surface-marks of his reputation. I verily believe the world generally does not understand him. He is by many supposed to be merely a flippant egotist—"a fellow of infinite jest;" a sort of consecrated "Joe Miller;" a grotesque and abandoned humorist; a low comedian in the pulpit. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr Spurgeon has said funny, audacious, startling things in his time. He has sometimes provoked his auditors to laughter. His name is associated with anecdotes of equivocal taste and propriety.* Puns and jests have been occasionally indulged in by him. These qualities have stirred popular curiosity. They have been passed from mouth to mouth among strangers. They have given a peculiar stamp to his reputation; and by thousands of thoughtless people, in the Church and out of it, Mr Spurgeon is known only by the broad witticisms and smart sayings which have been ascribed to him. Scandal has exaggerated the characteristic to which it has given its exclusive attentions; and thus, whilst nothing but the light or extravagant words of the preacher have been bandied about, those words have been tortured into shapes which he never gave them, and the traditions of the comic pulpit have been ransacked to add spice to the narrative and justice to the reprehension of "Spurgeon's last."

Of course, it would be absurd for me to deny that Mr Spurgeon has a comic vein in his nature. He does say pat, smart, sharp, extravagant, funny things in his sermons. He does sometimes descend to grossness in his illustrations, and to pertness and flippancy in his remarks. I have sometimes felt a pang at the vulgarity and profanity which I have been assured many people would ascribe to his observations. On the whole, I regret these departures from the true dignity and chastity of spiritual discourse. But I can forgive them.

* The Editor has taken great pains to ascertain the genuineness of every anecdote introduced into this volume.

I can fully account for them. They are the fruits of a nature and a temperament without which Mr Spurgeon never could have got through one-half the work he has accomplished. He is youthful; and even a saintly youth will have the frolicsomeness of his years, if he be in proper health. He has an immense fund of "animal spirits," from which he derives much of his geniality—ay, and much of his power; and those "animal spirits" are not always to be checked by the calculations of prudence, the scruples of taste, or even by the convictions of duty. Then he has a fecund mind and a racy tongue. His perceptions are quick; thoughts come to him, not in strict isolation or severe continuity, but with all their relations and associations about them. Therefore, he has what we call wit. And, with all this, he has both strong views and warm feelings, and hence he has humour as well as wit. The strange sayings in which he indulges are not so much stock-in-trade, carefully accumulated for the traffic of the tongue; but the exuberances of a youthful, vigorous, and prolific mind—exuberances which only a prude would punish, but which a discriminating friend would seek at once generously to excuse and adroitly to restrain. For, be it remembered, too, that these things are the results of qualities which are almost essential to such labours as those in which Mr Spurgeon is engaged. They are the fruits of superabundant energy, vivacity, fluency, verbal aptitude, and Saxon simplicity of speech, which characteristics the *critic* would assuredly enumerate in his estimate of the sources and reasons of Mr Spurgeon's success as a minister of the gospel.

I am convinced, however, that any estimate which should stop at that point would be inaccurate, from its fatal defectiveness. In listening to Mr Spurgeon, and in reading the productions of his pen, I am impressed with a special peculiarity in his mind and nature, which goes far to account for what some people call his irreverence, and which is almost sufficient to account for his wonderful popularity and power as a preacher. The

religious life is, with him, an *actual* life. His spiritual experiences are intensely real, vivid, and practical. They are as certain as the instincts of the flesh, or as any of the purely human emotions of his heart. He talks of his love for Christ as a man might talk of his love for his wife. God is not a concealed beauty, a disembodied idea, a vague abstraction, to him; but a Being with whom he has conversed, who walks with him through all the courses of his life, who speaks to him as a man to his friend, and with whom he is on such terms of absolute intimacy that prayer and praise are but as the familiar employments of everyday life. Heaven and hell are not mere words: they are places which the souls of men are destined to reach and dwell in for ever. Mr Spurgeon has no difficulty in spiritualising the Song of Solomon, for all its expressions of endearment and emotion exactly suit the nature of the relations and communications between his soul and his Saviour. This is a singular endowment, but for a great mass of people it is irresistibly attractive.

Then, again, Mr Spurgeon is pre-eminently a practical man. Ordinary Christians will be amazed less at the magnitude of his church than at the variety and vastness of its works for God and for mankind. And all these works are more or less under Mr Spurgeon's own personal superintendence. They were originated by him, and by him are they mainly sustained. The Sunday services are important, but they are only a small part of the business of the week. I have not space for minute reference to the many forms of moral industry and zeal to which Mr Spurgeon has trained his people, in all setting them an attractive and encouraging example. He has, in connexion with his congregation, a college, of which he is himself the president, numbering nearly seventy students; and in connexion with which evening classes, containing one hundred and eighty-two members are maintained. This institution is sustained at a cost of about £3000 a year.

In addition to large Sunday-schools, there are no less than eight preaching places regularly supplied. And the church is preserved in admirable discipline; has enjoyed uninterrupted union and harmony; and exhibits a constancy of attachment and zeal which I recognise with absolute astonishment. Mr Spurgeon is not to be sneered at as an ignorant upstart, making a profanation of sacred things; but will, by all candid men, be respected as a minister of the gospel, full of energy, untiring in devotion, always at work, bountiful in his generosity, most practical in his godliness, and *consequently* triumphant over all his enemies.

Mr Spurgeon was born in the village of Kelvedon, on the 19th of June 1834; so that he is, at the present time, a little over thirty years of age. In his infancy he was intrusted to the care of his grandfather, the Rev. James Spurgeon, pastor of an Independent church at Stambourne, Essex. His first education was imparted to him by his aunt, Miss Anna Spurgeon; and even at this period, when as yet only a child, he was distinguished for the devotion with which he read such books as Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The boldness of his piety had already made itself known; for it is said that, before he was six years old, seeing a professor of religion wasting his time in the society of ungodly persons, he went up to him and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" When this precocious prophet was seven years of age, he returned to his father's house, who had removed to Colchester, where he still resides, preaching the gospel regularly to a congregation at Tollesbury, close by. For his scholastic attainments, Mr Spurgeon is chiefly indebted to a Mr Leeding. When in his tenth year, on a visit to his grandfather at Stambourne, it is said that he attracted the notice of the late Rev. Richard Knill, who, meeting the boy in the garden, conversed with him on the subject of religion, and, struck with the remarkable powers exhibited by him, said, "You will

one day preach the gospel in, and fill, the largest chapel in the world." This prediction, if it were ever uttered, has been abundantly fulfilled.

When fifteen, young Spurgeon was sent to an agricultural college kept by one of his relatives in the town of Maidstone. In the following year, he became usher in a school at Newmarket, kept by a gentleman who rejoiced in the suggestive (though we trust not the significant) name of Swindell. Whilst here, the subject of our sketch was sorely tempted to adopt the principles of a freethinker. He was not long entangled in these meshes, however. In the year 1850, he heard a Primitive Methodist preacher deliver a sermon from the words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and none else." Of the effect of this sermon he has himself said:—"I looked that moment, the grace of God was vouchsafed to me in that instant; I shall never forget that day whilst memory holds its place, nor can I help repeating this text whenever I remember the hour when first I knew the Lord." On the 2d of May in the same year, he was baptized at the village of Isleham, not far from Newmarket, by the Rev. Mr Cantlow. His public career was commenced in Newmarket, where he distributed tracts, and distinguished himself as a Sunday-school teacher. He removed to Cambridge, having accepted an engagement as usher in the school of his former tutor, Mr Leeding. Here he united with a lay preacher's association connected with St Andrew's Street Chapel. He preached his first sermon at a village called Teversham, in a cottage, when as yet he was only sixteen years of age. From this time his occupation as a preacher may be said to have been incessant. His success was, from the beginning, so great, that his friends wished him to go to college. How it was he came *not* to go to college he has himself told the world. The following is his own version of the incident:—"I had agreed to go to college, the tutor had come to see me, and I went to see him at the house of a mutual

friend. I was shown by the servant into one drawing-room in the house, he was shown into another. He sat and waited for me two hours ; I sat and waited for him two hours. He could wait no longer, and went away thinking I had not treated him well ; I went away and thought that he had not treated me well. As I went away, this text came to my mind, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' So I wrote to say that I must positively decline." In the autumn of 1853, Mr Spurgeon was invited to supply the pulpit of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, which, in former times, had been occupied by the Rev. Benjamin Keach, author of a well-known work on "Scripture Metaphors;" Dr Gill, the celebrated commentator ; Dr Rippon, of hymn-book fame ; Dr Angus, the present highly-respected and able President of Regent's Park Baptist College ; the Rev. James Smith, subsequently of Cheltenham ; and the Rev. W. Walters, now of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The New Park Street Congregation had at this period strangely declined ; and when Mr Spurgeon delivered his first sermon there, the chapel had almost a desolate aspect. The young preacher at once created a sensation, and at the end of a probation of only six weeks, the chapel was quite full. He was called to the pastorate, on which responsible office he entered when in the twentieth year of his age.*

It is proper to state that a large number of the Anecdotes and Stories contained in this volume, are taken from the "*Brighton Pulpit*," by the express permission of the proprietor.

* From the *Illustrated Christian Times*, the best religious paper printed.

SPURGEON'S ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

PALM SUNDAY.

WHEN Mr Spurgeon was in Exeter, he told a very good story touching a report which had been prevalent of an outrageous exhibition which he had made of himself. A gentleman who holds an official post in the department of Public Education wrote Mr Spurgeon's brother from the West of England, stating that a Baptist minister, at whose house he was then staying, had told him that on Palm Sunday *Mr Spurgeon had preached with a crown on his head and a palm in his hand!*" He begged the brother to give him authority at once to contradict so mischievous a report. Another Spurgeonite was in the North of England, and heard the same extraordinary story from Mr Bunting, son of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, when the Rev. Dr Guthrie was also present. Mr Bunting told the Spurgeonite that he had heard that Mr Spurgeon had preached on Palm Sunday with a crown on his head and a palm in his hand; and the gentleman said, Yes, it was too true. Dr Guthrie said it was very shocking. The Spurgeonite replied that the great preacher was not, however, the only one, for Rev. Mr Punshon had also preached with a crown on his head and a palm in his hand. Mr Bunting contradicted this most positively, and the Spurgeonite went further, and declared that the Rev. Dr Guthrie had also preached with a crown on his head and a palm in his hand. Dr Guthrie sprang up, declared that "He was Dr Guthrie, and it was a down-

right lie!" The Spurgeonite, affecting not to have known that he was in the presence of Dr Guthrie till he revealed himself in this demonstrative way, coolly asked how he would have looked if he had preached without a crown to his head and a palm to his hand? The indignant gentleman now saw through the mystification, and burst into laughter. The story, told in Mr Spurgeon's arch and humourous way, excited great merriment.

A POOR WOMAN'S FEAR.

I knew a brother in Christ who was able to get rid of a poor woman's fear when dying. "Sir," she said, "I am afraid I am a hypocrite. I have no hope in Christ at all." He said nothing, but walked towards the window, and took out of his pocket a piece of paper, and wrote on it thus—"I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ." "There, Sarah," said he, "sign that." She read it, and said, "Sir, I would be torn in pieces first. I could not sign that." "Well, it's true, isn't it?" said he. "No, sir." "But you said you did not love Him." She replied, "I thought I did not; but when you put it like that, I dare not say I do not, for, at times, I hope I do."

THE WITTY AMERICAN.

There is one thing I hate in many of our religious charities and religious actions. You call on a member: you ask him to do a thing for you. If it is anything at all honourable, he declines it at once; but he always declines it in so backhanded a way that you know he means to accept it; and you stop with him half an hour and persuade him. You have to give him a large quantity of compliments, and tell him how well adapted he is for the post; and after all, he thinks he will. He would have been mightily offended if you had not asked him. Another class you call on, somehow or other, poor men, seem always to have their exchequer at a low ebb; they cannot afford it. I have never been

lucky enough to know when these people receive their salary ; for the most part, they have had so many heavy calls lately, they have paid so many subscriptions, that they cannot afford to give anything. What cure would we give them for all this? The only one cure we would prescribe is—"Delight in the law of the Lord ;" and so sure as ever you delight in religion, you will not find these things to be too much, but you will be in earnest in the work of God. You may have noticed, I dare say, what different effects the same labour will have upon you at different times. You have heard of the story of the witty American who, after his men had been working all day building a house, when they were extremely tired, asked them to come with him and play a game of digging the cellar, and they did do it, because they thought it was a game. But if they had thought it hard work they would not have done it. Now, the next time you have anything to do for Christ, do not look at it in the light of hard work, but look at it as a delightful thing. Look upon it as a privilege to be allowed to do it, and you will find the work diminished of its toil ; so that what needed a Hercules before can be done by an infant now ; what would have wearied you with ten days of labour you will find it easy to accomplish in an hour, when once your heart is brought to "delight in the law of the Lord."

PREACHING WITHOUT PREPARATION.

Says one, "I cannot preach without a long preparation." I believe no man has any right continually to preach to his hearers without studying, but at the same time I could never see why a man could not get up sometimes, and talk about the gospel, without studying. A butcher could give you half an hour's discussion upon his joints, without any thought whatever. Go into a banker's house, and he will tell you the whole history of the Funds for the last month, and give you a profitable discourse of an hour's length, without study. Call

upon a man of business, and if he is at leisure he will take you over his stores, and explain his processes of manufacture to you, and that without jottings, or notes, or anything of that sort. It is a hard thing if a Christian minister is not able to talk about the good things of the kingdom, without wanting so long to get himself primed and ready. It is a hard thing if a man could not get into a pulpit at once, and talk about the things that he has tasted and handled of the Word of God; and methinks if we knew more of what it was to delight in the law of the Lord, we should have our words more ready, and the subject more prepared, because the heart would be in a state of preparation through this state of delight.

MR SPURGEON AND THE COACHMAN.

“I love retirement. I could not speak. I am so bashful.” No doubt modesty is a great virtue; but I am not sure it is the greatest virtue a soldier could exhibit. And you are a soldier of Christ, remember, by profession. We do not generally think that soldiers ought to be so modest, as to be ashamed to show their faces in the day of battle. There are a good many people modest in this way. Shake off just so much of your retiring habits as may be necessary to your usefulness, and do dare to say something for Christ. No doubt you will say, “I never did tell any one what I have felt.” That is the very reason why you should begin now.

I remember once riding on a coach, when the coachman observed to me he knew a certain minister, (I will not say of what church,) who, for the last six months, had been in the habit of riding up and down on the box of his coach with him; “and,” says he, “he is a good sort of man, sir, a sort of man I like.” “Well, what sort of a man is he?” I asked. “Well, you see, sir,” he replied, “he is a minister: and I like him because he never intrudes his religion, sir. I never heard him

say a word that would make me believe him a religious man the whole six months he has ridden with me, sir!" I am afraid there are plenty of Christians of that sort: I am afraid the religion of such is not of much worth. They never intrude their religion; I think the reason it is so unobtrusive is, that they have not any to intrude; for true godliness is one of the most intrusive things in the world. It is fire; and if you put fire down in your study, and give it most earnest admonition never to burn, you will find, while you are administering your sage advice, that a conflagration has commenced.

"Oh! I think we can have true religion, and not show it." Do you, indeed? Christ thought differently—for He said, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid"—"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and honour Him who hath given them to you." "No man," He saith, "lighteth a candle, and putteth it under a bushel; but upon a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house." Do you think God does what man will not do?

"I HAVE NO GIFTS."

"Well, but I have no gifts; I hope I know about these things; but I could not tell of them." You "have no gifts!" I am glad I have not said that, or you would have been offended. "But I can do nothing." Again I am glad I have not insulted you by saying so. There is not a spider in the corner of the churchyard, there is not a nettle growing on the most neglected heath, that has not some virtue. God has not made a single thing without a purpose; and I cannot think He has made you, given you enjoyment, given Christ to save you—and yet intend you to do nothing. I cannot believe you, my friend, my brother, my sister. I cannot understand this—there must be something for you to do. Find it out, and do it. There must be some person to whom you can tell what you know.

“WHO CAN I TELL IT TO?”

“Well,” says one, “who can I tell it to,—if I must tell it?” Who to? “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.” Tell it to your nearest kinsman, your dearest acquaintance; or, if not, tell it to any one—for it is a secret which should be published upon the very housetops. I generally advise my congregation, if they have felt anything of the power of God in their hearts, to tell it to the first stranger that may happen to come into view, and many have been the conversions I have seen wrought by speaking to those who had no serious thought—talking to them in a solemn manner, they have been impressed. How do you think the religion of Christ is to be spread in this world, if all are to be silent about it? “By the ministers,” say you. Oh, the ministers!—are we to do it? God forbid! I would sooner lay down my ministry than undertake your responsibilities. You have your work to do, and we have ours. You cannot do ours, and we cannot do yours. Indeed, this were priestcraft with all its evil, and none of its good, supposing the work of saving souls to be left to the ministry. Nay, the Church of God is the winner of souls; and every saved soul should seek to bring another, by telling what God has done for his soul.

“I WILL TRY; BUT I AM SURE TO STAMMER.”

Says one, “I will try; but I am sure I shall stammer.” So much the better. This stammering will have all the force of eloquence—why, if you cannot tell what you feel, it will have greater power. Do you know I think this is just the preaching now required—that of private persons talking of Jesus: for men say of us, “It is his business to talk about these things.” But great good will attend the speaking privately to men. The Countess of Huntingdon—what a preacher for Christ, though she

was never in a pulpit! Lady Ann Erskine—what a bishop was she in the church, though she never came forth to put the mitre on her brow! Persons of humble life, undistinguished among the common multitude, putting in there a word and here a sentence, and, above all, savouring the whole with a godly, gracious, and loving spirit. Oh, friends, these are they that shall shine as the stars for ever and ever, when Christ cometh to divide the portions to His people.

DOCTRINE.

It was an entire mistake to suppose that the people did not want doctrine; for the unlettered folks were just those who would receive it best and love it most. An illustration of this happened to himself last week. Staying at the house of a lady in Holland, he was requested to speak to the three female servants who had been interested in the reading of his sermons. He asked them in the course of the conversation which sermons they had liked best. One mentioned a discourse on the doctrine of Election, the second one on Justification, and the third one on Imputed Righteousness—all doctrinal sermons. Depend upon it, if rich people did not want doctrine, the poor did. And, observe, the Reformation had never succeeded in any country where its principles had only taken root in the minds of the higher classes. There were several nobles among the martyrs during the Reformation in Spain; but it was shortlived because the people were not with it. When the sun shines only upon the mountain-tops the day has not fully dawned; but when the lowest valleys were flooded with its light then the day had fully risen. So when all classes in Spain should have received the truth, then the day of Reformation would be fully come. If we would diffuse gospel light throughout England we must begin low down. And just in proportion as the people were instructed in the truth would the assaults of its enemies fall powerless.

DEATH IN THE TABERNACLE.

Two Sundays ago a woman said to a friend in the Tabernacle, she loved the place so much that she should like to die there. At the prayer-meeting on the following Monday morning she expired. He remarked, when he heard of it, that he hoped there would be no more prayers to die there. That woman shut her eyes on earth, and opened them in heaven. She went to heaven in a chariot of fire. A little time, and all God's people would be there. Let them pluck up courage, the way might be rough, but it could not be long. The right side of fifty was sixty, the right side of this life was the crossing of the Jordan. It would be so blessed when they began to climb the golden steps to see the lustre of the city of pearl, to tread on the floors of gold lit up with the light of jasper—and the first inquiry would be, Where is He?

THE SPIRIT OF JESUS.

A servant girl once said she should not have known that her master and mistress were religious had she not heard that they took the sacrament. It was a pity they took it. If a man rolled on a bed of spices you would soon know where he had been—and if a man went with Jesus he must be perfumed with the spirit of Jesus.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

“Well, sir, it is very hard, but I hope there are better times coming for us.” “Well, my friend,” I said, “I am afraid you cannot hope for much better times, unless the Lord Jesus comes a second time.” “That is just what we hope for,” said he. “We do not see there is any chance of deliverance, unless the Lord Jesus Christ comes to establish His kingdom upon earth; and then He will judge the oppressed, and break the oppressors in pieces with an iron rod, and dash them in pieces like

a potter's vessel." I was glad my friend had got a song in the night, and was singing about the morning that was coming. Often do I cheer myself with the thought of the coming of the Lord. We preach now, perhaps, with little success; "the kingdoms of this world" are not "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ;" we send out missionaries; they are for the most part unsuccessful. We are labouring, but we do not see the fruit of our labours. Well, what then? Try a little while; we shall not always labour in vain, or spend our strength for nought. A day is coming, and now is, when every minister of Christ shall speak with unction, when all the servants of God shall preach with power, and when colossal systems of heathenism shall tumble from their pedestals, and mighty, gigantic delusions shall be scattered to the winds. The shout shall be heard, "Alleluia! alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." For that day do I look; it is to the bright horizon of that second coming that I turn my eyes. My anxious expectation is, that the sweet Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing beneath His wings, that the oppressed shall be righted, that despotisms shall be cut down, that liberty shall be established, that peace shall be made lasting, and that the glorious liberty of the gospel of God shall be extended throughout the known world. Christian! if thou art in a night, think of the morrow; cheer up thy heart with the thought of the coming of thy Lord. Be patient, for

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending."

Be patient! The husbandman waits until he reaps his harvest. Be patient; for you know who has said, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

THE DYING SAINT.

Soon, beloved, you and I shall lie on our dying bed, and we shall want a song in the night then; and I do

not know where we shall get it, if we do not get it from the To-morrow. Kneeling by the bed of an apparently dying saint last night, I said—"Well, sister, He has been precious to you; you can rejoice in His covenant mercies, and His past loving-kindnesses." She put out her hand, and said, "Ah! sir, do not talk about them now; I want the sinner's Saviour as much now as ever; it is not a saint's Saviour I want—it is still a sinner's Saviour that I am in need of, for I am a sinner still." I found that I could not comfort her with the past; so I reminded her of the golden streets, of the gates of pearl, of the walls of jasper, of the harps of gold, of the songs of bliss; and then her eye glistened; she said, "Yes, I shall be there soon; I shall meet them by and by;" and then she seemed so glad. Ah! believer, you may always cheer yourself with that thought; for if you are ever so low now, remember that

"A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land thee on fair Canaan's coast."

Thy head may be crowned with thorny troubles now, but it shall wear a starry crown directly; thy hand may be filled with cares—it shall grasp a harp soon, a harp full of music. Thy garments may be soiled with dust now; they shall be white by and by. Wait a little longer. Ah! beloved, how despicable our troubles and trials will seem when we look back upon them! Looking at them here in the prospect, they seem immense; but when we get to heaven we shall then

"With transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet."

Our trials will seem to us nothing at all. We shall talk to one another about them in heaven, and find all the more to converse about, according as we have suffered more here below. Let us go on, therefore; and if the night be e'er so dark, remember there is not a night that shall not have a morning; and that morning is to

come by and by. When sinners are lost in darkness, we shall lift up our eyes in everlasting light.

HEARTY SINGING.

Many of you sung very prettily just now, didn't you? I wonder whether you would sing very prettily if there were a stake or two in Smithfield for all of you who dared to do it! If you sang under pain and penalty, that would show your heart to be in your song. We can all sing very nicely indeed when everybody else sings. It is the easiest thing in the world to open your mouth, and let the words come out; but when the devil puts his hand over your mouth, can you sing then? Can you say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him?" That is hearty singing, that is real song, that springs up in the night. The nightingale singeth most sweetly, because she singeth in the night. We know a poet has said, that if she sang by day, she might be thought to sing no more sweetly than the wren. It is the stillness of the night that makes her song sweet. And so doth a Christian's song become sweet and hearty, because it is in the night.

LASTING SONG.

Many songs we hear our fellow-creatures singing in the streets will not do to sing by and by; I guess they will sing a different kind of tune soon. They can sing now-a-days any rollicking drinking songs; but they will not sing them when they come to die; they are not exactly the songs with which to cross Jordan's billows with. It will not do to sing one of those light songs when death and you are having the last tug. It will not do to enter heaven singing one of those unchaste, unholy sonnets. No; but the Christian who can sing in the night will not have to leave off his song; he may keep on singing it for ever. He may put his foot in Jordan's stream, and continue his melody; he may wade

through it, and keep on singing still, and land himself safe in heaven ; and when he is there, there need not be a gap in his strain, but in a nobler, sweeter strain he may still continue singing His power to save.

THE RICH MERCHANT.

You have heard of a great many persons, when dying, being discontented with their riches, although they had very much ; but you never heard a Christian when he came to die, say, he was sorry he served the Lord. We have heard of a merchant just lately (perhaps you know his name) who had accumulated three millions of money, and for a long time before he died he had a notion that he should die in the workhouse. So he used to work in his own garden, and one of his own men paid him 18s. a-week for his labour. Money does not bring happiness. But did you ever hear of a Christian who had cause to weep that he had put his trust in the Lord, or who ever mourned because he had lived a life of holiness and faith ? Yes, we may say to the young and to the old, if you would be happy, seek Christ : if you would be joyous, cleave to the Lamb of God.

WINE AND MILK.

“Come, buy wine and milk.” Now by “wine” we mean something rich, that makes glad the heart of man. The gospel is called “wine” because it is a rich, strong, strengthening, invigorating, cheering draught. It is called “milk” too. You are aware that milk is the only one thing that a person could live upon. In milk there is everything that is needed for the body. Children, as you know, have to live for months upon milk. The Scythians, the very strongest men, are known to live on milk for years together : because it contains every thing for bone, muscle, fat, &c. That is why the gospel is called “milk,” because there is everything in it that is wanted for the sinews of faith, for the fat of

enjoyment, and for the strength and nerve of hope, everything that is wanted to build up the spiritual man.

By "wine and milk" I think we can understand another thing. Wine, you know, takes a long time to make ; there is fermentation, and the keeping of it, to make it good. Wine is a special dainty ; and religion is a special thing. On special occasions we bring it before our friends. But "milk" is an every-day thing, easily obtained, and requiring no preparation. So religion is an every-day thing. And, blessed be God, there are some who know that while religion is like wine in the sick chamber, in the hour of death, it is also like milk for every-day purposes—religion is a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday thing, and not merely a Sunday matter. Not some people's religion ; for some think it consists in having a good-looking Bible and a hymn-book nicely wrapped up all the week, and taking them out of the drawer on Sunday morning, and opening a white pocket handkerchief, wrapping them up in it, and putting them under the arm and going to church or chapel with them, and opening and pretending to read them ; and in the evening putting them away again. I do not like these good-looking Bibles—I like well-thumbed Bibles, not a Bible stuck away on a shelf six days in the week in the dark. Is that treating God's Word as it ought to be treated ? Assuredly not. You have not got true religion, unless it is an every-day thing—"wine and milk."

ROWLAND HILL.

Good Master Rowland Hill when he preached from this text in a fair,* heard a man crying out his goods, and said, "Ah, our friends find their difficulty the very reverse of what mine is ; for they find it a great deal of trouble to get you *up* to their price, my difficulty is to bring you *down* to mine"—"without money, and without price."

* Isaiah lv. 1.

ETERNITY.

You who love the Lord do not want any words from me to-night. I did not intend to preach to you. I want you to be praying and to be sending up your hearts to God for a blessing. But with you who do not love God I must be earnest to-night in asking you to think about these things. One thing that makes me earnest is *the remembrance of eternity*. Your *time* is short, but your *eternity*, oh how long! There was once a lady who often used to go to the dance, and to the opera, and to keep her servant sitting up at night to let her in, and attend her to bed. The poor girl, the servant, often went to sleep, so her mistress recommended her to get a book and read, and she got some religious books, and it pleased God to bless the reading of them to her. Her mistress laughed at her very much about this, and when she came home one morning, somewhere about two or three o'clock, she came up to the girl and said to her, "Mary, what are you reading? A religious book?" she added, as she looked over her shoulder—"Why, it will make you as miserable as possible," and she began to laugh. But while she looked at the book her eyes fell upon the word "ETERNITY." She went up to her chamber, and, when the maid was gone, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears, and it was not many days before that lady had learned to give up the frivolities of time for the true and substantial pleasures of eternity. I wish that some of you would get that word, "eternity, eternity, eternity," into your minds. Even if you had it printed on your very eyeballs it would not hurt you. Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! A mountain without a summit; a sea without a shore; a depth without a bottom. Eternity! An endless plain of woe, or a boundless field of delight. As your character shall be here on earth, so shall eternity be to you hereafter. If you have believed in Jesus it shall be bliss everlasting; if you have rejected Christ it

shall be woe eternally. Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! If there were nothing else to make the preacher earnest and to make him thoughtful, surely this ought to be enough.

A HOWLING WILDERNESS.

There are some of you people who say this world is a howling wilderness; well, you are the howlers, who make all the howling. If you choose to howl, I cannot help it. I shall prefer the matter of my text—"Then shall the tongue of the dumb," not howl, but "sing." Yes, they do sing always, little or much; sometimes it is in a low hush-note; sometimes they have to go rather deep in the bass, but there are other times, when they can mount to the highest notes of all. They have special times of singing; when they first begin to sing, when they lose their burden at the foot of the cross, that is a time of singing. You know how John Bunyan describes it. He says, when poor Pilgrim lost his burden at the cross, he gave three great leaps, and went on his way singing. We have not forgotten these three great leaps; we have leaped many times since then with joy and gratitude, but we think we never leaped so high as we did at the time, when we saw our sins all gone, and our transgressions covered up in the tomb of the Saviour. By the way, let me tell you a little story about the matter of John Bunyan. I am a great lover of John Bunyan, but I do not believe him infallible; for I met with a story the other day which I think a very good one. There was a young man in Edinburgh who wished to be a missionary. He was a wise young man; he thought—"Well, if I am to be a missionary, there is no need for me to transport myself far away from home; I may as well be a missionary in Edinburgh." There's a hint to some of you ladies, who give away tracts in your district, and never give your servant Mary one.

Well, this young man started, and determined to speak to the first person he met. He met one of those

old fishwives: those of us who have seen them can never forget them; they are extraordinary women indeed. So, stepping up to her, he said, "Here you are, coming with your burden on your back; let me ask you if you have got another burden, a spiritual burden?" "What!" she said; "do you mean that burden in John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress?' Because if you do, young man, I have got rid of that many years ago, before you were born. But I went a better way to work than the pilgrim did. The evangelist that John Bunyan talks about was one of your parsons that do not preach the gospel; for he said, 'Keep that light in thine eye and run to the wicket-gate.' Why, man alive! that was not the place for him to run to. He should have said, 'Do you see that cross? Run there at once!' But instead of that, he sent the poor pilgrim to the wicket-gate first; and much good he got by going there!—he got tumbling into the slough, and was like to have been killed by it." "But did not you," he asked, "go through any slough of despond?" "Yes, young man, I did; but I found it a great deal easier going through with my burden off than with it on my back." The old woman was quite right. We must not say to the sinner, "Now, sinner, if thou wilt be saved go to the baptismal pool—go to the wicket-gate—go to the church—do this or that." No, the cross should be right in front of the wicket-gate, and we should say to the sinner, "Throw thyself there, and thou art safe. But thou art not safe till thou canst cast off thy burden, and lie at the foot of the cross, and find peace in Jesus."

THE SWAN.

Ah! there are some of you that are like what is fabled of the swan. The ancients said, the swan never sang in his lifetime, but always sang just when he died. Now, there are many of God's desponding children who seem to go all their life under a cloud; but they get a swan's song before they die. The river of your life

comes running down perhaps black and miry with troubles, and when it begins to touch the white foam of the sea, there comes a little glistening in its waters. So, beloved, though we may have been very much dispirited by reason of the burden of the way, when we get to the last we shall find sweet songs. Are you afraid of dying? Oh! never be afraid of that; be afraid of living. Living is the only thing which can do any mischief; dying never can hurt a Christian. Afraid of the grave? It is like the bath of Esther, in which she lay for a time, to purify herself with spices, that she might be fit for her lord. You are afraid of dying, you say, because of the pains of death. Nay, they are the pains of life—of life struggling to continue. Death has no pain; death itself is but one gentle sigh—the fetter is broken, and the spirit fled. The best moment of a Christian's life is his last one, because it is the one that is nearest heaven; and then it is that he begins to strike the key-note of the song which he shall sing to all eternity. Oh! what a song will that be! It is a poor song we make now, when we join the song—perhaps we are almost ashamed to sing; but up there our voices shall be clear and good; and there

“Loudest of the crowd we'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.”

The thought struck me the other day, that the Lord will have in heaven some of those very big sinners that have gone further astray than anybody that ever lived, the most extraordinary extravaganzas of vice, just to make the melody complete by singing some of those soprano notes which you and I, because we have not gone so far astray, will never be able to utter. I wonder whether one has stepped into this chapel this morning whom God has selected to take some of those alto notes in the scale of praise? Perhaps there is one such here. Oh! how will such a one sing, if grace—free grace—shall have mercy upon him.

PRAYER.

Keep prayer going; do not neglect your prayer-meetings. Christmas Evans gives us a good idea about prayer: he says, "Prayer is the rope in the belfry; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith.

THE STORY OF A BOATMAN.

I had begun to hope till lately that there had been so much faithful preaching on justification by faith, that the Protestantism of England was pretty sound: but I find that there is just as much need for us to go over this first elementary doctrine as for Luther.

Not long ago, I was out in a boat at sea, wanting to be a little quiet. I said, "Come now, Mr Boatman, do you expect to go to heaven?" He looked astonished at the question, and said, "Yes, yes, sir, I do." "Will you tell me why you expect to go there?" He said very honestly, "Well, you see, sir, I am a pretty decent sort of a man. I have brought up a large family; I never was dependent upon the parish; I am not a man as is given to swearing; I don't drink, leastways I have taken too much sometimes, still I am not a drunken man. I pays everybody 20s. in the £, and I am a good neighbour." I said, "Is that all?" He said, "No, I go to church, leastways not in the summer-time, for then we have visitors down, who want to go on the water. I am always kind to my neighbours—if any of them wants me to run for a doctor, why, I would get up in the middle of the night to serve them." I said, "Is that all?" He said, "Well, and enough too, I should think." I said, "No, no; you are altogether on the wrong tack. This is not the way of salvation at

all ;” and when I began to explain to him something about the doctrines of grace, and trust in God, the man looked hard at me ; and yet I believe he had heard an evangelical minister too ; but he had not the idea that we are saved by the doings of another, and not by our own doings ;—that we are justified by the righteousness of another, and not by our own righteousness.

“ Yes,” say you, “ but he was only a poor boatman.” “ Ay, but the same thing is in all classes of society ; this canker of self-righteousness is everywhere ; and the ministers of Christ will find it necessary to come back to the old times, and beat the drum once more, and say, “ Salvation is not of ourselves, it is the work of God.”

SIN LAID ON CHRIST.

I was in a steamboat some time ago. Some one, sitting by my side, began to talk to me—how could I object, if it were on right subjects ? He said, “ I cannot help noticing you—you look so cheerful.” “ Yes, I am cheerful,” I replied, “ but sometimes I despond.” “ I don’t know much of cheerfulness,” he said ; “ indeed, how can I, when even the best of us must have a good deal to be accountable for ; and when a man looks at what he has done, and thinks about meeting his God at last, it must trouble him.” I said, “ It does not trouble me much ; for the fact is, all my sins belong to somebody else ; and the good works I am going to heaven by, were done by somebody else years ago.” He looked at me, and said, “ May I ask you what you mean, sir ?” I replied, “ Well, I suppose you know Jesus Christ is the substitute of His people, and took their sins ; and those who believe have no sin. Now, if their sin is laid on Christ, that which Christ did, saves them.” “ Well, yes, I do understand it ; but not in your way of putting it.” The truth is, he did not understand it at all, but thought he must try to do his best ; and when he found he slipped, thought he was ruined ;—but tried to do his best once more ; which

was all wrong—this doing system, a salvation by works, is that old way which Paul denounces so emphatically, —“By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified”—“Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.”

WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE ?

Have I one here who is saying, “What must I do to be saved, for I feel myself condemned?” Hear thou Christ’s own words—“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” Dost thou ask me what it is to believe ? Hear, then, the answer. To believe is to look to Jesus. That little word “look” expresses beautifully what a sinner is to do. There is little in its appearance, but there is much in its meaning. Believing is letting the hands lie still, and turning the eyes to Christ. We cannot be saved by our hands ; but we are saved through our eyes when they look to Jesus. Sinner ! it is of no use for thee to try and save thyself ; but to believe in Christ is the only way of salvation ; and that is, throwing self behind your back, and putting Christ right before thee. I never can find a better figure than the negro’s one : to believe is to fall flat down upon the promise, and there to lie. To believe is as a man would do in a stream. It is said, that if we were to fold our arms, and lie motionless, we could not sink. To believe is to float upon the stream of grace. I grant you, ye shall *do* afterwards ; but ye must *live* before ye can do. The gospel is the reverse of the law. The law says, “Do and live ;” the gospel says, “Live first, then do.” The way to do, poor sinner, is to say, “Here, Jesus, here I am ; I give myself to Thee.” I never had a better idea of believing than I once had from a poor countryman. I may have mentioned this before ; but it struck me very forcibly at the time, and I cannot help repeating it. Speaking about faith, he said, “The old enemy has been troubling me very much lately ; but I

told him that he must not say anything to me about my sins; he must go to my Master, for I had transferred the whole concern to Him, bad debts and all." That is believing. Believing is giving up all we have to Christ, and taking all Christ has to ourselves. It is changing houses with Christ, changing clothes with Christ, changing our unrighteousness for His righteousness, changing our sins for His merits. Execute the transfer, sinner; rather, may God's grace execute it, and give thee faith in it; and then the law will be no longer thy condemnation, but it shall acquit thee.

THE STORY OF A ROBIN.

There is a common hard by the place where I live; and on Sundays the Londoners come down by scores, and occupy themselves in this way on it. They bring with them little birds in cages, and use them to catch other birds; they allure other birds from the sky by certain birds which they bring with them. Only the other Sunday, when going to the house of God, I saw a little robin sitting on his perch in the wire cage, and he seemed so diligent in whistling to bring down other birds from the sky, I assure you it was a good lesson to me; for I recollected this—Now these fowlers know it is of no use frightening the birds; but if they want to attract them, they must put one of their own kind into a cage: and the little bird attracts its fellows. Suppose one of these fowlers should be stupid enough to put a cat into the cage, it would not allure any robins: or suppose he was to put an owl into it, that owl would not attract many larks. Doesn't it teach us this lesson—When God would convert a man, He gets a man of the same sort—converts him first by His grace; and then sets him to preach, or do something which attracts and allures?

Neither do I suppose there will be many sinners brought to God by magistrates; that would be something like a cat alluring larks. I do not suppose, either,

that God will convert many under learned doctors of divinity; that would be something like an owl attracting robins. But God takes a young man out of a certain community; he will draw others. In the country, we say, "Reclaimed poachers make the best gamekeepers." And I do believe great sinners make the best preachers.

God had a desire towards a number of drunkards and bad characters on Elstow Green, and He sent to them—not John Owen, the learned divine—no! but John Bunyan, a sinner of Elstow, who had been living for years an abandoned life. God converted John Bunyan, and then sent him to preach to these drunkards. Then it was robin to robin; drunkard to drunkard; man to man; and by John Bunyan's preaching, these men were brought to Christ.

We are often asked, "Why don't the working classes come to hear the Word?" I think one reason is, because we do not set the working classes to preach to them. I believe I should be more in the path of duty if I were to preach in a smock-frock, than in a silk gown. If you hear it reported of me, that I preach in a silk gown, don't believe it; but if it is said that I preach in a smock-frock, believe it is a very probable thing; for I would sooner do that than I would come out as some fine, natty, learned gentleman—uttering big, Johnsonian sentences; sending their stones miles up into the sky. We want some one who can send a stone right into Goliath's forehead. If we could preach eloquently, we wouldn't; but would use the plain old Saxon, which every soul understands. The age is gone by for your fine preachers. They would not do for these times. They would not stand against Puseyism—infidelity—and the wickedness of the age. Satan laughs at them, if they come out against him in Saul's armour; but if they come out with a sling and a stone, he begins to tremble. I do take it, when God brings His people to Himself, He allures them in this way.

Different classes are to be allured by different classes

of men. Our excellent and esteemed brother, Brownlow North, in the North of Scotland, has been eminently useful, in preaching the gospel, and successful among the rich—simply because he has mingled with the upper circles, and knows their line of thought. He has been a “man about town” of the gayest order; and so he talks to them as one of themselves. On the other hand, if we want to bring the working classes to Christ, we must have one of themselves—a man in their own mould—one of their own shape. Jesus of Nazareth had not been half that Jesus of Nazareth, if He had not worn that coat without seam—the smock-frock of Palestine—the garb of poor men; and, as a poor man, He always had His crowd, because He was dressed as they were, and spoke their own dialect. May God give us grace to know, that if we would allure men, we must adopt the same course.

Let me try to allure some. Young man, young woman, here stands one like yourselves. You thought you had ruined yourselves beyond the reach of mercy. I thought so too. Mayhap, you thought God would never hear your prayers. - So I thought. You thought religion a miserable thing. So I thought—fool that I was! You thought you never should be happy if you became a Christian. So I thought. Permit me to say, like yourself, I enjoyed the world, and the mirth thereof. I was one of yourselves. But when the Spirit of God convinced me of sin, I sought mercy. I said He never would—but He has. He that has saved me, will save you. He that brought me on my knees, will bring you. He that makes any useful in His work, will make you. Only go to Him. If His Spirit works in your heart, obey Him. “Come, and welcome.” He will not cast you out; and as far as my experience goes, I never knew what happiness was, till I was brought to Him! I do not think I am likely to go into the old jog-trot of antediluvian Christians. I do not carry a gloomy face about with me. I laugh as much as most people: religion has made me a happy man. I would

that you all loved Christ : no bitterness would it be in your cup—but it would give you “solid pleasures—none but Zion's children know.” A happy Christian is always of use in the Church of Christ. Now, there are some old sinners in our churches—old “Saints,” I mean—only I did not know which they were!—they never bring men to Christ. If they talk of religion, it is with a sort of *sanctimonious twang*. When they speak of the things of God, they say,

“Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply !
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy !

“But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.”

Ah ! that is your way of talking. I know Dr Watts sometimes sings in a gloomy strain ; but the doctor was sometimes crazy : at one time he believed he was a teapot, and a man that can believe that, can write any sort of a hymn. But at the same time when he was sane, he used to write—

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.”

At another time he wrote—

“Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.”

And was it not he who said—

“Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less ?”

What have I been saying all this for ? I was trying to do what the robin did, trying, while talking of the plea-

tures of religion, to attract some young man to think of his soul and Christ. May God the Holy Spirit allure you to Jesus!

A LITTLE CHILD LEARNING TO WALK.

A little child about to be taught to walk—the mother knows that child won't learn to walk by sending to London and purchasing a discourse on the necessity of walking, and reading it; she is equally certain of another thing, that all her threatenings would not make her child walk; it would not take a step for all that. Mothers are wise enough to know that the only way to teach a child to walk is to allure it. What doth she do? She sets it up against a chair, and then holds out an apple, or a sweetmeat, or toy. The young one deliberates—"If I take a step I know I shall fall;" at last the temptation overweighs all the deliberation; it takes the first, tottering step—one, two, three; it reaches its mother's finger, and rests a while; then a little further, and further; till, step by step, the feat is performed, and in the family annals it is recorded—"the child has walked the first time across the room." Some smile, and say, "Such humble metaphors should not be used." But my Saviour talked about "eggs" and "fish," &c; you can find the parables out if you like—I read them this afternoon. And in Hosea, there is a similar figure employed; "I taught Ephraim also to go; taking them by their arms," which means, he taught him how to walk. This is the figure: now mark! it is just the way Christ brings us to heaven. There we stand, trembling to take the first step; but He holds out His beauty—His own fair character—and says, "Come unto me, all ye that are meek and lowly of heart." We take the first step. Then He holds out another bait. "I will give you rest." Then we take another step, and all the way He allures us on by the recompence of reward; and I don't know that we are not allured by the black river of death: wading through that dark stream, with the hope of the resurrection of the just, and with

the glory of the righteous in heaven. This I do know, if I hope to bring sinners to Christ, it can't be by frightening them : it must be by alluring them.

THUNDERING SERMONS.

Some ministers delight to preach the law of God. I think they are right in preaching it sometimes, but if we are always preaching the law, it would soon lose its effect. Near where I preach in New Park Street, many men are employed in making steam-boilers—and the noise is intolerable. But do you know actually men inside the boilers hold their hammer to the place where the man drives the nail ; when first the man goes in, he is obliged to get out in a quarter of an hour, but some men positively can sleep there, while the boiler reverberates louder than thunder. I believe under all the thundering sermons you may preach on law and terrors, men may go to sleep ; for

“Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone.”

There are more flies caught with honey than vinegar, and more souls brought to Christ by the sweet sacrifice of Jesus, than by all the thunderings that ever issued from mortal lips.

PREACHING CHRIST.

The preaching of Christ is, I believe, the great mission of the gospel ministry. “These are the servants of the Most High God, that show unto us the way of salvation.” He is God's servant who preaches the way of salvation through Christ Jesus. Now I desire to preach to you, and all people, not a doctrinal Christ—not a controversial Christ—but a personal Christ. Christ Jesus my Lord and Master, came down from heaven, with a desire for the salvation of men. He became a man—a man in suffering, in woe, in toil, in poverty, and at last He did hang upon the tree, and die in torments extreme, that

He might redeem His enemies from going down to the pit. Friend! I hear you say, "I don't care for religion." I don't ask you to. One thing I ask you, Don't despise Jesus. The crucified One stands before you to-night. Will you despise Him? "Ah!" said a young man to me the other evening, "when first I heard the Word of God, I wondered if Christ died for me: at last I came to this thought, If He did not die for me, I must love Him for His disinterested love in dying for others; when I see the misery He endured for the very men who spit on His face—who did mock Him—I must love Him."

MR SPURGEON ON THE CANINE FAMILY.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's weekly lecture on Friday last was on "The Canine Family." The lecturer commenced with the hyena, which was, he said, a sneaking, skulking, kind of creature. Its skull was very solid, and it needed to be so, considering the work for which it had been designed. Dr Buckland had compared its jaws to a stone-cracking mill. He had heard of a hyena which tore up a plank that had been fastened down with tenpenny nails. When great armies were in the field the hyena followed them, for it knew the battle was coming, and that it would have a feast on the slaughtered of humankind. It did, however, much good by preventing the putridity which created pestilence and all sorts of diseases. Hyenas had been known to tear open graves and devour the dead. Its great dainty, however, was the flesh of the donkey. Some naturalists said it was brave, and others that it was cowardly. Now, when doctors disagreed how could he pretend to settle the question one way or another? Probably it was courageous when it was hungry, and cowardly when it was well fed. The Arab women said that it was a coward, and they were in the habit of execrating it in all the terms of their vocabulary, which was about as extensive as that of Billingsgate. He did

not suppose any of his audience wished to go to Abyssinia, but if they did go he hoped they would not meet with a hyena "in the moonlight alone." He would next come to the jackal. It was popularly believed that the jackal was the lion's provider, but the truth was just the other way. The jackal was the last at the feast and ate up what the lion had left. There were, in this world, a good many jackals. The foxes tied together by Samson had probably been jackals. The rev. gentleman then related many amusing anecdotes of the fox, and said that, when a boy about four or five years of age, when people asked him what he would be, he always answered a fox-hunter. He thought then it must have been a profitable employment, with plenty of fresh air besides. He thought now it would be more manly to hunt the lion, the buffalo, or the bear. There were few people who did not feel interested in the pictures of the hunt to be seen in village inns, for it seemed to be a principle in human nature to admire displays of skill. Having spoken of wolves and their habits at some length, Mr Spurgeon concluded by describing dogs and their peculiarities. In speaking of a dog which he had seen at the hospice of Mount St Bernard, he remarked that the animal was an angel in canine form, and perhaps more fitted to take part in tempests and hurricanes than the angels who were pictured to us with wings. A turnspit dog had one day gone to church, and sat very demurely with its mistress, until the clergyman read a passage in Ezekiel containing the words "O wheel." The dog started, and, on the words being repeated twice, he, thinking, no doubt, that he was about to be put to work, ran out of the church.

LAZY CHRISTIANS.

Our churches have a vast host of people in them that do nothing at all. We have a large number of people in communion with us whose names might almost as well be struck out of the church book, for all the good they do.

It is true they subscribe to the minister's support, and so they serve God by proxy. They have paid their pews rents; and that is all they intend to do. They sit under the gospel ministry; they do sit under it, and that is all they do. They neither walk nor live nor act under it, but sit there like dead things, although they be alive. "Nay," says another large portion of the church, "we do not like people who are lazy and idle. We serve God, but you do not expect us to serve Him to so preposterous an extent as some enthusiasts would wish. We, sir, are for doing things according to rule and rote. We find out our duty, and do it, but take care never to do any more." Ay, that is another staff of men, the use of which I never could see. And there is another class who say, "Oh, every man ought to serve God as much as he can; sir, I used to do so and so;" and they are continually delighting you with the story of what they used to do. That kind of tale is current everywhere. The minister says, "Ah, I remember I used to preach often. Ah, I used to do so and so." The Sunday school teacher always used to be at his class early, and he used to be so attentive to his scholars; but he thinks he has done so much that it is now time for him to lie still and retire from the business a little, and let some one else take a turn. And so a large part of our troops are lost in the day of battle, some of them because they have fought so well in other battles that they think they have no need to fight again; others, because they will not fight at all, and others because they do not see that the commanding officer commands them to rush to the battle; and therefore they tarry behind, whilst those who delight in the law of the Lord must bear all the brunt of the fight.

THE OLD DEACON.

"The infusion of grace," said an old Puritan, "is the diffusion of it." As certainly as ever grace is infused into the soul, it will be diffused from it to others. You cannot imagine a man to be a true Christian who does

not want others to be converted, can you? Well, I can imagine it, but it is only imagination. I know him well; he was a good old man, so many people said. He always sat in the middle of the chapel, and he listened to the minister's sermon. Sometimes he said the minister was not sound. Sometimes he said of one of the supplies, that he knew he was rotten at the core. Sometimes the minister was a little practical, and he was denounced as being an Arminian. At other times, when he was truly experimental, he was said to have made a great mistake, and he did not know anything about it. He was a first-rate, good old man; he was deacon of the church; everybody looked up to him. He never inquired how the Sabbath-schools went on—no, not he; he never troubled himself about such new "*inventions.*" He never inquired when the minister preached to sinners; he would have left the chapel if he did, because that was not needed. He never asked whether any young people came to the minister; if so, he would have gone and teased them, by asking them such preposterous questions as he could not answer himself; and if he found a young person going into the church, he seemed to regard him as his mortal enemy, and to look upon him with the delight of a harpy who only wished to tear him to pieces. He takes up some hard doctrine to break his head, instead of some soft liniment to bind up his wounds. He has enjoyed a right royal reputation; he has been always esteemed in the church as a most godly man—in fact the prop and pillar of the cause; only I did hear it whispered that half a dozen ministers went away from the place with a broken heart, because they could do no good while there was such an old deacon there; and I have heard of some hundreds of young people, who have said, "If this be religion, we will not have anything to do with it;" and I have heard it whispered, that many poor worldlings, poor deceived things, used to say that the devil would have him at last and I have heard it whispered that he did have him, but I do not know much about it. Do you know

him? I have shaken hands with him; I have heard a great deal of impudence from his lips, and I have given him a small quantity back. I have reproved him for being so unpractical and dead, when he has reproved me for not being sound in the faith. Yes, I know him. I can stretch my imagination into such a contortion as to imagine he was a child of God; but that is all,—I cannot go any further: I hope he is the last of his race. I never wish to meet with him again. Peace be to his gray hairs! May the grass grow on his grave! It will be the first thing that ever did grow near him. Oh! peacefully may he slumber! May he not be disturbed till the trump of the archangel! and then may he pass over where he will not be able to tease any of his friends! He seemed to be put into the world only to feed and fatten himself, to live a worthless life, and die a death which he seemed to think the very pattern of dying, but which others thought was a vast hypocrisy. This is imagination, but the man is a fact. You have seen him I daresay. Whether he is a Christian or not, I do not know. This I say, I am certain, that where there is delight in the law of the Lord, we shall always be wanting to see souls saved, and shall not be content to be members of the church without seeing whether the church is increasing. We shall not be happy unless we see others are led to the Saviour. We shall not be always objecting to that sermon to sinners which the minister preaches, because there is nothing for us in it; but we shall be praying, groaning, striving, that by all means we may save some.

THE HOLY WHITFIELD.

Let me tell you an anecdote that is related of the holy Mr Whitfield. He stopped at one time in a certain town, in the house of a general, who treated him very kindly. The general was not converted. He had an amiable wife and lovely daughters, but they knew nothing of the truth. Whitfield wished to speak to

them about it. The devil said to him, "Now, George, don't say a word to these good people; it will grieve them; they have been so kind to you. Why, you cannot tell the general, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' they would be too harsh words to address to such a man as that. And you cannot talk to the wife and daughters concerning the things of the kingdom; see how kind they have been to you! The warning will not come well from one who has been so much obliged to them as you." And, no doubt, the flesh a little aided the temptation; so that when Whitfield retired to rest that night he had not spoken to any of the persons of the house, according to his usual wont, concerning the gospel of Christ. This troubled him. The Lord visited him by night, and said to him, "Thou art my servant, and yet thou hast not done my work;" and conscience whispered, "These people have been kind to you; is it not great unkindness not to warn them of the wrath to come?" And then the Spirit said, "You dare not leave this place until you have addressed to them a word that might be blessed to their souls." But still the flesh was strong, and George did not dare say a word. However, when the flesh failed, God came in, and directed His servant's mind. George took off his diamond ring, and wrote upon the window-pane, "But one thing thou lackest;" and having prayed all night over that pane of glass, he went his way. No sooner had he gone than the master of the house entered the room where this holy saint had slept. The first thing that struck the general's eye was this writing on the window-pane, "But one thing thou lackest." The thought flashed across his mind, "Then this holy man of God loves my soul; I thought that he did not love it, for he said not a word to me about it; it appears that he does. Wife," said he, "come here and see what is on that window." "Yes," said she, "depend upon it, he has been unhappy in our house. We have done the best we could to make him comfortable; but because

we don't love the Lord, he has been disturbed and unhappy:" and they both stood there and wept. The Spirit of God was at work in their heart; they were convinced of the truth of that sentence—"One thing thou lackest." "Call up the children," said the father. And the son and the three daughters came; and, strange to tell, the whole of them were that moment converted to God at the sight of that text; and around the bed the whole family knelt—six of them—and bowed their knees, confessing their sins, and rose up believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. A member of the church under the pastoral care of my dear brother, Dr Armitage, has now in her possession the very pane of glass on which Whitfield wrote these words, and she tells the story of how her mother was one of those daughters who were thus converted to the Saviour. Now, you that cannot speak to others will try to do something else. So sure as you delight in the law of the Lord, you will not rest without doing it. If you cannot preach, you will do as Whitfield did: you will be writing on scraps of paper, and leaving them on the road; you will be taking tracts in your pocket; you will be doing what you can by kind sentiments, by sweet words, by kind enticements, by holy blandishments, to bring sinners to the footstool of the cross of Christ.

A BOLD MAN.

"Delight in the law of the Lord" will make a man *bold*. "What," saith he, "do I care for man's opinion? What do I care for the world's applause or censure? My delight is not there; my delight is in God's law." Little men will only live for what the world thinks, and they dare not think above some superior neighbour of theirs; but he who lives in secret on his God, and asks for no one to aid and abet him but God his Maker, and no one to praise him but his own conscience and the Spirit of God—such a man is very bold. He never stops to ask whether he is making an innovation or no; all he asks is, "Is it right?" If it is right, he will do

it. And then, though world's come about him, he says, "They compass me about like bees; but in the name of God I will destroy them."

THE CALM MAN.

"Delight in the law of the Lord" makes a man *very calm and quiet* in the day of loss, affliction, and trouble. This dries his eyes when he hath lost his beloved ones; this smoothes his heart when the rough winds of trouble blow across it; this makes him strong when others bend and break. And, best of all, this delight in God makes him strong against *temptation*. The world offers him its joys; but he saith this, "I have more already." Sin would tempt him by some silvery pleasure; but he hath golden ones already, and he scorneth a temptation when he is rich and needeth it not, as the rich man would not stoop to the theft of some paltry farthing, because he doth not need it, even though he have no honesty.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

"*Delight in God's law*" prepares one for heaven. It is the portico of the temple of the blest. Here I begin to delight in God's law; here my lips begin to try the song; here my unfledged spirit learns, like a carol bird, to fly; and there the lesson I begin shall be completed. Here my attempts shall but prepare me for Paradise, and there I shall find them to have been blessed. I do but here begin the heavenly march—a march in which I shall progress throughout eternity. I do but to-day string my instrument, and tune it for an everlasting chorus; and though there may be some harsh and grating notes in the tuning of those chords, yet in glory there shall be none. O Christian, thou that hast begun to "delight in the law of God," thou hast begun well, thou hast sipped a little spray of Paradise, and a few of the drops of heaven have fallen to thy lot. Thou knowest what glory is, thou art preparing for it; thou

hast had a foretaste of it, and soon thou shalt have its reality. Go your way, beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, go your way, and be not content without being happy; do not carry about with you always a long and mournful face, but ask of God more grace, that to you your religion may be a delight, that so you may honour God in the world, and recommend the truth to sinners.

EXCUSES.

We are very earnest, and would be very importunate with you to-night, dear hearers, *because we know what good hands you are at making excuses.* You are sure to say, "I can't." How many a sinner takes refuge behind that word, "I can't!" Well, I will try and meet you there. There was once a master who sent his servant with a letter. "Go," said he, "to such and such a town with it." He started, but he soon came back with the letter, and said, "Master, I could not deliver it." "How was that?" said the master. "Sir, there is a deep river, and I cannot get across." Now, that looked very much like an excuse, didn't it, and like a very good excuse too? But the master knew better, and he said, "There was a ferry-boat across—did you call for the ferryman?" "No, sir, I did not." "Very well, then," said he, "the blame lies with you." Now, it is true you cannot save yourselves, most true, but there is One who can. Did you ever call to Him to help you! If you did not, then surely the mischief, the fault, the blame, the ruin, must lie at your own door. Did you ever pray? Soul, did you ever cry out for the ferryman? Did you ever say, when you found you could not get across the river—"Lord Jesus, save, or I perish?" Why, if you had ever prayed that from your heart He would have heard you. "Oh," saith one, "but I do not think He could hear me even if I called." I stood at Bangor some time ago, and there is a ferry there across to Anglesea. You cannot be heard on the other side of the bank with your simple voice; but

there is a speaking-trumpet, and if you just speak through that you may say, "Hoy!" and it is heard all across the straits, and the boatmen will come, and meet you. Well now, prayer is God's great speaking-trumpet, and if you come to God in prayer, pleading the name of Jesus, it is certain that He will hear you and deliver you. Away with your excuses, we pray you, away with your excuses, or else your excuses will but make fuel for your burning in hell!

TRUST IN CHRIST AND BE SAVED.

"Well," says one, "you make it out, if I trust Christ to-night, I shall be saved." That is what I mean to make out. If you, whoever you are, trust Christ to-night, you shall be saved. "Well, but suppose I do it, and I am not saved?" Suppose nonsense! "None can come except electing love bring them to that place." I am not talking of that now. "But if I would come, Scripture shuts me out." The Scripture does not shut you out—for it is written, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "But supposing a man should come, and be cast out?" Then it is not true what God says. That text is to be understood absolutely; and surely there cannot be any reason in the world for casting out a man that comes to Christ! who comes without anything of his own, resting wholly on what the Lord Jesus Christ has done!

I wish I knew how to put this plainer to you. I know you will say, "This is not the time to-night." You want some mystery revealed—you want to see signs and wonders—you cannot believe it is only, "Wash and be clean!" like the man, who went to the prophet—"If he bade thee do some great thing, thou wouldest have done it." Flesh and blood cannot bear this simple way of trusting Christ. Hence we need the Holy Spirit to bring men to this,—not because the thing in itself is hard or difficult; but because pride makes it hard. I do think if it were not easy, you

would think it easy ; but because it is easy, you think it is hard. If I should say—You are to walk to London with nails in your shoes, and start directly ; why, dear me, we should have the road thronged—everybody would go to heaven on such terms : but because it has nothing to do with you, but simply to trust Christ, it seems too plain, too simple. And when we have preached it, people think we don't believe it ourselves.

Well, soul, I will put it thus. If any man among you shall throw himself flat on Christ, and trust wholly in His atonement for sin—if that man shall perish, coming to Christ, I will perish too—for I have no other foundation !

There is one nail fastened in a sure place ; and there the flagons hang, and the cups too. “Oh,” says one of the little cups, “I am so little and so black ;—suppose I should drop.” And the flagon says, “I am so heavy and so weighty, suppose I should drop.” And one cup says, “Oh, if I felt like that golden cup, I should never fear falling.” The gold cup answers, “It is not my being a gold cup keeps me ; but it is all by the nail ; if the nail comes down, we all go, gold cup or pewter cup ; but so long as the nail remains, the cups all hang safely.”

You will find that the mightiest servant of God that ever lived, has no other bottom for his faith ; and you that are the least in your own estimation, want no other bottom. What can you want more ? Here is a God to trust to ; here is a man who “has finished transgression, made an end of sin ;” and he takes thee, and does everything. It is not what thou art, but what He has been ; nor is it thy concern what thou shalt be—for He will undertake to make thee “a new creature ;” and thy works shall be different to what they ever were ; and as to holiness, that He will give ; and as for gratitude, that shall be the foundation from which a pure life shall spring ; as to perfect sanctification, that He will give thee on the day when He shall take thee up to be “like Him,” to be “with Him where He is.” All this He

gives thee in the covenant of His grace. He does not ask men to bring the amount of a rusty nail's worth of merit—but to come empty-handed, with nothing. Away with even thy mouldy crusts and counterfeit farthings.

“Just as I am”—

That is the verse that has got the gospel in it,—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

“Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one foul blot,
To Him, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come, I come !”

Ah ! would that the Lord would take these words, and open them up to your understanding—lead you to this one wicket-gate, which is the only road. Oh, may you be led to it by His grace, and pursue it, till you arrive in glory everlasting. “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; and he that believeth not shall be damned.” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house.”

PAST MERCIES.

Think, Christian, of the yesterday, I say, and thou wilt get a song in the night. But if thou hast not a voice tuned to so high a key as that, let me suggest some other mercies thou mayst sing of ; and they are the mercies thou hast experienced. What ! man, canst thou not sing a little of that blessed hour when Jesus met thee, when a blind slave thou wast sporting with death, and He saw thee, and said, “Come, poor slave, come with me ?” Canst thou not sing of that rapturous moment when He snapped thy fetters, dashed thy chains to the earth, and said, “I am the Breaker ; I came to break thy chains, and set thee free ?” What

though thou art ever so gloomy now, canst thou forget that happy morning, when in the house of God thy voice was loud, almost as a seraph's voice, in praise? for thou couldst sing—"I am forgiven; I am forgiven:"

"A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood."

Go back, man; sing of that moment, and then thou wilt have a song in the night. Or if thou hast almost forgotten that, then sure thou hast some precious milestone along the road of life that is not quite grown over with moss, on which thou canst read some happy inscription of His mercy towards thee! What! didst thou never have a sickness like that which thou art suffering now, and did He not raise thee up from that? Wast thou never poor before, and did He not supply thy wants? Wast thou never in straits before, and did He not deliver thee? Come, man! I beseech thee, go to the river of thine experience, and pull up a few bulrushes, and weave them into an ark, wherein thine infant faith may float safely on the stream. I bid thee not forget what God hath done. What! hast thou buried thine own diary? I beseech thee, man, turn over the book of thy remembrance. Canst thou not see some sweet hill Mizar? Canst thou not think of some blessed hour when the Lord met with thee at Hermon? Hast thou never been on the Delectable Mountains? Hast thou never been fetched from the den of lions? Hast thou never escaped the jaw of the lion, and the paw of the bear? Nay, O man, I know thou hast; go back, then, a little way, and take the mercies of yesterday; and though it is dark now, light up the lamps of yesterday, and they shall glitter through the darkness.

THROW YOUR CABLE OVER.

"Ay," says one, "but you know, that when we are in the dark we cannot see the mercies God has given us. It is all very well for you to tell us this, but we cannot

get hold of them." I remember an old experimental Christian speaking about the great pillars of our faith ; he was a sailor ; we were then on board ship, and there were sundry huge posts on the shore to which the ships were usually fastened by throwing a cable over them. After I had told him a great many promises, he said, "I know they are good strong promises, but I cannot get near enough to shore to throw my cable around them ; that is the difficulty." Now, it often happens that God's past mercies and loving-kindnesses would be good sure posts to hold on to, but we have not got faith enough to throw our cable round them, and so we go slipping down the stream of unbelief, because we cannot stay ourselves by our former mercies. I will, however, give you something that I think you can throw your cable over. If God has never been kind to you, one thing you surely know, and that is, He has been kind to others. Come, now ; if thou art in ever so great straits, sure there were others in greater straits. What ! art thou lower down than poor Jonah was, when he went down to the bottoms of the mountains ? Art thou more poorly off than thy Master, when He had not a place where to lay His head ? What ! conceivest thou thyself to be the worst of the worst ? Look at Job there, scraping himself with a potsherd, and sitting on a dung-hill. Art thou as bad as he ? And yet Job rose up, and was richer than before ; and out of the depths Jonah came, and preached the Word ; and our Saviour Jesus hath mounted to His throne. O Christian ! only think of what he has done for others ! If thou canst not recollect that he has done anything for thee, yet remember, I beseech thee, what His usual rule is, and do not judge hardly by my God. You remember Benhadad, when he was overcome and conquered, and Ahab was after him. Some said to him, "We know that the kings of Israel are merciful kings ; let us send therefore unto Ahab, and it may be he will spare our lives." Benhadad sent to the king : he had received no kindness from Ahab before, he had only heard that he was a

merciful king ; so to the king he went ; and what said the king ? “ Is my brother Benhadad yet alive ? ” Truly, poor soul, if thou hadst never had a merciful God, yet others have had ; the King is a merciful King ; go and try Him. If thou art ever so low in thy troubles, look to “ the hills, from whence cometh thy help. ” Others have had help therefrom, and so mayst thou. Up might start hundreds of God’s children, and show us their hands full of comforts and mercy : and they could say, “ The Lord gave us these without money and without price ; and why should He not give to thee also, seeing that thou also art a King’s son ? ” Thus, Christian, thou wilt get a song in the night out of other people, if thou canst not get a song from thyself. Never be ashamed of taking a leaf out of another man’s experience book. If thou canst find no good leaf in thine own, tear one out of some one’s else ; and if thou hast no cause to be grateful to God in darkness, or canst not find cause in thine own experience, go to some one else, and, if thou canst, harp His praise in the dark, and like the nightingale, sing His praise sweetly when all the world has gone to rest. We can sing in the night of the mercies of yesterday.

ONLY ONE STAR.

“ It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, and because his compassions fail not. ” If we cannot sing very loud, yet we can sing a little low tune, something like this, “ He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. ” “ Oh ! ” says one, “ I do not know where to get my dinner from to-morrow. I am a poor wretch. ” So you may be, my dear friend ! but you are not so poor as you deserve to be. Do not be mightily offended about that ; if you are, you are no child of God ; for the child of God acknowledges that he has no right to the least of God’s mercies, but that they come through the channel of grace alone. As long as I am out of hell, I have no

right to grumble ; and if I were in hell I should have no right to complain, for I feel, when convinced of sin, that never creature deserved to go there more than I do. We have no cause to murmur ; we can lift up our hands, and say, "Night ! thou art dark, but thou mightest have been darker. I am poor, but if I could not have been poorer, I might have been sick. I am poor and sick—well, I have some friend left ; my lot cannot be so bad, but it might have been worse." And therefore, Christian, you will always have one thing to sing about—"Lord, I thank thee, it is not all darkness !" Besides, Christian, however dark the night is, there is always a star or moon. There is scarce e'er a night that we have, but there are just one or two little lamps burning up there. However dark it may be, I think you may find some little comfort, some little joy, some little mercy left, and some little promise to cheer thy spirit. The stars are not put out, are they ? Nay, if thou canst not see them, they are there ; but methinks one or two must be shining on thee ; therefore give God a song in the night. If thou hast only one star, bless God for that one, perhaps He will make it two ; and if thou hast only two stars, bless God twice for the two stars, and perhaps He will make them four.

A MENAGERIE OF WILD BEASTS.

The clap-trap cry of those who would put down doctrine was "liberty"—liberty to think as you like, and to do as you will, to believe or not believe. No man, in these days, would say a word against liberty of conscience ; and for himself be cared very little for all the acts of Parliament in the world, by which men were to be made religious, except so far as the moral point went—believing it to be only the inwrought work of the Spirit that could make any man right before God. But there were some who said it was necessary there should be teachers in the Church to instruct their hearers that black is white, alongside of those who held by the old

truth. The claim for such liberty reminded him of an occurrence some years ago in Ratcliffe Highway. A man had a menagerie of wild beasts; and the elephant, fumbling about with his trunk one night, got hold of the peg which fastened up his den. So he got out, and being a member of the Liberation Society—he begged Mr Hall's pardon, the Emancipation Society—he proceeded to let out the lions, the wolves, and the jackalls. There was soon a terrible noise in the back-yard; and the master, waking up, rushed in among the animals with his whip, and soon had them back to their respective quarters. But for his promptness there might have been great mischief done to the people of London. The teachers of false doctrine were playing the part of the elephant, and the lies which they were letting loose upon society must be hunted back to their dens. There must be no liberty to pull up the buoys and to destroy the lighthouses of the Christian Church.

THE PLUCKED FLOWER.

Once a gardener had a choice flower that he nursed and tended above all flowers of the garden. One morning he missed it. He thought a servant had taken it, and went about asking them all if they had plucked it. Then a servant said, "I saw the master walking in the garden early, and he plucked it." The gardener answered, "It is well. The flower was his. For him I nursed and tended it, and if he has taken it, it is well." Before the dead was yet buried should we not say with the gardener, "It is well?" "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

DON'T HATE THE LORD JESUS.

Say you, "I hate your religion." Yes; but don't hate the Lord Jesus. What hurt has He ever done you? The harmless Man—the pitiable sufferer. Has

He ever harmed you? Why spit on His face? Is there not already spittle enough there? Why harm Him? Was not the crucifixion enough? He will never revenge Himself on you—at least in this world. Oh, be not angry with Him who has no anger to you! “Yes, but I cannot think that the things you preach are true.” I do not ask you to think of that, but I ask you, Do think His love is true: His mercy, His compassion for men are great—and His grace free. Oh! let Him stand before you, with His visage marred more than any other man’s, with thorns on His brow, and pierced hands. Oh, say, “Is it nothing to you that Jesus should die?” Are you indifferent to Him? Do you despise Him? Oh! that you would turn your eyes and look into His dear face, and say, “Thou didst suffer for me; I beseech Thee put away my sin, and save my soul!”

“I HAVE TRIED TO BELIEVE.”

“I have tried to believe, and I can’t.” You never will by trying. Realise Christ by faith on the cross. Oh, say to Him, as He is hanging there, “Jesus, I believe Thee!” Surely in the presence of Christ, unbelief must be impossible; if thou canst but realise the fact of Christ’s sufferings, and see Him before thine eyes, and hear His “Lama Sabachthani?” thou wilt say, “O Jesus, I must believe; I do believe; I trust myself to Thee.” A personal Christ has something about Him that may well charm us.

Go ye not where ye see Him on the crucifix, or where there is a picture of Him; but frequent that ministry where He is “set forth evidently crucified among you;” and where so preached your faith can picture Him. And every one who believes on Him is a saved soul. “Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ is saved:” not “shall be,” but “is.” And if you are once saved, you can never be lost. If your faith be once put in Christ, your sins are all gone.

“Here’s pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast;
And oh, my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come there’s pardon too!”

All sin is gone in a moment. This is a better faith than the Romanist’s. Once done, done for ever!

“MEET IN PURGATORY.”

I remember the salutation a young lady once gave a minister—“I trust, sir, one day we shall meet in purgatory.” Oh, what an affectionate wish—“*Meet in purgatory!*” in such a place of fiery torment. I trust rather we may meet in heaven. There is no other religion that gives to man free pardon of all sin—past, present, and to come. I have no indulgences to preach to you of sin—but a perfect pardon to the sinner—“Whoso believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ *hath* everlasting life.”

A YOUNG LADY AND MORMONISM.

I was waited on some time ago by a young lady who professed the doctrines of Mormonism. She said she came “to convert me.” She had evidently quite mistaken her man. However, I listened to her argument, and when she had finished, I said, “Yes! ah! very well! Now you have told me your way to heaven, I will tell you mine.” When I began to tell her, she was tremendously surprised. “Do you believe,” said she, “that your sins are all forgiven?” “I do, I know they are.” “But,” says she, “do you believe you can’t be lost?” “Yes.” “Are you sure you shall stand before the throne of God at the last—despite everything you may do? Then you ought to be a happy man.” “So I am,” I replied, “a very happy man indeed.” “Well, then, I cannot do anything with you; for you have more than I can offer you.” And certainly there is that in Christ no other religionists could offer. They could

not offer anything so good as this. Full, free pardon ; acceptance with Christ ; adoption into the family of God ; preservation until the end, and sure presentation at the last, and the crown of everlasting life. And all—not for good works—but for the merits of Christ ; given to the most undeserving and worthless, and all had gratis by every soul that seeks them in Christ Jesus.

Here is a challenge ! I throw down the gauntlet to every religion under the sun : I say none of them, or all of them put together, can offer half so much.

Go ye who like the gaudy trappings of Babylon—who love the millinery of religion, and the frippery of a dispensation ! There is nothing there fit to feed an hungry soul ! Such sewerages of religion were never fit for a child of God to feed on ; 'tis but the show, the outside. The substance of religion is the substitution of Christ for the sinner ; Christ, carrying our sins on His shoulders, and burying them in the depths of the sea—blotting out every sin ; the complete adoption of the soul ; the setting the feet on a rock—keeping the spirit safe—despite hell and Satan, till the day Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven, to take to Himself all for whom His blood was shed, and who on His name believe, and put their trust in Him.

THE STORY OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO WAS A PUZZLE.

My brethren in the ministry will bear witness to what I say, that there are some in our congregations always proving our folly. In the midst of my large congregation, I have some five or six always attempting to take down my pride. Their soul is in despair. I have gone out of the way in my sermon to comfort them ; gone to their houses ; read with them ; prayed with them ; written them notes ; but not a bit more forward than they were are they now. They defeat me. I can do nothing with them. I often think the reason is this—I cannot get at their hearts. If I could get to that, it

would be done. I cannot get further than their ears. If a physician could do nothing for a man that has got a bad heart, but clap a blister on the ear, it would not be much. It is God's work to speak to the heart. I have to go to my chamber and say, "Lord, thy servant is defeated. Do it Thyself. Speak Thou; and they will hear."

I had a good old woman who used to puzzle me above all things. I often visited her, and she told me she had "no hope," and was not a child of God. Sometimes I would rally her. "Why do you not give up coming to the house of God?" She replied, "I could not give that up; it is my only comfort." I said, "If you are not a child of God, I would not pray, if I were you." "I must pray; I cannot help doing so." "But," I asked, "if you have no hope of heaven, why read the Scriptures?" "They are my daily bread," was her reply. At last, once upon a time, I proposed to her this question, "Have you really no hope in Christ?" "No," she said, "not an atom." "Then," said I, "I will tell you what I will do. I will give you a five-pound note for what you have got." "No; I won't sell it for a thousand worlds." "But, you silly woman, you said you had not got any." "No more I have, but I would not sell it for a thousand worlds!" She is dead now; but some three months before her death, she was blessed with light and comfort: it was quite a treat to speak to her; she talked freely of the things of the kingdom of heaven, and had not a doubt of her interest: and it became one of the greatest of privileges to stand by her bed-side and hear her talk about God and heaven. But 'twas God did the work; the servant could not get beyond the ear; but when He spoke to the heart, darkness was turned to light; the iron bar of despair was broken asunder; and the two-leaved gates of brass, with which she was shut in, and made a prisoner, were opened by the Most High.

Remember this, if God has stripped you of all you can do, made you feel utterly lost and ruined, He will

sooner leave His throne than let you perish ! If Christ brought you into the wilderness, He must bring you out ; for that was the great calumny Moses dreaded when he pleaded with God, saying, "Leave not this people, lest the Egyptians say, Because the Lord was not able to bring them into the land which He promised them, He hath brought them out to slay them in the wilderness." Ah ! He is quite able to bring thee out again, if He has brought thee there.

" His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep ;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

He that led thee into the wilderness *must*—with all reverence to His name be it spoken—He must, to maintain the dignity of His grace, and the spotless integrity of His love, He must bring thee out again and land thee safely in Canaan.

WHIMSICAL PEOPLE.

It is astonishing how whimsical people are about the way they will be saved ! When God saves a man by thunder and lightning, he never likes it ; he wishes he had been brought to God in the sunshine ; and when a man is brought to God in the sunshine, he never likes it, but wishes it had been in the storm. Poor John Bunyan, in his deep experience, wished he had been brought in a gentler way to God ; and many think they cannot be children of God, because they have not had so deep an experience as he had !

COLENZO.

I attended a meeting the other day where nearly every speaker spoke about Colenso, and his objections to the Scriptures : and we have heard so much about this that I really think some of our friends are afraid, or else they

would not whistle so, and say, "Who's afeard?" I do not think there is any necessity for making so much noise about the thing. Why, we have our discoveries, and though they may sometimes be a little later, they are always more sure and truthful. Though the discoveries of science may at first seem to go against the Bible, because science is then in the dark, yet the after discoveries all turn out to be in our favour; and for my own part, when I am told that death was in the world before Adam, and that the animals died before sin, I am not at all startled, but I see in that a most wonderful instance of the way in which sin operated before its existence in the world. Just as the redemption of Christ saved sinners long before the blood itself was offered, so this sin operated backwards, as it were, the creature being even then made subject to vanity as a part of the great plan which God had ordained in allowing sin to be introduced into the world that He might glorify Himself by its expulsion. Why, I met the other day with a book written by an old puritan—a sound Calvinistic divine—who held the theory, and attempted to prove it from Scripture, that men lived in the world before Adam. Well, if this man, without any science, could fall into such blunders, and yet remain a true Christian, I do not see why we should kick up such a row as we do now-a-days. Let the fellows believe what they like; I do not see why they may not believe much of what they have asserted and hold scriptural truth for all that, because there may be ways of reconciling some of these apparently contradictory facts just as we saw there was a way of reconciling Daniel and Berosus. If we refuse to believe any contradictions at all, our creed, I am afraid, would be a very small one. The fact is, men are always trying to be consistent with themselves, and he who is consistent with himself is only consistent with a fool; but if he will be consistent with truth, with God's Word, and with known facts, he is then consistent with something which is noble, and great, and worth being consistent with.

COME AND WELCOME.

Are you willing to throw up everything, and look to Him now? There He hangs upon the tree. I think I see Him to-night on yonder hill. There is a cross erected. Streamlets of blood are flowing from His pierced hands; His poor feet are gushing with streams of gore. He looks down to you to-night, and He says, "Sinner, I did all this for thee. Wilt thou not trust me? Here I hang upon the cross; my heavenly Father is satisfied with me: sinner art thou not satisfied? Come, I am able to save you; I am willing to save you. My arms are open wide. Come and welcome. I have sent my servant to bid you come in. I have told him to compel you to come in. I have said to him, Compel them to come in that my house may be full. Will you come? or will you still stand outside and say, you do not need me?" Do put away your self-righteousness—cast away your ground of trust, and now fly to this most sure relief,

"Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own."

GROUND YOUR ARMS.

I met to-day with a picture of what we must do in order to be saved. There was a large regiment of soldiers in India who did not receive their pay for six months, getting only their rations. The men suspected the commanding-officer had kept back the money, he being a notorious gambler. They met together; and determined next day, when called out, they would not obey orders, but they would all march in a body to the general's house, some six miles' distant, and present a complaint against their commanding-officer of having robbed them of their pay. The day came; the officer gave his orders as usual, the officers and non-commissioned officers did their duty, but the men stood still,

He ordered every tenth man to be locked up; it was done, no resistance being made. The drum played, and the rest marched away in good order and filed off to the general's house. They presented their petition, and reported against their commanding-officer. The general thought, "Well, if we let them do this, all discipline will be broken. We must put this down; they ought to have had their pay, but they must not disobey orders." Next morning, to their great surprise, they saw a black army of sepoys with field pieces in front, and cavalry, all ready for action. They formed into a line and saluted the general. The black men got ready, and so did the regiment; they fixed their pieces ready for the charge; when the commanding-officer said, "Twenty-third! obey me. Handle arms. Ground arms." Then he ordered the sepoys to charge them, and drive them from their weapons, and gave further command that they should be stripped of all their accoutrements. Then, having disarmed, and dishonoured them, he said, "I will forgive you."

I think that is just what God would have us do. We have revolted and rebelled against him. "Ground arms," saith He. "Put your sins away, put your drunkenness, your self-righteousness away. Ground arms." And when sin is renounced, and we are ready to perish, and we think that the law is ready to blow us in pieces, then He says, "I will forgive you."

Will you ground arms and trust God to-night, rebellious sinners? Will you give up all your righteousness, and put your trust simply and entirely in the blood of Christ? He will not destroy you. He will not take advantage of you. Fall on your knees, as soon as you reach your homes, and tell Him you deserve wrath. Confess, if He destroys you, you cannot blame Him. Ground your arms, and when that is done, He will say, "I will forgive you, and help you henceforth and for ever." "Blessed is that man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose bosom there is no guile."

A SONG THAT WILL LAST.

There are a great many of you that think Christian people are a very miserable set, don't you? You say, "Let me sing my song." Ay, but, my dear friends, we like to sing a song that will last; we don't like your songs—they are all froth, like bubbles on the breaker, and they will soon die away, and be lost. Give me a song that will last; give me one that will not melt. Oh! give me not the dreamster's gold; he hoards it up and says, "I'm rich," and when he waketh, his gold is gone. But give me songs in the night, for they are songs I sing for ever.

REAL FAITH.

Many men have just enough faith to trust God as far as they can see Him, and they always sing as far as they can see providence go right; but true faith can sing when its possessors cannot see. It can take hold of God when they cannot discern Him.

TRUE COURAGE.

Many sing by day who are silent by night; they are afraid of thieves and robbers; but the Christian who sings in the night proves himself to be a courageous character. It is the bold Christian who can sing God's sonnet's in the darkness.

TRUE LOVE.

It is not love to Christ to praise Him while everybody else praises Him; to walk arm and arm with Him when He has the crown on His head is no great deal, I wot; to walk with Christ in rags is something. To believe in Christ when He is shrouded in darkness, to stick hard and fast by the Saviour when all men speak ill of Him and forsake Him—that is true faith. He who

singeth a song to Christ in the night, singeth the best song in all the world ; for he singeth from the heart.

KEEP YOUR COURAGE UP.

When you were boys living in the country, and had some distance to go alone at night, don't you remember how you whistled and sang to keep your courage up? Well, what we do in the natural world we ought to do in the spiritual. There is nothing like singing to keep your spirits alive. When we have been in trouble, we have often thought ourselves to be well-nigh overwhelmed with difficulty ; and we have said, " Let us have a song." We have begun to sing ; and Martin Luther says, " The devil cannot bear singing." That is about the truth ; he does not like music. It was so in Saul's days : an evil spirit rested on Saul ; but when David played on his harp, the evil spirit went from him. This is usually the case : if we can begin to sing, we shall remove our fears. I like to hear servants sometimes humming a tune at their work ; I love to hear a ploughman in the country singing as he goes along with his horses. Why not? You say he has no time to praise God ; but he can sing a song—surely he can sing a psalm ; it will take no more time. Singing is the best thing to purge ourselves of evil thoughts. Keep your mouth full of songs, and you will often keep your heart full of praises ; keep on singing as long as you can, you will find it a good method of driving away your fears.

SINGING PLEASURES GOD.

At no time does God love His children's singing so well as when they give a serenade of praise under His window, when He has hidden His face from them, and will not appear to them at all. They are all in darkness ; but they come under His window, and they begin to sing there. " Ah ! " says God ; " that is true faith, that can make them sing praises when I will not look at

them. I know there is some faith in them, that makes them lift up their hearts, even when I seem to take away all my tender mercies and all my compassions." Sing, Christian, for singing pleases God. In heaven, we read, the angels are employed in singing : do you be employed in the same way ; for by no better means can you gratify the Almighty One of Israel, who stoops from His high throne to observe a poor creature of a day.

SINGING WILL CHEER YOUR COMPANIONS.

If any of them are in the valley and in the darkness with you, it will be a great help to comfort them. John Bunyan tells us, that as Christian was going through the valley, he found it a dreadful dark place, and terrible demons and goblins were all about him, and poor Christian thought he must perish for certain ; but just when his doubts were the strongest, he heard a sweet voice ; he listened to it, and he heard a man in front of him singing, " Yea, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Now, that man did not know who was near him, but he was unwittingly singing to cheer a man behind. Christian, when you are in trouble, sing ; you do not know who is near you. Sing ! perhaps you will get a good companion by it. Sing ! perhaps there will be many a heart cheered by your song. There is some broken spirit, it may be, that will be bound up by your sonnets. Sing ! there is some poor distressed brother, perhaps, shut up in the Castle of Despair, who, like King Richard, will hear your song inside the walls, and sing to you again, and you may be the means of getting him a ransom. Sing, Christian, wherever you go ; try, if you can, to wash your face every morning in a bath of praise. When you go down from your chamber, never go to look on man till you have first looked on your God ; and when you have looked on Him, seek to come down with a face beaming with joy ; carry a smile, for you will cheer up many a poor wayworn pilgrim by it. And when thou

fastest, Christian—when thou hast an aching heart, do not appear to men to fast; appear cheerful and happy; anoint thy head, and wash thy face; be happy for thy brother's sake; it will tend to cheer him up, and help him through the valley.

NO ARGUMENT.

Our divines now-a-days spend a great deal of time in trying to prove Christianity against those who disbelieve it. I should like to have seen Paul trying that! Elymas the sorcerer withstood him: how did our friend Paul treat him? He said, "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" That is about the politeness such men ought to have who deny God's truth. We start with this assumption: we will prove that the Bible is God's Word, but we are not going to prove God's Word. If you do not like to believe it, we will shake hands, and bid you good-by; we will not argue with you. The gospel has gained little by discussion. The greatest piece of folly on earth has been to send a man round the country, to follow another up who has been lecturing on infidelity, just to make himself notorious. Why, let them lecture on; this is a free country. Why should we follow them about? the truth will win the day.

A PRAYING PEOPLE.

I recollect when first I went to preach to a mere handful of people in London—such a handful; but oh! how they could pray! How we sometimes seemed to plead, as though we could see the angel present and must have a blessing till we were all so awe-struck with the solemnity of prayer that we said, "Let us be quiet!" and we sat for some minutes silent, while the Lord's power seemed to overshadow us, and all the minister could do was to pronounce the blessing, and say, "Dear

friends, we have had the Spirit here to-night ; let us go home and not lose His blessed influences." Then down came the blessing ; the house was filled with hearers ; and many souls were converted ; and I always give all the honour to God first, and then to a praying people, for the more our people pray for us the more successful our ministry must and will be ; but without a praying people we can do nothing. I have heard of a minister, who, when his people complained to him about his preaching, said, "Well, he could not preach any better, for he had lost his prayer-book." They said they did not know he used a prayer-book. "Oh yes," he said, he did, and he told them that his prayer-book was his people's hearts, and when he had lost them it was all over with him. I once heard, too, of a person who called on his minister to tell him he could not enjoy his preaching so much as he did. "Well, my dear brother," said the minister, "before you tell me what you have to find fault with in me, let us pray together ; will you kneel down and pray for me ?" They knelt down and prayed, and when they got up the minister said—"Now, dear brother, sit down, and in a spirit of love, and meekness tell me what fault you have to find." "Oh, sir," said the man, "I am ashamed of myself ; I have no fault to find at all." "Why, how is that, my brother ?" "Why, sir, since you have asked me to pray for you I cannot find fault with you ; I believe now, sir, that the fault is in myself ; I never prayed for you before, but now I will !" I have no doubt it was much to his own profit, as well as to the preacher's, when he began to pray for his minister. Prayer can do anything. You may hold your public meetings, and get up your schemes and your societies, and they may all end in smoke ; but prayer can do anything. Praying is sure building ; you may build with committees, and societies, and all that ; and yet the house may be on the sand, and the next tide may sweep it away ; but build with prayer, cement every stone upon its neighbour with prayer, and you have

built so that all the tempests of the world shall dash harmlessly against it, but shall never be able to remove a single stone from its place. Prayer, I say, can do anything and everything.

SURPRISING CHANGE.

When he was released, Peter "wist not that it was true which was done unto him, but thought he saw a vision." Now this is often the case with young converts when they are really and truly saved.

"The rapture seems a pleasing dream,
The grace appears too great."

Now I dare say there would be several reasons for this. They are saved, but they cannot think they are, for these reasons. If you should ask them why they thought so, some of them would say—"Well, I cannot think that *I* can be saved; that anybody else may be I can well understand, but *I*—how could the Lord choose me?"

"What was there in me that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?"

"Why me, Lord, why me? If He had chosen all the rest and passed me by that would have been no mystery, but to have chosen me—such a one as I am—so unworthy, so useless, so evil a one, so everything that is bad—I cannot understand how He should save *me*."

Then the next thing they often say is,—"*How could He have set me free who was just now so thoroughly bound.*" I suppose Peter thought,—"*What, chains on my wrists a minute ago, and now I am free! Inside the prison, and now out in the street! Can this be true?*" And so some will say,—"*Why, I was a swearer a month ago, and now I am praising redeeming love! I was only lately sitting at a drunkard's ale-bench 'hail-fellow well met' with the worst of them, and now here I am washed, clothed, and in my right mind!*" I know

some too, who have been great and open sinners before their conversion, and it always seems a wonder to them that *they* should be in the Church of God. "What," said one who had been used to figure with the worst, and the vilest, and the lowest, and the meanest of society,—“What, *I* drinking out of the cup of the Lord and feeding like a child at His table!” Surely that prodigal hardly knew himself when he had got the sandals on his feet, and the best robe on his shoulders, and did sit down at his father's table and did eat! “Can this be true? Why, the other day I was starving, feeding the nobility of the sty with husks, and now here I am sitting among princes at my father's table? It cannot be so! So bound, and now so free; so lost, and now so saved—it cannot be true!”

GOD'S PEOPLE SING BEST IN TROUBLE.

An old Puritan said, “God's people are like birds; they sing best in cages.” He said, “God's people sing best when in the deepest trouble.” Said old Master Brooks, “The deeper the flood was, the higher the ark went up to heaven.” So it is with the child of God; the deeper his troubles, the nearer to heaven he goeth, if he lives close to his Master. Troubles are called weights, and a weight, you know, generally cloggeth and keepeth down to the earth; but there are ways, by the use of the laws of mechanics, by which you can make a weight lift you; and so it is possible to make your troubles lift you nearer heaven, instead of making them sink you. Ah! we thank our God, He has sometimes opened our mouth when we were dumb; when we were ungrateful and did not praise Him. He has opened our mouth by a trial, and though when we had a thousand mercies we did not bless Him; when He sent a sharp affliction, then we began to bless Him.

“DUMB DOGS.”

There is a sort of dumb people that will not speak. They are mentioned by Isaiah. He said of preachers in

his day, they were "dumb dogs that would not bark." I bless God we are not now quite so much inundated by this kind of dumb people as we used to be. God has raised up, especially in the Church of England, of late a large number of thoroughly evangelical men, who are not afraid to preach the counsel of God. It is my happiness to urge from my pulpit, almost every week, a notice of my reverend brother J. J. West, of Winchelsea, preaching somewhere, and I always recommend people to go and hear him; for, although he belongs to the establishment, he gives right down sixteen ounces to the pound of good doctrine. I tell them if they do not like the prayers, to take them into the bargain for once, for the sake of the good doctrine they will hear. There are many such preachers to be found; and although we used to say we were the only evangelicals that preached the gospel, the time has come when "she that was barren keeps house, and has become the joyful mother of children." There is no reason why the Church of England should not be thoroughly evangelical; if it keeps to its Articles, it ought to be. It is the most inconsistent Church in all the world, if it is not a Calvinistic one; it must be inconsistent, unless it keeps to those grand fundamental truths which are indeed a code of faith to be received by all believers—the truths which are written in its Articles. But, oh! there are a great many among us Dissenters, and in the Church of England, too, that are dumb dogs. There are still plenty who do not know anything about the gospel, who preach a vast deal about a great many things, but nothing about Jesus Christ; who buy their sermons cheap, and preach them at their ease; who ask God to tell them what to say, and then pull their manuscripts out of their pockets. We have had to mourn, especially in years gone by, that we could look from parish to parish, and find nobody but a dumb dog in the church, and in the pulpits of Dissenters too. And some men, who might have spoken with a little earnestness if they liked, let the people slumber under them, instead of preaching the word with true fidelity, as

if they would not have to give account to God at the last. My old grandfather tells a story, that I believe he himself could verify, of a person who once resided near him, and called himself a preacher of the gospel. He was visited by a poor woman, who asked him what was the meaning of the "new birth." To which he replied, "My good woman, what do you come to me about that for? Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, did not know; he was a wise man, and how do you think I should?" So she had to go away with only that answer. Time was when such an answer might have been given by a great many who were reckoned to be the authorised teachers of religion, but knew nothing at all about the matter. They understood a great deal more about fox-hunting than about preaching, and more about farming their land than about the spiritual husbanding of God's Church. But we bless God that there are not so many of that sort now; and we pray that the race may become thoroughly extinct; that every pulpit and every place of worship may be filled with a man who has got a tongue of fire and a heart of flame, and shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God, neither seeking the smile of men, nor dreading their frown. We have a promise that it shall be so—"The tongue of the dumb shall sing." And, ah! they do sing well, too, when God makes them sing. You remember Robert Hall's story in "The Village Dialogues," about Mr Merriman. Mr Merriman was a sad scapegrace of a preacher; he was to be seen at every fair and revel, but used seldom to be found in his pulpit when he should have been; but when he was converted, he began to preach with tears running down his face—and how the church began to be crowded! The squire would not go and hear any of that stuff, and locked up his pew; and Mr Merriman had a little ladder made outside the door, as he did not wish to break the door open, and the people used to sit on the steps, up one side and down the other, so that it made twice as much room as there was before. No people make such good preachers as those who were

dumb once. If the Lord opens their mouths, they will think they cannot preach often enough and earnestly enough to make up for the mischief they did before. Chalmers himself might never have been so eloquent a preacher, had he not been for a long time a dumb dog. He preached morality, he said, till he made all his parish immoral; he kept on urging the people to keep God's law, till he made them break it; but when he turned round and began to preach God's gospel, then the dumb began to sing. Oh! may God bring this about in every one of us! If we are dumb as professed ministers, may He open our mouths, and force us to speak forth His word, lest at the last day the blood of our hearers' souls should be found upon our skirts, and we should be cast away as unfaithful stewards of the gospel of Christ.

SELF-MADE MEN.

There is a very good book called "Self-made Men," but, mark you, I do not believe in such men. We are sometimes told that self-reliance is a noble principle, but I am not so sure about that. Perhaps what is meant by the phrase is a very good thing; but if there is one thing we need to be kept from, it is self-reliance, for he who leans on himself leans on a broken reed. The world dependeth not upon itself, but upon the unseen arm of God, and that, after all, is what we must depend upon too, not upon our own abilities, which may be less than we thought them to be, nor on our own tact, which may be taken from us in a moment. Then if we have faith in God we need not depend upon money, and perhaps that is the crying sin of the present time. Many suppose that money makes the man, and if they can but acquire profits they think that the profits will make amends for the way in which the profits are gained. Recollect, I believe the Christian should try to get money for the cause of God. I think that a Christian should go into business to get money for God with as much earnestness as a minister ought to seek to win souls for

God ; but let us never make money our god or our trust, but let us always remember that we must have faith in God. In carrying out these few words we shall of course, have faith in God's Word.

CHRIST ALONE.

Do you know there is one truth that is preached by all gospel ministers more than any other, and which men are so reluctant to learn, *viz.*, the truth that they are to be saved by faith in Christ, and in Christ alone. Men will be setting up a Saviour out of their own feelings. They think they must experience this and that before they come to Christ. Christ wants no preparation from you. He wants none of your fine feelings or your boasted experience ; but He bids you take Him for all, and rest simply upon Him. It is as easy for us to be legal by boasting of our orthodoxy, or our experience, as to be legal by boasting of our good works. It is just as easy to be dead in our legality—resting in the sense of our need of a Saviour—as it is to rest on the delusive thought that we do not need a Saviour.

A PRESENT SALVATION.

There are many persons who think salvation is not to be had here : that it will be a very good thing to be saved when we die, it will be a great mercy at last to attain salvation—but as to being saved *now*, as to feeling in our hearts, “We have *now* passed from death to life,” and “are *now* the children of God,” many persons think it fanatical. I have heard one say, “I hope and trust when I die I shall be saved, but I should think it presumption to talk of being saved *now*.”

A lady of title called upon me the other day on this question. She had enjoyed pardon of sin, and a good hope through grace, and she went to her clergyman and talked about “joy and peace in believing.” “What is the reason of your peace?” said he. “Because I know my sins are forgiven. I know that I am one of His.” “My dear woman, this is all presumption ; it is impos-

sible for any one to know they are children of God here." He said, "Some eminent saints may have had such feelings; but I don't think it right for you, just converted, to talk in such a confident way." He showed he knew nothing at all about the matter. I quoted to her that sweet hymn of Hart's,—

"The moment a sinner believes
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Salvation in full through His blood."

Her eyes began to glisten, and she said, "Is that true, Mr Spurgeon?" I said, "Yes, and I will prove it is true;" and I quoted that verse, "There is *now* no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus;" and the other, "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear, what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him."

The salvation which I have to sell to-night, and which I desire you to buy, is a present one, a salvation that a man now possesses, for "he that believeth *hath* eternal life;" it does not say, "he shall have it," but "he hath it now;" he that believeth *is saved*, not merely shall be, but is. Already forgiven, already pardoned, he shall at last stand before the great white throne of God "accepted in the beloved"—but he is even now saved.

A PERFECT SALVATION.

There are some who think a man may be saved, and yet afterwards may be lost. It is a notion among some people—a notion I believe as unscriptural as any that ever came from the father of lies—that a man may be a child of God one day, and to-morrow he may lose grace, and God may turn him out of the covenant.

Now, is it possible for any of you who have got a son, to *unson* him? You may thrust him out of the house; but he is your own son still, if he sprang from your loins. And it is remarkable that you hardly ever meet with fathers and mothers who want to get rid of their children. I had an old woman once in my house talking

about her dear son in Australia. I thought he was some fine fellow out gold-digging—but it turned out that he had been transported for house-breaking. If you had said to her, “Don’t talk of him; he is a bad boy,” she would have replied, “He is my child for all that. He hung at this breast. Did not I bring him into the world?” A mother never can forget her offspring, be they what they may. Is God more unfeeling than men and women? Will He turn His own children out of the covenant? No: blessed be His name! He will give them the rod till He almost breaks their bones, but His sword He will never use against them. “I give unto my sheep eternal life; they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand.” So you see the saint is inside Christ’s hands, and God puts His hand about both, so there is a double hand to keep the Christian safe. I do think it is a most terrible doctrine, so dishonouring to God, and so distressing to God’s people, that doctrine of turning them out of the covenant, and I must and ever will proclaim—

“Once in Christ, in Christ for ever,
Nothing from His love can sever.
Unchangeable His will, though weak my frame,
His loving heart is still immutably the same.
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.”

Oh, my friends, what would you not give to have a salvation which you may have for ever? I would not give a tenpenny nail for an Arminian salvation. He says he may be saved once, and yet lose it. I could not lay my head upon my pillow and hold such a doctrine. Ours is no rickety salvation that will break down at last. Put your trust in Jesus and receive Him to your heart. You shall hold on your way, you shall have clean hands, and you shall wax stronger and stronger. “For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present,

nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," A present salvation, and a perfect salvation.

A PRECIOUS SALVATION.

Ah! there are some people who think being saved is nothing at all. The worldling says, "Give me a bottle of wine, and a good income, that is all I want; you may keep your salvation to yourself." The grovelling man says, "Let me have my beer, let me sit in the public-house, and you may have your fair heaven, and your city of Jerusalem, and eternal life, all for me." They say, "It makes those who have it miserable." Certainly Satan never invented a greater falsehood than this. It is the want of religion that makes a man miserable. The Christian's life is the happiest life on earth. He has his sorrows, but even those are turned into joy. He can say with the poet,

"My bitterest tears, if thou smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem."

Whatever he has to do and put up with, he can sing as he goes to heaven,

"Sweet afflictions!
Thus to bring my Saviour near."

I heard those lines sung last Wednesday by a poor crippled lad of sixteen years of age, whose knees touched his chin in consequence of a spinal complaint. I never saw such a sight in my life; but he burst out singing, with much melody of heart and lip,

"Sweet afflictions!
Thus to bring my Saviour near."

For three years he had been lying on his bed of affliction, and for a whole year he had not even turned. He told me, that before that, he was a giddy, thoughtless

child, but now he had sought and found God. His mother came to me and said, "Thank God, through His holy example, I have been led to Christ too, and I have joined the Church, and his father is about to do the same. We have both been brought to know Christ through the prayers and pious conversation of our poor afflicted son."

AN OLD WOMAN WITH A RED CLOAK.

Ah! this is a salvation that will make your cottage windows shine with daily sunlight; will strew your path with flowers, and make you always rejoice, even though at times you may have great sorrow. Oh! if you would have the cream of life, its true riches, "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Did you ever meet with a Christian yet who would change places with the worldling? Choose out two characters. A gay young gentleman, keeps a couple of hunters, farms some two thousand acres of land, and is a merry blade,—but he does not fear God. Let him be a fine sample of his class, and let him be accounted one of the happiest of men. Now I will select an old woman with a red cloak. Last winter she was shivering over a few bits of stick in a garret, and could hardly keep herself from starvation. Now as to her possessions, she is not worth robbing, having nothing at all. She seldom lives on anything but bread and water. "Come here, old woman, do you love Jesus?" "Yes, I do, I put all my trust in Him." "Well, here's a fine young gentleman, with two horses, and everything he can desire—will you change places with him?" "What? give up the Lord Jesus Christ? No, no, never!" "Well, but wouldn't you rather have his fine coat, and be a young man with plenty of riches, than wear that old cloak with so many darns, and sit all the winter shivering?" "No, not for the world if I had to give up Christ." And then the old woman looks at him and says,

“Go ye that boast in all your stores
And tell how bright they shine,
Your heaps of glittering dust are YOURS,
But my Redeemer's MINE!”

A DISPUTE.

In a dispute I had some little time ago with a person concerning doctrine, I concluded by saying, “The best thing we can do, is for you to state your views, and I will state mine, and there leave them; we can each think of them better without disputing.” The views of the other person were stated with just my gentle compliment, “That is a dry bone sure enough.” When mine were received, I had this compliment paid—“If these are true, you ought to be a happy man from morning till night.” “I am much obliged to you,” I said, “for your opinion of the truth of my views: that is what I try to be, and what I must try to be if I would be consistent with my own views.” Believe the great doctrines of sovereign, distinguishing, discriminating grace, and be unhappy? Oh what an anomaly! Believe that God hath saved thee, that Christ hath bought thee, that the Spirit hath sanctified thee, that the covenant is signed and sealed and ratified, and all things ordered well, and yet be unhappy? Believe that thou art bought and paid for, that thy sins are pardoned, that the righteousness of Christ is imputed, and that thou art accepted in the Beloved; and yet be unhappy? Surely, man, the gospel cannot have touched thee, for if this good old gracious gospel had really entered into thy being, it would have put every spring of thy heart into order, and, like living fingers, the great doctrines of the gospel would have swept thy harp and woke it up to melody, causing thee to sing for ever and ever. It cannot be the gospel if it do not make you happy; or if it be, you cannot have got it into your heart, for if it has got into your heart it will make you glad.

MEDITATION.

He that doth not meditate on the Word of God, doth not love it. That which is really in the heart and causeth joy, will not be long absent from the thoughts. And oh, how divinely sweet it is for a Christian, in his times of retirement and of leisure, to think upon the great things of God! The doctrines of grace are like "butter in a lordly dish" to the heir of heaven. His spirit is sometimes ravished, when he looks-back upon the past things of the eternal God, or forward to the future glories that are prepared for them that love Him. To the Christian, meditation on the gospel is no dry and stale thing. He wishes he could be entirely free from every care and thought, save the thought of Jesus and the care of pleasing Him. Lodge him in a vast wilderness; he would think it no tedious place, if he might have Christ with him. Give him his Bible, and he needs no better library. Give him God's Spirit, and he needs no better tutor. Give him to muse on his bed and be still, and not couches of ease or tents of luxury would tempt him to rise from his bed of languishing, if he had to leave his Master there. Oh! how sweet it is to the believer, when everything else has passed away, to muse on the all-sufficiency of Christ! In some such seasons, our souls have been like the chariots of Aminadab. Sometimes, when we have been thus delighting in God's law in secret, He hath taken us up to the top of the hill Pisgah, and our glistening eyes have seen the fair prospect beyond the narrow stream of death; and we have clapped our hands with joy, whilst we have sung,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!"

We have picked out the spot where we thought we should dwell for ever, and almost seen the roof of the eternal mansion which hath been builded for us by the love of Christ, and then, mounting higher still, we have

scaled the battlements of glory ; in our meditations we have gone beyond the light of the jasper city. We have climbed up to that spot where the Saviour sitteth at the right hand of God, and we have felt by true experience the meaning of the apostle, when he said, "He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." And then, alone, undisturbed by the world, our spirit hath leaped in ecstasy of joy. Oh, how often have we danced a dance at which worldlings might have laughed, but which was as much nobler than its revelry, as the glory of a man excelleth the glory of a beast ! Oh, we have sometimes put our lips to the well of divine love, and thought we could drink it dry at a draught, but we have been drinking on still, satisfied that we could not exhaust it ; and we have been lost in wonder, swallowed up in praise, and have exulted with joy unspeakable and full of glory, when we have been meditating on the law of the Lord. That is one manifestation of it.

THE SAILOR AND HIS PARROT.

He that delights in God's law will delight in speaking of it. How little conversation is there now concerning Christ and Him crucified ! how little do believers even say concerning the great things of the kingdom ! I suppose it is with some Christians as the sailor said it was with the parrot. He had a remarkable parrot which he sold to a good woman, telling her it could talk no end of things ; it was the most wonderful parrot that had ever been known, it could say almost everything in the language. After she had kept it for a week and it had said nothing, she took it back to the sailor. "Well, ma'am," said he, "I daresay it has not said much, but it has thought the more." And so there are some folks that are like that parrot ; I suppose they think the more because they say nothing ; only it strikes me that they are like the parrot in another particular, the parrot did not think, nor do they, or else, if they had thought, they

would have been pretty sure to speak. What is in the well will come up in the bucket. The metal of the bell will be known by its sound. We shall be sure to know what the heart is by what the thought is. If there be a man who is about to found a new colony in Australia, and he has been reading and studying the subject, and has got the idea into his head that it would be a great and glorious thing to go and break up some new ground and form a colony, you get into a railway-carriage with him, and he will begin to talk about the weather and the crops, but in about five minutes by some sleight-of-hand he will bring you round to Australia, and tell you something about his intention of forming a colony there. Or if he be a great politician, who has discovered some wonderful truth whereby he thinks that all trade and government will be so revolutionised, that every evil will be put down; if the idea hath actually entered into his soul, you may sit in a drawing-room with him, and gently, by degrees, he will bring you round to the subject of politics, and say, "Did you ever notice such and such a thing?" And out will come the favourite theory. And as certainly as religion has ever entered into a man's heart, he will not allow you to be long with him before his bringing you round to it.

TWO NOBLE INFANTS.

Then if you have faith in God you will have no need to have faith in men. I do not mean by that that I would have every man distrustful, but really the more I live the more I am inclined to think that this world is a world of humbug. From the first thing in the morning almost to the last thing at night, I see some one or other trying either to cadge, to beg, to cheat, to lie, or to deceive. The other day I met with an amusing instance of the folly of mankind. A man called to see me, and as he could not do that, he sent up a note which he had prepared, telling me that he was the father of two "noble infants," and that he intended taking a pan

of charcoal into his room that night, and destroy himself, his wife, and the two "noble infants," unless I sent him down some money to relieve their wants. I asked my secretary what I should do about it, and he advised me to take no notice of it; but I said, "Well, but if the fellow does charcoal himself, I shall feel very queer over the thing." So I sent the man down ten shillings. When my secretary gave it him, he looked at it and said, "What a trifle! Do you think I am going to save the lives of my wife and my two 'noble infants' for ten shillings? Take it back to Mr Spurgeon, and tell him I resent the insult!" Now, one is constantly meeting with things something like that, till one is apt to get distrustful of men altogether, and though one does not like to doubt, yet there is a righteous distrust of all men which we must carry about with us; and when we speak about not having faith in men, we must of course include ourselves.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Every man that goes to heaven by Christ will have a Christian experience; but I know some people who seem to me to be trusting in their experience. If I ask a man "What is the ground of your faith?" and he says, "I have felt this, and felt that;" then I say that ground of his faith is a rotten one; and he that rests on his feelings will be as much deceived as he that rests on his works. "Not of man, neither by man," is true in this case. Because I have had an experience of my deep depravity, and been shaken over hell's mouth, am I to trust in this to be saved by it? No, no, beloved. The blood saves—not my sense of guilt; not my depravity; nor all my knowledge and understanding of it—but the blood, the blood alone. And so I may have had high and rapt communion, and deep fellowship with Christ; but, if I rest in my communion, I am as much deceived as he that rests on the Romish priests—for there is nothing in anything I can do, or be, or ever could be, that can save me; it is all in Christ from first to last; and,

putting His pierced hand on all your doing, believing, seeing, feeling, experiences—He covers them all up, and says, “I am the Way,” and none of these.

I like the way Wilcox puts this in his “Precious Drop of Honey.” “All that is of nature’s spinning,” says he, “must be unravelled,” and I like to know also that even if I put the Spirit’s work in the place of Christ, I make that work to be an anti-Christ. It never can be an anti-Christ, but in the guilt of the sin of having put it in a wrong position,—having mistaken the position of the different persons in the Trinity;—but I must rely on Christ.

“None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.”

Some will say, “This is a very uncharitable way of talking.” I cannot help it. It is thus in the text. My Master is gloriously exclusive here; and, shutting up every door, He says, “I am the Way.” There is no other “way.”

A PERSONAL CHRIST.

Well, first, we must remember, that “the way” of salvation hinges and rests entirely upon the person of Christ. Dear friends, it has been sometimes my suspicion, that we do not think enough, honour enough, preach enough, about the person of Christ. Do you know, in the first two or three centuries of the Christian Church, some of the brethren were not very clear about justification by faith; but they were amazingly clear about the merit of the precious blood. There were some of them that did not and could not give a very lucid description of the atonement; but they could give a most glorious description of the sponge,—the vinegar,—the nails,—the five wounds,—the bleeding side,—the “It is finished!”—the resurrection,—the ascension. The fact is, what they preached in the first centuries was not so much doctrine about Christ, as Christ. Now, doctrine about Christ is very useful, and very necessary,—it is like a throne on which Christ sits; and there He

reigns triumphantly ; but, after all, we must take care we do not cover up the person of Christ. I do think, mark you, that one of the great powers that there is in the Church of Rome to attract men is the constant insisting upon the person of Christ.

Standing in a church at Brussels, I heard a priest preach a sermon that melted me to tears, because it was on the person of Christ—only this, I remarked, that it was a dead Christ all the sermon through ; but the man did not seem to catch the idea of a living Christ, who “ascended on high,” and is now in the midst of His Church—“made an end of sin” also for His people. Had this idea been woven into that church, there had not been such apostasy as there is now. And I think if we would have our churches full of life and power, we must be always preaching Christ—talking of Him, dwelling with Him—till it is not that point or the other point ; but a bleeding Saviour visibly crucified among the people.

We want an incarnate God beloved ; we want a real Christ. We do not want the crucifix there on the wall ; but we want it inside, in the heart. We do not want the picture of the Saviour, except it be portrayed, in living lines, upon our soul. Oh, we must have a real Christ. Do not make the war-cry of your church thatism of the other, but Christ—the person of Christ—a real, living Christ, still giving a “shout of a King in the midst of the camp of Israel ;” and this is the power to move the world ; for, mark you, it is Christ that saves the soul.

When we live, how is it we live ? “Not I, but Christ liveth in me.” If we are fed, how are we fed ? “My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.” If we go to heaven, what is heaven ? “Be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” You cannot get the idea of pardon separate from Christ. We are “accepted in the Beloved.” The apostle Paul, when writing that doctrinal epistle to the Ephesians, keeps saying, again and again—“In whom,” “In Christ.” It is all

“in Christ.” You can get nothing—no part of salvation—apart from Christ. Just as it was with the staff of Elijah—that could not raise the dead; it must be Elijah’s presence. So it is not the doctrines of Christ that can do your soul any good; but Christ himself. He must come to the soul. And Jesus Christ, you know, in His miracles, touched men, touched the leper, and there is something marvellous about Christ coming to us to touch us! Not hearing about Him only; but the very real, the personal Christ, must be our Saviour.

A DRIVE IN WALES.

I was in Wales not long ago, driving late at night; I did not know the way, and I thought we were a long time going; so I said to the driver, “Do you know the way?” He replied, “I was never this way in my life before; I don’t know anything about it.” I thought that was a delightful position to be in! But, supposing I had pulled up, and had said to some one on the road, “Come here, my good man, can you tell me the way?” and he had said, “Yes, sir, I am the way.” “What did you say—what—what?” “I said, I am the way.” Ay, drive on, coachman, the man does not understand what he is talking about. It is a misuse of language for that man to say “I am the way.” Now mark our Lord Jesus Christ wrongly. “Never man spake like this man.” So we must find some method by which such an expression as this can be congruous with language; nay, a most fitting way of expressing the meaning.

THE GLORY OF MR SPURGEON’S CONVERSION.

I do love, as best I can, to preach the doctrines of grace: and then to close it up by preaching simple faith in Jesus Christ. Ay, my dear brethren, what years some of us have had to pass through before we understood this truth. For five years my young heart was wrung with sorrow of the deepest kind. I know the

reason now. I went to every place I could for five years, with as earnest a desire as ever man had, to find the way of salvation : how attentive I was ; I listened and longed to hear how I could be saved.

One Sunday, I heard what is called a practical sermon—much about what God's people ought to do. I felt I could do nothing. I wanted to know, first, how I must be saved—not what I must do. Next Sunday I went again ; the sermon was on the precious doctrine of electing love. There was nothing for a trembling sinner, who wanted to know his title to these things. I went again, and an experimental sermon was preached—full of deep experience. Here the poor child wanted to put his foot into the stream, and was told how to swim ; but he could not get to the stream at all. Again I went, and the law cut my soul in pieces, though doubtless it produced some good effect ; but I wanted to know the plan of salvation. I do not think for five years I heard the plan of salvation unfolded. I could not blame the brethren I heard ; but at the same time I thought they tantalized me ; for I had gone up to God's house to hear about “the one thing needful.”

But I shall never forget entering a little chapel, where there was a poor local preacher—a man without learning or ability. He came up into the pulpit, and read that text, “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.” He was not wise enough to preach anything but Christ. He had not learning enough to run away from his text. He was such a poor simpleton, that he was obliged to stick to the simple gospel. Would that there were more simpletons of that sort ! I well remember how very simple he was : yet, poor thing, he was in great earnestness. He told us, whosoever should “look” to the cross of Christ, “should be saved.” My soul “looked to Jesus :” then, for the first time, I knew what was meant by believing on Him, and in that hour my spirit knew the joy of the redeemed ones. I could have leaped from my seat, and sung with joy unspeakable, “I am forgiven !”—“I am for-

given!" "I am forgiven!" Trembling sinner, "look to Jesus," and thou art "saved!"

Dost thou say, "My sins are many?"—His atonement is wondrous. Dost thou cry, "My heart is hard?"—Jesus can soften it. Do you say, "Alas, I am so unworthy?"—Jesus loves the unworthy. Do you say, "I am so vile?"—It is the vile He came to save. Down with you, man; down, down with yourself, and up with Christ.

Now, turn thine eye thither. See Him—He suffers—He bleeds—He dies—He is buried—He rises again—He ascends on high. Trust Him, and you are safe. Give up all other trusts, and rely on Him, and you will "pass from death unto life." This is the sure sign—the certain evidence of the Spirit's indwelling—of the Father's election—of the Son's redemption—when the spirit is brought simply and solely to rest and trust in Christ.

GOLD AND THE GOSPEL.

"I think I shall go to heaven, for I intend to make my will, and leave enough to build an almshouse." Ah, friend, heaven values not your gold; money is not worth much there; they have streets with gold. How much have you got? "Ten thousand pounds to give away to the cause of Christ." It would not buy one flag-stone in heaven. Will God sell for gold what Christ bought with blood? All the gold that could be piled between here and the highest heavens would not be sufficient to buy a single soul.

LEARNING AND CHRIST.

"Well, it is no use my hoping to be saved, for I am as ignorant as I can be; I am no 'scholar.' In my days there were no Sunday-schools; my children can read, but I can't, therefore I can't go to heaven." But I remind you that it says, "without money and without price." While it means "without money" literally, it

means without wisdom, without merit, or experience ; it means without anything that can recommend to Christ. "He hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith." "Not many wise men after the flesh." While a little child knows nothing, it is just the most able to receive the things of God. For "except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven." Oh ! you need not have a big library to go to heaven—you need not be able so much as to read ; if you can, get learning, get wisdom, but at the same time it is not necessary for the kingdom of God. All you want to read is,

"To read your title clear,
To mansions in the skies ;"

and all you want to know is to know "whom you have believed," and to put your trust alone in Him.

MR PHARISEE.

"Have salvation for nothing ? not I." "No," says Mr Pharisee, "I have been a good, respectable body, and you do not expect I am going to be saved in the same manner as a harlot or a thief ?" "What," saith the great man, "am I going along with a man in a smock frock ?" "What," saith the lady in satin, "am I going to be squeezed against an old woman with a dirty gown ? Must we all stand on an equality ?" Yes, rich and poor, wise and foolish, must all go one road. Ah ! you turn upon your heel, and will not have it so. Remember, none are excluded hence, but they who do themselves exclude. Welcome the learned and polite, the ignorant and rude. Whatever you may bring to Christ, He will throw in your teeth. You must take Him, as beggars ; take everything from the hands of His charity.

OLD SHOES.

I have read of an officer who was converted by hearing a cobbler preaching in the street ; he stood at a dis-

tance and heard him say, "Christ did not come to mend old shoes, but to give new ones;" he went away, and thought of that pithy saying. Christ did not come to mend old garments, but to give us new suits from top to toe. He will never put patches on ours.

THE NEGRO AND HIS MASSA.

A negro was once under conviction of sin at the same time as his master. The negro found peace very soon, but his master was some months seeking a Saviour: so he said to his negro one day, "I can't make it out how you could get to Christ so easily, and find peace so soon; it has cost me many months of prayer." "Massa, it strikes me it is like this. When Christ came along He said to you, 'Here, I give you my righteousness for a clothing.' You looked at yourself and said, 'My coat is pretty fair; there is a small hole in the elbow, and a small rent here, but I will make it last a little longer!' So you got no peace at all. I was a poor, shivering nigger when Christ came along; I had nothing but filthy garments on. I pulled them off, and put on His own righteousness, and I found peace at once." There is much wisdom in that. As long as we have our own righteousness remaining in us, we must never expect to find salvation by the blood of Christ: but when willing to throw everything down and trust Christ, just as He is, there is nothing in the way to keep us from the fullest enjoyment of peace in believing.

PETITIONS.

We are sometimes waited upon with petitions. Imagine one brought to you. "The humble petition of John so-and-so: he earnestly desires a little assistance; he is earning good wages; his wife and family are all well; he is living in a comfortable cottage, and is well-provided for; he wants you to give him a charity." You give it back to him, and say, "Certainly you shall

not give anything." "Why not assist me?" is the question of the petitioner, "I work hard; I am as well as can be; my wife and children are all well." "No, no," we again reply: "you do not understand how to argue so as to touch my sympathies."

Another petition comes: "The humble petition of Thomas so-and-so: he has been ill six weeks; he has, perhaps, nine or ten children; he has been living, it may be, without any income; and his wife is very sick, he therefore begs that the charitable will give him relief." You give him something, because you say, "This man cannot plead he works hard, but that he cannot do anything; he is sick and poor; and these are the best reasons why I should give him a charity." And indeed this is an art which every beggar knows." I had a beggar call at my house once, and I thought I would rig him out; and give him a suit of clothes. I did so; and after that, I thought, "I have ruined that man's business: depend upon it, he will not get on so well this day as before!" So I watched him, and I saw him go up a court; the first thing he did was to pull off the shoes I had given him, and put on a very old pair; then he pulled off my old coat, and put on one ten times worse than his former one. It might have vexed me, but I thought, "You are making the best of your trade; you are sure to prevail most in your rags."

NIGHT.

The great cause of a Christian's distress, the reason of the depths of sorrow into which many believers are plunged is simply this,—that while they are looking about, on the right hand and on the left, to see how they may escape their troubles, they forget to look to the hills whence all real help cometh.

The world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one. The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labours; but they grow weary, and night-fall cometh on, like a sweet boon from heaven. The

darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget a while our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labours of the day. Night is one of the greatest blessings men enjoy; we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects. It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake,"

and that at all times they are round about us—not more by night than by day. Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing as it shone its mighty Maker, and His lawful, well-deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit, to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praises of the

mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Any fool can sing in the day. When the cup is full, man draws inspiration from it; when wealth rolls in abundance around him, any man can sing to the praise of a God who gives a plenteous harvest, or sends home a loaded argosy. It is easy enough for an Æolian harp to whisper music when the winds blow; the difficulty is for music to come when no wind bloweth. It is easy to sing when we can read the notes by daylight; but the skilful singer is he who can sing when there is not a ray of light to read by—who sings from his heart, and not from a book that he can see, because he has no means of reading, save from that inward book of his own living spirit, whence notes of gratitude pour out in songs of praise.

A STORY OF THE TWO YOUNG IRVINGS.

The story is told that the young Irvings strolled on the sands, called the Solway Sands, which divide England from Scotland. Often the tide rolls in before persons are aware of it, cutting off all retreat, and many have been lost thereby. The two young Irvings had strolled on the sands, and been gathering sea-weed; when, at last, on a sudden, they perceived the tide had rolled in. I conceive the boys asking, "What is 'the way' by which we can escape?" And if a man in the same position as they, had pointed out a path, he could not have said, "I am the way." That would have been inconsistent. But their uncle, who happened to see them on the other side, mounted a strong horse, dashed into the midst of the stream, caught up the two boys, placed them before him on his horse, and rode swiftly to shore. I think if that uncle had said to the boys, "I am the way," it would have been quite the proper way

of speaking—because in this case he did it all. So Christ could not be “the Way” unless He did it all. If He pointed to a something that we could do—then He would not be “the way,”—but what He did would be “the way ;” but when He does it all, then it becomes the most fitting, highest use of words to say, “I am the Way.” If He died to put me into a salvable state, then He is not “the way ;” if He died to put me in a position where I could save myself, then He is not “the way”—but if He died to save me, and has saved me, with nothing of my own, then are those words strictly true.

Now you that know not Christ, may God help you to hear these words. Do you want to have access with God—to confess your sins? Christ says, “I am the Way. Give me your cause to plead. Come to God through me. Stand before me. He shall look on you through the windows of my wounds ; and He shall see thee as one with whom He can deal—for He cannot deal with thee as thou art—I am the Way.”

Wouldst thou have thy sins forgiven? There hangs One, all bleeding ; He has just been crying, “I thirst !” and, from the mount of Calvary, I hear a voice which says, “I am the Way. The blood which streams from my veins can wash thy sins away.” Wouldst thou have a perfect righteousness in which to wrap yourselves? I see the ascending God, who once died on the cross, and as He ascends on high—as He rises from the tomb of the resurrection, I hear Him say, “I have risen again for thy justification. I am the Way.”

THE PRINCE OF WIRTEMBERG.

I would be all the more importunate with you *because I know the joy which you would most certainly have if you did but believe on Christ.* Several princes had met together on a certain occasion to talk of their estates, and they were boasting greatly, when the Prince of Wirtemberg said that he would not exchange his dominions

for those of any one else, "For," said he, "I have not such great dominions as you have, nor yet such riches as you, but I am so beloved by my subjects, that if I met any man among them he would lie down, and let me put my head upon his bosom; and I should not be afraid to go to sleep in the open streets, for I am quite sure I should be safe." Ah! the Christian man can say that he would not change his estate for that of an ungodly man, for he can put his head down, and go to sleep and rest under any circumstances, sick or well, rich or poor, living or dying, because he is safe. Now, I wish that you knew this. Oh! that you knew this! It is sweet to us to find a Saviour. Oh! that you might find Him too. To-day! To-day! Why postpone a feast? Why put off your wedding-day? Why be loath to be rescued from drowning? Sinner, why be loath to be saved? Why say, "To-morrow?" To-day! Lord, to-day do Thou give the sinner this joy!

A ROUGH PEBBLE-STONE.

The sinner knows that the work that has been wrought in him is the work of God, and it seems marvellous to him that God should ever put His hand to such a rough pebble-stone as he is; not even worth the polishing, but only fit to be thrown into the depths of destruction for ever. "Oh!" saith he, "hath God interfered for me? Did Christ die for me? Did the eternal Son of God pour out His blood from His veins for me? Did God write my name in Life's eternal book? What, has the Spirit of God come to dwell in me? Am I saved? Oh! this is strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful; I scarce believe it can be true!"

THE ROMANIST.

It stands to reason that the religion of the Romanist, which consists in tormenting himself, cannot be of God;

for we ask you yourselves, would you take any pleasure in the torments of your fellow-creatures? If one of your neighbours should wear a hair-shirt in order to delight you, or drive nails into his flesh in order to cause you joy, or starve himself nearly to death in order to oblige you, would you not at once say to him, "My dear friend, that does not please me; if you want to please me, just eat a good hearty meal, just take that hair-shirt off and clothe yourself in something decent! I don't want to see you a living skeleton; just make yourself happy; and the happier you are the happier I shall be." Dost thou think, O man, that God is less humane than thyself? Dost thou imagine that God is a monster so inhuman, that the torments of men's bodies can delight Him? Dost thou conceive, that He who hath made the whole world glad beside man, should have made this one exception, and made it His joy and gladness to behold man miserable? Will you believe it, that God would in heaven, from all eternity, devise a plan which should make men happy? Can you conceive that His eternal thoughts should be engaged upon a mighty mystery, the grand object of which would be to cast His creatures down into despondency? Can the mind for one moment dare to conceive such a thing as that the gospel of the grace of God, which is confirmed in Christ Jesus unto us, which hath been brought to us by the prophets, and hath been bought for us by the blood of Jesus—that it, the eternal, the old, glorious, everlasting gospel was only intended to promote the misery of our race? God forbid. We feel persuaded, that God's plan must have for its end our happiness, and our happiness here too, as well as our happiness hereafter; and we hold one out of two things to be the truth—that either religion has not entered your heart, or else that the religion which has entered your heart is not the true one. For if it were God's religion which you have heartily espoused, it would have instantly given you delight; and your delight would be found "in the law of the Lord."

VIRTUE AND NECESSITY.

We believe that religion is intended to produce in man works and acts which are acceptable to God. Now, unless the work or act be done delightfully and willingly—and I find that a sense of willingness is in the Hebrews attached to the term delight—unless the deed be done voluntarily by a Christian, how can it be acceptable to God? I am no believer in that old Arminian aphorism, that necessity is inconsistent with virtue. I am utterly tired and disgusted with that theory which teaches that freedom is the only thing that can produce godliness and virtue. I do not think so. I find the Eternal God, if I may use such language, constrained by the highest necessity to be holy, from His very nature; yet do I find Him virtuous. I find the holy angels under an absolute necessity of being good, seeing that they are now confirmed through Christ Jesus, and yet I believe them to be eminently virtuous. And I see the glorified spirits in heaven—and God forbid that I should imagine that it was possible for them to fall!—I see them bound, by virtue of their eternal union and the fulness of the promise to Christ, bound to perpetual holiness, so that they cannot err, and yet I see in them virtue carried to its utmost perfection. I am bound, therefore, to believe that virtue and necessity may go together, and that the freedom of the will is not necessary to virtue at all; but at the same time I know that to men on earth it is necessary, and I know that to me and the rest of the brethren, constituted as we now are, it is necessary that there should be a voluntariness and freedom in our acts in order to make them acceptable to God. I know that if I work because I am compelled to do so from the sheer necessity of Providence, my works cannot be accepted of God, because they do not proceed from that which must go first—a willing mind. I know that if I pray, simply because I am obliged to pray and cannot help it, my heart not going forth with the prayer and making it a delightful

heart-work, my prayer cannot be acceptable before God. I know God's children are not slaves bound to the galley-oar which they must pull ; I know that their labour is not a tug and toil in which they must indulge ; no, the service of God is to them a delight, His Sabbath honourable, and His work glorious to their hearts. And it is from this freedom which they have in the service of God, from this Divine freedom of the will which God's Holy Spirit hath given to them, from this Divine delight which they take in serving God, that their works become acceptable ; and I do not see how they could be acceptable apart from the freedom and willingness which is thus conferred upon them by grace, enabling them to run in the way of God's commandments, and to find it a delightful road.

DELIGHT IN THE GOSPEL.

It is quite impossible for us to conceive any man being a true Christian, and understanding the true gospel, without feeling a delight in it. There are some men's gospels that never could delight my soul. The gospel of some men seems to me to be "a dry and thirsty land where no water is." Sometimes I venture to hear—but I should scarcely dare to do so again, since some men's views are infectious, and one can scarcely bear to hear God's sovereignty denied, the efficacy of sanctification railed at, and everything high and holy derided and made a jest of. We think it well sometimes to avoid the hearing of some brother with whose views we could not possibly agree, There are some truths taught by certain gentlemen who profess to know the gospel—truths I say out of courtesy to them—which are wells without water, clouds without rain. The belief of their gospel would make me so intolerably miserable that I think I should hang myself. If I did not believe the final perseverance of the saints, I should see little reason why I should live. Unless I believed in the completeness of the atonement of Christ,

the certainty of the salvation of Christ, the immutability of the love of God, I should think myself in a miserable world, and should at once adopt the words of Watts, and begin to sing,

“Lord, what a wretched mount is this !”

But believing another gospel, even the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot conceive that gospel entering the heart, without causing delight. Think, my brethren, of the man who believes the doctrine of election, conceive him as believing himself to have been chosen of God from before the foundation of the world ; think of him as having a persuasion in his heart that God hath of His unbounded love and good pleasure written his name in the covenant of grace and in the Book of Life ; can you conceive of such a man as being miserable ? I think, by no stretch of an extraordinary imagination can you conceive of such a man as walking in a melancholy and miserable state. The one fact that God hath chosen him must make him rejoice ; it must be like oil to his countenance ; it must anoint his head continually with joy. Think, again, of the great doctrine of effectual calling. Let any man believe that God has effectually called him by His grace, and let him believe that that calling once given is the sure earnest and pledge of perseverance and joys to come ; such a man cannot be unhappy. He must wear a smile upon his brow ; he must have joy in the depths of his heart, a joy which no man taketh from him. Let him believe, too, the doctrine of the infallible security of the saints ; let him cry with Toplady—

“ Yes, I to the end must endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven ;”

and then see him with a downcast countenance and a tearful eye ; and I say he is inconsistent, and I cannot understand how such a thing could be so.

READING THE BIBLE TO PROFIT.

My heart has often turned away in sadness when I have read my Bible without being profited thereby, as I am certain I have ; for I hold that the mere reading of a chapter is nothing ; “the letter killeth” we may say of it ; but it is when we can get into the chapter and when the chapter gets into us—when we not only gather the sense, but mark, learn, and inwardly digest the bread of life—then it is we get the good out of it. I find commentaries very useful ; but, after all, many a text that don't open to a commentary will open to prayer. Just as the stone-breakers go down on their knees to break the flints on a heap, I believe we often break texts up better on our knees than in any other position. When we draw near to God, feeling that Holy Scripture is His incarnate truth, and we want to get beyond the mere veil—when we can have boldness to enter thus within the veil, then Scripture becomes a real power to us ; then it gives us a force which will make our efforts tell upon the world at large.

“A PLACE I DON'T LIKE TO MENTION.”

The first doctrine that we have is—that THERE IS A HELL : “Tophet is ordained of old.” It is not reckoned fashionable in these days to talk of hell. We took up a number of *The Pulpit* only last week, and turning to its last page we observed an eminent minister, one who preaches to large congregations, appealing thus to the ungodly :—“Unless you repent you will sink, sink, sink down deep into—a place I don't like to mention.” It is true, you can read it for yourselves when you like ; but we do not understand such things ourselves. We think the times are come for plain-speaking ; and, if other persons do not like to mention these matters, we think the best way is to call things by their names. We take it to be a very sad thing that any man should

be so over-polite as to say, "You will sink into a place I don't like to mention." Call it "hell," sir, for it is hell; and speak as God tells you, and don't mince matters. If God tells you, "He that believeth not shall be damned," say "damned," sir; for God meant it, and don't you alter it. We must speak God's word as God has said it, without mincing it. Well, then, there is a hell. It is written, "Tophet is ordained of old."

RICHARD WEAVER AND DENHAM SMITH.

I heard Richard Weaver say a good thing in my place the other day. I must tell you that he says good things very often; and God blesses them. He said—"I was once, not long ago, in Dublin; and I wanted to get to my wife at Liverpool, and I had not any money, (which is often the case with Richard;) a friend came to me, 'Well, Mr Weaver, I will get you a first-class ticket, and you shall go with me.' I did so; I did not pay a farthing for it; but it was just as good as if I had paid it all. Well, I got into the train, and rode down to the harbour at Kingstown; when I got to Holyhead, they did not say, 'Now you must get out, you have got no ticket.' The ticket I had at first did all the way through; I did not want a new one. I got to another station, and the porter said, 'Show your tickets, gentlemen.' I did directly. He did not say, 'You must get out; and you must get a new one.' No, the original one went all the way. Mark this also, the porter did not say, 'You know, Mr Weaver, you are nothing but a collier; and you must not ride first-class,'—he made no remarks about me—he looked at my ticket, that was all his business; and my business was not with myself, but with my ticket. Ay, so is it with the Lord Jesus Christ—He put me in the train at first, and gave me a first-class ticket all the way through,—I have not needed to get out at any station, and get another ticket,—it lasts all the way through. And then the devil sometimes comes to God's people, and

makes them look at their frames and feelings. I reply, 'What business is that of yours? There is my ticket. My faith is fixed on Christ. It is not what I am—but what my ticket is.'

Oh, I thought that was putting the matter clear and right enough. I bless the Lord if you have got a faith that will take you all the way to heaven. I know there are some of my friends who, having believed in Christ for six months, think that they shall break down, unto Christ's dishonour. It is marvellous how some good folks, who doubt the doctrine of perseverance, go on persevering; and many who doubt the doctrine of predestination, are just as much elected as if they believed it—they prove it by their lives. I only hope that you and I, who hold this truth, may ourselves persevere, lest, haply, holding the truth, we should, ourselves, miss of its power, and not have the grace which endureth unto life eternal.

"The way" to heaven is "a way" which begins from where you are, and goes right straight to heaven. Do you know this was one recommendation of the gospel to me; when a youth, and seeking to know something savingly, when the Almighty told me that "He that believeth hath everlasting life," it appeared so charming to me—What, all done at once? Everlasting life itself, insurance against sin, and insurance against terror;—they that believe in Christ "shall hold on their way; and the righteous shall wax stronger and stronger." You know that text, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

Dear Mr Denham Smith makes this remark, "They cannot 'pluck' them out; but they think they may slip out." "Ay," says he, "but they are in 'His hands;' and they are members of His body, and of His flesh, and of His bones." And in Freemason's Hall, holding up his hands in the midst of a large assembly, he said, "Do you expect to see my fingers fall away? Do you expect to see them drop off? No; because they are parts of myself; and 'because I live, they

shall live also." So Christ's members are parts of Himself; and, while He lives, they must live. You cannot drown a man while his head is above water. Therefore, though he feel below water, he is not drowned if his head is above the stream. So you cannot destroy the Church, while the Head is alive. Let the Head be saved, and the body is saved,—if we be really, vitally, personally, and spiritually one with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, how blessed it is to have a gospel to preach that is available to you,—because it comes to where you are to-night; and it is available to you all your lives. It goes right on, and will land you at last, in the grand terminus,—life in glory.

THE BATH-HOUSE AND SOUP-KITCHEN.

"But I am not convinced," as Crisp observes: and never was there a sounder divine than Crisp, and never one who preached the gospel more fully to all under heaven. The only qualification for mercy is guilt; the only qualification for washing is filth. This is true. There is a bath-house; there stands outside a black, grimy fellow, who says, "I cannot go in, for I am not fit to be washed." My good man, you may enter, and be washed; for all the fitness wanted is to be filthy. Here is a soup-kitchen, where soup is given away to the poor. I hear one say, "I cannot come; although starving. I have not a sixpence to buy with." Why, your emptiness and poverty is a qualification. "I do not feel it"—then you are all the poorer, and therefore all the more qualified to come to Him who can make you rich. I say, if there was any good thing in you, as big as you can put on the point of a pin, you might trust in it; but when there is nothing, when you cannot see any good in you, then you trust Christ. This is faith, and this is the faith that saves the soul. When I do feel my heart softening, then there is some sensibility in me; and if I come to Christ because I feel

this, then, mark you, I am not brushing Christ, I am brushing my sensibility—putting it before Him: but when without sensibility, I say if once it is felt, it is only the pain to find that I can't feel—if then I trust Christ, it is true, real, genuine faith.

STRIKE THE MATCH.

“There,” said one, “that fortress will be battered down.” “Well,” said another, “but I do not see how; there is a big cannon-ball, but that can do nothing, it cannot move of itself; there is a mortar, but what can that do? It is nothing but cold iron, that can do nothing; here are a lot of grains of gunpowder, but there is nothing in them.” Quite so; but just put the powder into the mortar, now put in the ball, *now strike the match*, and now what do you see? Why, are not the walls of the fortress tumbling down? So, our message is the cannon-ball; we are nothing but the mortar; we can do nothing of ourselves; our earnestness shall be but as the gunpowder, but the Spirit of God must come and apply the match; and if He does, if the fire divine shall come to-night, you cannot resist. The gates of brass must be broken in by this great shot, and the walls must fall to the ground. May the Lord do it! Oh! may the Lord do it, for His mercy's sake!

AN OLD PLOUGHMAN.

There is an old ploughman in the country I sometimes talk with, and he often says, though in uncouth words, some precious things. He said to me one day, “The other day, sir, the devil was tempting me, and I tried to answer him, but I found he was an old lawyer, and understood the law a great deal better than I did, so I gave over, and would not argue with him any more; so I said to him, ‘What do you trouble me for?’ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘about your soul.’ ‘Oh!’ said I, ‘that is no business of mine; I have given my soul over into the

hand of Christ ; I have transferred everything to Him ; if you want an answer to your doubts and queries, you must apply to my advocate.'” I think that was well said of the ploughman.

“GOING TO THE THEATRE FOR A TREAT.”

They might generally tell where a man's heart was by his joy. Some people went to religion for consolation. A member of the Rev. Rowland Hill's congregation had the habit of going to the theatre. Mr Hill went to him and said, “This will never do—a member of my church in the habit of attending the theatre !” Mr So-and-so replied that it surely must be a mistake, as he was not in the habit of going there, although it was true he did go now and then, *for a treat*. “Oh !” said Rowland Hill, “then you are a worse hypocrite than ever, sir. Suppose any one spread the report that I ate carrion, and I answered, ‘Well, there is no wrong in that ; I don't eat carrion every day in the week, but I have a dish now and then *for a treat* !’ Why, you would say, ‘What a nasty, foul, and filthy appetite Rowland Hill has to have to go to carrion for a treat.’” Religion was the Christian's truest treat, Christ was his enjoyment. He (the preacher) would not profess a religion that did not give him joy. He would not go to chapel every Sunday with a couple of books under his arm, and be crushed in a pew for hours if he found no joy from religion. He went to the house of God because there his heart leaped with holy mirth. Where their joy was there would their heart be also. Was Jesus Christ the fountain of their joy ? if not, He was none of theirs. Some Christians, like Peter, followed Christ afar off. Let them mend their pace—if they would be happy let them take Mary's place, Martha's, or John's. Let them have fellowship with Jesus. If the wife did not live in constant union and delightful intercourse with her husband, it was strange married life. Let those who are married to Christ have kisses from His

mouth, which were sweeter than wine. Where is He? —when engaged in business, when saying hard things to the poor debtor, the Spirit touched you on the shoulder and asked the question. When scolding the servant for a very little, the same question was put.

“I AM ONE BY MYSELF.”

I often meet with young men and young women, who think they cannot be saved, because they say, “I am one by myself.” Those the Lord saves are always ones by themselves, this is the constant mark. God saves the odds and ends. Those who say, “If all the world are saved, I never could be,” are generally the very ones God has looked upon with an eye of love. He has brought thee into the wilderness. Thou art like the wounded stag, which retires to bleed and die alone. But thou shalt not die. Thou shalt bleed a little while alone, but thou shalt be healed, and go forth by and by, and “Christ shall give thee life.”

DRIVEN TO CHRIST BY AFFLICTION.

It may be, grace is in the heart; but the salvation seems attended with temptation and trial. The rough wind of adversity has blown many of the Lord's ships into the haven of salvation. Few come to Christ in fair winds, but many in foul; when afraid of keeping at sea, and in danger of being driven on the rocks, the Lord's elect steer into the haven of His love, and there find peace.

Among the many cases of conversion coming under the notice of a Christian bishop, we very generally find, many driven to Christ by affliction. A merchant loses a thousand pounds, and finds his soul! A woman buries child after child; and, perhaps, while the earth is rattling on the coffin lid, she looks to Him who took her babe away, and finds peace with God. The blasting of our gourd is often the bringing of us unto God.

When the tree is cut down under which we sheltered ourselves, then we get a view of the Sun of Righteousness; and He arises upon us with healing in His wings. Stars cannot be seen at daylight, but can be discerned at even-tide. Many a thing in experience a man never sees in comfortable circumstances; but he finds out heavenly mysteries in the night of his trouble. This, I think, is meant by being "brought into the wilderness."

Perhaps I have one here, who has been much, of late, tried and troubled. My friend, I am glad of this; for those the Lord leaves, He always allows to go softly. Moab had never been emptied from vessel to vessel, and therefore He will destroy it. But those He means to bless, He seems to curse: for God's blessings seldom come in gilded chariots, but in black coaches; and His mercies are wrapt up in trials. Be of good cheer under thy trials. Let thine afflictions drive thee to the mercy-seat. But if in this hard work there is not the Spirit of God as well, all the trials in the world will never bring a soul to Christ: yet are trials often made the instrument in the Spirit's hand of bringing us to Him.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

Imagine some strong-winged angel could carry you through the air, and set you down to-night amid the desert of Sahara. Panic-stricken, you look around on the still stars. No friendly torch glares in the distance. You shout, but no friendly voice returns an answer. "Well," you think, "I am strong. I will not rest yet. I will pursue one continual track, and I shall come to the verge of the desert by and by." You go on toilsomely—as your feet sink into the sand. At last, as the morning sun rises on you, it gladdens you for a moment; but you soon discover it is your curse; for the sun flings, as it were, firebrands across the sky; you have ever above you that hot sky, and below the burning sand, reflecting its heat with tenfold force. Still

you are pursuing the same track. Night comes on. Now there is the awful majesty of darkness—stars, like fierce eyes of hungry wolves glare on you. Still you pursue your track. The sun rises again. No footstep of man, no sign of habitation, no friendly well, not even the shadow of a great rock have you discovered. On—on—you go. At last, when days have succeeded nights, your lips dry with thirst, your soul famishing, your unwilling feet will go no farther—you fall, stammering, to the earth. Methinks I hear your death-cries—“Lost!” “Lost!” “Lost!” “Lost!”

Ah! have you ever been brought there in a spiritual sense? for, if you have, remember the moment when you are lost, is the moment when you are found. When you have lost yourselves, Christ has found you. When all hope fails, when you can do no more, when despair stares at you—then, this the time of your extremity, is God's opportunity. I would to God that you had all been brought here! Is that a cruel wish? Nay, because I know if you had been brought into the wilderness, then the text would be true of you, “I will yet speak comfortably unto her.”

STEPPING-STONES.

You remind me of a little river I have sometimes seen. It is often so shallow that you could walk even at the bottom of it and yet not wet your feet; but as at other times there is some little depth of water there, the villagers have laid across a course of stepping-stones. There is one, and then another, and another, and so you may step from stone to stone. But there has been a very heavy fall of rain, and the water comes down from the hills in torrents, and as you stand by the river-side you are wanting to get over to your cottage. It is only just on the other side of the bank, but the water comes sweeping down, and there it is just to the top of the stepping-stone. Now, if you are quick, you may step from stone to stone and reach your

home ; but wait, wait five minutes, and the water will be above the stones, or perhaps it will have swept them away altogether, and there will be nothing before you but the roaring torrent, and you may not be able to reach your home to-night. Well, so it seems to me to be just now with you. Time rolls along, and God in His infinite mercy puts these stepping-stones across the river—the proclamations of mercy, the invitations of the gospel to the sinner to come to Christ. Step now ! Oh, that the Holy Ghost may say in your hearts—“ Now ; to-day ; to-day,” and then you shall come to your home and to your rest, to your Lord and to your Saviour. But, but, if you shall be left to your own will, to wait your own time, you will wait so long that the streams of justice will have covered the stepping-stones of mercy, and there will be no possibility for you to cross, but you will be shut out from home and hope, and that, remember, for ever.

THE MAN WHO WOULD SPEAK FOR HIMSELF.

When a man was once being tried, he wrote on a piece of paper to Erskine, who was his advocate, “ I'll be hanged if I don't speak for myself.” Erskine wrote back, “ You will be hanged if you do.” So we say to every man who wants to save himself ; he says he shall perish if he does not do something himself ; we tell him he will perish if he does do anything ; for it is leaving his case in the hands of the great Advocate above, that makes him safe ; but taking it out of His hands everything must go wrong with his soul. All is well when thou hast left thy soul with God ; and all is ill when thou art thine own advocate and seeketh to plead thine own cause.

SIMPLICITY IN PRAYER.

A child of God walks through the splendour and the Majesty of God, and takes a supreme delight therein.

Relying upon the blood and righteousness of Christ, he has no apprehension. He beholds upon the throne Him who is both his Father and his God, and—in this stage of divine love—he draws near to God, as a child does to its father : he lays hold of the Eternal knee, comes forward and begins to grasp the arm of the Omnipotent : he pleads with God as an adopted child, and struggles with the Most High as none but a man in Christ Jesus may hope to do. Martin Luther was one of those who used a daring familiarity in prayer. Had you heard him pray, you would have said, “That man blasphemeth;” and if you had used his language, perchance you would have blasphemed. Here is a distinction.—The prince may use a language in addressing the king, which it would never become the courtier to use. The child may use terms which the subject may not. Passing through all the majesty of his Father’s glory, the child only sees his parent upon the throne, and climbs the paternal knee, knowing well that the Father’s glory is His, and cannot be used against Him, but must be used for Him, because He is the king’s son ; so it is with the true-born child of God when he comes to this high state of experience. But let me repeat, not many Christians can understand this. Most of us live in the lowlands, in the midst of mists of doubt, and fear, and uncertainty ; always looking upon self, and never getting up to the high mountain of confidence in God and His decrees. But there are men who, filled with the Spirit of God, climb the steps of the topmost mountains, and get beyond the mists, and there, in the clear air of fellowship, they look up and talk to God as Abraham did, and walk with Him, even as Enoch walked with God. I fear this race of men has become few in this degenerate age ; in fact, people are so fond of preaching doctrine and experience, that they forget the joys of fellowship, and the delight of drawing near to God ; when the invisible becomes visible ; and that which was before a thing of faith, becomes almost a thing of sense, till the very flesh, which was before a burden, becomes almost a help ; until we

can almost exclaim with David, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

PRAYER THE GREAT WANT OF THE AGE.

The great want of our age, I take it, is prayer. We shall one of these days get beyond the age of preaching, though we shall want it doubtless as an institution to the end of the world. Yet the day will come when praying will be elevated beyond preaching. We have been so long putting the mercy-seat underneath the pulpit, that the day must come when we shall go from the pulpit a step higher into the mercy-seat, and the prayers of the Church shall be found to be as grand an engine for the conversion of sinners as the expounding of the Word of God. One reason why it is well to draw near to God is, prayer explains many difficulties. Asaph had been in great perplexity. Poor man! he began to trouble his head about the affairs of this world; he saw the wicked prospering, and the godly cast down; he wished to reconcile this strange providence with the goodness of God: he tried to untie this Gordian knot. At last he went into the sanctuary, and there, with one hand upon the sacrifice, and the other upheld, he saw the solution of the whole difficulty, and came back crying, "It is good for me to draw near to God." So there are many things in the Word of God which we shall never understand, unless we learn them on our knees. The best student in divinity is the man who prays most: not he who reads most. In these degenerate days men are for ever following first one leader, and then another, willing to take the doctrines they all preach, whatever they may be, as sound and orthodox. I would that you should take the Word of God only, and look but to the great illuminator of our souls, the Holy Ghost, seeking His direction with daily and earnest prayer. When you come to a difficult passage, fall on your knees, and pray over it: probably some word will begin to brighten on your minds, and then the whole passage will by degrees

come out before you in its full glory. God knows what it means; and if you ask Him, you have His promise that He will give you understanding. If doctrine is a maze, be sure Christ is in the middle of it; and there are two rules for you to bear in mind, and to follow. The first is, keep your eyes fixed upon Him; the next, whenever you come to two roads, one leading to the right and the other to the left, and you don't know which way to go, fall on your knees and pray, and then walk straight on; and when you come to the same difficulty again, have recourse to the same plan; look up to God, and pray. I do believe that the right way to end all controversy, is by prayer. Two brethren meet to decide whether it is to be baptism of infants, or of believers: they may fight day after day, and neither confute the other: but if they spent half-a-day in prayer, the probability is, that they would come nearer to the truth. Men meet, and fight over points of doctrine, more ambitious of self-glorification, than of arriving at the truth; but suppose they spent the day in prayer, and each said, "Lord, if I be wrong, make me right; and if my opponent is wrong, make him right," would not that, think you, sooner end all differences? I will have nothing to do with controversies; I will only teach that which seemeth to me good to preach; but if I consented to enter into controversy, it would be upon my knees only, in prayer, that the imperfections of both might be forgiven, and that we might see things in their true light.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

An evil had fallen upon the city—such an evil as had never befallen this nation in the lifetime of any now present. There was but one death, and that, he trusted, very far removed from us, which could have caused greater sorrow in the land. The Lord had afflicted us with a design, and had left us to endeavour to find out what that design was. Whence, then, came that fever? It was not bred in courts and alleys. How came it, too,

to baffle the physicians' skill? For an answer to these questions we must look to the Great First Cause. He gave the breath and He took it away—He moulded the manly form and caused it to return to dust. Such events were neither the works of chance nor fate, nor had the spirit of evil the power to drag men to their graves. A kind and tender hand had removed him for whom we mourn from the evil to come. Like as a father chasteneth his children, the Lord chastened them that feared Him. Perhaps the greatest temptation of modern times was the tendency to impute everything to the laws of nature. There was a notion that the world was like a great clock, that was wound up many years ago, and which was now going of itself, without needing the divine interposition. But theology went a little further than philosophy. It was, no doubt, our duty to take every sanitary means to remove the seeds of disease, and they erred who proclaimed a fast when they ought rather to sweep the streets of a city. Yet it was also true that this and every other calamity could not have befallen us except the Lord had put out His hand. If, then, the Lord had done it, with what awe was not every calamity invested! Standing by a royal deathbed he thought he saw a prince, when, lo! he found himself in the presence of God. Where men saw nothing but calamity, the eyes of faith saw the eternal. Since then, God had done it, let them be sure the prince had died at the best hour, and that it would have been neither wise nor kind if he had been spared. All had been for the best, the wisest, and the kindest. Let them all learn to say this in every trouble, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

A POOR OLD WOMAN WHO WAS DEAF.

Dear friends, when one thinks of so many of you hearing the gospel Sabbath after Sabbath, and yet not being blessed by it, it is enough to grieve one's heart,

and to make one's heart break too. "Ah!" said a poor old woman, who was very deaf, and who had not heard a sound for years—"ah!" said she, when she found that there were many who lived in the village who never went to a place of worship at all, "to think that they can hear, and they won't!" That was her grief, to think that they could hear, and they would not. Now, if a soul from hell could be suddenly brought here to stand in this pulpit, I can imagine it expressing some such thought as this, "Oh, to think that Jesus Christ is preached to them, and they will not hear! Oh, to think that they are warned, but pay no regard!" "Oh," saith the damned spirit, "if I could but have my time over again, how would I think of these things! If I had the sound of Jesus once more in my ears, how would I flee to Him! If there were but hope for me, how would I lay hold upon it! If Jesus Christ could but once again stand at my door and knock, how would I open to him! But oh! to think that these people have His gospel preached to them and offered to them, and yet receive it not!" This is one of the most frightful proofs of man's fall. Nothing shows so much how utterly ruined man is as the fact that he will not accept the remedy. Nay, put it as you will to him, till the Spirit of God makes him willing in the day of His power, he will not accept the offer of divine grace. And yet this is his sin—a sin which I charge upon you to-night. You will not come that you might have life; you will not hear that you might be saved; you will not give your hearts to God that you might find eternal life. May the Lord change your hearts, and bring you to Himself.

IRON GATES.

No obstacles can possibly resist the will of God when He determines to bless His people. There were the chains—they fell off; there were the warders—they were passed; but there was the iron gate! "Ah! that iron gate—that iron gate!" I daresay, Peter thought, "The

chains are off, and we have passed the warders ; but there is the iron gate. I cannot move that with my shoulder ; it needs six strong men to push it open ; how are we to get away ?” But when Peter came to it, that gate opened of its own accord ! How many times, in my own experience, and I have no doubt it is the same with you, have I fretted and troubled my head about some iron gate or other, and when I have got to it, why, it has opened of its own accord ! All the others that I thought less of, may have been far more difficult ; but this one has been no difficulty at all—nay, it has seemed to open of its own accord. Many we know, of a nervous temperament, who get fretting about things that are to happen—say, in two or three months’ time. Instead of crossing a bridge when they come to it, they want to cross it long before they come anything like near it ; and when the time comes, they find the trouble has vanished altogether. They are like the Marys, who, when they were going to the sepulchre, said one to the other, “Who shall roll us away the stone ?” and when they got there, they found there was no stone to be rolled away, for lo ! an angel had descended, and rolled it away a long time before they came. Or supposing the difficulty should still be there, how easily do we surmount it ! As one says concerning death, “We feel a thousand deaths in fearing one ;” so, no doubt, we feel a thousand troubles in fearing one. You remember how Leonidas, the Spartan, kept back the Persian hosts. He stood in the narrow pass of Thermopylæ, and as the foe came up, one by one, each man was able to push back his enemy, and they might have kept Greece thus for many a day. But suppose Leonidas and his handful of men had gone out into the wide open plain, and attacked the Persians—why, they must have died at once, though they should have fought like lions. Christian, stand you in the narrow pass of to-day ; and as your troubles come, one by one, by faith you shall find that your strength is sufficient for you ; but if you go out into the vast plain of time, and think to meet all the

troubles that shall ever come at once, it must be too much for you. Will you please not to borrow misery, for you will have enough of your own. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Whatever we have not sufficient of, we always have sufficient of trouble and trial. Wherefore, then, be stealing from Tuesday to make up Monday's troubles, or take from Saturday to make Tuesday more complete in tribulation? Oh! rest in this, that come what may, nothing can be too hard for God.

"The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield."

If thy troubles could all be heaped one on the other mountains high till they reached the stars, still shouldst thou stand on the top of them, and be all the nearer to heaven for their heights; and if the floods and deep waters could break out till they should cover all thy comforts twenty cubits and upwards, still, in thine ark secure, thou wouldst ride, like another Noah, on their billows, and be all the nearer to God because of thine afflictions. We are all so apt to think that there is something peculiar about our trouble. We write us down as very emperors on the throne of misery, whereas, though we be princes in sorrow, yet we have our peers; and perhaps if we had to take our degree in tribulation, there would be many who would march before us in the sad procession. We are not *the* men who have seen affliction; after all there are worse troubles than we have known, or if there be not, glory be unto Thee, O God, that Thou hast ordained us to take the hottest place in the battle, that Thou hast given us the privilege to go through the deepest waters that we may have the nearer fellowship with Christ, and may yield Thee the more honour, when, having passed through all, we shall lay our crowns at Thy feet. There are no obstacles too great for the Lord. My brethren in the ministry, we sometimes have iron gates before us, and we begin to feel afraid and alarmed, but they will all open of their own accord; do believe

that. Men in business, traders, and you that have large families and have anxieties in the bringing of them up—there are these iron gates before you sometimes; tell the Lord about them, and they will open of their own accord. At any rate, whatever may happen, “cast your burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain you.” Do you not know what Luther said when he heard a little bird sing when he was out in the fields one morning? The bird had “no storehouse or barn,” and did not know of any provision for the future, but it sat on the tree and sang—

“Mortal, cease from toil and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.”

Do you believe the same. I do not find any sparrows with large storehouses, or any swallows with a great quantity of grain laid by for the morrow, and yet I have never taken up a sparrow that has been starved to death, and seldom or ever do you find a swallow that has perished of cold. God “careth for them, and are ye not much better than they?” “Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.” The iron gates shall open for thee when God wills it, and there shall be no difficulty too great for Him to overcome.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

Just notice the case of Christ's resurrection. They came to Pilate and said, “His disciples will steal his body.” “Well,” said Pilate, “go and make it sure yourselves; you have a watch, make that sure.” They were the most malignant against Him, and therefore they would take the most pains to prevent His coming forth; so they set a watch, and put a seal on it, and now the proud men of the Sanhedrim go home to their beds, and they say to one another as they wave their long robes through the streets—“The end of this Impostor has come; he will never call us ‘blind leaders of the blind again;’ he will never cry ‘Woe unto you

scribes and Pharisees, and hypocrites;’ we saw the wax run on the stone, and we set the seal of the court; it is impossible that he should be taken away.” Aha! aha! “He that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh at you, and the Lord shall have you in derision!”

“Vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
Christ hath loosed the gates of hell;”

and up He rises, and the angel as he rolls away the stone sits down upon it, as if in the glory of sarcasm he said to earth and hell,—Roll it back again if you can; enclose the risen Saviour once more, and make Him the prisoner of death again if you be able.

MR SPURGEON’S GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

My great-grandfather’s grandfather was a Quaker, and was imprisoned in the gaol at Chelmsford, and I sometimes feel the shadow of his broad brim come over my spirit, inasmuch as I believe in spiritual monitions. I believe that often the Spirit of God, if through his grace we keep ourselves in communion with Christ, will give us directions as to what we are to do in life. When pondering over a certain change in my position, when I was young, I walked across the common musing, and a voice came to me, “Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not;” and the whole of my intentions were altered from that moment; and to that alteration, which at the time seemed to be a very humiliating one, I have owed all the prosperity of my after life.

“I CAN’T REST IN CHRIST.”

Poor trembling seeker, what sayest thou? Thou hast been saying, “I can’t rest in Christ.” Soul! hear me—God is satisfied with Christ—and art thou dissatisfied? God thought Him enough—and dost thou think Him too little? Did the Lord, the King against whom thou hast offended, accept the sacrifice, and dost thou unbelievably and distrustfully say, “He is not enough

for me?" Cast away thy fears, I beseech thee. Oh, may the Comforter enable thee now to say, instead of this—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come—to Thee."

DROWNING.

It is a wonderful thing that when men are drowning, and their strength is almost gone, they clutch with greater tenacity the plank thrown in their way. So the poor soul that is sinking into the grave, he does hold on with a grasp full of force to that which before he did not believe he possessed.

MARTYR DAYS.

In martyr days, those who died best were those who thought they could not stand; while some that said, "If Mary burns the Protestants, I can bear the fire"—recanted. Cranmer, who when he burnt the Baptist maid of Kent, in signing the warrant, told Henry, "burning was easy death," recants—though afterwards he did return to die—while that poor maid did not sink in the fire—though often full of doubts and vexed with fears: so hath God ordered it that "when we are weak, then are we strong;" and sometimes the strongest are the most weak.

THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO COULD DIE FOR CHRIST.

I remember an instance of a young woman who wished to unite herself with the Church, and, according to custom, she was to come before the church and give in her testimony of faith. The minister asked her a question relative thereto. She could not answer a word. Then the minister put it in another form. Still no answer. At last he said, "My good sister, it is impossible to receive you, unless you give us some testimony

of your faith in Christ. As she did not speak, he bade her retire; as she was doing so, she burst into tears, and said, "I could not speak for Christ; but I could die for Him!" "Come back, come back, my sister," said the minister, "that will do." She was received into the church, and walked well too. And many of those who do not think that Christ is theirs, will be found among the men and women who have the best hold of Him—clasping Him most firmly—as a child will clasp most firmly to the mother's bosom when the night is the darkest—and as our sons, when most in fear of falling over the cliff, tighten their grasp of us. Be not afraid.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

Perhaps the last thing the Bible will do for the Church is that after which many of us are sighing—it will establish the unity of the Church. When we shall all become reverent subjects of God, and obedient to God's will as we find it in Scripture, we shall all come close to one another. All attempts to create unity apart from truth must fall to the ground. The Bible is to be the great pacificator of all sects. The Bible, when we shall be brought to read it with reverent eye, and receive it with meek and humbled heart, bringing us to itself, shall, in the Spirit of God, bring us to one another. I would rather have a little discussion now and then, as to the principles which divide us, and then, if we have dissented on any point without due grounds, let our dissent be ended. Oh, if we could get the Bible spirit, and say, "Whatever I do not find here I will throw overboard," we should have a blessed unity established. And it is because this unity is coming on, that Satan is very wroth. We shall live, some of us, to see the day when we shall be distinguished the whole world over for our unity. I think I see looming in the future the rising sun that shall scatter all the mists of our bigotry. Some of us shall live to behold that happy day. Already this very meeting presents to us the blessed omen of it, but the

consummation of it can never come except we hold the Bible, spread the Bible, and press the Bible home upon the heart and conscience of every one with whom we meet. I am happy to say in the presence of all who hold the Scriptures, how my heart loves all the people of God, and how I hate myself when there is anything that does not look like love in anything I say and do. I trust we may all cultivate the same feeling one towards another.

“I DON'T LIKE MR SPURGEON AT ALL.”

I heard a story the other day of some young person going out of this place and saying, “I don't like Mr Spurgeon at all, he is so high in doctrine, he said so and so.” And then the young woman quoted a text out of the Bible as a very wicked thing that I had said, something about the potter having power over the clay. The friend who was with her said, “It was Paul said that, not Mr Spurgeon.” “Ah,” said she, “*the apostle Paul was a great deal too high too.*”

BIBLE CATECHISING.

I may, therefore, with as much brevity as possible, just say that I think the Bible Society, while it continues its efforts to spread the Bible, will always do well to listen with earnestness to the advice, and look with great affection upon the efforts of those who wish to make it a society for Bible reading and Bible understanding, as well as Bible distributing. While we want collectors, and auxiliaries, and all that, we want more of the Bible-reading element—more Bible-expounding to the people. It strikes me that here in England we greatly need more Bible catechising of the children of all classes. I was very much struck with the Scotch, how vastly superior their children are to our youngsters in the knowledge of the Scriptures. And then, again, I think that the exposition of Scripture should become

more and more distinct a feature in our congregations. It may possibly be that in some cases the service will not allow a practice, into which some of us have fallen, of always expounding the lessons as we read them, but there might be extra services of which that should be the main feature, there might be little Bible-reading parties intended to break up difficult parts, and presided over by some brother who had the ability to study the chapter, and that would be exceedingly profitable. In Wycliffe's days it was the classes that used to do a world of good—classes that met and studied Scripture, and then dispersed, scattering abroad the knowledge they had gathered in that manner. It was these classes that brought on the Reformation, and I say it is thus that we must maintain the Reformation. We must get an intelligent knowledge of what God tells us in His Word by studying therein, and then spreading abroad that same intelligent knowledge amongst others by expounding it. Then, again, we must ourselves labour more and more to get into the spirit and soul of Scripture. And we want, if we would exercise more influence upon others, to cultivate in our own souls a greater deference and respect for the Word of God in all things.

BAPTISM.

Water baptism is nothing, and is of no avail ; it never ought to be given to any but those who are already saved. The most frightful heresies have sprung from that error of infant baptism : giving to children that which they have no right in the least degree to receive, but which is the right and property of believers, and believers only. With regard to the Church of Scotland, many of its admirers and those who belong to it confess that infant baptism has been the curse of the land. Why, they make it a rule to baptize none but the children of believers—none but those who are in the Church ; consequently, the people are so superstitious about their infants, that, however ungodly they are

themselves, they always try to get into the Church. A gentleman was telling me this afternoon a case of an ungodly drunken man, who came and asked to be admitted a member. The minister said, "You are no Christian; you must not come into the Church." "But," said the man, "I shall come into the Church; the law says I must be admitted to membership, unless I have broken one of the laws, and been in prison." "You cannot," said the minister; and at length there was a law-suit. They must take people in if they wish to come; and they will come, simply because their children cannot be baptized unless they are members. Take away the smallest thing out of God's law, or alter it, and you know not the hurt you do. It is written that the snuffer and the snuffer-trays ought to be of pure gold: and so ought all the ordinances of the house of prayer to be founded on Scripture. Mark you, if you have no scriptural warrant for anything you do, that is idolatry; however solemnly you do it, you commit a sin: and however you may think it right, that does not make it right. "To the law, and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this rule, it is because there is no light in them." The ordinance is for believers, in order that the world may see that there is nothing saving in it; for none but those who are saved have any right to receive it. And oh! beloved, it does strike me, if any friend would just read this through, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," ye would never talk about having a sprinkling of the Holy Ghost. My brother has often prayed that he might be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Did he mean that he might have a little of it? Did he mean that he might have only a little of its influence—just a drop or two? Nay, beloved; he meant that he might be covered in it; have it all around him; live in it as in an atmosphere; that it might permeate his very being; that it might enter his very heart, master his angry passions, affections, imagination, and every thing else; that he might be thoroughly baptized with the

Holy Ghost and with fire. That is the work of Jesus Christ.

CHIPS IN PORRIDGE.

Let the publications of this society, therefore, be instructive and interesting, so that they would be read to edification. He had seen tracts that he likened to chips in porridge. They were dreadfully dry—so stupifying in the effect, that by attempting to read them you might be sure of a sound sleep. There was no reason why truth should not be made interesting, or why Sunday reading should be intolerably dull. But he found that the portions for Sundays of Kitto's "Daily Readings" were far less interesting than all the rest. He saw no reason why the highest truth should always be done up dry. A stroke of humour even in a sermon was not always out of place, but, like a flash of lightning on a dark night, added to the general impressiveness and the effect upon the mind. Let truth be presented to the people in an interesting way, and so the best antidote would be administered to the errors contained in those books of which far too much was said. No impression could be made upon the darkness except by the exhibition of light. When the measure was full of wheat there was no room for the chaff; and so when the mind and the soul were filled with truth error could not enter. Let them shoot at the man of straw in the cherry-tree if they would.

GIRLS RECLAIMED.

There were eight brethren in his own church who had for a long time devoted themselves to the work of passing through the streets at night, and endeavouring to speak a word to some of those girls they might pass, in the hope of inducing them to leave their course of sin. He had not known that operations were carried on by others; he had only known what the brethren of his own church were doing. They were present, and would

not be angry with him when he said that two or three years ago they had themselves been steeped in sin. They had not felt the need of a Saviour, but through the gospel they had been saved. They had come from the pot-house and the bench of the sinner. They now loved their Master much for having much forgiven them, and they thought they could not do enough to show their gratitude. These brethren were, from their habits, the best calculated to deal with this particular question. He would tell them a few stories. There was a Christian woman whose daughter had left her home. The mother said, "I think I will find her, and I will try to bring her back." She set out, and every night she walked the streets to seek her, and when she passed a girl who was like to her, she would look in her face, and then go on her way sorrowing. One night, when going through a street in Whitechapel, she saw a young woman standing on a kerbstone; she gave her a description of her daughter, and said she was her mother, who was seeking her. The young woman burst into tears, and said, "I wish there was somebody wanting to find me." The mother's heart was touched, and she replied, "Do you mean what you say?" And the young woman said, "I wish there was one person in the world to care about me." The mother said, "I think I know a man who cares for such as you are; come with me." She did so, and was admitted to the Rescue House, and afterwards placed at service in a respectable family, where she was giving entire satisfaction. One of the elders of his church, on passing a young woman one night in the New Kent Road, spoke to her of her state, and the evil that would attend her sinful life. She became much affected, and said she would be only too glad to escape. "Come with me," said the angel of mercy, "and to-night I shall find a home for you." She refused. And what did they think was the cause? She said, "My poor dying mother left me a pair of earrings, and I cannot leave them behind, for they are the only things I can remember of

my mother. I cannot go if I have not the earrings." He went with her and got the earrings, put them in her ears, and took her away to the Refuge. The account given of her was that she had become a new creature in Christ Jesus. She had been but a fortnight on the streets, and had been snatched before the fire had consumed her.

DAVID.

I take it that while this is necessary to show the true quality of the Bible, it is also necessary to show the true answer to objectors. I do think that the best answer to objectors is the answer that David gave to his envious brethren when they said, "Ah, because of thy pride and naughtiness of thy heart, to see the battle thou art come. O beardless youth, so ruddy and fair in countenance, get thee back to thy sheep." But David has no answer. "Is there not a cause?" is quite sufficient to say. But in a little while you shall see David's answer. He came back, carrying in his hand the head of the great monster dripping with gouts of gore, and as he holds it up there is a triumphant refutation of the objection, because of thy pride. Go you and evangelise London, scatter light in dark alleys, carry the gospel to the South Seas and Africa, and make the whole world ring with it, and you need not stop to answer objections. This is the best logic—this is the noblest argument—the application of the Word. The entrance of the Word giveth light.

READ YOUR TRACT.

Read your tract before you give it away, was one of the first directions that should be given to a tract distributor; read it and endeavour to fully understand it yourself, and then pray over it that you may be directed where to give it. This done a blessing might be surely expected. They did not believe in witchcraft and charms, and consequently had no idea of there being any virtue in pieces of paper with holy words upon

them. Truth, to be of any value, must be received into the mind. Men could not be carried to heaven in an insensible state. It was necessary first and foremost to possess the truth. Every tract should have in it the great unwritten creed of Evangelical Christendom, which was all the more firmly held for not having been embodied in a form of words.

FALLEN WOMEN.

“I condemn thee.” There were such thing as contradictions, but this would have been a contradiction such as never had existed. It would be un-Christlike and against the tenor of his life to pronounce a sentence of condemnation while there was a prospect of the sinner’s being reclaimed. If Jesus had condemned He could not see how it could have been done ; for there was only one guilty one brought. Surely the judge, if he were a judge, would be justified in saying, “Bring forth the other prisoner, and let them both receive the same reward.” And when they saw the Christian Church acting as a mighty nation, looking down on the fallen daughters of Eve, did they not all say, “Why does she not do so to the men ?” because they were the ringleaders in sin—they first pulled their daughters from the stars and hurled them down to the depths of miry clay. Many men who were reeking in filthiness were allowed to mingle with the Church ; but the poor fallen woman was looked down on and despised. Christian ministers might be seen walking arm-in-arm with men who were said to be a little too fast, but poor woman was not considered a little too fast—nay, opprobrium was cast upon her, and it would be a blot upon the character of a minister if he sought, by personal effort, to reclaim her. Could that be correct ? If it were, it would require abler logicians than himself to show its correctness. He could never understand why the iniquity of a woman was greater than that of a man ; and yet they called her the weaker vessel. He had been

strongly tempted in this matter. It was but the other evening, when coming out of a crowded meeting, he saw a respectable young female accosted by a respectably-dressed gentleman, who began speaking to her. His feelings were roused, and he wished he could have knocked the man down. To see a man doing such an act to a respectable girl—a man who would go home to his family, go on 'Change, and pretend to be a gentleman—was more than he could bear. If he was rather strong in his feelings he could not help it. He could not avoid using strong words, for he felt a burning shame to think that society closed its doors against a woman, while the iniquity of men was slurred over as if it did not deserve atonement. Jesus would not have acted thus if He had been judge.

THE "HAPPY FAMILY."

Despite all that was said about the divisions of the Christian Church, depend upon it they were mere lines upon the surface, not fissures in the rock, and that in their hearts all Christians were one. The day had happily gone by already when it was thought necessary to talk much about Christian union, because it had been realised. It used to be thought something like the "Happy Family" on Waterloo Bridge, to see ministers of different denominations met together on the same platform. They had now learned to see this to be their duty, and to feel that when they had done all in this matter they were unprofitable servants, that they ought to have loved each other long ago, and even now, far better than they did. There was still "one holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church," and that Church was not loose to its creed. It had a creed as firm as if it were of cast-iron, and could no more be removed than the granite foundations of the globe; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, seen most plainly by us around the cross where the bleeding Saviour offers Himself a sacrifice for sin. These truths

constituted the warp and the woof of the Christian's creed ; they felt that they could not disbelieve them, could not be Christians if they did not hold them fast ; especially those truths about Jesus, of whom they could always say, "We cannot be right in the rest unless we think rightly of Him."

"WHERE IS JESUS?"

Where is He ? The experienced Christian would tell them He was in every field of Christian service—in the garret of poverty with the sick and dying. He was also in the furnace of affliction. Where there were three saints there were four sufferers. Jesus Christ was in the furnace when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were there. He (Mr Spurgeon) pitied the sick amongst God's people, but he mingled envy with pity. He had had months of suffering upon a bed of sickness, and he thanked God for every minute of every hour when he felt pain. He never grew so fast as when in a bed of suffering. He never had such sweet kisses from the Master's lips, as when compelled to toss from side to side—to shift the place, but to keep the pain. Where is He ? He was wherever His members were—in the market-place, in the household, wherever Providence cast them, on the wide open sea, or in the midst of a desert land. One said he trusted he was one of God's elect, another that he belonged to such society and attended class meetings, another liked a simple form of worship all simplicity, another preferred something ornate, a symphonious swell of music—but the great question was, "Where is Jesus?" Where do you put the Master ? Was He at the top or the bottom of their confidence ? It was better to rest on Jesus. He remembered reading of the angel who put one foot on the land and the other on the sea—that was well enough for angels, but it would not do for men who must have both feet on land. Was Jesus in their confidence ? Was Jesus all in all to them ? Did they give Christ

the best seat at the table? He would be all or nothing—when Jesus once got into the heart He was the all engrossing power. Was He the root of their joys?

STONE YOUR PLUMS.

I wish some preachers would stone their plums; leave the hard words out of their sermons—for there is no real force in them—the plainer the better; and often those who have been the most successful soul-winners, have been those whom all could understand. Give me a preacher who makes me use my Bible, not one who compels me to use my dictionary. Let me have one, on the Sabbath-day, who does not make me break the Sabbath—for we are told on the Sabbath-day to “do no manner of work;” but if he works my brains on a Sunday, he breaks the rest of enjoyment. Let it be so plain and simple that I can at once comprehend it; and always most simple when he has to tell of “the way” to heaven.

MR JAY'S DRIVER.

Every now and then you meet people who, crossing their hands, look you in the face, saying, “Now, sir, I do not see how responsibility is quite consistent with sovereignty. Can you explain this?” I usually say, “And I don't see either; but, then, ‘I walk by faith, not by sight.’ And I am content to take a very great deal on trust; and so long as I find my Master tells me it is so, I believe it is so; and if He should ever condescend to explain to me how He makes the two statements consistent, I do not know that it will do me any particular good; and if He never does, I do not think it will ever do me any particular hurt.” I think many brethren want always to be fed on that which is the food of the children of God; and they have said at the end of a sermon, “There was nothing for me.” Do you expect the preacher is always to preach the sermon for

you? When we are endeavouring to bring sinners to Christ, you should feel an interest in the sermon; and, remember, God may bless it, not because it may be useful to you, but useful to that Church of which you are a part.

I want to act like Mr Jay's driver. When seated on the box, Mr Jay asked him, "Who lives in that house?" "I don't know, sir." "Whose park is that, where those deer are?" "I don't know, sir." A little further on, Mr Jay said, "Whose baronial hall is that?" "I don't know, sir," again said the driver. "And, pray," said Mr Jay, "what do you know?" "I know the way to drive you to Bath, sir." And so I say, as to this doctrine and that, "I don't know." I only want to show you "the way" to heaven, as plainly as I can; and if you make a mistake, it shall not be for want of honesty of purpose or desire on my part, which is that you may run in that "way" which is "the way" to eternal life.

"FROZEN UP."

When I think of opportunities, I think I may liken us here to-night to a number of men in the Arctic regions. They have been frozen up for a long time, and the ship is high and dry on great masses of ice. The thaw comes on; but the thaw, however, will last but for a very short time. They set their saws to work; they see a split in the ice; there is a long and very narrow lane of water. If they can get the ship along there before the water freezes it up again they may yet reach the shores of dear old England, and be safe; but if not they are frozen in for another winter, and very likely will be frozen in for ever. Well, now, to-night it seems just so with us. It seems as if the Spirit of God had purposely brought some of you here; and I do trust He is opening, as it were, the lane of mercy for you—causing your sins for a little time to loose their frosty hold, and opening your heart a little to the genial influences of the gospel. But oh! if it should be frozen up again! There may be some

men and women in this Tabernacle to-night who do not often come, and there may be a little feeling in their hearts now. Oh! that the Spirit of God would get a ship out of the ice before the passage freezes up again, for "the Holy Ghost saith, To-day." Christian men, every one of you, get to work with your prayers. Now let your souls go up to God in earnest cries and tears for men, lest, this opportunity having passed away, these men and women may be frozen up for ever in the cold frost of their sins, and may never feel the power of the voice of God again.

AN OLD PROVERB.

How many opportunities you have had during your whole life, and even during this year; but now they are all gone, all gone, and you know that the water which has passed the mill cannot turn the wheel, nor can the opportunities that are gone be of any use to you now. We have an old proverb that it is no use crying about spilt milk, but I am not quite sure about that. If we have wasted the golden opportunities and they cannot come back to us, yet we ought to recollect that we have the responsibility of them, and that we shall be asked at the last as to those opportunities, and what use we made of them.

DOCTRINAL PREACHING.

But there were some rising up who objected to doctrinal preaching. It was not necessary, they said, in these days; practice, and perhaps a little experience, but no doctrine. But really if you take away the doctrine you have taken away the backbone of the manhood of Christianity—its sinew, muscle, strength, and glory. Those men reminded him of Philip when he wished to enslave the men of Athens, and would have them to give up their orators. Demosthenes replied, "So said the wolves—they desired to have peace with the shepherds, but the dogs must be first given up—those pugnacious dogs that provoked quarrels. The wolves would lie

down peaceably with the lambs, and delight themselves with the sheep, if only those bad-tempered dogs were hanged." So perfect peace was promised among the sects if doctrines were given up; but depend upon it, these were, after all, the preservation of the Church, which, without them, would soon cease to be. These men said they loved the house, they would not touch the furniture in it, not they—they loved the doors thereof, and the floor thereof, and especially the table thereof, and the cupboard thereof. They would by no means touch those things—they only wished to remove certain stones that projected a little above the floor—they would be quite content to get rid of the foundations, to have them torn up and sold for old bricks. His reply was, "We don't see it, gentlemen; we cannot agree to the terms." The men and their communications were known, and the school in which they had studied, and we were not ignorant of his devices who is the master and head of the school. "Burn the charts; what's the use of the charts? What we want is a powerful engine, a good, copper-bottomed ship, an experienced captain, and strong, able-bodied mariners. Charts! ridiculous nonsense—antiquated things—we want no charts, destroy every one of them. Our fathers used to navigate the sea by them, but we are wiser than they were. We have pilots who know every sand and sunken rock, who can smell them beneath the water—or by some means find them out. Men know what's o'clock now-a-days, we don't want chronometers." So they put out to sea without charts; and, looking across the waters, we may expect to witness the shipwreck of those who thought themselves so wise, and fear sometimes lest we should hear their last gasp as they sink and perish. Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD. .

"Have faith in God." If every Christian young man will only take that as his motto and endeavour to carry

it out, his life must be one of success. If we have faith in God, there are some things which we shall not need to have any faith in. Many a man has had faith in riches ; he has always been believing that his old uncle would die and leave him all he had, and then when the time has come he has been a disappointed and a ruined man. Now I believe that a man is all the better for having nothing but what he earns. It is a fine education for a young man to be taken hold of by the back of the neck and thrown out of the window, for if he falls on his feet he will then be able to run well all the rest of his life ; and if he should fall on his knees, and then get up again, he will be all the stronger man for the fall. Have no faith in riches, for they take to themselves wings and flee away. If you should have anything from rich friends, you may use it, just as we pick up the apples which fall from our trees in the summer, but the real store for the winter must be gathered by our own hands from the tree.

TRUE CHRISTIANS.

True Christians are not like the men mentioned in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," who steered the ships, and held the ropes, but were dead men still ; but the man with the Holy Ghost in him is mighty. Heaven yields to him ; earth is plastic in his hands, like "clay in the hands of the potter ;" and the earth trembles before him, for the man is mighty, when God fills him with His Spirit.

DREAMS.

Some people talk a great deal about what they see when they are asleep ; I would rather, by half, see what they do when they are awake. I do not think it matters much what we dream about, in our disordered brains, when we sleep. We have something more to think about, than those flights of fancy, and of flimsy, distorted imagination.

THE SCRIPTURES.

Holy Augustine said, "The Scriptures are the swaddling bands of the child Christ Jesus;" and here, as we unwrap Scripture, we behold Him. "He feedeth among the lilies," and these books of the Bible are "beds of lilies" and of "sweet spices," where He reposeth. Often have we found Christ in the types—in the Psalms—in the Evangelists—in the Epistles. The Holy Scriptures are like a looking-glass. If we look up to heaven, we cannot see Christ yonder—but if we cast our eyes down upon this glass, then He looketh down from heaven in the glass, and, "as in a glass, darkly," we see Him mirrored, and are content to wait for the time to come, when we shall see Him, face to face, in His own eternal kingdom.

PREACHING CHRIST.

That preaching is not worth much, that has not Christ in it. A sermon without Christ! If you hear one such—it is your misfortune; if you hear two such, it is your sin! Never give a man an opportunity to preach two sermons to you without Christ in them. Such a preacher is too clever. That were as if some baker had made one loaf of bread without using any flour. Never trust him a second time—he will murder you some of these days! If a man is clever enough to preach a sermon, and eliminate Christ from it, do not hear him. Listen sooner to some illiterate, blundering brother, who can only throw out his words in rough order, than to a preacher of the other description who is so clever, and such a polished orator, that he can do without his Master.

WORK FOR CHRIST.

We want members who will work for Christ. We want some people like the old saint, who was wont to

say, that he did eat and drink and sleep eternal life—he had become so thoroughly consecrated, that he trusted he did nothing except for Jesus; everything was for Jesus Christ. Divine motto, though often sadly mis-used! God help us to devote ourselves to Christ!

But if we were to preach this in some of our churches, they would call us very legal names; some of our Baptist Churches do not understand this doing for Christ. Many of us are reminded of that passage in the book of Job, where it is written, "The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them." There is no small quantity of that latter class in the Church at present, who are too well content to be feeding everlastingly, but as to doing any of the work of the Church they will sit still, leaving God to do it, or other men to do it; but will not so much as touch it themselves. These men—what shall they do "in the coming of the Son of man"—when Christ cometh to "gather together His people"—when "the tree shall be known by its fruit"—when He shall come, "whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor, and gather the wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire?" What shall these "unprofitable servants" do? What, these who have "hidden their talent in the earth," and "kept their Lord's money?" What shall these do, whose crown, if they had one, would be without a star? who are never spiritual progenitors in Israel; but barren and unfruitful—these selfish ones—ice-bound and frost-bound in the nakedness of their own little spirits? Oh, may the Lord have mercy upon them now! May they "see the Lord" as sending them out, even as Christ was sent out.

THE HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

The history of the Bible may be divided into certain epochs, and if I start without beginning at the beginning, at the time of the Reformation, I should say that was the period of the Bible liberation. Like Paul and Silas,

with its feet fast in the stocks the Bible was singing sweetly the song of grace in the midst of the dark dungeons of the middle ages, when suddenly there was a great earthquake, and the bands of all thought, of all science, of all truth, were loosed, and then, like Paul and Silas, the Bible came forth to its glorious liberty. Then came the period of the multiplication of Scripture. The Bible, when it first came out into the world translated, in the fewness of its copies I may compare to that first bright angel which heralded the advent of our Lord ; but the multitudes that have been scattered by this society I may liken to the mighty host which suddenly were with the angels praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. The period of the multiplication of Scripture is not over. It will continue ; it must continue as long as men multiply. But I do think it is time we entered more heartily into the third grand period of human history ; the application of divine truth on a larger scale, labouring to bring it home to the masses, and to make them read as well as to possess it, and to understand it as well as to regard it as the Divine Word. I believe this is more what we want in this age than even controverting objections against it.

PREACHERS.

I think with some preachers it is necessary to take your dictionary, to enable you to understand them. Other preachers will give you a huge book, and tell you you must read it, before you can understand what they mean. Sometimes when I wish to understand some new theory, I say, "What is the best book on the subject?" I am informed, "There are fifty-four volumes of a work, at, say twelve shillings each, and cheap at the price!—and if you read them through, you will get the gist of it!" You will see, at once, this cannot be the gospel that is meant for the poor. I go into a church, and see a load of boys—I was going to say girls ; and I see

somebody dressed out in fine trappings—see thousands of pounds spent over it, and say, “Well, now, if this be the original worship of the Church of Christ, a person must have had a decent haul of fish for a year or two, before he could save enough money to fit himself out in that style.” If this be the religion of Christ, he must have contrived to bring all his fish, (as was once done,) to land with twenty pence in their mouth—each must have had a shekel.

Some brethren cannot preach without the gown and the cassock, and some without the altar, and some without five thousand pieces of frippery. Any one who chooses to reason will say, “This cannot be the religion of Christ’s open-air sermons on the mountain-top: this cannot be the religion of the dozen poor fishermen who ‘turned the world upside down:’ this cannot be the religion of Paul, who preached the gospel of Christ—dressed in common garb, with no altar or tools to use—only his simple tongue, and wins souls for his Master.”

“THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.”

What, then, is “the gospel of Christ?” I reply,—the way of salvation is this—trust Christ and you are saved. Christ Jesus, the Son of God, became the Son of Mary,—He lived a life of holiness, He died a death of unutterable agony. In that life, He obeyed the law of God, and wrought out a perfect righteousness. In that death, He made full atonement to God for all the sins which His people had committed. The way to realise this righteousness, and the merit of this blood, is to trust Christ.

“But,” says one, “may I believe that Christ died for me?” That is not the question I am speaking to now; trust Christ, and you shall find that out. According to some men, faith is to say, “Christ died for me.” Those very men teach Christ died for everybody; and if He died for everybody, He died for me. That is not faith

—for I may believe that Christ died for me, and find out, after all, that I am not saved.

Christ's blood is not efficacious for any man but the believer. Christ hath bought some good things for all men—the common mercies of life. He has bought some good things for some men—they are known by this, trusting Christ; and if you trust Christ, that must be an evidence that He died for you—was punished for all your sins; and certainly God cannot punish two persons for one offence. He has punished the Substitute, and cannot punish you—inasmuch as Christ has wrought out a perfect righteousness. You trust Him, and that righteousness is yours, and you stand before Christ as if you had kept the whole law, and never committed a sin.

MASON'S NOTES ON BUNYAN.

Many Christian ministers make a mystery of salvation—it is so complex, according to their explanation. It is something like good Mr Mason's notes on Bunyan's "Pilgrim." He asked one of his parishioners once, "Have you ever read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim?'"—and do you understand the volume?" "Oh yes!" was the reply, "I understand the book well enough; and I hope, by the grace of God, one of these days, I shall be able to understand your explanations of it!" So I doubt not many of our hearers will say, "I understand the text, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' and do not doubt one day I shall understand your explanation of it."

THE BOTTLE OF SACK.

But Erasmus laughs at the man who attaches a benefit to the mere possession of the Bible. He likens him to one whom he calls Cyclops, who wears in his belt on this side a goodly bottle of sack, and on the other side a richly ornamented copy of the Word of God, and he says in his swaggering style, "In truth, I am as good a saint as any." Erasmus tries to disprove this, and

in his witty way, "Prithce serve thy sack-bottle as thy Bible. There are many virtues in a bottle of sack; it warms you when you are cold, it gets your valour up when you are half afraid. But do not take it; never take the cork out of it, and then see what its virtues are." Of course our friend objects. He admires the bottle of sack; but he likes it better when the cork is out, and most of all when it is against his lips, and the stream is flowing merrily. "Ay," says he, "but what do you say to this book? Begin to read and study it." "Ah," he replies, "it is all dry matter that does not concern me." "Verily," then adds the other, "I see thou art indeed a true disciple of the sack, but a false disciple of the book." There is much truth in that wit. If people carry their Bibles as Erasmus wished this man to carry his sack, they will get no good out of it. We may scatter Bibles by millions, and reduce the price to twopence or nothing, but we have done nothing but add to men's responsibility, unless we pray earnestly that God will lead men to study it, and by His Spirit bless it to their conversion, their edification, their sanctification in righteousness.

COUNTERFEITS.

"To be or not to be" was not the question now-a-days. To be godly, virtuous, and a believer in Christ was a good thing, but the question asked now-a-days is—"To be or to seem to be?" and yet a little while it would continue to be the question. Satan presented many temptations to adopt the easier course. To be really religious and godly involved a new birth, a thorough regeneration of our whole nature; but the tempter said to young men, to *seem* to be will answer your purpose quite as well, and it is much easier than to aim at the reality. As real religion ensures respect, the profession will be quite as serviceable in inducing men to admire you; as being religious brings honour, seeming to be religious will answer the same purpose. If you cannot have real marble, fill up the crevices with

plaster, and grain it ; it will look very like the real thing. To be born again was a painful process, but it might be avoided by the short cut of an outward profession ; instead of real minted gold, use base metal and plaster of Paris moulds. They look as well when quite new, though the manufacture of base coin had taken many by a short cut to the gaol, and seeming, instead of being, had sent many souls to perdition. But this was an age of counterfeits, and Satan tempted men to believe that so long as they were exceedingly circumspect and watchful when eyes were upon them, to counterfeit would serve their purpose, and at least last their time. In everything this was seen. In the olden times men built freehold churches of real substantial and costly materials. Now they were leasehold, and in front there might be a stucco imitation of St Paul's, but the back parts were left in mean and shabby brick. In fact, we had stretched our charity to such an extent that nothing seemed what it really was. Deists were to be found among Calvinist divines. He could not tell whether he was standing on his head, or whether he had a head, or whether he had any pains in his head, when he heard that what he had been taught to believe a black heresy was, in point of fact, genuine orthodoxy, when looked at from a different point of view. The counterfeit man was just the man for such an age—he never gave offence to his neighbour—he never spoke the truth in bitterness because he did not love it ; as to the ultimate fate of the soul, that was no part of the consideration ; whether the gauge was broad or narrow did not matter, so long as the train could be kept going and the station reached. How different was all this in the old earnest times, when counterfeits stood in the way and were ruthlessly swept out of it ; but it was fair to admit that there was something in reasoning of this kind, and that it had led many away with the error of the wicked.

“THERE'S A REPORTER HERE TO-NIGHT.”

A number of persons once met together in a country

village at a public meeting, and they began to talk with some degree of negligence, till at last there was seen a person in the assembly with a pencil and a piece of paper, taking notes, and one whispered to his fellow, "There 's a reporter here to-night ; we had better mind how we talk." There is a reporter here to-night. I do not mean my friend who with his pen traces the characters so rapidly upon the paper ; but I mean there are better reporters here than any earthly ones can be. There is God here, who knows our every thought, and needs not catch our words. There are the angels here, watching with intense anxiety to see if souls be saved, that they may fly back to heaven and set the bells a-ringing over a new-born soul—a soul born in the last few minutes of the old year. There are devils here, and they take reports too ; and if there shall be no impressions made, or if they shall only be made to be erased on your road home, the diabolical reporter will soon have made it to be rumoured in hell that the arrows were not shot from the bow of God, that the people came together for the worse and not for the better, that another opportunity was wasted, and that they had reason to believe that souls were all the more secure for hell, instead of being delivered therefrom and brought to heaven. Let us all feel to-night, then, as in the presence of these reporters. But if none of these were here, there is our own memory ; and conscience, when it shall report at the last great day from the testimony of memory, will be a swift witness against us to condemn us, even if God himself should be silent. Let us respect our conscience to-night, let us do it the honour to sit at its feet, and let us hear what it has to say to us during these, the last few minutes of the year.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved ;" and that command is addressed to you to-night. Trust Christ, and you will be saved. I tell you, sirs, I

will be responsible if I preach not the truth—at the judgment day I will bear the responsibility if this be not the way of salvation. If this is not the gospel, I am not saved. If the devil tells you you are not a sensible sinner, say, “I am a stupid sinner”—if he says you are “not alive,” tell him you are “dead;” but tell him you are obliged to say, “Dead or alive, to His cross I cling.” If you cannot find any qualification, you can still lay hold of His cross—sink or swim. I know no other hope, and I had no other qualification. I sighed and groaned for five long years; and when I came to Christ, I was obliged to leave all behind me; and if I had come with a sense of need, I am sure I should never have come at all. I came just as I was—believing He was able and willing to save me. I cast myself on Him.

But still says one, “If I were to trust myself on Christ, and yet I was to be lost.” Sir! it never will be! I will make my bed in hell, side by side with you—I will bear with you the everlasting pangs of the eternal fires, and you shall taunt me as a deceiver, and mock me as a liar, throughout eternity, if ever you perish trusting in Christ. You will be the first. You will be the only instance. I say, heaven may sooner reel, and be changed, and angels lose their thrones, than ever one trusting in Christ should perish!

“But I am not the right man”—but you are the right man. “But I am not qualified”—but you are qualified. If you think you are, then you are not. If you think, “There is an invitation: I am the character”—probably you are not therein described—for generally those who are described in the invitations think they are not.

“Well,” says one, “there is the invitation, ‘Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden.’”—Yes; that is directed to the “weary and heavy laden;” but there are tens of thousands that are “heavy laden,” that are addressed like this, “Whosoever will let him come”—that is, commandment.

As Mr Brookes fitly says, “While the invitation there

is given to the weary and heavy laden, the promise is to those that come, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It has no limit. "Don't you believe in God's election?" you may say. Of course I do; and the very fact that I do believe therein, makes me preach a free-grace gospel. I cannot see any use in preaching to sinners who must have something said to them to bring them to Christ. I marvel how any, believing God's electing love, out of pure grace and Christ's redeeming blood, should have thought the calling of God needed something in the sinner to make it efficacious.

Poor souls; I pray you, whatever may be the teaching you listen to, do not permit it to get the mastery over you, so as to prevent you from casting yourselves on Christ. Black, filthy, lost, ruined souls, trust Christ, and you are saved! Will any accept it? No; not one of you unless the Spirit of God shall humble your pride. You would accept the gospel, if it had qualifications in it; but it comes to you as unqualified sinners. It tells you to come as you are—not as sensible sinners, or awakened sinners, or bad sinners—but as a sinner, without any word to it; and if you come like that, I know why you come—because the Lord hath "made you willing in the day of His power,"—you will find that out by and by; you will discover that you never would have come if He had not drawn you.

OLD MR FLAVEL.

I remember reading about old Mr Flavel who preached on what was called "The Soul's Preparation for Christ;" an excellent man, (Mr Richards,) invited Mr Flavel to preach for him; and he preached the gospel to sinners as sinners; and about a dozen persons met him outside when it was over, and said, "This is the day of our liberty." Poor Mr Richards had preached the truth for years: he had always held up Christ to sensible sinners, but they were afraid they were not so—but now, as

sinner, they found Christ; then they found out they were sensible sinners,—they did not know it before, I think they were very “sensible” sinners indeed not to look at their sensibility, but to look to Christ.

TOBIAS CRISP.

I have been pleased in reading the works of Tobias Crisp. Dr Gill made a few notes thereon. He somewhere says, that “a drunken man, on seeing a drunkard saved, may have as much reason to believe that Christ died for him as for that drunken man.” He may come to Christ on that warrant. I think he may come on the other warrant. He may come because God bids him.

DOWN WITH QUALIFICATIONS.

Oh! I have been astonished to see how some solemn doctrine, which teaches the work is all of grace, is consistent with the broad invitation, and the other is not. It is positively Popery wearing a mask. Down with qualifications—up with the finished work of Christ: down with all preparations for Christ; oh, come to Christ as you are—sinner as you are—hard-hearted, sinful, full of vileness, and beset by all that can damn thy soul. Come as thou art, and if Christ reject thee, then is His word not true that He says, “Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out!” “All that the Father hath given me, shall come to me,”—and none besides.

MAKING JOKES ON SCRIPTURE.

The habit of sometimes making jokes upon Scripture is a very bad one, and one generally to be avoided. I forget the exact words of old Fuller, but I think he says, “If I want to wash my hands, can I find no other place than a church font?” And I put it in my own words, ‘If I want to play the fool, can I find no other vestments in which to make my motley than the words of

God's own Scripture?" Cheerfulness is to be cultivated; but that levity which takes the Word of God and prostitutes it to its own purpose is to be detested and abhorred as next akin to blasphemy.

THE PAPIST.

Up comes the Papist. "Do you want salvation?" "Yes, I do, and I have brought a good long price for it;" and he holds up his handful of Ave Marias and Paternosters, and other kinds of prayers. "Look, I have said all these prayers; I have told this rosary over many times, can you let me have salvation, partly for the sake of my prayers, partly through the merits of the Virgin Mary, and partly through Christ's death?" "No, sir, the Master's price is without money and without price." "But I always come to early mass: am always found in my chapel when I ought to be there. I never read my Bible, as that would be wrong, unless I get a dispensation from the priest. I confess my sins, and pay him money to absolve me—can I be saved?" "No, sir, not at all—it is without money and without price." If we could preach from this text at every place where Rome reigns, it must be, under the hand of God, the death of Popery. The Pope cannot wear his triple crown when this text is fully understood, "without money and without price"—for the whole system is bringing something to Christ. Hence, when Luther began to shake the Vatican, he began to preach justification alone by Christ without works. This doctrine when fully preached shall lay low all the tyranny of Rome, and God shall be glorified in the conversion of sinners who come to Him, and receive salvation freely.

THE PROTESTANT.

"Well," says one, "I am glad you have said so, for I am a Protestant, and I am coming. You will treat me differently—you sent the Romanist away very quickly." "Well, do you want salvation?" "Very

much, sir," saith he. "Have you brought anything for it?" "Yes, oh yes; I go to church or chapel twice or three times every Sunday. I pay everybody his own—20s. in the £—rather pay 21s. than 19s. I never hurt anybody in my life. If anybody's sick I try to help them, by contributing and getting subscriptions. I pay my pew rents, the king's taxes, and so on. By these things shall I not enter the kingdom of heaven?" "Well, well, you need not have been so angry with my friend the Romanist who has just gone, for you are twin brothers, you both want to be saved by works, and you will not come down to the Bible terms—'without money and without price.' You bring forward a number of fine doings, all which are very good in their place, but they are of no use in the sight of God. You cannot have salvation so long as you trust in these. Here is a text, 'By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified.'" "Well," says he, "but I have been baptized; I take the sacrament." Do you trust in these things? if so you must perish in your trust, for it is a delusion. If you are baptized without faith in Christ, it is no baptism; and if you take the Lord's supper without faith in Christ you are not benefiting yourself, but you are hurting yourself; for recollect that solemn text, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." Sacraments cannot save you without faith, but they will damn you without it. Oh, put not your trust in these things, for if so you have not come down to the Bible terms, and salvation is not yours. It is freely preached, but we must have you yield to the terms—"without money and without price."

THE CALVINIST.

Well, now, I hear another coming forward, he says, "I do hate these workmongers; I can't endure them. My father belonged to the strictest sect of the Calvinists, called 'hypers,' and I know he was one of the right sort; he hated all workmongers. I bring nothing but

my experience. I like to hear about my vileness, and the eternal safety of all the elect. I have had great risings of corruption, and have sunk in deep waters. I believe myself fully prepared for grace, for my feelings are the most orthodox imaginable." Ah! just as bad as the others. You are bringing your experience for the same reason they brought their good works. In preaching the gospel, we often unwittingly lead our hearers to believe that a certain experience is a necessary prelude before a sinner is to come to Christ. Many dare not preach Christ, and tell men to come to Christ as sinners; but they talk a great deal about experience before they come to the Master, as if a sinner could get anything unless it were given him from God. I tell you, my hearers, if you think an experience can qualify you for Christ, you are as much mistaken as if you thought your good works could do it. Christ wants you to come just as you are—naked, filthy, lost, ruined. He will give you what you want, but He does not want anything of you; and whether you strive to get an experience of your own, or works of your own, it is all a mistake. Christ must be everything or else nothing: and a good experience, if it is put before Christ, becomes a bad experience: the very thing that is worth having after we believe in Christ, becomes valueless, and even soul-destroying, if put before faith. "Without money and without price."

TRIALS AND TROUBLES.

We have many trials and troubles to encounter before we reach heaven; but it is a blessed thought that the way is all cleared before us. Thou art thinking, poor tempted believer, that some trouble will happen to thee in a month's time that will be too great for thee. O man! look not on thy troubles before they come; when thou comest to them, thou wilt find them broken in pieces. Whatever there is before the poor Christian in his path to heaven, it is broken down before he comes to it, by the power of the Breaker. A very common

fault with believers is, to count their troubles before they come. The old maxim was, to cross the bridge when you come to it; but our present habit is to make bridges before we come to them—the most foolish thing in the world. God has promised us strength sufficient for the day; He has never promised strength for a whole month. Troubles and trials are somewhat like a great Persian army that attacked Greece. Leonidas, and the brave men under him, stood in the pass of Thermopylæ where the foemen could only advance one by one. There they stood; and bravely slew the foe as they came on. Suppose they had ventured out into the plain, they had soon been cut off. Now the Christian who stands in the narrow pass of the daily strength vouchsafed him by God, can meet his troubles as they come upon him day by day, and dash them to the earth; but if he goes out into the open plain to encounter all his troubles at once, he will soon be routed. Christ has taught us to ask for daily bread; not for monthly bread. He would have us reckon on daily trials; and not upon monthly or yearly afflictions. Suppose such afflictions were to come to thee, fear not: the river which thou drest because of its depth, is bridged over already; the mountain which thou fearest to climb, the tunnel through it is bored for thee; the lions which seem to obstruct thy path have had their teeth trodden, and are chained. March on, then; though there is a dread giant standing in thy path, thou shalt march over him, and overcome him. The Breaker is gone up before thee. The way of Christ's people is broken for them. It is not an unbroken path that they tread; they walk in the footsteps that He trod; and where He so treads He smooths the path, so that believers may easily follow.

“WHY FEAR TO DIE?”

Why fear to die, if Christ has broken the power of death? Fear of death is a foolish fear to the believer. What! fear to die; thou fearest to be blessed. Thou

fearest to meet thy Redeemer. Thou fearest to wear the crown, and wave the palm branch for ever. Fear to die! Thou mightst well rejoice to die; for thy best hour shall be thy last; thy best, thy highest bliss, shall be thy dying hour; and thou shalt never cease to bless God that death came to fetch thee up to Him. Oh, fear not to die. I remember an eminent saint, when she was asked whether she feared death; she said, "No, I have learned to dip my feet in Jordan's river every morning; I know that I can safely wade it through. I have practised the injunction of the apostle, and 'die daily.'" The follower of Christ must learn to "die daily," and then he will be prepared to die at the last day. His thoughts must be of the spade, the mattock, and the grave. He that communeth with the dead, and liveth each day with death, shall never fear to die. The war horse never feared the fire and smoke of the field of battle, because he has been trained to them, and has long been accustomed to them. So shall it be with thee. Accustom thyself to death, and when thou meetest death, thou wilt say, "All hail, my friend; for thine enmity is taken away."

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Christ will come in these latter days, I firmly believe it; and when He comes He will come to break in pieces many things. When Jesus Christ shall come the second time, it will be to break the sword, and cut the spear in sunder, and burn the chariot in the fire. That superstition which has been sitting so many years upon the seven hills, will be broken when Christ shall come, and antichrist shall be overturned by the breath of His mouth. When He comes, the synagogue of the Mussulman shall be destroyed, and the crescent shall give way before the cross. When he comes, infidelity shall cease; war shall cease, and the mighty Breaker shall break all the implements of war in pieces. We are looking for His second coming. We do believe that "He shall appear

to judge the world with righteousness, and His people with equity ;" that He shall reign from pole to pole with illimitable authority. And if in Him we then believe, we shall more fully know the meaning of this glorious title—the Breaker.

GRACE AND WORKS.

A circumstance happened to me on the last day of last week, which greatly amused me. Some man, wanting charity of me, presented me with a bill—some ten pounds. I looked at it, and was entertained at what was, I suppose, an invention of his fertile imagination. It stated that the father of a deceased great uncle of mine, owed him, I think it was two pounds ; and to that there was added the accumulated interest for sixty years ; and I was requested to pay the principal and interest down on the nail ! I said to him, "If you call for charity, that is one thing ; if you ask for a debt, that is another ; but if you ask me for money on the ground of charity and debt together, there is nothing for you." And I think any person would serve any man in the same manner. If you bring in your bill before God, and state the amount, He will give it you ; but if you ask charity, don't bring it in debt ; the dignity of manhood makes you object to give charity to an ignoble beggar, who pretends he has a claim on you ; but the man who asks charity, and leaves you to give or not as you will—then is the heart open ; and if a man comes to God on the ground of grace, believing God will give, if He wills, the boon of His Son promised, such a man will find grace ; but grace and works in the same hour must not be mentioned.

MODERN PROTESTANT-POPERY.

I see you have another "way" down in Brighton, and it is very fashionable here, too,—and that is "the way" to heaven by ceremonies—millinery—wax—gilt—artifi-

cial flowers—music—a kind of celestial squeaking through the throat, instead of speaking plainly. This “way” to heaven has been invented in these modern times. If ever I should be foolish enough to become a Papist, I would go the whole way. I think if one is to be saved by priestly efficacy, I would have a genuine article when at it, and get a priest fresh from the mint at Rome; but this modern Protestant-Popery is not commonly honest itself, therefore how you can expect it can save you, if you trust in it, I cannot tell. I will not dwell upon it; but let me say, even ordinances, which God himself ordained, must never be trusted to; for Christ is the “way”—not baptism; not the Lord’s Supper; and as for ordinances that God did not ordain—they are idolatry, they are sins; therefore there can be no reliance on them. Some make much of confirmation. Supposing a man to be a sinner before he is confirmed, what is he afterwards? I think the answer is easy—probably a confirmed sinner; and, unless the grace of God change his heart, he will continue confirmed in sin. You might as well trust to the ordinances of an old hag as to the ordinances of any priest who was insolent enough to pretend he had more power before God than you have! We are all alike before God in this respect. If we come before Him as sinners, He accepts us in Christ; but if any pretend to have priestly power and efficacy over us, let that man tremble for himself! and ere he talks about conferring salvation on others, let him look at the black damnation which awaits his own soul, except he repent! Korah, Dathan, and Abiram are they who pretend to be priests. They would take away the priesthood from the true Aaron, which is Christ; and God shall yet make His judgments to come forth, and utterly destroy those who would trench upon the priestly prerogatives of the Lord Jesus Christ.

SALVATION.

Salvation consists in simply casting yourself down on Christ. If thou hast some faith in Jesus, and it be ac-

complicated with many fears and tribulations, it is because thou art not low enough yet. Hast thou come to thy knees?—lower still, man! on thy very face before Him—have done with self once for all; rely no more on anything you can do, or think, or say, or know; rest on Christ, and thou art safe. Rest anywhere else, and thou art lost. Be thou who thou mayest, and what thou mayest, though thou wert the worst sinner out of hell—be thy soul the blackest—yet if thou art brought to trust in a dying Saviour, thou art safe from that very hour. But, be thy feelings the best; thy sentiments the most orthodox, thy experience the most savoury, thy deeds the most moral—out of Christ, thou art out of grace, and thou shalt be shut out of heaven.

“TO-DAY!”

“To-day, to-day.” We are still in the midst of a day of grace. Not yet has the great assize been proclaimed with sound of trumpet. Not yet have the books been opened; not yet has the voice of thunder said, “Depart, ye cursed.” We are yet in the day of mercy. Now remember *that the day of mercy is always short at the very longest.* Compare it with eternity, and if a man should live his hundred years twice told, yet how short is mercy’s day! The shadows are soon drawn out, and man quickly goes to his grave. The day of mercy is *limited*; once let its hours be spent, and you can never have another hour added to it. God has fixed the length of time in which He will plead, invite, entreat, exhort; and once let the clock strike, and it is all over. From that bourne no traveller cometh back. Once pass the stream of death, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is holy let him be holy still. Remember, too, that this day of mercy is *very variable.* In some cases it lasts seventy years, in others hardly seventy days; in your case it may not last another seventy minutes; nay, you are not sure that it will last the next three or four-and-twenty minutes that still re-

main of this year. Short, I say, it is at the best; limited to all, but variable to every one of us. We cannot tell, therefore, how long "to-day" may be. The "to-day" of grace, the "to-day" of invitation, the "to-day" of hope may suddenly be over; the sun may go down even at high noon, and then it is lost, lost, lost, with us for ever.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

Mr Spurgeon has been known to receive as many as four hundred letters in a day. Many of them are anonymous, and on many the postage is not prepaid. The rev. gentleman now refuses all the latter. One of these a short time ago, after being in the dead-letter office and opened there, was sent again to Mr Spurgeon, with a statement that the letter was anonymous, and therefore could not be returned to the writer, and that it contained a valuable enclosure. The rev. gentleman paid the postage, and found a £20 note in the letter.

CHRIST'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

That old Scotch preacher, whom I have been reading lately, tells of a soldier, John Brown, who was guilty of a robbery, and condemned to be hanged. He said to godly Flecker, "I will give you all I have, as a legacy." But when he got upon the gallows, he got a full pardon. "Well, John," said he, "you have saved your life, but I have lost my legacy—for a testament is of no force while the testator liveth." What a mercy that Christ died, the great Testator, and has put an end to sin! But there is another side to that question. An old lady died, and left me £100, but I never saw a bit of the money, for a lawyer got it. If the old lady had kept alive, I should have had it. What a mercy that Christ died, and rose again, to see His will carried out, and no lawyer or devil can cheat us out of it. His will is read in Zion's hearing—in lines of love. On the third

day He rose again from the dead, and sits at God's right hand, to take care that the provisions of His covenant, and the stipulations of His testament, should be all fulfilled to us.

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

And now I see some here who are wearing the garb of mourning; here and there in this congregation, as in every other, I see the black garments which testify to the loss of much-beloved friends. In my own congregation, I can look from pew to pew, where persons are clothed in that sombre array. Only last week, between one Sunday and another, we lost two by sudden death—one was a brother in the Lord, a holy man who lived very near his Master. He rose in the morning in his usual health, got some tea for his wife, who was sick, turned aside, washed his face, cried out, and fell back a corpse. With one gentle sigh, having broken all his fetters, he became emancipated for aye. There was another, hearing the Word of God the Sabbath before, a member of the congregation, who was suddenly attacked with the pangs of death, and became a corpse in a few moments. Looking to Jesus may be a great solace to any of you who have lost your friends. Look you now to Jesus. He was once dead and buried—He rose again from the dead; and, remember, that as the Lord your Saviour rose, so all His followers must, for “as Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” Now see your Master. He rose from the dead in His own flesh and blood, for He said, “Handle me and see; a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have;” and He took a piece of broiled fish and a honeycomb, and proved Himself to be really alive, and bade Thomas thrust his finger into the print of the nails. Now take this thought for your comfort. You shall see your friends again. The eyes you saw closed in death shall open again in resurrection. The lips that said to you,

“Farewell,” shall give you greeting on the other side of Jordan. You shall again hear the song of those who have been silent in the grave. Think not they are hid for ever : they are not dead ; they are only gone before. We can say of our departed friend, “He lived to die, and he died to live, and he lives to die no more.” Oh, why should we weep concerning friends that die ? We “sorrow not as those who are without hope,” for “they shall live again.” Does it not, if we think for a moment, seem strange to pour out so much needless sorrow over dying saints ?

“ I HAVE SEEN THE LORD.”

I see the Christian now. The tear is in his eye and his heart is palpitating. He has had a great loss ; he is expecting another. A sharp trial unexpectedly has fallen upon him. Go up to thy chamber, brother ! He is up there a little season, and cometh down—his face is smiling ; his step elastic ; his heart is glad, and I say to him, “My brother, what change is this that has come over thee ?” He answers, “I have ‘seen the Lord.’ I have been up yonder in prayer ; I have told Him all my griefs, I have thought of

“‘His way, so much rougher and darker than mine ;’

“I feel,

“‘If He could suffer, I must not repine.’

“And here I am strengthened, because ‘I have seen the Lord.’”

“ SO MANY CALLS.”

Did it ever strike you what a little the Church of God is doing in these days ? Twelve fishermen, within a century, had filled the armies of Cæsar with Christians—had traversed every land—had proclaimed the gospel in every tongue—till, at the end of a century, the Christian seemed to outnumber the heathen population of the

world : and yet with, I was about to say, millions of church members, (and I suppose we have not less,) what are we doing? Hardly anything! We keep up our churches and our chapels; and sometimes there are some who have hard to be pressed to do that; but how few we have, comparatively, who feel a divine mission within—who feel consecrated to Christ—dedicated to His service; and sent out to the world as much to be saviours, though after another sort, as ever Christ was sent to be a Saviour. I know, in some of our Baptist Churches, (and I suppose that things are quite as bad in others,) there are people who, when they take a seat, attend regularly, and listen to the sermon attentively, and come out a certain number of times in the week to attend service, think that they have done quite enough. If they were asked to assist in religious movements, they always excuse themselves, saying, “They have so many calls upon them”—though I do not hear they ever listen to them. If they are asked by His people whether they preach,—“The thought never entered their heart;”—whether they would go out among the poor of some neighbouring district,—whether they would engage in a ragged school,—“Not they, indeed!” They think they are too respectable to do anything for Christ! It does not come into their minds to do anything for Him..

GOOD SOLDIERS.

You see young men join our churches—if they join a rifle corps, they are active, fine fellows; but the moment they get into our churches, they have nothing to do with their arms and hands. Their names get on our books; but that is all. They are seen as attendants; but are doing nothing for Christ. If any other captain had such a do-nothing race of soldiers as our Captain Jesus Christ, I am sure he would soon discharge them and send them about their business.

JOHN CALVIN.

Some of my brethren hold strong Calvinistic doc-

trines ; but not stronger than I do. They think to preach the gospel indiscriminately—in a gospel sense—is not Calvinistic ; and some say it is not scriptural—for Calvinism to some, by the way, is of more importance than Scripture !

I think I know better than any other what Calvin taught. His works consist of fifty-six volumes or more : I do not say I have read them through ; but if any man ever has, I have. I never read a chapter through for exposition without consulting John Calvin—because he is the most consistent commentator. Sometimes he is inconsistent with himself in his Institutes : but they were the production of his early youth, when he had not fully mastered the Word of God. He is not to be judged by his early youth, but by his expositions which are the ripe fruit of his later life. There is not a single word in the whole fifty-six volumes that gives the slightest chance of excusing a limited gospel by what he says.

SENSIBLE SINNERS.

You dare not preach Christ to sinners till you see some good in them. Brethren, this is rank Popery ! It is contrary to that gospel you so love. You tell the sinner, when you preach, “If you are a sensible sinner—if you are this or that—you may come.” Then a sinner must look to himself to see whether he is this or that. That is just what you don't want him to do : you are not making him look to Christ, but to himself. I certainly have met with hundreds,—in a very extensive pastoral experience,—who have been troubled with this fear. “Oh, sir, I do not think I am a sensible sinner. The promises are not to me, unless I have felt my need.” So all the while they are looking to themselves, and not out of self to Christ. The fact is, it is sheer legality ; it is making a part Christ out of your sense of need. I say, “Away with it !” I care not from what lip it comes,—whether Calvinist or Arminian,—nothing

must come between the sinner and Christ. While I say unto the Puseyite, "Down with your drapery, sir!" I say to these, "Down with your qualifications, if they prevent any sinner from coming to Christ."

BELIEVE.

The truth of the word is, God *commands* sinners to believe. "This is His *commandment*," says John, "That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another as *He* gave us *commandment*."—"Then," saith one, "if He commands men to believe, they can do it of themselves." I believe no such thing. I believe they neither can nor do. Still, I command them to do it."

PETER AND JOHN.

Peter and John come up into the temple, and find there a man with a withered hand. "Now Peter and John do not tell him to stretch out his hand—that would be duty-faith!" But supposing that man had power in himself to stretch out his arm, any fool in the world could tell him to do so; but as he had not power, it took an inspired Peter and John to do it.

DRY BONES.

There are the dry bones in the valley! If there were any power in them to "live," any simpleton could tell them to do so; but as they had no power, it needed a God-sent Ezekiel to say, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

"AWAY WITH FEELINGS."

I do not preach the gospel because I believe there is any power to will in sinners; but because God does not want it—He makes them believe just as they are. You

may say, "I do not feel this or that"—away, away with your feelings! It is not what you feel. You are to trust Christ. If you trust Christ you are saved, and hell cannot rob you of your salvation.

But why doth God command men to believe? That a poor sinner, if he never could get comfort from an invitation, might get comfort by a command. If any qualification were appended to it, they might say it was not theirs—though there is a qualification, but they know it not. Therefore, to lay hold of this, puts it broadly—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"—that puts it in the form of a command with a threatening appended to it—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved"—"He that believeth not shall be damned."

"I AM COMMANDED."

Supposing an order comes to-night (I will imagine myself to be miserable, black, and ragged) that I am to go, just as I am, at once to Windsor for an audience with the queen. If the queen sent an invitation, I should say, "I will not go—I refuse to go"—but if she sends a command, (supposing her to have absolute authority over me,) if I did not go, I should be punished; therefore I go—not because I have anything ready to go in, but because I am ordered to do it. I arrive at Windsor: a big grenadier says, "What are you up to here? You have no right here." "I am commanded to come," I reply. "Then," says he, "you must pass, for the queen's commands must be attended to." A little farther on, a chamberlain in livery says, "What's your business here? I am surprised the porter should allow a person like you to pass. You are filthy, sir!" I answer, "I was told to come, and I am come as I am." I go a little farther, and another one says, "According to the laws of this court, you cannot possibly enter." I am abashed: then I show him the command: and he permits me to pass. I go into the ante-room, and sit

down there and say, "I do not think, after all, I have any right here : I do not think I will go in." Why, I should be guilty of disobedience : but if, instead of so acting—though I break all the laws of etiquette—though I be dressed just the reverse of what I should be—though I blunder out bad grammar, I have done what I was told to do.

APPLICATION.

It is easy, marvellously easy, to tell men the truth, but application, application, is the work of God alone. You will hear a sermon ; but how few of you will think of asking how much of that sermon concerned you ! Remember, my hearer, when thou shalt come to be upon thy dying bed, it will not be what thou heardest, but what thou hast felt within thyself, that will then be precious to you. All the sermons thou hast heard thou wilt say are worthless, useless, save here and there one, whereby thy soul was stricken, and thy heart was edified. It is usual for us to come to our place of worship, and listen to the sermon, and say, the sermon is done. Done ! Done ! It is not done ; it is said. Would God it were done ! It were a happy thing if all sermons were, indeed, done. But they are left undone ; they are heard, and there is an end of it. "You see your face in a glass, and straightway you go away, and forget what manner of man ye are."

"I AM PERSONAL."

Say ye, I am personal ? I *am* personal : I mean to be so. I wish we were more personal. We cannot be too personal to save your souls. When the minister stands at last before God, he will be asked as to the honesty of his intentions, and whether he endeavoured to save men's souls. The faithful minister cannot be too personal. Ye must listen to the truth ; and though it be unpleasant, ye shall startle at it. You may be

patterns of piety in your neighbourhood ; but unless the love of God be in you, and you feel that you have been brought to put your trust in Him, all your beauty, all your wealth, and all your glory, shall be but glorious vanity to go to hell in ; you shall appear before the bar of God amid the derision of angels ; all the tapestry of your life shall be unspun, God declaring that there is not the golden thread of Christ in it. Oh, clothe yourself in your earthly trappings, if you will ; but think not to stand before God in your own garments. Go in your best ; but if ye have not on the wedding garment prepared for those who are to enter the mansions of bliss, you must not appear before your Saviour's face.

MORAL MEN.

I would rather address a crowd of harlots and drunkards, than those who think they have no need for repentance ; for they are almost in a hopeless state. " Verily," said Jesus to the Pharisee, " the publican and the harlot enter into the kingdom of heaven before you." Oh, it will go hard with many an upright, moral man to find himself shut out of heaven's gates, while the poor wretch that sinned against God, yet humbled himself before God, and received him by Christ, is admitted. The children of Israel, said the apostle Paul, attained not to Christ. And why ? Because they sought Him by the works of the law, and they stumbled at this stumbling-stone. This is a stumbling-stone, indeed, to many men. If all could get to heaven who are upright and moral, all my congregation would enter there. But that is not sufficient. Unless you put your refuge in Christ, and trust in Him, it is all in vain. Though you feel you have nothing to repent of, He would show you that you have. I had rather see thee a weeping penitent, confessing thy sins, than see thee what thou art, conceited moralist. Oh, my hearers, it is repentance that brings us nearer to God, not our good works. Old Martin Luther says, " You think you

will go to heaven for your good works; you might as well try to sail to America in a paper boat. You will be swamped on the voyage, if you attempt it. Your works will never carry you safely; overboard with them!" None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good; if they seek to do good to themselves, they will fail in their endeavours. What, you say, shall I cease to be moral and virtuous? Far from it; go on with it; get all the virtues. But if you trust in your virtues alone, you will make sins of them, and they cannot save you. Take Christ to be your Guide and Saviour, and say with Toplady:

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, come to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

PREACHING IN THE STREETS OF BRISTOL.

I never shall forget preaching in the streets of Bristol to a crowd of colliers and sailors, and men with black faces. When I began to talk to them about Christ's redeeming Word, I saw the tears streaming down their cheeks, and they put up their hands as if to wipe something from their faces, in order to hide their tears. I thought to myself, if I had been preaching to my own congregation, there would have been no weeping—they don't think they want a Saviour; but here I have met with those who know they want one,—poor, lost sinners. "Come now; the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

STORY OF CAREY'S LIFE.

He had been looking through the life of Carey, and thought that he had a great many things to say, but the previous speakers had anticipated him, and he could only hope to drive home some of the arguments which

had already been used to convictions. The only thing which he thought had been left unsaid was the setting forth Carey's example to young men, as one which they ought specially to follow. He would commend Carey, first of all, for his brave originality. It was a new thing among Dissenters, and most decidedly among Baptists, to talk of sending the gospel into foreign lands. When Carey first spoke of it, many said it was but a dream, and when he sought to carry it out, multitudes opposed him as an innovator. And yet the idea was not Carey's, but Christ's, who said, "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But to the people of his time Carey was a daring innovator. And was there not room for innovation now? We had master minds in mechanics and manufactures, and should the Christian Church be without them? Should the Church ride on a heavy-wheeled chariot when the world was flying behind steam? Let them put down the inventor of Sabbath-schools among the greatest of innovators. Let them write down the man who brought out the ragged-schools as no mean genius; but let Carey, who taught the Church to carry the truth of life among the dead, be chief among the discoverers and innovators who were worthy of honour. All God's true servants were innovators. Those that "turned the world upside down" were the very descendants of the Lord Jesus Christ. Next to Carey's originality must be extolled his brave determination. He was sorely troubled in his church by those who held Antinomian sentiments, and who perpetually declared that he did not preach the gospel. Carey's theology, however, was the produce of the noblest type of divinity that ever blessed the world. He did not know whether the people in those days called Carey a Fullerite. Perhaps they did; and to this day there were some inhabitants of the innermost recesses of the cave of Adullam who thought it a reproach to be called a Fullerite. He (Mr Spurgeon) did not think there was any reproach in the term, and although

he was not prepared to endorse everything which Fuller said or wrote, he thought it would take a long time to produce a greater theologian than he was. The old members of Carey's church said, that God's decrees would be carried out without missionaries being sent to the heathen. Others said that God had an elect people, no doubt, though they did not think there were any in India, or if there were, the Lord knew how to have His own. But Carey was not thus to be turned aside from his purpose, never doubting that if God had an elect people, he would have every one of them, but equally certain that this was the reason why he should go and preach—because the Lord had much people there. But next of all—and this was the bottom of all—commend him to Carey's faith in God. His first collection amounted only to £13, 2s. 6d., and yet his faith dared to see in that the widow's handful of meal that should never be quite exhausted. Carey's faith was not in the cash, nor in secretaries, nor in committees. Carey's faith was in his God. He would therefore say to young men, "Believe in God, and nothing is impossible to you." In conclusion, he commended Carey to young men for his indomitable zeal—a zeal which, having once commenced a task, must go through with it. If all the riches of India had been offered to him to forego his mission work, he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Was there a man of like spirit in that congregation? Was there a man who felt that God had called him to the ministry in foreign lands? Let him, in the name of "Him who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore," be a missionary, not heeding discouragement. If there was a man there who could put his teeth together, and his feet to the ground, and say, "I know that God has called me to this work, and I will do it,"—do it he would though all the committees should reject him, if he did but stand firm to his purpose. But, perhaps, some got stirred a little under an earnest sermon, or were induced by a speech like those they had heard that evening, to say that they would go and do

something, and yet after a time become cool again. It was better to make no resolves, than to make them and not to carry them out. Let those who felt their spirits stirred within them, go and teach in the ragged schools, or stand up and preach in the streets of London.

A CHARACTERISTIC SPEECH.

Mr Spurgeon spoke at the Primitive Methodist missionary meeting, which was held at the Tabernacle. He said: I shall not speak very long, for when I ask my friends to dinner, I never think it to be my duty to eat all the joints myself. My part is rather to sit still and enjoy myself by seeing them enjoy themselves. These anniversary occasions are very interesting. It is pleasant to stand at the far end of the vessel and look back, and see the white mark which the ship makes in speeding in her course across the blue sea; but I stand myself on the forepart of the vessel, looking ahead; and I would remind you to-night that we don't see land yet, and that the port is not near. Our motto to-night, then, must be—"ONWARD." Of course there are some who never wish to go forward. There is SELF-COMPLACENCY, who says that he has done quite enough already. He has fought so many battles, and won such splendid victories, that he can afford to

"Lie like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

Then there is friend IDLENESS, who resembles the Prussian soldier, who never would fight unless flogged into battle by the general officer; and so, whenever he finds a good piece of soil covered over with plenty of moss, he lays his head upon it and goes to sleep, and wishes the work were all done. There is also our friend Mr INCONSTANCY. He is a member of my church, and I should not wonder but he is a Primitive Methodist too. He was the eldest son of old Jacob, who had good reason to be ashamed of him; for though he is always seeking to do some new

thing he soon gets tired of his work and turns to something else. Then there are COVETOUS PEOPLE who don't want to give to the cause of God. If we were to announce that we intended to return the contributions that were made to-night, I daresay a good many of those people would put money into the box. I have often thought that if a few of the drain-pipes which the farmers use for their land were applied to these persons' pockets they would do their hearts good at any rate, if not their purses. Bleeding is given up now as a remedy in physics, but I firmly believe in it as a remedy in theology. I think that a little depletion now and then into the golden bowl of charity tends to prevent men from becoming bloated and overgrown with riches. Then there is friend CARELESSNESS, who says it is no use making all this stir. What does he want to hear about "Onward?" He does not see why the Corporation of London should put up over the resting-places, "Rest, but do not loiter." To his idea loitering is resting. He looks forward to heaven as a most attractive place, because—

"There, on a green and flowery mount,
His weary soul will sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of his feet."

Ah, my friends, I am afraid that his story will be a wondrously short one; and that he will not have to say with good Dr Watts—

"But, oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

Put all these gentlemen aside. I think I speak for you, Primitive Methodists, when I say that, your motto is "Onward!" It is my motto. I am a Primitive Methodist—for I assert it again, that the Primitive method of baptism is by immersion. Of course, I do not say so as a matter of opinion, but simply as a matter of fact. There has not been a religious meeting this year at which a certain bishop has not been shot at.

The question might be asked, why waste so much powder over so small a man? The best refutation of his error is in sending the truth right on, so that error may go and hide its coward head. We must advance. Suppose that the sun, moon, and stars were to stand still. What was a glorious miracle for Joshua would be a dreadful catastrophe for us. Suppose the seasons were to stand still and never to change, that dull winter was never succeeded by spring, that spring never was crowned with a glorious summer, and that summer's promise was never fulfilled in the ripeness of autumn, where should we be then? Onward, then; nature demands it. Everything God has made demands it. The very sun itself stands not still, but speeds on in its wondrous course towards some greater centre. He is himself the satellite of some greater luminary; and we must feel the mysterious influence, though we may be as suns, for we have all satellites about us, and yet we have all to feel the higher mystic influence of the great Father of lights, who is always drawing us on towards Himself until we are swallowed up in His life and light. Onward, too, according to the analogy of grace within. Who talks about standing still? No one but the babe in grace. The babe thinks as soon as he has entered the Church that the fight is over. He supposes that the moment he has fitted his ploughshare to the instrument he has done the ploughing. Ah, no. Let not he who putteth on the armour boast as he who taketh it off. The man who does not grow in grace is no living Christian. Put the dead post into the ground, and it will not grow. Why? Because it is dead. But the living tree will grow. And if the genial shower and healthy dew shall come upon it, however at first sight it may appear dead and withered, it will soon send out some green shoots indicative of the life within. And this is also true of the whole Church of God. Each saint goes to swell the sacramental host of God's elect until it becomes like the garden of the Lord. Wherefore I say, Onward. Did the apostles ever speak of attaining

to an ultimatum? Did the apostle say that he had preached at Rome, and that God could stay his hand? No, he must preach the gospel in Spain also, and perhaps even in Britain. Onward, I say. Stop where you will, and Ichabod is written upon you. Think that you have done enough and all the beautiful prospects hitherto before your gaze melt and dissolve like a dream. When the minister says, "My people have built me a chapel and paid for it, I need not think of anything else," the Church stagnates, and becomes a pestiferous miasma. We must always say, "On." For my part, I think I can say in some measure with the apostle, "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward to that which is before." I did not feel it enough to have built this house of prayer, and made this people pay for it. We felt that we must have a college for young men; but now we have that, I pray every day, "God send one for foreign missionaries." No, I shall not be content—my people may say what they will, they must come to it. We will send out our own men who shall preach the gospel, and we will back them up with our purses, and support them without crouching at the feet of any missionary society to ask one halfpenny towards their support. If we do not go on, then, when we reach the top we must come down. There is no standing still. You that are seventy or eighty years old, do you talk about going down? No, if you are saved by His grace you will keep going onwards till you die. You that have been plucked as brands from the fire, will you ever cease to go forward in His work? Why, then, should the young? I say Onward, because any other action is impossible to the Christian. It is all very well for the General to cry Halt, but if the hind ranks continue to march the front rank cannot help doing so. And so, as Christians, we cannot stop, for hell is behind us, heaven is above us, and with irresistible might we are forced along. You may tell a Christian man to hold his tongue, but he cannot. His tongue is not made of that stuff that will stop. You may bid a

Christian man's heart to falter and give up the strife, but he cannot. Onward! I believe in the perseverance of the saints—not of one saint, but all the saints—and I hope the Primitive Methodists will persevere even unto the end. These thoughts are all I have to say to you. You that teach in the Sunday-schools—onward! You that are class-leaders—onward; more solemnity in the class. You that are in prayer-meeting—onward; more wrestling with the angel. You that speak on village-greens—onward; more earnestness—more good, sound matter—more warm, red-hot hearts. You that are in any way serving God—onward. Where you have given away one tract give away two. If you have given away two hundred give away three, four, or five. Never flinch back. Let the devil himself know when he sees you put your foot there, that you mean to stand there, and cannot be made to go back; but let him also know that you mean to put the next foot there—a step forward. For God, for Christ, for the cross, for heaven, for hell, I preach a crusade again. Let the Master rise; let every Christian buckle on his armour, and lay his hand on the hilt of his sword—for eternity, for time, for hell, for heaven; for all the arguments that can touch the heart and move the soul, make the pulse beat to an immortal time. All these things urge you onward—

Onward! onward! on, on, on!
Were the last words of Spurge-on!

CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

Where was Christ that night? At the right hand of the Father, glorified for ever. He was on the throne of power. The keys of heaven and earth swung at His girdle, for the government should be upon His shoulder, and His name should be Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God. Disasters, adversities, afflictions could not hurt the meanest lamb of the flock. He was at the helm of the Church that moment, making every wind speed

her to the desired haven. Therefore, let them be of good courage; let their hearts rejoice. Christ was the centre of glory. His name was exalted above every name. Where is He? He was in the place of representation that night. Wherever He was He represented His people. He was now preparing a mansion for His people. He was on the Almonry of God; exalted on high to give repentance and remission of sins. He was where His people would be soon.

CUYLER ON SPURGEON.

The Rev. Theodore Cuyler writes to the *N. Y. Independent*:—"On the evening before our departure from London, Mr Spurgeon, at his weekly lecture, (which is held in his mammoth church,) baptized some twenty persons in presence of an audience of five thousand persons. He conducted the ordinance in a very characteristic manner. As he led one young man down into the 'pool,' the youth's foot stumbled, and he fell. 'My young friend,' pleasantly remarked Mr Spurgeon, 'may this be the last false step you ever take in life.' In commenting on the evil example often set by the upper classes, he sharply said, 'When the Right Honourables become the Right Abominables, what can you expect from the lower classes of society?' He is thoroughly anti-slavery and pro-American, and yet since the reverses before Richmond I am told that he has denounced the continuance of the war as useless. 'Why not cut loose from slavery, and let it go its own way to retribution?' is the sum of his view, and of millions besides him in Great Britain."

CONFLICTS A GROUND OF JOY.

Grace has drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. None are so near the reprobates, as those who have religion in their heads, but who never know the conflict. "Moab hath been at ease from his youth,

and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel." These are the careless ones of Zion. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion," but blessed is the man who feels a conflict within, and longs for the time when sin shall be overturned, and Jesus Christ shall be all in all in his heart. I say, then, that conflicts should be a ground of joy and comfort to thy soul.

THE CONVERSION OF OTHERS.

I am very glad when I see others converted. If I never shall be saved myself, I do rejoice that Jesus Christ is glorified somewhere. Nothing pleases me more than to be at a Church-meeting, and hear of some "plucked as brands from the burning." I sometimes pray that God would bless others; and if I am never saved, if I never go to heaven myself, I shall praise Christ for what He has done for others. It is so like Himself to bleed and die for rebels who did not love Him. I must love Him for that.

My brother! You have let out a secret, this night, showing that you are akin to the angels of God,—for do not they "rejoice" over "repentant sinners?" Thy heart is in tune with the angels; and if so, will God send thee down to howl with devils? It cannot be. He that hath taught thee to praise His love and grace in the conversion of others, will teach thee to run up the higher notes of the scale, and thou shalt yet say, "He hath loved me, and given Himself for me." In thy personal interest in Christ thou shalt soon rejoice. When also are you glad?

A BLESSED EXPERIENCE.

I am glad sometimes after overcoming a temptation. When I have come home and thought I have lived as I ought to live: when I have checked my temper,—when I have not spoken harshly to some one, who has spoken harshly to me,—when I have gone out of the way to do

a kindness to others, who have done no kindness to me,—when I schooled myself down to be like Christ, and in the effort felt glad,—not as the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not as other men are,—I do not think of other men ; but I felt glad because I thought, perhaps God the Holy Spirit might have wrought this work in me, and perhaps it is a witness that He is dwelling in my soul ; and oh, sir ! when I do but think Christ loves me, my soul is on fire ! If I have a hope that He loves me, I am filled with joy,—though, when the hope is crushed, I go back to dust and ashes.”

Poor soul ! I see no reason why thou shouldst go back to thy sackcloth and gloomy dungeon, if ever thou hast had a victory over sin, and if grace has ever helped thee to overcome thine infirmities. Has God begun a work which He will not finish ? Has He laid the first stone of an edifice which He will never complete ? Has He cast the shuttle over the web, and will He ever leave that fabric till He has finished it in the loom ? Oh, believe that the first work is the sign of the last work : He who hath begun will finish. Rejoice, then, if God has begun to be merciful unto thee.

“LOVE TO THE BRETHREN.”

“Oh,” saith my poor friend, “I can scarcely dare to hope that what I have said is true. I feel very miserable lest I should never read my name in the Lamb’s book of life : but I know this, if my name is not in the family register of God, I do love His people ; I love them as His people : the conversation of the wicked I detest, and their lascivious songs and oaths I cannot away with—even the talk of the light and frivolous I cannot endure—it vexes me ; but put me with even two or three of the people of God, and I like to hear them speak about Christ. I am like John Bunyan, of Bedford, standing behind the door, listening to three old women, talking of the things of God and the world to come. I love best the company of God’s people. I can say

I am never ashamed of any of them—let them be ever so meanly dressed : I think they are all princes, and only wish I was worthy to sit at their feet ! If only I could have my name in the Lamb's book of life, I would not mind if it were next to the meanest, ay, the vilest sinner, that ever was saved by sovereign grace."

Well, friend, thou hast spoken so freely, that I must speak plainly to you. John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I have a person in my eye, who often comes in contact with me ; he is one of the most generous souls living. Sometimes, when I have met with him, and asked him why he does not "make a profession of Christ," he always blushes, and says he is "not fit to join the Church." Yet I have known him feed the hungry often, and clothe the naked, and never a tale of distress comes to him about a child of God, but the tear is in his eye in a moment, and all his liberality is awake. I happened, a few Sunday evenings ago, to mention that I had met with the widow of that famous Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, absolutely in want : he came into the vestry after the service, and said, "Do let me know where that poor woman dwells ; she shall have five shillings a week from me as long as she lives." He cannot bear that God's people should want—yet he will say that he is "not fit to be a child of God."

GOD'S HELP.

And then we shall also have faith in God's help as well as in God's guidance. Believe that you can do impossibilities ; believe that as you can credit contradictions through Divine faith so you can still work miracles. If a man shall attempt to do only what he can accomplish by his own strength, he shall do but little ; but working with God, and God working through you, you will attempt mighty things, which the world will wonder how you dare to attempt, and as they see you succeed they will marvel, and the only solution of

the riddle, which to them will be inexplicable, will be that you had faith in God, and trusting in Him, you attempted great things and accomplished them. Have faith in God, dear friends, for He is worthy of your faith. Let us go forth this morning to our business, making this resolve, that this very day, having faith in God, we will attempt something for Him; that we will not let the old sword grow rusty, but will take it down again and use it with all our might. God helping us we must do great things in this world if we "have faith in God."

A FORM OF GODLINESS.

The very essence of religion lieth in that part of it which affects the heart. That form of godliness which only moulds the countenance into a fashion of devotion, and moves the lips into the utterance of pious words, and the hands to the doing of godly deeds, without affecting the heart in any way, is of little worth. He that hath it may be deceived by it into the imagination that he hath been really converted, and he may delude others into the belief that he is really one of the children of God; but let him know, that his godliness, superficial and unmeaning as it is, because it affecteth not his heart, is of so little value that he shall not find it capable of landing him in heaven, even though it should accompany him to the brink of the river of death and serve to console his dying moments.

A LITTLE RELIGION.

We have often said that some people have religion enough to make them miserable. I query whether we are correct: have they any at all? If they have any real and true religion which has entered their heart, they may have been miserable because of certain other things, but their religion could not make them miserable. That religion which does makes a man miserable as a

constant and usual thing, when he hath according to it entered into its fulness, is not the religion of God.

BELIEVE AND LIVE.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, sinner. In the name of Him who walked the waters, in the name of Him who bade the waves be still and the winds be hushed, in the name of Him who made the dead start from their graves, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, by whom the lame leaped and the blind saw, we command you to believe and you shall live, and we believe that the majesty of that name will be heard in heaven; that the Spirit will come down to attend that name, and that you will be saved because you were made obedient to the command, "Believe and live."

THE GREAT COMFORTER.

Bring me up a poor melancholy, distressed child of God: I come into the pulpit, I seek to tell him sweet promises, and whisper to him sweet words of comfort; he listeneth not to me; he is like the deaf adder, he listens not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Send him round to all the comforting divines, and all the holy Barnabases that ever preached, and they will do very little—they will not be able to squeeze a song out of him, do what they may. He is drinking the gall of wormwood; he says, "O Lord, Thou hast made me drunk with weeping, I have eaten ashes like bread;" and comfort him as you may, it will be only a woful note or two of mournful resignation that you will get from him; you will get no psalms of praise, no hallelujahs, no sonnets. But let God come to His child in the night, let Him whisper in his ear as he lies on his bed, and how you see his eyes flash fire in the night! Do you not hear him say—

"'Tis paradise, if Thou art here;
If Thou depart, 'tis hell."

ONE WORD OF GOD.

It is marvellous, how one sweet word of God will make whole songs for Christians. One word of God is like a piece of gold, and the Christian is the goldbeater, and he can hammer that promise out for whole weeks. I can say myself, I have lived on one promise for weeks, and want no other. I want just simply to hammer that promise out into goldleaf, and plate my whole existence with joy from it. The Christian gets his songs from God : God gives him inspiration, and teaches him how to sing.

Poor Christian, thou needest not go pumping up thy poor heart to make it glad. Go to thy Maker, and ask Him to give thee a song. Thou art a poor dry well : thou hast heard it said, that when a pump is dry you must pour water down it first of all, and then you will get some up ; and so, Christian, when thou art dry, go to God, ask Him to pour some joy down thee, and then thou wilt get some joy up from thine own heart. Do not go to this comforter or that, for you will find them Job's comforters after all ; but go thou first and foremost to thy Maker, for He is the great Composer of songs and Teacher of music, He it is who can teach thee how to sing.

THANK GOD FOR TROUBLES.

The first step to wisdom, is to know our folly ; the first step to eternal happiness, is to know our misery. I am glad that the Lord hath made thy sweet cups bitter, and thrust a thorn into thy nest. I thank Him that He has afflicted thee,—that He has taken away one joy after another ; and left thee like a barren, childless woman,—like one that hath been widowed and bereaved of her husband. I thank God for thy troubles,—not because I would rejoice in thy misery, but because these exercises are intended to be huge waves to wash thee on the Rock. These are meant to be rods that shall scourge thee to thy Father. Doubtless, the rags and the swine's

food, (the husks,) brought the prodigal to his senses ; and these sorrows are in the hand of God, the means of bringing thee to thyself, that, afterwards thou mayest be brought to Him.

A SAILOR.

I see a sailor. He wants to make a passage, and the wind blows favourably, but little does he know how soon that wind may change, and so he hoists up every sail, and every stitch of canvas is spread, and he endeavours to lie in mid-channel in the hope that when the wind is fully blowing he may make the utmost distance that he possibly can. Oh that the Holy Spirit, like a gracious wind, might blow to-night ! But if he does, Christian, remember—"The holy Ghost saith, To-day ;" and while the Holy Spirit is in operation put up your sails. Spread the sails of your prayers, Christians ! and you, awakened sinners, whose souls are full of anxious desires, put up your prayers too. Say, "Save, Lord, or I perish ; God be merciful to me a sinner." These shall be like sails ; and while the Spirit of God, through the Word, shall be operatively present among us—who can tell ?—He may catch your sail, and you may suddenly find your prayer answered, so that you may be able to say—"Glory be to God ! I have found a Saviour ; the Spirit of God who said 'To-day' has brought Jesus Christ to me."

A PERFECT ATONEMENT.

What joy it is, men and brethren, to think that we have such a perfect atonement to rest upon. If there were one sin Christ did not carry on the tree, or one evil thought of one of His people that He did not bear, we could not be saved. But He has done the whole—the jots and the tittles, as well as the great and weighty things, of the law. He has gone to the "end of the law for righteousness"—not half-way—but all the way : not near to its boundary—but even to its very "end." He has not merely sipped the cup of wrath—not merely

drank a portion of it—but He drained it to the very dregs : and ere He died, he turned the cup bottom upwards ; and when He saw there was not a single black drop trembling on its brim, He exclaimed, “ It is finished ! ” He had drunk the whole. Glory in this, ye living people of the living Christ ! He hath offered for you a complete sacrifice—acceptable unto His Father.

THE DEBT IS PAID.

Suppose you are in debt ; and a sheriff's officer is after you. You are told, however, while in great alarm, some person has undertaken to pay all for you. The mention of that man's name, since he is wealthy and respectable, not only gives you some degree of consolation : but, by and by, he invites you down to his house, where he shows you a goodly store of gold and silver, with which he means to discharge your liabilities. You are more confident than before—seeing he has full power to discharge all. But, at last, one day he calls on you and presents you with a paper, which contains a receipt for all you owe. Ay, now you are completely content. You have not only known the man who is your surety, and seen the money with which he will pay your debts, but moreover, you have the receipt of your creditor that everything is settled in full.

Now, men and brethren, the Lord our God has given to us a receipt for all our sins. I mean, that if we believe in Jesus Christ, there is a certainty afforded that God is well content with what Christ has offered. That receipt was given when Christ rose again from the dead.

Lend me your imaginations, for a minute, while I endeavour to picture a scene.

Christ had paid the price—the full price—that price was presented before the Father's judgment-seat. He looked at it, and was content. But, as it was a solemn matter, it was not hurried over. Three days were taken, that the ransom price might be counted out ; and its value fully estimated.

The angels looked, and admired. The "spirits of the just" came and examined it, and wondered, and were delighted. The very devils in hell could only express their satisfaction, by biting their iron bonds, and sullenly keeping silence, because they had not a word to speak against the sacrifice of Christ.

The three days passed away, and the atonement was fully accepted. Then the angel came from heaven—swift as the lightning flash—he descended from the spheres of the blessed, into this lower earth, and he came into the prison-house, in which the Saviour's body slept; for, mark, His body had been kept in the prison till God ratified His atonement, and accepted it—He was lying there a hostage for His people.

The angel came, and spake to the keeper of the prison—one called, Grim Death, and said to him, "Let that captive go free." Death was sitting on his throne of skulls, with a huge iron key at his girdle of iron: and he laughed, and said, "Aha, thousands and thousands of the race of Adam have passed the portals of this prison-house; but none of them have ever been delivered. That key (saith he) has been once turned in its wards by destiny: and no mortal power can ever turn it back again and draw the bolts from their resting places."

Then the angel showed to him Heaven's own warrant, and Death turned pale. The angel grasped the key—unlocked the prison door, and stepped in. There slept the Royal Captive—the Divine hostage. And the angel cried, "Arise! thou sleeper. Put off thy garments of death. Shake thyself from the dust, and put on thy beautiful garments."

The Master arose. He unwound the napkin, and laid it by itself. He took off His grave clothes—laid them by themselves—to show He was in no hurry: that all was done legally, and therefore orderly. He did not dash His prison walls aside, to come out; but came out by legal process—just as he had entered in. He seemed to express Himself as Paul did, "No, verily, let them come

themselves, and fetch me out." So was the Master set at liberty—by Heaven's own officer—who came from heaven to give Him just liberty. Ay, my brethren, I think it is Hart who sweetly says,

"If Jesus ne'er had paid the debt,
He ne'er had been at freedom set."

But, because He was set at liberty, that is God's proof that He had done all that was necessary.

Thou Lamb of God!—I see Thee rising from Thy tomb, in splendour ineffable—dazzling the eyes of the guards, and making them flee away in terror! And when I see Thee risen from the dead, I see myself accepted, and all Thy dying, redeemed people fully delivered.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Who expects to find "Bradshaw" full of Latin quotations? You get it as a guide; and you want it to be as plain as possible. You have lost your "way" among some mountains one night, and are overtaken by some classic—who says, "I will tell you 'the way' to get home in sixteen different languages," none of which you comprehend. I think you would reply, "I would rather be told it, sir, in one that I could understand." Or, if some profound professor should inform you that he could explain the geological strata and formation of the soil on which you were standing—I think you would say, "If you could point me to my own abode, I should be more grateful." And I think if some poor ragged girl, or shepherd boy, could tell you of a "way" by which you could escape that wood, or yonder precipice, and reach an hospitable shelter, such information would undoubtedly be more profitable to you. The sign-posts, that point the way, by the side of the roads, never have a quotation of poetry upon them; or sentences from Isocrates or Sophocles. There is just the word, and that is enough.

THE WAY TO KEEP PEOPLE QUIET.

You do not know what good you would get in your own heart, if you tried to do good, some of you. The devil knows that the only way to keep his people quiet, is to give them work to do; and the Lord knows, there is no way of keeping Christians happy, but that of keeping them hard at it. We must be labouring for Jesus. Did you ever have the satisfaction of hearing the cry of penitence, from a heart that you were the instrument of breaking? Did you ever see the beaming countenance of one, whom you have pointed to Christ? It is a bliss worth worlds. Martyrdom were a cheap price to buy it—the bliss of being a spiritual father in Christ Jesus. Labour for it. You may have it. You cannot be put in a sphere where usefulness is out of your way. If you have “seen the Lord,” I charge you by the sufferings He endured for you—by the agony of that face, “more marred than that of any man”—by all those tears and drops of blood—by that scourge and shoulders torn until the white wounds start out from a sea of crimson—by the five wounds, by the sponge, the vinegar, the nails, the cry, “I thirst,” the shriek of “Lama, Sabachthani”—by the bowing of the head, and the descent into the grave—I conjure you if ever you have not lived for Him serve Him now. Fly onward to “the mark of your high calling,” like arrows shot from the bow of His love—turn neither to the right hand or to the left—but yonder go—speeding your life-giving course, until you be lost in the splendour of His ineffable glory; and for ever behold His face and circle His throne rejoicing, with songs of carolling symphony for ever and ever.

THE DISCONTENTED.

Now, judge ye what I say, ye that are thus discontented and troubled. Who has made you so uneasy?

Has Satan done it? Indulge not the delusion—he is too busy rocking the cradles of worldlings, keeping them asleep. Nothing pleases him more than to see men satisfied with his wages. He is a tyrant king. If murmurings be heard in any portion of his dominions, he immediately lays his heavy hand there. Satan, then, has not made thee discontented with the world, its honours, and its pleasures.

Dost thou think it is thine heart? If so, surely it would have been so always? but years ago thou wert contented. There must have been some change wrought in thee. Let us hope it has been wrought by the Holy Spirit—which thou shalt know better by and by. Already, I think, I can say to thee, Be of good cheer; and if I cannot pronounce thee decidedly to be a child of God, yet would I give thee strong exhortations to trust in Christ and in His blood—for surely there are designs of love in God's heart towards thee.

SAVED FROM SIN.

I am glad that thou hast said, "Saved from *sin*,"—for there are many sinners who wish to be saved from hell, and never will be saved therefrom; but to desire to be "saved from *sin*," is a blessed mark. The culprit dreads the gallows,—question, whether he dreads the sin he committed in the robbery or murder. Every man about to be punished dreads the punishment, but very few deplore the sin. But I interrupt thee.

"I desire so to be saved *from sin*, that I would give all I am and all I have, to say I am a child of God. Sir, God is my witness, I speak now what I mean, and the tear is in my eye while I say it,—If I had the whole world I would cheerfully give it up, if I might but know I am a child of God. Yes, I would live on bread and water, and be willing to be shut in a loathsome cell till death seized my frame, if I could but call Him mine. I should have but one desire,—'Give me Christ, or else I die.' But if once I could say 'My

sins are forgiven,'—if I could but once say, 'He has loved me and given Himself for me,'—I think the joy would be almost too great for my poor heart, and I should die with excess of bliss."

TWO CREDITORS.

Man had two creditors. God's people were in debt to two persons. The law was not one table of stone; but two. The first table recorded our obligations to God: the second, our obligations to man. Now, we have broken both: we have therefore two creditors—God and man. It is true that the great creditor has a debt of ten thousand talents; and the second creditor has but a little debt, as it were, of pence. But, if a man's whole debts are not entirely paid, he is not quite free: if a farthing of liability is still undischarged, he could not say he was completely out of debt. But Christ's chosen ones are quite out of debt—not only to God, but to man.

To man, the believer in Christ, is no longer indebted; except that new indebtedness which the gospel of love brings with it: but, legally, now, the Christian ceases to stand in condemnation of having broken the second table. We never loved our neighbour as ourselves: and therein we failed. But Christ loved his neighbour as Himself; ay, better than Himself—for "He saved others, Himself He could not save." Whatever the elect owed to manhood, Christ has fully paid it all—for He gave up all that He had, and was, for the good of mankind. He gives up the comforts of life. He scarcely knows a friend. He has no house, in which to rest Himself. At the conclusion of one of His sermons—when His hearers were retiring to their homes, and He saw the birds flying to their nests, and up on the hills the foxes retiring to their dens, and He Himself had no where to go—He cried, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

Having given up His house, He, at last, gave up His

garments, "They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots." And now there was nothing to give up but His naked body; and He gave that up. They pierced His hands and His feet. He gave up all for man. "There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." And at the last tremendous day, men condemned shall not be able to bring a single charge against God's people; for Christ, who has answered for His people to God, has answered for His people to man as well; and the lesser creditor is no longer able to plead a claim against the people of God, for His claim is discharged as much as the first.

Let us now turn to think of the greater creditor, which was the main part of the Saviour's substitutionary agonies.

The last night is come. The Saviour sits at the table, and manifests Himself to His disciples, in the breaking of bread, and in the pouring forth of wine. That done, He riseth from supper—descends the hill on which Jerusalem* was built—passes over the black and filthy brook of Kedron—begins to ascend the side of the mount of Olives—He is going to the garden of Gethsemane.

"Gethsemane, the olive press;
 (And why so called let Christians guess,)
 Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove!
 And grip'd and grappled hard with love."

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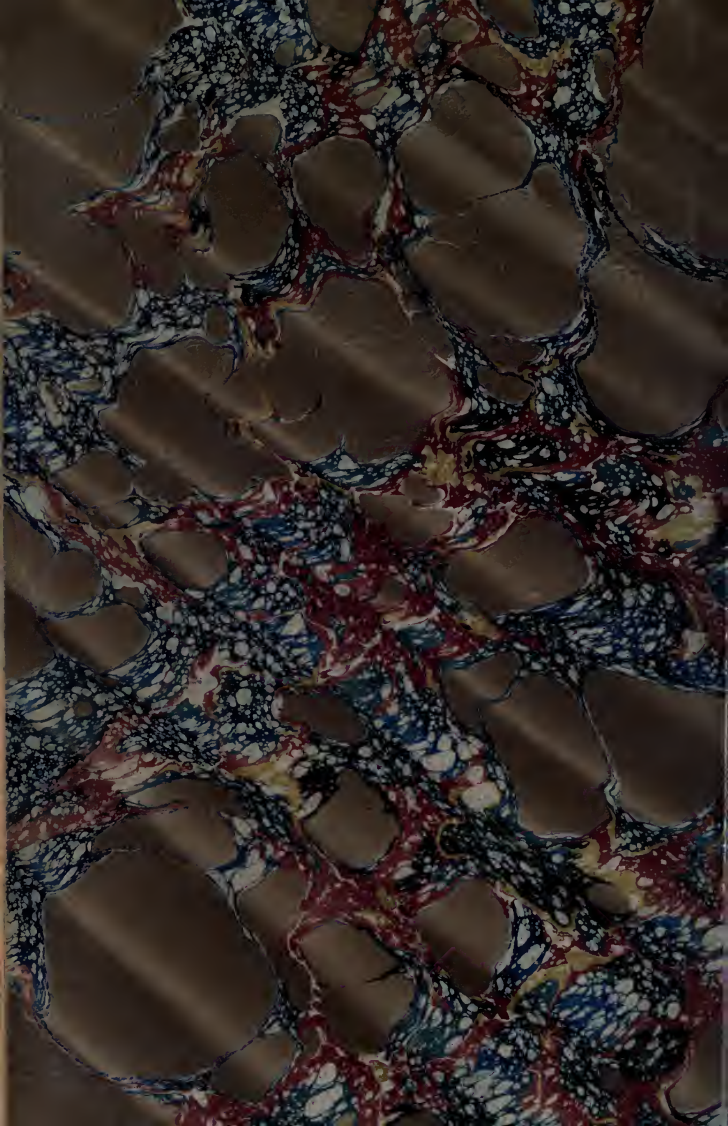
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