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*Preaching for the million, sermons.
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Henry Grattan Guinness



THREE SERMONS

ON

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS,

BY THE

REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS,

OF NEW COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

TOGETHER WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY,

AND

A Life-like Portrait.

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PREACHING FOR THE MILLION.

A SKETCH OF THE

LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.

MEN who can speak freely in the language of common life, says the Editor of the *Christian World*, will rarely, if ever, fail to catch the ear of the multitude—no matter what may be the topics on which they discourse. This fact is so palpable, and the cause of it so obvious, that nobody who reflects upon the subject for a moment can help wondering that ministers of religion should have so uniformly used scholastic or technical phraseology when preaching the gospel. But sermons of this nature will never greatly attract and influence the uneducated—and these have ever been, and are still, the great majority of the nation. The truth is, the language of the schools and the language of the people are quite different dialects; and hence ministerial training produces the very opposite effect from that for which it is designed.

But it may be asked, perhaps, why is this? Is knowledge, in itself, or in its acquisition, an evil? Not at all. It is the “*little learning*,” which is here a “dangerous thing.” The young minister acquires learning, but stops short before he learns how to use it; or, rather, while acquiring knowledge, he, in some sense, unlearns his native tongue, and acquires a mode of speech which is comparatively without signification in the ears of the people.

This may be illustrated by comparing the success of what are called well-trained and efficient ministers, with that of some who have entered the field without scholastic training. Take the cases of Haldane and Aikman, who, without a theological education, extended their power and success over the whole of Scotland, and called into being a hundred churches, which now constitute a thriving body. The power of these mighty men lay mainly, under God, in speaking to the people in their own tongue in which they were born. Because they did simply this, their preaching was everywhere attended with eager and listening throngs. Equally pertinent is the case of Howell Harris, in Wales, who gathered the body of what are called Calvinistic Methodists there. The one secret of his greatness and success, was his access to the hearts of the people through the simple language of the people. That he had more of piety, or more of eloquence, in the common acceptation of that term, than many a minister whose influence has been confined within the bounds of his single parish, does not appear.

The whole history of Methodism is a living illustration of the same thing. It swept the people like a rushing mighty wind, when it first came up in England, because it put off the scholastic costume, and approached them in their own familiar dress. Whitfield, Wesley, and Rowland Hill had indeed been trained in the schools. Afterwards, however, to some extent, they learned the common use of the English language; but what was more, they caused their own thoughts and views to find utterance by thousands of tongues that had never learned the dialect of the schools. Their power was that of countless lay preachers, who animated by their spirit, went forth, as in primitive times, “the Lord working with them confirming the word by signs following.”

The true source of the great power of Methodism, when it first came in,

undoubtedly, was the employment of uneducated men, who could preach in no other than the language of the people. By this means she spoke directly to the understanding, and the hearts of her hearers. By this means she awoke around herself a sympathy in the popular mind, and reached stratum which could be reached only in a very imperfect degree by a learned ministry. To those who had themselves been well instructed, and were capable of appreciating truth when put forth in logical forms, and according to the educated modes of thought, the rude speech of many of the lay exhorters was distasteful and repellent. The itinerant preachers, therefore, went into the outskirts of the towns and parishes, and drew in many of those who had fallen off from the established congregations. In this way, so far as they taught the truth, they did a good work. And in proportion as they taught the truth, as it is in Jesus, they were instrumental in doing incalculable good. But our concern now is with this popular feature of their work, which shows where their strength lay; and what, in a qualified sense, will be needful for us, if we would seize and hold that order of mind among the masses which we have too much failed to reach.

This view is confirmed, in another way, by the more recent experience of Methodism. About in the same proportion as it has been taking to itself an educated ministry of late, it has been losing its hold upon the popular interest. True, other causes have conspired with this. But this, viewed in connexion with the fact that the results of the system, as exhibited in experience, have worked against it, must be taken as the main cause of its decline.

If we need further illustration of the power accruing to the preacher from the use of the language of the people, we find it in the instance of Luther—whose case, by the way, shows it not to be impossible to combine the power of learning and culture with high perfection in the language of the masses. In nothing was Luther more wonderfully fitted to be the great Reformer that he was, than in his rare combination of acquired and native talents. He was one of the strong men among the learned, and especially mighty in the Scriptures, and, at the same time, while speaking to the people, he was eminently one of them. In reading his writings, we have often paused to admire the simplicity, transparency, and force of his thought and diction. His conceptions take such simple forms, and come forth in such common and easy words that the humblest mind takes the full impression of it at a glance. Thus none of his strength is wasted in the air, but the concentrated energy of his soul grasps the hearer's mind, and carries it on irresistibly to his conclusion. If you inquire what one quality of Luther's mind, more than any other, made him the Samson who had strength to grasp the pillars of the idol temple and carry them away, we answer it was his power of throwing the natural and acquired energies of his soul into the living language of the people.

Bunyan is another eminent example of the same point. His training was not at all in the schools. And yet John Owen, the prince of the Puritan theologians, has said of him, "Give me the Tinker's power to preach, and you shall have all my learning." Bunyan's "Pilgrim" has travelled far over the earth, and spoken to men of all climes, and has everywhere carried a resistless charm to the popular mind; and, through that immortal work, Bunyan continues to preach the gospel, with a voice unbroken by age. If, now, you undertake to scan the elements of his power you will find none more prominent among them than his use of the idiom of the masses of the people. His whole habit of thought and speech was formed among them, and though gifted by nature with the higher attributes of genius, and by grace with a soul inflamed with the love of Christ, and with a deep and broad experience of the conflicts between nature and grace in the heart, all the issues of his mind went out through channels of communication with fellow-minds that had been formed in converse with the masses. His calling, as a traveller tinker, had brought him into connexion with all sorts of people. His mind, so to speak, had fused itself with theirs; and their speech had become his own, so that when he came to speak to them of Christ and redemption, he was prepared to speak in thoughts and words which could not fail to penetrate their minds.

The fact is equally palpable in the present day, and among ourselves; and we have a delightful illustration of it in the person and ministry of the Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness.

The commercial axiom, that demand creates supply, is true to a large extent, in reference to sacred as well as secular things. In religious matters, however, we see not only the beautiful operation of natural laws, but also the evident workings of Divine Providence. The history of the church in all ages testifies to the encouraging fact, that men have been raised up, and exactly fitted for the performance of the precise work which the times they lived in required to be done. It has frequently happened, moreover, that the instruments provided have been of a description in no way calculated, in the estimation of men, to work out the desired end. Indeed, it is never by human wisdom that great spiritual objects are accomplished.

It is the conviction of many, that the Rev. H. G. Guinness is raised up to do a large portion of the evangelistic work which it is, on all hands, admitted will have to be done before the masses of the people shall come to know, even theoretically, the essential principles of the Gospel, much less be brought under their elevating and saving power; and the peculiar circumstances, which partake largely of the nature of the providential, which have attended his early career, may well lead to the conviction, that he is following in the path marked out for his steps by the allwise Disposer of events. Mr. Guinness has of late been drawing immense congregations, at Whitfield's Tabernacle, Moorfields, on Sabbath-days, both morning and evening, and wherever else he appears on the week-day evenings.

He was born in August, 1836, at Montpelier House, near Kingstown, about six miles from Dublin. His father was brother to Mr. Guinness, the brewer, of Dublin stout celebrity, and was an officer in the army; and his mother, the widow of Captain D'Esterre, who fell in a duel with the late Daniel O'Connell, some thirty-five years ago. He was brought up, and well instructed by his pious parents in the knowledge of Divine truth. He was educated at Cheltenham, and afterwards at Exeter, under the Rev. Dr. Mills and the Rev. C. Worthy; both of these gentlemen entertained the highest esteem and regard for him. In his boyhood, he was the subject of strong convictions; but about four years ago, he determined to go to sea, having become careless and indifferent about the one thing needful. He left this land, and wandered over the shores of Mexico, the West Indies, Texas, through the Caribbean Seas, &c., and having been absent for some time, he at length returned home. During the voyage, the ship was nearly being lost on two occasions, and it was chiefly owing (the captain states) to the steadiness and great presence of mind displayed by young Guinness, that the ship was preserved. About the years 1854-55, he again set out on a voyage to the East Indies. Soon after the ship sailed, they were obliged to put back, in a half-wrecked condition, and he, being attacked by a most serious and alarming illness, was quite unable to proceed on this voyage; and returned to his home at Cheltenham, apparently in a dying state.

It was about this time that it pleased the Lord to open his eyes, and that he was brought to feel his backsliding state; and being fully convinced of what he was, and how he had grieved the Holy Spirit, and having obtained peace in believing, he, at once, with the help of the Divine Spirit, determined to spend and be spent in his Master's service, and for this purpose he entered New College, London, under his kind friend and tutor, the late Dr. Harris—this was about January, 1856. He also induced his brother, Mr. Wyndham Guinness, to leave the sea, and to enter New College, where he now is, studying with a view to the Christian ministry; and by his advice, his younger brother also, Mr. Frederick Guinness, entered Lady Huntingdon College, at Cheshunt. Truly, their mother is blessed in having three such sons devoted to the service of the Redeemer!

Concerning any man or work, receiving much public attention, there will, of course, be formed many and very diverse opinions. Mr. Guinness proves no exception to the rule. He was first heard of in London in the beginning of last

year, as a "laborious, pious, earnest, and pathetic preacher," and possessed of "more than ordinary talent," at which time he commenced preaching in the open air, in London. At times thousands were attracted; and he has been obliged to have policemen to protect him, he has been so insulted and molested by Roman Catholics. Nothing daunted, he persevered, preaching for months, and distributing afterwards thousands of Drummond's tracts; and we sincerely trust that much good was done. About August, he visited Cheltenham, and preached almost every evening in the Promenade to thousands—people of all ranks listening most attentively. He also was invited to preach in the Town Hall; and great numbers appeared to have been brought to a state of conviction, and his house was literally besieged by old and young anxious inquirers. There have been, at times, fifty in a day at his house.

Afterwards he proceeded to Birmingham, where he preached to thousands, both in the open air and in chapels, and here numbers appeared to have been in a most anxious state about their souls. He remained in this place about three weeks, and then proceeded to Wednesbury, and daily, for about a fortnight, assisted by his brother, he descended the shaft of the mines, to a depth of 600 feet, and preached the gospel to these poor benighted men. In October, 1856, he visited Exeter; where he preached every night, except Saturdays, for nearly three weeks, to the most crowded congregations—hundreds being obliged to go away, unable to gain admission. Numbers in the city of Exeter are said to have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus, during this visit, and bless the day that he went amongst them. He then visited Cornwall; and in all the towns he preached in, thousands were collected to hear him. Since then, he has visited many other counties in England; and we understand it is his intention to visit Wales, Scotland, and also his native land, Ireland, this summer, and at no distant period, if spared, to visit America and Australia. On these, as well as on other accounts, it has been suggested that a Wesley and a Whitfield were about to have their parallels in a Spurgeon and a Guinness.

Having, as we have said, gained extensive notice, and preached to immense gatherings of the people in the south-western part of England, Mr. Guinness came to London, to resume his studies at New College, and preached several special revival sermons at the Independent Chapel, Fetter Lane. The place was crowded with people, and the general impression produced, we are assured, was deep and good. It was observed that the Rev. Dr. Campbell was present at one of these services, and this circumstance led to the youthful evangelist being invited to occupy the pulpit of the Tabernacle, of which, as doubtless most of our readers are aware, Dr. Campbell, editor of the *British Standard* and *Christian Witness*, is the pastor. If this be so—and it is certain that Mr. Guinness has now, for many weeks, actually preached at the Tabernacle, whatever may have been the originating cause—then we may infer that Dr. Campbell, who is no mean judge of ministerial, as well as general ability and worth, believed that he discerned qualities in Mr. Guinness calculated for popular usefulness.

But Mr. Guinness had not preached half-a-dozen times in the metropolis, before adverse criticisms were expressed. One gentleman, after hearing him at Commercial Road Chapel, says: "I was much disappointed. There was something singularly eccentric in the preacher's manner, from the beginning to the end of the service; such as keeping his seat for several minutes after the singing was ended, previous to reading the lesson, and the giving out of his text; and pausing in his discourse, at times not a little astonishing to his congregation, who might have come to the conclusion that he had lost himself. Altogether, it was anything but a sermon that I expected to hear from a man, of whom so much had been said." Another friendly critic animadverts upon the "long pauses," and "cannot divine the motive" for them. We, however, are glad to know that this habit, which had anything but a pleasing effect upon the audience, is less frequently witnessed.

We ourselves have, says the aforesaid writer, in the *Christian World*, made two Sunday-evening visits to the Tabernacle. On both occasions, that immense place

of worship—the largest but one, we believe, in the metropolis—was crowded to excess; and from what we could judge, no inconsiderable portion of the people were unaccustomed to public worship, but were drawn out by the fame of the preacher.

The moment you observe him you can hardly fail to be struck with his appearance. It is decidedly singular, and rather prepossessing. In person he is tall and slender, and of an easy graceful manner. The long, thin face, not altogether destitute of a healthful hue, but sometimes tinged with a hectic flush, bears, in repose, a grave and studious aspect; and when lighted up, as it frequently is, with a quiet smile of pleasure, indicates the presence of a genial and sympathetic spirit. The long, dark hair, parted in the centre and thrown backwards, gives to the preacher a rather womanish aspect. But his voice is by no means feminine, for it is full and loud. Indeed we do not suppose that there is a church, chapel, or hall in London, or elsewhere, in which he could not make himself heard to the remotest corner; albeit he is sometimes so rapid in his utterance, that the words unite and become indistinct. Mr. Guinness does not, like Mr. Spurgeon, repudiate the gown and bands, but wears both, at least at the Tabernacle, at which some have expressed surprise, seeing that he has not yet received ordination, and is still a student. But Mr. Guinness, in other matters as well as this, does not ask, "What will the world say?" and study the fashion; but wisely acts a free and independent part. That which strikes you most, perhaps, in his preaching, is the thoroughly natural and unstudied style of address he employs; and, it is to this fact, we believe, may be attributed much of his power over the people, who, despite the frequent want of logic that is displayed, and the lack of connexion that is observable to the critical eye, between the different parts of a single discourse, rarely fails to move and melt his hearers. To characterize the style of Mr. Guinness in a sentence, we should say it is pictorial preaching; comparisons, contrasts, figures, and anecdotes making up the staple of both the sermons that we have heard. But whoever may feel disappointed with the matter of the preacher, and regret that the framework of his discourses is not of a more solid description, and able to bear with greater ease the mass of ornament employed, few will question his intense earnestness, and fail to conclude from his impassioned manner that the conversion of souls to Christ is the master purpose of his life, and the one object that he has always in view. This fact, with devout men, anxious for the diffusion of the gospel among the teeming millions of our great towns and cities, will be sure to go far to disarm criticism, and to call forth gratitude to God for raising up another herald of salvation, with such peculiarities and powers as to be able to gain the ear of those whom the most logical and polished orators fail to reach; and not reaching, cannot by possibility benefit.

So favourable is the impression which Mr. Guinness has produced upon the pastor and the church, at the Tabernacle, that a pressing invitation has been given him to become the permanent occupant of the pulpit of Whitfield; but which, we understand, he has felt to be his duty to decline, preferring, for the present, an itinerant ministry, to the discharge of ordinary pastoral duties.

The Sermons which follow this Sketch were taken down by those eminent shorthand writers, Messrs. Reid and Robeson, and subsequently revised by Mr. Guinness. Other Sermons, by Mr. Guinness, will shortly be published, uniform with these.

SERMON I.

THE GREAT CHANGE.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN III. 7.

HE that is born but once dies twice, whereas he that is born twice dies once. He that is born only of the natural birth into the world dies twice; first, the natural death—temporal; secondly, the spiritual death—eternal. He that is born, however, twice—first, the natural birth into the world; secondly, the spiritual birth into the kingdom of grace—dies but once; and the one death is the natural death of the body. On such, says this precious Book, the second death hath no power; the sting of the present death is removed, and as to the second death, that is slain.

My friends, this leads immediately to the subject. I need not make any remarks to you about these words, as spoken by Christ to Nicodemus, for I have already spoken about that in explaining to you the chapter,—how it was that Nicodemus came to Christ, how it was that he addressed Christ, and how it was that Christ conversed with him. And let me add that Christ's conversation with Nicodemus was blessed. I believe that man was converted, for we read in the gospel, that when Jesus was taken down from the cross, Nicodemus helped to bury him. Let me, then, come straight home to the point, even as the blessed Lord did in speaking to Nicodemus; let me declare to you the meaning of my text, "Ye must be born again." Oh! if there is a solemn subject in the range of subjects that we get from this book, surely this is one of the most solemn—this is it, surely. If you believe *that* you are passing into eternity—if you believe *that* you shall shortly die, *that* you shall be borne away to the judgment-seat of Christ, and shortly stand before the bar to answer for all that you have done in the body—if you believe *that* he will either say, "Come, ye blessed," and with these celestial words waft you to heaven, or, "Depart ye cursed," and with that awful sentence sink you to hell;—oh, my friends, if you believe that everlasting death or everlasting life hang upon your relation to the second birth, as Christ solemnly declares, then how weighty becomes your duty, your privilege, this night, to listen to the truth of the text being declared to you. We speak especially to the unconverted. Hear then, as ye are immortal; hear then, and weigh well what is spoken, and may the Spirit of God apply it to your hearts.

We say that men most frequently mistake the outward change for the inward change—the true change, the spiritual birth. A man may have changed very much in his habits of life, in his conversation, in his appearance, in his manner, and yet not be born again. If you travel on the Continent, or if you travel through some parts of this island, and in Ireland, you find many a nunnery, many a monastery, many a convent, where those who think it right to renounce the world and shut themselves up in these places, have given up their fine dresses, and put on, perhaps weeds, or else have wrapped themselves about with coarse, rough garments. Yet you find that these people who have made this outward change are deceived, unprepared for heaven, the heart not being in reality changed. A deeper change than this is wanted,—a change of soul. You may take a piece of lead, a rough, rude piece of lead,—you may melt it in a crucible, and mould it into any shape you like. You may dip it in silver, or you may paint it and colour it, and you may form this unsightly lump of lead so that it may look like a beautiful tree. Still, it is lead—it is lead still. So a man may change his outward conduct, his outward appearance, his outward look; he may change himself externally; but that is not what we want—we want something deeper, we want a change of heart. I daresay Ananias and Sapphira changed

themselves outwardly. They heard the apostle Peter preach Christ crucified, and they felt that the words he uttered came from the lips of an earnest man. I daresay they cried out with the multitude in the strong feeling of the moment, "What shall we do to be saved?" And when Peter said, "Repent, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ," I daresay they were baptized with water. And I can fancy Ananias and Sapphira walking about the streets of Jerusalem with the rest of the disciples of God, praying with them, casting in their lot with them, and being for the sake of the Lord Jesus despised. But were they changed in heart? Ananias comes and pretends to give all his property to Peter. Ah, said Peter, what has tempted thee to lie? Thou hast not lied to me as man, thou hast lied to the Holy Spirit. Now, said he, outside the door, there stand the young men who shall carry thee out and bury thee. Ananias drops down dead. The young men walk in across the floor; they pick up the dead body; they wrap it up; they bear it out with slow and solemn march; they carry the body to the tomb, and lay it there and bury it. Then Sapphira comes in. Well said Peter, is this all the property, and she said it was. Again, he said, what has tempted you to lie against the Holy Ghost? Now, these were baptized people, mark you, people making a profession of Christianity. Then, said Peter, outside the door stand the young men; they have carried out thy husband and buried him, they shall carry thee out also. And the woman dropped down dead as a stone. The young men walked in, wrapped her up, and bore her out, and laid her by her dead husband. They were changed outwardly, but they were not changed in heart, or they would not have kept back their property, and they would not have come to that end. We say to you that a man may be changed much externally, and yet he may not be really changed in heart,—may not, in the words of my text, "be born again."

My friends, just hearken to us a moment. A man may be changed with respect to the Bible. I have known men who have hated the Bible. I knew a man to whom I once offered to read the Bible. "The Bible!" said he, "I won't have any Bible read, to me; I don't believe in the Bible; it's all false." I have known people spit upon the Bible. I have known people spit upon the name of Jesus. I remember some time since speaking to a poor old Jewess; an old woman just dropping into the grave, a poor wizened old creature who was just dying,—I remember, when I was speaking to her about Jesus, she turned round like a she-wolf and glared at me; those eyes of hers sparkled beneath her matted eyebrows, and she actually spat at his blessed name. "What," she said, "Christ!" and she spat again. Ah, I shall never forget her look, then. But I prayed with her, although she did this, and so we parted; and I daresay she did not feel then, as she did when we met. I just mention this to show to you that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and that a deep-seated change is what is wanted. These outward changes will not do; they do not reach the heart. As we said just now a man may be very much changed with regard to the Bible. That Jewess, for instance, might give up her old religion; she might take the New Testament with the Old, and use them together, and yet be unconverted, yet be un-sanctified, yet go down to hell. I believe there are some of you, my dear friends—I say it with solemn sadness—that are prayerless. You get up in the morning, and you do not pray; or if you do, you mutter over a prayer when you are at the washing-stand, or when you are leaving the room, or when you are going down-stairs to the breakfast-table. Perhaps, you read your Bible a few moments instead of reading the newspaper. I have known people do so. Well, now, I daresay there are many of you thus prayerless. Or if you do offer prayers, do they spring from the depth of your soul? If not, they are not prayers at all. A man of this sort may become a Christian apparently, but the heart may be unchanged; the man has not been born again.

There are some Christians whose Christianity is very fair to gaze upon—it is very beautiful; but, mark you, they are no real Christians after all. I have known people in the church and in the congregation who have made a Christian

profession, and have walked outwardly with God; who have made long prayers, have given away tracts, and have visited the poor; but who on their death-beds have confessed themselves to have been hypocrites, to be unconverted, and to have been deceiving themselves all the while. Just look at these two things—these two bunches of flowers. There is a beautiful bunch of flowers—fair, most fair. There you have a rose, and there a lily, beautifully painted with the most delicate touches; and you say, “What beautiful flowers!” Now, you see this bunch, and you say, “It is not so beautiful; there is a leaf withered here, and a leaf is dropped off there—it is not so beautiful.” Suppose I were to tell you that there is more beauty in that poor, sickly, down-cast flower, although it may be withered, than in the one which you so much admire. “Surely,” you would say, “you cannot be in earnest.” I beg your pardon. Take them and examine them a little more closely. Now I ask, has this flower any fragrance? “No,” you say, “none.” “Has this any dew of the morning resting upon it?” “No,” you say, “none.” Then I ask, “Has this old, withered rose any scent?” “Yes.” “Has it any dew resting upon it?” “It has.” Now, the truth is *that* rose is real, it came from the hands of God; *this* rose is sham, it came from the hands of man. *That* grew; *this* is wax-work. Do you see the difference? So it is with some men; they profess to be like Christ, the rose of Sharon—like Jesus, the lily of the valley, while all the time their Christianity is false; it is feigned and the work of man—that is all—it is not divine and real.

In order that the matter may sink more deeply in your souls, we will give you another illustration or two that perhaps you will carry away with you. A man may be changed in his heart towards God, and yet not be converted in reality. I have known those who have been atheists apparently converted. They have said, “Once, we did not acknowledge the existence of God; now we are convinced of the being of God. Those stars that shine in the heaven tell us there is a God. When we go out everything around us speaks to us of God. The flowers that cast their fragrance on the desert air tell us of him; the stars which shine from the blue vault of heaven speak of him; the winds, when they are passing in soft sweetness through the valley, whisper his name; the loud thunders in their deep voices roar out his name above us; and the lightnings write his name on the troubled heaven: we know there is a God.” But these men, are they prepared to die? No, I fear not; they are not “born again.” There are some, too, I fear, holding office in the church who are not “born again.” There you see a man standing on the deck of a vessel. That man says to you by his dress and appearance, “I am a sailor;” and you say, “Surely, that man is a sailor.” You see him go the helm, and you look at the wake which the vessel leaves in the sea, and you find that it goes up and down, that it is not a straight wake. The fact is, that man is not a sailor; he does not understand the compass; he does not understand from what quarter the wind blows; he does not understand the helm; he cannot guide the vessel, and ought not to be at the helm. And so, have we not seen men standing at the helm of the church, like that man, professing to be sailors of the gospel ship, holding the helm, and pretending to guide the vessel through the dark shoals and quicksands that beset its course, but who, in reality, are no sailors in heart; who know nought about the haven beyond the sea; who are still unconverted—not born again! There they are, working in the church, in the ranks of God’s army, yet no children of his. You may find in the army many a man wearing the livery of the Queen, and yet no soldier. You may put it into his hands a musket, but it will not make him a soldier. Before he can be called a soldier, he must have the heart of a soldier; he must be ready to lay down his life in the service of his sovereign. So it is with the soldiers of Christ. Dost thou pretend to be a soldier of the Most High God? Is thy name enrolled among the warriors of Jehovah? Art thou marked with the blood of the cross? Dost thou stand beneath the open and unfurled banner of truth? Art thou fighting against the foes of God and of man? Art thou willing to lay thy life down for his sake? If not, you are no soldier—you must be born again. I would, ere we pass on, say there are some

servants in the church who are the servants of Satan—the servants of Satan clad in the livery of God; but God owns them not—they must be “born again.”

Seeing these things are so, my friends, I should like to speak to you a few words about *the nature of the new birth, the necessity of the new birth*, and, if I have time, a few words about *the marks of the new birth*, so that you may distinguish for yourselves still more clearly your own state.

I. Now, as to *the nature of the new birth*. We say it is a change of heart. Just come back to the metaphor—a new birth. We will keep to that; we will try if possible to draw the analogy between the natural birth and the spiritual birth. In the natural birth one is brought from darkness into light; in the spiritual birth one is brought from darkness into light. In the natural birth one is brought to enjoy life; in the spiritual birth one is brought to enjoy life. In the natural birth the poor babe born into the world is weak, and feeble, and helpless; if you leave that child alone it will perish, it is not able to help itself. So in the spiritual birth the child is born weak, feeble, and helpless; God must assist the child, or it will die. To pursue the analogy still further: in the natural life an extraordinary change takes place; the child grows for awhile and becomes strong. Once all of you were children; now you are men, and some of you hoary-headed. What a change, a wonderful change is this! So in the spiritual birth, one born of the Spirit grows in grace, and there are those who grow spiritually strong, and some there are who grow spiritual giants in the kingdom of Christ Jesus. We will pursue the analogy no further; it might be profitable to attempt to do so, but we leave the matter there.

It is necessary that the sinner's *heart* entirely should be changed, because the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Behold the dark sea spread out, and beyond that sea there are the outlines of distant mountains. In the midst of those mountains you see one cone rising up. There is a wreath of light blue smoke curling upwards from the summit of the cone, and you say to me, “There is fire there.” “Ay,” we reply to you, “that is a burning mountain.” You say, “Let us walk round it.” You walk round the crater and say, “Can nothing be done to this?” We say, “You may stop up the crater, you may fill it up. You may get turf and spread it all over the top of the crater, and you may put down trees by the roots, and there you may have a fair plantation, so that a person passing by would say, “That is a beautiful mountain.” Yet down in the depths of the mountain there is fire still. It is not different from what it was; it is only earthed in. By-and-bye you will hear a rumbling beneath; the mountain will be shaken, and then this vast cone of earth will be thrown into mid-air; you will see the fire shoot up straight like a pillar of light; then the smoke shall belch out in dark volumes; and you shall see the streams of lava falling hot around and flowing all over the mountain's side. “Ah,” you will say, “surely, there is no great change in the mountain; though it was earthed up, it is the same as ever. So it is with the sinner's heart. You see if that mountain is to be really changed the fire must be scooped out, it must be taken away; then, earth it in if you will. So with the sinner's heart. If the sinner is to be changed, it must be a change of heart down deep. You must not plant trees on the top; you must take out the core, the substance; all things must become new. And instead of this black chamber of imagery—instead of this cage of unclean birds—instead of this black room full of noxious vermin and crawling vipers—instead of this dark and doleful place within, the habitation of sin—there must be a temple—the temple of the Lord. The body must become the temple of the Holy Ghost. God's sacred throne must be set up there. God must rest upon the throne: God dwelling in you and you in Him. This is a remarkable change. No wonder that Christ Jesus says so emphatically, with reiterated “verily,”—“Ye must be born again.”

Next, we say this change is wrought by the *Holy Spirit*. The Lord Jesus preached many an earnest and excellent sermon. He preached upon the top of a mountain. Thousands were gathered round him, but we do not read of r

marvellous number of conversions. Why? Ask him, and he will tell you. Because the Spirit was not yet poured out. Now, wait awhile. There is a poor humble fisherman—a man who has fallen and who has been raised again, who has wept and prayed—there is poor Peter. He stands up in the earnestness of his heart, and he pleads with the people for Jesus of Nazareth, telling them all about him. And, now, behold they cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" and three thousand, we are told, are converted. You say to us, "Why, how has wonderful change in these Jews occurred?" We answer, it is the Spirit of God poured out upon the people: God's Spirit shed forth hath done this. There it is; the work is done by the Spirit and the Spirit alone. Christ's preaching, without the application of the Spirit, could not change, could not regenerate. Peter's preaching, without the application of the Spirit, could do still less; but by the Spirit this is all done. My friends, some of you look rather hard at this. You think it is not needful so deep a change should take place in the heart. It is because you little know what man is by nature. We tell you man is dead by nature. No wonder, then, that you do not feel the mountain-load of guilt upon you. Can a dead man feel a mountain upon him? No, he struggles not, because he is dead. So it is with thee. Thou dost not feel the load of sin that is pressing upon thee; but if God quicken thee thou wilt groan soon enough. The Spirit alone can make man alive again. It is, therefore, necessary that man should be born again. You may try hard, but you cannot raise a dead corpse. I have sat down to table with dead people. I have friends who are dead while they live. I have conversed with the dead. I have seen them weep, and have wept for them. I have prayed with dead corpses—and oh, the tears have streamed from these eyes! Oh, I have felt intensely for my own brethren, my own friends, who are no better than dead corpses! I have told them sometimes, "If God would let me, I could even die for you if I could but raise you." And some of them know it well, because I love them in this heart of mine, poor dying sinners that they are. But this would be no good; if I would I could not raise them from the dead—the Spirit of God is needed. You may take a corpse, and make it sit up in a chair; then with a brush you may paint the cheeks carefully; you may open this eye and give expression to it; you may part the livid lips, and paint them afresh; you may put out the arms as if they were living; you may do all this, and impart to the corpse the appearance of life, so that any one coming in should say, "It is a living being." We say to you, it is dead. We ask you to put your hand on the heart of that being,—is it not dead? We say there is no breath there, it is dead. But wait awhile. Let the Spirit of the Lord breathe into that dead soul, and what a change you will see. Let God but place his lips to the lips of the dead being and breathe, and you will see that being start into life. The eyeballs shall roll; the arms shall be stretched out; the limbs shall move; the heart shall beat; the pulse shall throb; and that person shall speak, ay, walk, run, eat, labour, weep, pray, rejoice, ay, and shall pass away into the skies. This, mark you, is the work of the Spirit of God. "Marvel not," said Christ, "that I say unto you, ye must be born again."

Is it needful that I should illustrate this part of the subject any further, or leave it with you as it is? I could pursue the matter still further. There are several things still to say to you upon it; but I leave with you these thoughts for you to meditate upon them: I pass on to speak for a few moments about—

II. THE NECESSITY OF THE NEW BIRTH.—This great spiritual change, my beloved friends, is necessary on account of the *corruption of human nature*. Mark me, my dear friends, I have seen the tears stream down some of your cheeks as I have preached to you on former evenings. Well, I have thought, there is something the matter with the heart now. Now, I say to you, in order that you may have peace with God, and in order that your sins may be forgiven, there are two things necessary: the one is justification, the other regeneration. Justification is quite necessary,—that a man's sin should be taken away, that his soul should be cleansed in the blood of Christ, that his iniquities should depart. But regeneration, the change of heart, is quite as necessary. You remember what

David said, "Have mercy upon me, O God, have mercy upon me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, and blot out my transgressions." And again, that is not enough, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" You say, it will be all very well for you on your dying bed to cry, "God pity me! God have mercy upon me!" We say, if God did not CHANGE you BESIDE that, you would not be fit for heaven, because man is by birth corrupt. Now hearken. We have here a poor spendthrift. That man had a large fortune. He has run right through that property, and now he is beggared and ruined. Just look at his haggard appearance. Behold his rags! How half-starved he looks! Now, suppose I go up to that poor beggared man, and I say to him, "Well, friend, I, knew you when your circumstances were very different." The man looks up and hardly likes to stare me in the face. I say to him, "You were not always like this." "No," he mutters. I say, "How much are you in debt?"—"In debt? I dare not be seen by the police; that is the reason why I am obliged to slink out by night—I dare not walk the streets by day." I say to him, "How much are you in debt? what's the sum?" He says, "Something about two thousand or three thousand pounds altogether." "Two or three thousand!" I say, "Why, that is a great sum. Well, now, do you know I have come out to search for you." "What for? What for? You have not come to have me arrested and put in prison?" "No," I say, "there's a friend of yours exceedingly rich, and he has empowered me to pay off all your debts." That man stares at me incredulously. "Well," I say, "here is the money." I produce a blank draft, and I say, "Just step with me into this house while I draw it out, and all your debts shall be paid off." The tears trickle down his cheeks as he takes the money. He pays off his debts, and I meet him afterwards walking about like a gentleman, "clothed and in his right mind," once more what he once was. Well, years pass away. Perhaps, I am going somewhere or other to preach, and in the evening walking through the streets rather late, just there by yon lamp-post, looking haggard, with his hat slouched over his eyes, I see this very man. I go up—the rain has been coming down—and I put my hand on the man's shoulder, and I find it is wet; he has been out in the rain, the poor miserable being! I say, "What, and are you come to this!" The man says, "Yes." "Well," I say, "what is the reason of all this! Were not your debts paid off?" "Oh," says he, "air, was not the drink as strong a temptation as ever to me? Was not lust as strong as ever in my bosom? Was there not passion within me just as much as ever? You paid off my debts, but you did not change my nature. I was a spendthrift when you paid off my debts: I am a spendthrift now, and if you were to pay off my debts to-morrow, I should be a spendthrift still." I understand it. Don't you see, sinner, the drift of this? Don't you see that it is thy nature that wants to be changed? Pay thy debts! I have told you of Him who has paid thy debts already. Regeneration therefore is as necessary as justification. You now see the matter, I would fain hope with a clearer eye than you did before.

To put the matter even still more forcibly, I say you could not be happy in that better and brighter world that is to come if you were not born again, because you would be the same being you were from your birth. If you were not regenerated, you could not enter that place in peace. Suppose, now, the Lord God in his infinite mercy was to call Beelzebub, one of the darkest of the lost among hell's angels—those who fell from glory ages gone by—suppose God was to say, "Come hither," and called him to stand before him; suppose He was to say, "Thou hast ruined millions; thou hast dragged thousands down to the deep pit; thou hast spread war, plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, disease, and death; thou art worthy of nought but vengeance, to be crushed beneath my foot"—the Almighty foot of vengeance;—"but, Beelzebub, I forgive you all; let all the past be forgiven and forgotten—now enter heaven." Suppose I place him in heaven,—would he, do you think, be able to go up and speak to the archangel Michael with joyfulness of spirit? I think not, because he would be still a stranger in the midst of the heavenly host; I tell you he would be but a black

devil thus among pure angels. You see, therefore, that it is not sufficient simply that the sin should be forgiven; the heart, the soul, the being, the life, the current, the force, the root, the branch, the leaf, the flower, the fruit, the tree, the sum, the centre, the core, the substance, the all and in all—the soul, must be changed, altered, regenerated, born again, or the man is damned. “Marvel not,” said Christ, “that I say unto you ye must be born again.”

In order to become God's children it is necessary that you should be born again. Now, then, you see in this the drift of the words of the blessed Lord Jesus. Oh, how sweet his words are, they linger over the memory, even

“Like chords of sweet music long since died away”—

still they live in the memory; yea, better than that, his words live at the present moment, for he liveth, and his word is life. Well, he gathered his disciples about him, and said to them, in order that you should enter the kingdom of heaven you must become just like this little child that I hold by my hand; you must humble yourselves and become like him. There is regeneration for you—a man becoming a little child. Now, sinner, if thou art ever to become a child of God, this must take place in thy heart; thou must be regenerated, and become a little child again. There is a lion in thee that is far from being like the character of Jesus. That lion in thee must become a lamb. A mother has many children. If you examine their features you will find that they resemble her in appearance. Why? Because they are her own children, and it is a law of God that like the parent, so the child. So it is in spiritual things. Like God, so are his children; As God the Spirit, so are the children of the Spirit; as Christ the Son, so are the children of the Son; as God the Father, so are the children of the Father. Christ is a lamb; his children, then, from being lions, must be turned to lambs. God is love; his children from hatred, must become love. The Spirit is a dove; God's children from being serpents like Satan, the great serpent, must become spiritual doves. Here you see the matter. “Marvel not that we say unto you, ye must be born again.”

Again we say, in order that you may enter and enjoy heaven, you must be born again. Now, sinner, hearken. You may say of a great part of my discourse that it does not apply to you. Sinner, if God were to send some swift white-winged messenger from the land of light, far, far away—it is sweet to think that—down from the heavens into this very chapel, and if that angel were to come and put his hands upon your shoulder, you would startle and look round, and say, “What is that I see?” And if that angel were to say to you, “Fear not, behold God hath sent me to bear you far hence to a better land,” sinner, how would you feel? You cannot avoid this; here conscience speaks. Do you tell me now, in the presence of this people, that you would feel comfortable, and be prepared to depart with the angel? Would you feel this? Could you say, “How sweet! my time, my pilgrimage on earth is over now: I go now far hence; the storms and the darkness of this life will never reach me there!” Would you feel happy in the thought, “There I shall be with angels and archangels, and enjoy for ever the smile of God's face?” Ah, sinner, your heart tells you this, that you are not prepared to enter that better place. Why? Because thou art not born again; thou art not brought into unison with God. The music of thy heart is discord; how would discord sound among the golden harps of those who stand on the sea, broad and brilliant, by the celestial city? Thy soul is dark; how would that darkness appear in that land where the sun itself would be as a globe of pitch-darkness? Thy feelings are angry; how would that anger do in the land where all is sweet, and pure, and lovely? Thou art not lamb-like or dove-like; how would that rampant lion of anger, how would that low sneaking serpent-lust within thee, do amid the flowers of Paradise, amid the angels of God, amid the sons of glory? Ah, then, thou art not prepared to depart yet: “you must be born again.”

III. My friends, ere I leave you, I must say a few words about the MARKS OF THIS REGENERATION, and then we part for the present. A man who is born again

loves the Bible above all other books. There are two ways of reading the Bible. There is one way, and a very common way, to read the Bible merely to satisfy conscience. There is another way, not so common, to read the Bible that the soul may be fed. Now, sinner, how is it with thee? Art thou regenerated? Dost thou read the Bible, to feed thy soul? If thou art regenerated, thou lovest this book above all others. A poor foreigner, an Italian, coming over to this country, was lately brought to the knowledge of the truth. The missionary called to see him. He was out, but his wife came down. "How is he?" said the missionary. "Oh, sir," said she, "I have one thing to say against him, he stops up so late at night." "How is that?" said the missionary. "Why, sir," she said, "the Bible was once to him a sealed book, either bound with chains to the altar or secured in the girdle of the priest. But now that he has got hold of it he feels that it is the word of life, the book of God; and, sir, he reads it." "Of course," said the missionary, "I expect he reads it." "Yes, but," said the woman, "he reads it in earnest now. He is not content with reading a chapter at a time, but he will read a whole book at once." The truth was, this man was born again, and he loved the book of God. Is this one of the marks? It is. How is it with thee? Art thou born again? Dost thou love God's word supremely?

Still further, we say that one who is born again loves holiness, hates sin. These are the two distinguishing features in the character of God, love of holiness and hatred of sin. Is this thy case? I remember the time when I loved sin with all this heart inside me; I used to wallow in sin. But you know that God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he hath loved us, even when "we were dead in trespasses and sin," hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace, free grace, sovereign grace, full grace, glorious grace, we are saved, through Jesus, our dying, loving, living, reigning Lord, our all. Now, then, we say that once we loved sin, but now, thank God, we hate it; once we hated holiness, but now, thank God, we love holiness. But then it is no more we, but "the Spirit of God, which dwelleth," laboureth, moveth, and "worketh in us." Sinner, hast thou this mark, this solemn mark—dost thou love holiness, dost thou hate sin?

Another mark of being born again we give you. We say the man who is born again loves Jesus. I go round and about, and when I speak about my dear Lord, how cold do I find people. Say some, "I have heard of that before." Others say, "I am too busy to hear it." Others say, "There is time to attend to these things yet; I have got life before me; there is this and that to attend to; my children are growing up; I cannot attend to you at present; if you please, excuse me, another time; forgive me my rudeness—I did not mean to be rude." Mean to be rude! It is not man you insult, but Jesus Christ, when you refuse to hear of him. Ah, sinner, how dost thou feel towards my Lord? Is he to thee "chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely?" Is he to thee the fairest, the brightest, the loveliest, the most beautiful? Is he to thee the guide by which thou dost travel through the desert, the stream that gushes from the rock to assuage thy parched thirst? Is he thy sum, thy substance, thy centre, thy all in all? Is he thy everything,—thy father, thy brother, thy husband? Is he thy Redeemer? Is he thy Lord? Is he thy Intercessor, thy Mediator, thy Life, thy Way, thy Prophet, thy Priest, thy King? Is he to thee "the Wonderful Counsellor?" Is he to thee the mighty God? Is he to thee the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace, the Prince of the kings of the earth, the First-begotten from the dead, the First-born of every creature, the King of kings, the Lord of lords? Is he to thee root and branch? Is he to thee life? Is he to thee all? "No," says one, "he is not." "No," says another, "I am still in darkness as to these things." "Marvel not" then that we say unto you—marvel not—marvel not—marvel not, my brethren—do not be surprised—that we say to you, "Ye must be born again," if Christ is to become all this to you.

There is one more mark of the new birth that we give to you, and it shall be the last. It is this: the struggle that takes place in the soul; that is a mark of the new birth. The soul once was, as it were, a bed of slumber. Now it becomes a blood-stained arena of the fight. The soul was, as it were, once a graveyard.

now it is a battle-field—between what two combatants we tell thee now. Sinner, in thee there is but one, and that one is the old man. If thou art born again, there will be two, the new birth—the infant of grace, and the old man of sin. Then will come a struggle between the little infant—the spiritual birth, and the old man—the man of sin. What an extraordinary struggle it is between such an infant and this very giant—the old man. I can look back when it has been so with me especially, and even lately it has been so. Ay, and many of you—I say these things to comfort you—know this, that Christians are tempted in the same manner. If there are those who do not feel what it is to be tempted thus, it is a proof that they are in a bad state, that they are going wrong, that they are not recognising and feeling the new birth in their souls. Now after regeneration, this extraordinary struggle takes place between the infant and the old man. The man of sin seizes the infant by the throat, and tries to strangle it. Oh, some of you can look back to the time when it was awful work—when the corruptness of the flesh seemed to be victorious. Then the infant looks up to God, and that look is a prayer. God sees a prayer in a look, and God looses the hand of the old man, for God knoweth how to deliver out of temptation. Then the old man places his strong, dark hand upon the lips of the infant to try and choke the voice of prayer; but a tear trickles down from the eyes of the little child, and God sees that, and that is a prayer:—

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire, utter’d or unexpress’d;
The motion of a hidden fire that trembles in the breast;
Prayer is the breathing of a sigh, the falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye when none but God is near.”

“None but God,” recollect. The old man is struggling at all times, for while we live in the body we must be chained to the old man. Paul says so, and Paul is an inspired authority. Now, we say that this infant becomes victorious through prayer. Will you mark the glorious end of this? We will show it to you. The infant with clasped hands looks up to God and cries, “Lord crucify the old man.” And the Lord says, it shall be done, and the old man’s hands are then bound, and he is stretched upon the cross, and the nails are driven in; and then the child of God, the infant, the new birth, rejoiceth, ay, and weepeth for gladness, because he can say, “Behold the old man is crucified.” Thus with Christ, as saith Paul, “I die daily.” Now, have you, my friends, this mark in your souls? Is this struggle going on? Do you “die daily?” And if this is not the case “marvel not” if we say to you, “ye must be born again.”

And, now, poor soul we say to you, do not despair. There is a God in heaven who keeps his promises, and if he has said, Ask for my Spirit, ask for pardon, ask for everlasting life, and I will give it, remember he will keep his word. Go then, when thou hast left this place, get on to thy knees this night, and unto God cry earnestly for forgiveness; and the God of heaven, who loveth thee, and in whose name we speak, through Christ will abundantly pardon and make you as white as snow. “Whosoever believeth in Christ shall be saved. He that believeth not must” saith the scriptures, “be damned.” Let these words ring in your ears; never forget them; place them beneath your pillow this night; when you rise to-morrow morning think of them; meditate upon them while about your business wherewer you go; think of these words, these solemn words, the words that have come from the lips of Him who cannot lie, Christ’s words—“Ye must be born again.”

SERMON II.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—MATT. vii. 7.

PRAYER is mighty. "Prayer," says one, "moves the arm that moves the world." What is this prayer?

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

Prayer is the human heart outpouring itself into the heart of God. Prayer is the sinner speaking with the Saviour; the creature speaking with the Creator; the finite communing with the Infinite. Without prayer we should know nothing of God, personally.

My dear friends, I have a solemn subject to speak to you on this evening. I feel my own weakness, for, oh! I am but a worm at best, and as regards many of you, I am but a babe. There you sit, hoary-headed men, and you come to-night to listen to a babe. Well, we trust that you have asked God's blessing. We trust that when we are speaking your hearts will be lifted up in prayer to God, that the Spirit may be poured upon us from on high; then, indeed, if our dependence is upon God, His strength will be made perfect in our weakness. The Lord the Spirit grant that it may be so! This, I have said, is a solemn subject: for, oh! how important is prayer. Without prayer *we cannot be saved*. Prayer is the door that leadeth from earth to heaven. Prayer is the ladder of light that stretcheth from the place where we sleep, as it were, here below, beneath the shades of night, up to the very throne of God in glory, and angel-messengers ascend from us to God, and descend from God to us, bearing the blessings of our Heavenly Father's love. Prayer is the key which unlocketh the darkest dungeon; prayer is the hand which layeth hold of the everlasting covenant, and the arm of Jehovah's strength, and saith, "I will not let thee go except thou shalt bless me." Prayer is the first accent the sinner uttereth in the ear of God. Saul of Tarsus had said many and many a prayer before he was converted. He used to stand sometimes at the corners of the streets praying, and men said, "Sure, there is a very excellent man; he is a real Pharisee." (Pharisee was not a name of contempt in that day.) But God never answered that man's prayers, because they came not from his soul. But when he was struck down by lightning from heaven—was led a blind sinner into Damascus,—when, in the loneliness of his chamber, he fell on his knees, and with streaming eyes, and beating heart, and earnest soul, and burning words, poured out his heart into the heart of the Infinite, then God said, "Behold, he prayeth." He did pray, and his prayers were answered. Ananias came; his eyes were opened, and he was sent forth a light to lighten the Gentiles, as a preacher of the everlasting gospel of God. And a brilliant light was Saul of Tarsus in the world. Sinner, thou canst not be saved without prayer. Are thine eyes shut, and art thou blind by nature? Well, there was a blind man, literally, who came to Jesus; his eyes were never opened until he cried, "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy upon me." We do not wonder at thine eyes being closed, because, perhaps, thou hast never cried, "Have mercy upon me!" We cannot be saved without prayer. A man may be saved without much else, but not without this. I have heard of those being saved who never put their heads inside a place of worship. I have heard of those being saved who never read the Bible. Why,

some have been born in sickness, cradled in sickness, bred in sickness; they have lived in sickness, languished in sickness, and died in sickness; their lives have been spent on the sick-bed. Some of them never could go inside the house of God. Yet some such have found forgiveness and peace in Jesus through prayer. I have heard of those who could not read the Bible being saved; but they prayed. Some were born blind; others became blind soon after they were born; but the eyes of their soul were opened by the Spirit, and they prayed; and thus they were saved. And I have read of those being saved who never joined themselves to Christian churches; who never did many a thing which distinguishes Christians of the present day; who never actually bent their knees to God; but their souls have been, as it were, humbled in the presence of the Infinite; they have prayed in heart, and they have been saved. Prayer, we say, is an important thing. You cannot *live* without it, Christian. The plant, you know, may for a time live without light, but not without air. Put a plant in a dark place, and it will live, perhaps; people sometimes keep roots piled up in under-ground cellars, and they grow there; but their sprouts are white; they have no greenness—no colouring matter in them. So it is with the soul of man. A man may live without light; may live without understanding a vast amount of what the Scriptures contain; he may live without a great deal of spiritual light; but he cannot live without air. If he lives without light, he will be pale, weak, sickly, feeble, blighted, and not good for much; but he cannot live without prayer, which is the air of the Christian. Take away the air from this plant, and you find the leaves will droop, the stem hang over, and the roots shrivel, and the whole plant will wither. So with thy soul, Christian. Let me tell thee, thy spiritual life must die if thy spiritual breath ceaseth. Prayer, we say, is an important thing, because you cannot be *happy* without it. You can be happy without a great many things, but not without prayer. I have heard of those who have been happy without ever seeing the light of day, having been born blind. I have heard of those being happy who never walked in the sunlight; who never paced the streets; who never trod the green fields; who never breathed the pure air of the country; but have spent their days and weeks in the loneliness of an attic upon a sick-bed; but they have not been without prayer—they have been praying people. I have heard of those being happy who have spent perhaps the greater part of their lives in dark dungeons, bound with chains, for the kingdom of heaven's and for God's sake; but they have prayed—their souls have been free. Yes—we thank God for it—men cannot tie and bind these souls of ours; they have got wings unseen; they can take spiritual flights beyond the ken of mortals. While the body is bound with chains, the soul, winged by faith and strengthened by the spirit of God, can leave the dull prison, pass through the rusty bars, cleave its way into the blue infinite above, and, passing hence away, leave earth and all its narrow things in the darkness of the mist below.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the the ladder Jacob saw;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Thou canst not overcome without prayer. What feeble worms are we? Where does our strength lie? and what has God given us to do? He has given us to fight the battle with many and many a foe. We have to storm the breach; to climb the scaling-ladder; to plant his standard upon the frowning battlements; to fight hand-in-hand with many a grim foe. How can we overcome? Simply by prayer. Have we said that prayer moves the arm that moves the world? Yes; and we say more than that: prayer directs David in the choice of the five smooth stones from the brook; prayer gives energy and muscular power to the arm of David, and directs the stone from the sling; prayer gives that stone precision, making it to pierce the brow and enter into the brain of the Giant. Prayer hath slain many an enemy of God. Art thou weak and utterly helpless, child of God, in thyself? Thou art; most surely thou art. Well, then, learn that by prayer, all thy sufficiency is of God.

There are two things which I wish to notice from the text more especially: *Christ's direction*, "ask," and *Christ's promise*, "it shall be given you." And, my dear friends, let the word spoken sink down into your hearts. Judge ye now between what is good and what bad—what is right and what wrong. Weigh these things in the balance of the mind. Reject what is evil, but do so prayerfully; accept what is good, but do so prayerfully. And may God the Spirit assist you and assist us!

I. CHRIST'S DIRECTION, "ask."

I should like to speak to you about what to pray for, how to pray, when to pray, and where to pray.

1. *What are we to pray for?* Why, surely those things that are most needful. Let me speak to you for a few moments as individuals. Thou art, perhaps, a sinner far from God,—thou hast never known God. Wouldst thou become a child of his. Then thou must pray. And dost thou ask, what must you pray for? Pray, my friend, as the Publican prayed—"God be merciful to me, a sinner." Do not you recollect those two who "went up into the Temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican?" The Pharisee says, "God, I thank thee I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust," and so forth. God turns a deaf ear to his requests, if he did make any: probably his prayer was mere empty boast. But the poor Publican comes before God, oppressed with a load of guilt. He feels his unworthiness, and he dares not lift even his eyes to heaven; but he lays those lips of his in the very dust, and there groans out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "And," saith Christ, "that man went to his home justified rather than the other;" for whosoever, like the proud Pharisee, exalteth himself, shall most assuredly be abased; whereas, he that abaseth himself, lays his lips in the dust, like the poor Publican, not daring to lift up his eyes to heaven, but groaning his petitions into the ear of God, by the mercy of God shall he be exalted, even to a seat in heaven. Wouldst thou, then, be forgiven? Pray for forgiveness; pray for pardon through the blood of the Lamb. My friends, there are here many of you great sinners. Some of you, perhaps, have come here to-night from mere curiosity. Well, we are glad to see you, we are glad that anything has brought you to the house of God. But oh, would you pray? Pray for the forgiveness of those great, those heinous offences of yours, and may the Lord have mercy on you. There may be some here—I suppose there are many—who are backsliders. I do not say, poor backslider, that thou hast sinned as David sinned, but thou hast sinned, whether or no. Wouldst thou pray, then? Pray, as he prayed: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Pray thus, and the Lord will answer thee! Ah, Christian, a word with thee—wouldst thou pray? We hardly know how to direct thee what to pray for. Thou hast so many things to ask; surely thou canst never be short of subjects of petition when thou comest before God. Recollect that God is a great God, and when you come to a great God, you ought to ask great things. Ask little things of a great God, if you will, because you are told, in everything, by prayer and supplication, to make your requests known unto him. I do not like the way some people have of keeping all their little troubles, bearing all their little weights, and carrying all their little burdens themselves. Recollect, if a man carries a little burden a great way, it becomes very wearisome. My hearers, it is best to cast all your burdens on the Lord; he will bear them. Do you say, Christian, "What shall I pray for?" We would humbly ask you to pray for your minister. Paul, in almost all his epistles, tell those to

whom he writes, that he makes mention of them always in his prayers; and he particularizes, too; telling them what he prays for; and then in the close of an epistle he comes out with a sentence like this, "Brethren, pray for us." And I am sure the dear Philippians, and Colossians, and Ephesians, and Romans, and Corinthians, and others to whom he wrote, did pray for him. And brethren, we say to you, "we make mention of you in our prayers," with tears streaming down our faces; with clasped hands and earnest hearts, we sometimes intercede for you before God; and we sometimes feel so weak when we are going to speak to you, we know not what to do. And then we pray that God may help us, that he may give us words that may be blessed to you. Surely you will pray for us in your secret retirement in the closet, in the family, when alone, when with others;—brethren, pray for us. Do not forget the church; do not forget the world lying in wickedness; do not forget those nations that are in darkness; do not forget those friends and relatives. You are sometimes not safe in asking God for some particular thing that you desire, because the heart that is within us is so deceitful; it is apt to desire things which are not good for us. However, you are always safe in asking God for those things he has desired you to ask for.

But we are speaking of what you are to pray for; and we say, pray for more faith. Recollect the words of the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." Pray that prayer. Pray especially for the Holy Spirit, that he may be poured upon you, reviving you—poured upon your family, reviving and comforting them—poured upon the church, refreshing, reviving, enlightening it—poured upon the world, that multitudes may be gathered unto the kingdom of God. And there is one more thing—I want now to unload my conscience, to take off the heavy burden that presses on it, and roll it upon you. What say you, brethren? will you pray that God would bless these meetings? will you? We trust you will. Oh, it makes me glad to know, as I look down upon you, that there are hearts that do pray. The Lord bless you! pray more earnestly now, especially for these objects. Think how short the time is; oh! think how we are all dying; think how soon we shall have to appear before the judgment-seat! and oh! by the value of those immortal souls which are around you, by the kindness of God, and by all his promises, we plead with you, and from the depth of our souls beseech you, brethren, to pray that God would now revive his work in our midst.

2. *How are we to pray?*—Pray earnestly. We say this especially to those who are yet unconverted. Pray earnestly that God may have mercy upon you. We say it especially also to those who would see others converted. Behold for a moment that scene. There stands a house. It is night; the dark clouds drift over head. The streets are silent enough now; the lights have been put out in the houses. There, from the bars of the lower rooms, for those lower windows are barred, you behold lurid flames issuing; and now stand by and watch. See how they curl up: see the dark smoke rolling out of the windows; see how it is increasing; see how the flames curl rapidly around the house, spreading out their rude arms, and clasping that house in a very sheet of struggling flame. And now the house is wrapped in a blaze. Hark how the beams crackle; hark how the flames roar! The night wind rises and blows off a great lurid cloud of smoke. There is the house in flames. Do you see that upper window thrown up rapidly? Look! do you not see that white figure? do you not see the woman standing there, on the sill of the window? See how she raises her arms! Harken to her cry, "Help, help, help!" She cries earnestly, and the crowd below send rapidly for the fire-escape; it is placed against the house, and now a man goes up to the window, helps her, and lands her safe among the crowd. Ah, she was in earnest in her petition. Why? She was in danger. Now, sinner, would you have the application, for methinks your conscience has made it already. If material fire—the fire that can consume a building like that—is awful; if it would be awful to be burned, as that woman was in danger of being, by flames of this kind; how much more awful would it be to perish body and soul in hell? Oh! my friends, if you believe there is a hell, then, for the sake of those bodies of yours, as well as for the sake of your souls, pray God with all the intense earnestness of one in danger, to

rear the escape against the house; pray God earnestly to send Jesus, that he may take thee in his arms, bear thee from this place of danger, and set thee safely among his people, that thou mayest be delivered in thy time of peril! Pray earnestly.

Christian, when you behold others around you who are not Christians; when you, who are safe, see others around you who are not safe; when you, who are converted, behold the unconverted, the unclean, the unholy, the unsanctified, the unwashed, the unforgiven; when you behold multitudes around you passing swiftly away into eternity,—oh! we beseech you, consider. It is your duty to pray for them; it is your duty, and a weighty duty too; and God will require it of you at the last day. You cannot cast it off upon the minister, saying that he is hired to pray, and that is enough. I beg your pardon; the minister serveth not man, but God, and many ministers are not hired to do any such thing. It is thy duty to pray thyself, Christian, for the souls of those who are perishing. If thou desirest them to be saved, and if thou wouldst serve thy generation, ease thy conscience, and glorify thy God, then do it. Pray earnestly.

We say, still further, pray *perseveringly*; do not give up. I have heard of those who prayed for months and months for the same thing, and at last they had their requests granted, simply because they continued to implore earnestly that God would answer them. You know what the Lord says in regard to the woman who applied to the unjust judge to be eased of her adversary. "I do not fear God," says the judge; "I do not fear man; I am above the fear of man; I am a judge; but because that woman comes here tormenting me day by day, I will avenge her." Now what says Christ? Does he say, "Take care, do not come to God with your prayers over and over again?" Not he. "How much more," he says, "should God answer those who cry to him, though he bear long with them?" Christian, take comfort! Thy Lord bids thee pray *perseveringly*. "Men ought always to pray," says Christ, "and," because they were wont to decline, he adds, "and not faint." I have heard an anecdote which I shall now relate to you. A poor black child was taken as a slave, snatched from his family and home, borne across the swelling deep, and landed upon a foreign shore. His master kept him for awhile at school, under the charge of a missionary. The missionary one day coming into the school-room, pushed open the door, and heard the voice of some one inside. He looked in, and saw the poor black child praying; so he gently drew the door to, and listened, and he heard the child say: "Great God, I thank thee that thou hast brought me over here, and made me a slave; because, great God, here I have heard of thee, and of Jesus thy Son; and I am happy now. And, great God, my father and mother do not know thee. Great God, send for them; bring them over as slaves, and may they too learn from this missionary about Jesus, and may they too be saved!" Shortly after this, the missionary was walking by the seaside. There he saw a boy upon the beach, looking very earnestly upon the waters. Said he, "My child, what are you looking for?" "Oh," said he, "massa, me see whether Jesus answer prayer." The missionary did not say another word. Day after day that child was on the beach, gazing out to see whether Jesus answered prayer. Time rolled on. One day the missionary was going down to the shore; there he saw a noble ship coming in, the wind filling her white swelling sails. She came in, dashing the foam lightly from her prow. The poor child stood on the shore, intently gazing on the ship. The missionary saw a change coming over his countenance, and the child began to dance most joyfully. The missionary went up to him, and said, "What is the matter?" "Oh, massa, massa! Jesus answer prayer. There father, there mother." "Oh," said the missionary, "are *they* your father and mother?" "Yes," said the child. And let me tell you, that in answer to the boy's persevering prayer, that father and that mother were brought over as slaves; both were brought under the sound of the truth; both were brought to their knees; both wept; both prayed; both believed; both, with their child, became the children of God. Take comfort from this. Child, hast thou an unbelieving father? Pray for him then with all thine heart, day by day, and do not faint. Mother, hast thou an unbelieving son, a poor reckless fellow, who is

going on the way to ruin! Ah! I think my memory can tell me of a mother who had a reckless son, who was treading the path to hell. But her prayers went up to heaven for that child; the tears oftentimes fell from her eyes, for she prayed in intense earnestness and perseverance, and that child was, by the help of God, rescued. Saved by the hand of God was he oftentimes in the hour of peril; and when his mother was upon her knees, little knowing oftentimes, God has delivered that child from sinking in the sea. Ah! that child can look back to the time when he stood on the water-washed deck of the vessel, tossed upon the rolling waves, upon the deep, deep sea. He can remember the time when that vessel, staggering beneath the load of water on her deck, well-nigh sank, and when her very yards were dipped in the waves. He can remember the time when the vessel trembled beneath the mighty shock, when the helmsman loosed the wheel, and all despaired; and he can think of the time when God, by his own power, delivered him from sinking, and saved him for his mercy's sake. That child stands before you to-night. God answers a mother's prayers; they are mighty; they are music in his ears. O mother! hast thou a disobedient and ungodly son? Then pray for him; pray for him; pray, and don't faint, and God will answer thee.

My friends, we must pray *believingly*. Says the book of God, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." If you ask for the Lord's Holy Spirit, you are required to believe in order to receive it; but sometimes you ask for little, trifling, and petty things. Well, if they are in accordance with the will of God, you may expect to receive them; but if you ask for something which God has denied, you have no right to believe that you shall receive it. It is my firm opinion that there was never a believing prayer offered yet that was not answered by God.

You must pray in the name of Jesus. His name is sweet to the sinner, and his name is sweet to God; sweet to the creature, and sweet to the Creator.

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ears!
It calms his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.'

And how sweet the name of Jesus sounds in God the Father's ear! By it we meet with acceptance. And though thou wast filthy as Manasseh; though thou wast guilty as Paul, whose hands were steeped in the blood of the martyr Stephen; though thou wast a traitor like Judas, we tell thee, if thou dost come in the name of Jesus, and pray for salvation, that prayer of thine shall meet with acceptance, for there is One that "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

3. We must speak to you now about *when* to pray. Pray in the early morning, because you will find by experience—and I know there are some of you who can bear me out here—that to rise early in the morning, and to pray to God, is always best. The morning hours, before the business of the world rushes in upon the soul and overwhelms it, are the best. You see in the morning the dew lying upon the grass. By-and-bye, men and beasts spread over that grass, and brush off the dew again; the hot sun also rests on the grass, and it looks withered and faded. So in the morning, when you wake early, and find yourself still with God—when the sweet dew of the Spirit rests calmly, and peacefully, and sweetly upon the soul, then is the time to pray. You recollect, Daniel and David used to pray in the morning, at noon, and at evening. The Lord Jesus prayed continually. One writing of him says, and says with truth—

"Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

Wouldst thou pray like him? Pray often then. You eat often, you need often, you sin often, you breathe often, your heart beats often, you sleep often, you rest often, you labour often, ay, and you are tempted often.

Christian, it is your duty to pray often: the Lord show you this! Pray without ceasing.

4. *Where are we to pray?* Pray in the church. I feel more and more that there is very little prayer in the house of God, compared with what people believe. If you were to look into the hearts of many of those who are assembled, you would find that theirs were not prayers at all; that their thoughts were wandering to the end of the world. It is hard to restrain wandering thoughts—it is hard to curb a wandering spirit; but it must be curbed; you must stir up your flagging soul, and keep its affection upon the object of your petition. Pray in the house of God, Christian, as well as in the closet.

There is one thought more, with respect to this: many of you are in houses of business. I see young men here who stand, perhaps, all day long behind the counter. Now we say to them—You can pray behind the counter as well as elsewhere. Do you try? It would comfort you many a time. It would cheer you when your hearts are cast down, and difficulties lie in your way, if you were to ease your hearts of your burden, and get Christ to lay his hand on you and lift you up. Pray everywhere, without ceasing, making your requests by prayer and supplication, through the Spirit, remembering that Christ intercedes with God for you.

II. CHRIST'S PROMISE.—“Ask,” Christ says—that is his direction, “and it shall be given you”—that is his promise.

Is it necessary, my dear friends, that we should enlarge upon this? Ought not the bare word of the Lord Jesus to be quite sufficient? Nevertheless, in order that your faith may be a little strengthened, if possible, we will say a few words on this subject.

1. You may expect to receive, *because God sees you*. Mark that! I could lead you along some of the dark streets of this great city; I could lead you through the low and narrow doorway, up the rickety staircase, and I could bring you to a lonely chamber, and there I could show you, in one corner, a weak, and worn, and weary woman lying upon the bed of pain. The world knows little or nothing about that woman; she hears the hum of the voices and the roll of the carriages; but she sees nought of the world. She is sick; she is alone. But nay, she is not alone; those worm-eaten boards around her bed have been trodden by many an angel's feet; they kept watch over her at this solemn hour of midnight; ah, and when the arrows of death are flying 'fast around her, angels' arms are stretched out wide to defend her; and when Satan comes to tempt her, angels' voices say, “Get thee hence; thou shalt not tempt her; we are sent to watch over her!” Ay, and the wings, the warm wings of God's love, are stretched over that woman. She is a woman of prayer. You tell me that a king upon his throne is mighty; you tell me that an army is mighty. I tell you that woman is mightier than both together. A king shall die, an army shall pass away; but her prayers die not, her prayers fall not to the ground; they move the arms of Omnipotence. They are recorded in the book of God's remembrance; they are every one answered through Christ. Christian, Christ hears thy prayers. Let me tell thee for thy comfort, there never did roll from those eyes of thine down that furrowed cheek, one tear that was not seen by the eye of him who is Infinite, and caught in the bottle of God. Saith David, “Thou dost put my tears in thy bottle.” There never was a prayer that came, I will not say from thy lips, but there never was one that came from thy heart, that did not ascend on high, winged of God, and enter his very bosom. And oftentimes has God answered thee when thou didst not know it!

2. We say he will answer thy prayers, because *he is able* to do so. Prayer can do anything. What was it divided the waters of the Red Sea for the children of Israel to pass through? You answer, Prayer. What was it brought manna from heaven? Prayer. What was it opened the flinty rock, and caused the waters to leap forth, to gush and gurgle, to roll and dance and stream along the valleys? Prayer. What was it delivered the children of Israel

from the hands of their enemies? Prayer. What was it delivered the prophet Elijah, in the hour of danger? Prayer. What was it delivered Paul and Silas from their dungeon? Prayer. What was it delivered Paul and those who sailed with him over the storm-tossed sea of Adria? Prayer. Prayer is mighty. Prayer has caused the sun of heaven to stand still! Prayer unlocks and opens; and would empty, if it were possible, the very treasure-house of God.

3.—We say, Christian, you may hope, and firmly trust, that God will answer you, *because he has answered already such thousands of prayers in times past.* Will you rise with me, for a moment, to the top of Mount Pisgah? It is not far to go, if you have the wings of faith; but if you have not, you cannot go up at all. If you will stand with me on the top of Mount Pisgah, and gaze upon those “sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,” that “stand dressed in living green,” what will you see there? Says one, “Sir, we shall see the city called celestial.” Ay, and do you see those thousands of white-robed ones thronging the streets of the city? “Yes,” you say. Let me tell you one thing: there is not one white-robed one there that has not breathed prayers in the ear of God; and not one who has not had them answered. But would you look beyond the city? Christian, do you see something far, far beyond it, stretching out in the infinite distance? “Yes,” you say. What is it, Christian? “Ah, sir,” you say, “that is the sea of clear crystal, mingled with flames of living fire” It is so. And do you see those millions on millions that stand upon that sea, dressed in white raiment, crowned with glory? Do you hear how they harp God’s praises? You do! Then let me tell you there is not one there who has not prayed; and not one whose prayer has not been answered of God. Now let me carry you for a moment round the world. You kneel, perhaps, on the Sabbath morning, and at the same moment, in this city, thousands more kneel, and their prayers are accepted. And lying on sick beds, thousands pray, and their prayers go up to God. Ay, and from green islands, far across the blue waters, the breath of prayer ascendeth to God! And from lonely ships that float over the mighty deep, the voice of prayer doth ascend. And from the cold bleak North, and from the warm and barren deserts of the South; from beneath the palm trees of the land we love to think of—the land of Judea; ay, and from the halls and palaces of kings; from many a lonely dungeon, from many a crowded city, the voice of prayer ascendeth, and God answers these millions and millions of prayers. And now, let the conclusion be forced home on thy mind. If God has answered the prayers of thousands of the redeemed in heaven; if he daily answers the prayers of thousands of his own people on earth, will he refuse to answer thine? Surely not.

4.—I have another reason for thinking he will not—*God’s firm promise.* Says Christ, “Ask, and it *shall* be given.” A dear old Christian that I heard of not long since, speaking to a lady, said, “I like to have the Book of God laid open before me when I am on my knees.” “Why?” she asked. “Because, ma’am, I look down, and I see the promises in the name of God, and I like to lay my finger on them, and say, ‘Heavenly Father, I have got my finger, just now, on the promise; *there* are the words, heavenly Father, answer them.’ It does my faith good,” he said; “it makes it stronger.” Now, Christian, there lies the promise, “it shall be given you.” What have you got to say to that? Are not “all the promises of God, yea and amen in Christ Jesus?” Are they not certain of fulfilment? and canst thou doubt? I have something solemn to say to you. The heavens above are broad and blue; there is many a star hung in the infinite depths of darkness; there is many a white cloud that floats overhead in the summer’s sun; there is many a black cloud that drifts before the cold winter’s blast. Broad are the heavens above. But, let me tell you, the day is coming when those heavens shall be one vast sheet of flame, and they shall curl and roll round and round, and pass for ever away with the noise of mighty thunder; but God’s promise shall remain. Cast your eyes around this world. There is many a mountain upon this world that casts its red rocky roots into the very bowels of the earth. The world is wide. But let me tell you this world presently shall,

beneath the foot of Omnipotence, tremble. "Behold, he cometh with clouds!" "The earth, and all that is in it, shall be dissolved; the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but God's promises shall last then. Far, far above yon stars they are written—written in the book of truth. They shall last though the sun become black as midnight, the moon red as blood, and the stars of heaven fall, even as the leaves of the fig-tree shaken by the blast. But though clouds roll away and depart, though the earth quake and be burned up, yet those promises shall stand, for they are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Canst thou doubt now, Christian? Say "Lord, it is enough, help thou mine unbelief."

My dear friends, you may be sure the Lord will answer the prayers you utter, if you present them in the name of Christ. Christian, Christ intercedes with God for you on high. Behold that scene! Burdened beneath the weight of many a sin, cast down, and with his lips in the dust, lies there the poor penitent sinner! And now listen to his groanings; hear what he hath to say. He saith, "God have mercy on me a sinner!" Now rise, rapidly rise, like an archangel; ay, rise to heaven. Seest thou that great white throne, on which sitteth the Eternal? and seest thou that bright One within the palace of his glory? Thou canst see his feet; thou canst behold his glistening raiment; thou canst see his clasped hands; thou canst catch his earnest gaze; thou canst hear his sweet words. What prayeth Christ in the ear of God? Hearken, saith Christ, "Father, have mercy upon him." Wait awhile. Sinner, speak on. What sayest thou? "Lord," saith the sinner, "forgive my sins." Saith Christ, "Father, forgive his sins." Says God, "I will;" and the deed is done. Look at that up-turned face now! Do you see the smile of joy that plays over those care-worn features? The burden has fallen into the tomb; the soul is washed in the blood of Christ. And now hearken! sweet notes resound from the starry heavens above. What notes of music are those that come thrilling down from the abode of the blessed? Oh, they are the sweet voices of angels. And, methinks, if ever they can weep with tenderness and love, they weep now; and they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; another sinner has been redeemed by his blood! We will meet him in heaven, clasp his hands, and lead him with the Lamb to fountains of living waters." Behold that other sinner; there kneels a Christian. You see that broken instrument lying there? "Yes," you say, "what is that?" My friends, it is a broken harp; it has got out of tune. And do you see that crown thrown in the dust. "Yes," you say, "whose crown is that?" It is the crown of a king. And now do you see the sackcloth on the man? You do! and ashes sprinkled on his head? You do. And how earnest the man is now! He is praying. Hearken to him! What saith he? He saith, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Now listen. What saith Christ? "I will." The deed is done. Now wait. Seest thou King David rising from the dust? He throws off the sackcloth; he washes his face, his tears are wiped away. He takes his harp and strings it. And now do you hear his sweet strains? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." Ah! you have it there! And how is all this? Why, Christ prays on high for David, who prays below; and David below gets the blessing from God above.

My dear friends, learn from this subject lessons which you should put in practice every day. Pray believingly; pray in the name of Christ; pray for the Spirit; pray for help through and by the Spirit. And know this, that thy prayers go not up to God naked, bare, barren, filthy. Nay, nay; ere they reach heaven Christ taketh them; he taketh away the dross; he sprinkleth them with his own blood, and then he putteth them in the "vial full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints," and he poureth them out in the presence of God his Father.

And now we are about to part for the evening; I have one request to make. My object in taking this subject to-night is, that I may move you to pray earnestly that God would revive his work among you now. Oh! if all of you would but unite together, and pray for this object, what glorious results might we not look

for? "And is it true that God still sits upon his throne!" As surely as that lamp burns there, so surely does God sit upon his burning throne of light above. "And is it true that Christ intercedes for us?" Have you been listening to me for the last hour or two? You have! As surely as I stand here with my hands upon the book of God; as surely as you have listened to the words of my mouth this night, so surely at this very moment, and I speak it with solemn feelings of awe, Christ liveth and Christ prayeth. And now, Christian, if Christ still prays, and if God is unchanged, what may you not hope for? My brethren, will you pray? We do most earnestly and solemnly beseech you in the name of the great God, who has this night heard us, and who—oh! solemn thought!—who is here, in the name of that God, and for the sake of those dying souls, we beseech you to intercede for us with God. My brethren, I leave this with you. Will you now go solemnly to your homes? will you there fall upon your knees? Will you come up to this house on the Sabbath day, as many of you as can, together? Will you here join in prayer? Will you, here with me, and with those who shall meet together on Monday evening, when I hope to be among you, join in prayer for the out-pouring of the Spirit? Will you send in poor sinners?—

"Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call."

Will you send in such as these? And will you with earnestness and faith implore the blessing of God? If you do—and we speak advisedly—we say, you shall receive. For God hath promised, if ye ask ye shall receive, and his promise standeth sure.

SERMON III.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."—JOHN XV. 12.

You must not be surprised, my brethren, to hear me assert that I believe there is but one being in this assembly who possesses true love, pure love, real love, holy love. And I will go further: there is but one in this vast city, there is but one in this country, there is but one in this world, that has this true, pure, holy love. That One is God. "GOD IS LOVE." And, mark you, not only is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit—not only are they, if we may so speak of them, love individually, but conjointly they are love. For the three-one God, Jehovah, he is love; and the three persons, the Father, the Son, the Spirit, each of them individually is love. We need not go far to prove this. The Scriptures state that God is love—himself Jehovah, or three-one. And I am sure we have the experience each of us, that the Father is love, that the Son is love, that the Holy Spirit is love. Is not the Father love to us? Oh, yes! He it was that created us by the word of his mouth; he it was that gave his Son for us—a Father's gift it was. Is the Son love? Oh, yes! He it was who left highest heaven, and came to suffer—a proof of love; and died—the deepest love that; and rose to intercede for us—still love. And is the Spirit love? Now, my brethren, here we must blush, for we are all guilty. We speak of the love of the Father in giving the Son to die for us; we speak of the love of the Son in dying for us; but which of us speaks of the love of the Holy Ghost? Why, one would think sometimes there was no such person in the Trinity as the Holy Spirit, we seem to think so little of him as a person; more as an emanation from the Father and the Son, more a manifestation of their power than anything else. These things ought not to be, for the Holy Ghost is the third person in the Trinity, and he is love.

You ask, what will prove the love of the Holy Spirit? Look at the book lying before us—look at the Bible. Why, who inspired every word of it—those sweet words, those loving words, those tender words, those kind words, those blessed words, those invitations, those promises, those precepts—the Spirit, was it not? Who was it strove with thee, year after year, that thou mightst be brought to the knowledge of Jesus—was it not the Spirit? Oh! his love. And I do believe that the Spirit is striving with many that are here this morning. We need not go further in proof of God's love. We make the assertion, we leave it with you, that God the Father is love, that God the Son is love, and God the Spirit is love—God himself, Jehovah, the three-one, the triune—is love.

It is not wonderful, then, that the Lord Jesus insists so much upon love. John—that holy man, who loved Christ more than all the rest, or, at all events, showed his love to him, as a person, more than all the rest—John, whom the Saviour is said to have loved especially, and whose head rested oftentimes on the dear Redeemer's bosom—John was the most lovely and the loving of all the apostles, and in his epistle, he insists more than any of the rest upon love. But hear the word of the Lord Jesus himself. Says Christ: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." May the spirit of God assist us while we speak to you a few words upon this subject.

Now, my brethren, these words are deeply important; and these words are wonderful words, coming from the lips of Jesus. They are holy words, for Christ only spake holy words; they are heavenly words—they were spoken by him who came down from heaven, who spake in the language of heaven, and they

are such words as would be spoke in heaven, that place of love. They are the words of Jesus—they are the commands of Jesus ; oh, how imperative, then, are they as his commands ! And, mark you, they are the dying commands of Jesus. There sits one, who has never forgotten the dying words of her parent ; when her father lay upon his death-bed, he spake some words, and those words have ever since dwelt enshrined in the secret place—the memory within. But here we have the words of Jesus, the dying words, the last words almost ; and shall we not love them, treasure them, think of them ? Let us do so. What are they ? “ This,” saith Christ, “ is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.” While I am with you for the short time, I mean to speak to you upon this text, I should like you to lift your hearts from time to time to God, asking for his help. And, my brethren, receive what is said, as I trust it will be spoken, in all humility, and in the name of Christ.

I. I have now a solemn statement to make : I look round upon you, and I am deeply impressed with the sad, sad thought, that YOU DO NOT AS CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER AS YOU SHOULD. My brethren, slander proves it, envy proves it, strife proves it, poverty proves it—all these things tell me this truth. That hateful thing slander ; why do ye slander one another ? I daresay there are some who backbite here. If you backbite those who deserve not your evil words, what are you doing ? Certainly you are sinning, not only against man but against God. Here, I would just say one word of comfort to those who are ill-treated in this manner. Do not mind it. It is just like blowing a mouthful of smoke on a brilliant diamond ; it may cloud the brilliancy of the diamond for a time, but it is soon rubbed off. What a wicked thing is that slander ! It is as weak as well as a wicked enemy. It dare not meet you in the battle, it dare not meet you face to face, and strike you down with a blow, Slander is secret ; it seeks the poisonous herb ; then, it poisons the arrow ; then, it waits in ambush for you ; then, it draws the bowstring with its wicked arm ; then, it takes aim at the heart, and lets the poisoned and barbed arrow fly. Slander is a base enemy. My brethren, beware of this slander—it is an evil thing. How we ought to reprove it when we see it in others ! A good man once remarked on this subject : “ Whenever I hear anybody slandering, I turn them to the Old Testament, and I find them out that commandment of God, “ Thou shalt not curse the DEAF.” Think of that ! If you backbite and slander, you are cursing the deaf, because they do not hear you. You are doing wrong—remember this. I am sure slander proves that we do not love one another as we ought. And contempt proves it ; we too often look upon each other coldly and unkindly. These things ought not to be. Does not this prove the want of love ? And poverty proves it, too. If we loved each other as we ought, there would not be a Christian in need, there would not be a pauper in our midst ; there would not be one who wanted food, who wanted raiment, or who wanted friends, because we would give them food if we had it, we would give them raiment if we had it, and we would be their friends. Want proves that we do not love one another. Ay, and strife proves it, too. You complain that others do not love you—it is because you do not love them ; that others are not more kind to you—it is because you are not more kind to them. If you were more loving others would love you more. It reminds me of what a little child once said to her father. He asked her how it was that everyone loved her ? She replied, I do not know, but I suppose it is because I love everybody. Now, you complain that others do not love you. See to it that you love others. “ The love of Christ constraineth us.” Let us constrain others by our love to them.

II. I pass from this solemn and sad charge, and I go on to mention CERTAIN CORDS THAT SHOULD BIND US MORE CLOSELY TOGETHER IN LOVE. “ This is my commandment,” saith Christ, “ that ye love one another as I have loved you.”

The first thing to remember is *our common salvation*, my brethren ; just think of what we have been ; just think of what we were ; just think of the sins we have each of us committed ; just think of the low state into which each of us has sunk ; just think how we were diseased from head to foot, covered with the

eruption of leprosy. Should we hate one another? Nay; Christ forbids it. Think of what he has done for us. We were prisoners, and he has burst this prison-house and set us free. Should we hate each other? We should love one another, remembering our common salvation. We were exiles; he has brought us home. Should we hate each other? We should love one another, remembering our common salvation. We were strangers on the face of the earth; he has made us children of the same God. We should love each other, remembering our common salvation. We were condemned to death and under a curse; he has brought us from death unto life. We should love one another, remembering our common salvation. See that vessel, tossed on the stormy surges of the deep! See how the tempest lashes the waters with fury, and drives the vessel before it. The vessel is driven on a rock, and is shattered there; the masts go by the board, and the sailors are flung into the sea. The waves lift them, and they cling tightly to yon mast; they hold it, and what a grip they have of it. Now, do you think that these sailors, tossed on the surges, and clinging to that mast—do you think that they will fall out with each other? God forbid! They will cling there to the last; and if one should loosen his hold, and be washed away, the others would cling to the mast more tightly with one hand, and with the other try to draw their perishing companion back. So it is with us. We are tossed on the stormy surges of life. Let us, then, cling to and grasp our only hope, and love each other the better. Just think where we are now. Will those shipwrecked mariners, standing on the rock, saved, fall out? No; you will see them clasp each other in their arms, and thank God that they are safe. So it should be with us; we should love one another, remembering our common salvation.

In considering the things which should bind us more closely together, remember, we are *brethren*. Who is our Father? Why, that high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity. What is our name? The blessed name of *Christ* we are called by; we are Christians. What raiment do we wear? Why, as brothers and sisters, God has clothed us in the garments of salvation. He has taken from our backs the filthy raiment of rags, and has clothed us in the clean, pure, white linen of salvation; clothed us in the robes of Christ's righteousness. Then, finding we are all clothed in the same raiment, let us love each other more as brethren. And what table do we sit down to? We all sit down at the Lord's table. Yes, there we are brethren; then let us love each other as brethren. What bread do we eat? The bread of the body of our Lord. What wine do we drink? The wine of the blood of our Lord. Then, we are brethren, and ought to love one another. More than that, whose servants are we? God's servants. Then, we are brethren, and should love each other more. What is our inheritance? The inheritance beyond the grave, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not. Then, we are brethren. That man in the gallery is my brother, though I know him not, and I am his brother; then we should love each other. Here are two men who are at enmity; let them remember that they are brethren, let them be more closely united together, being bound together with this cord of love.

I pass on to make a few more remarks upon this subject. There is another spiritual bond that should bind us together still more closely. *It is the mutual love that exists between Christ and his people.* Now, think of that. All believers love Christ. He is the common centre of attraction. You see the earth and the other planets revolving around the sun—the sun attracts them. The Lord Jesus is our sun, our centre; we are all attracted towards him and revolve around him. Do not let us fall out, then. This bond is a bond of unity; let us feel it to be a bond of unity—a real bond of unity. The Lord Jesus is the One that we all love and admire; let us, in loving and admiring him, be the more closely united. Just think of this: if we love Christ warmly, should we not love each other warmly. I gaze upon one there whom I do not know—he loves the Lord Jesus; and should I not love him, because we both love Christ. A few days ago a poor woman came to me. "I wish to speak to you," she said; "I am in want

I knew better circumstances once. I moved in a superior rank once; I associated with so and so,"—mentioning the names of some titled persons. Well, I did not feel much interest in her on that account; but, presently, she touched my heart,—and how do you think she did it? "Once," she said, "I moved in a different sphere, among those who were rich and respected, and in those days, twenty years ago, I knew one whom you know and whom you love." "Who was it?" I asked. "I knew your mother," she said. Ah, there was an interest felt in her directly. My brethren, I cannot go on describing the rest of the interview. I assure you, that if we love Jesus each of us, we should each of us love each other. And then the thought *that the Lord loves each of us*, ought not that to bind us together? We love tenderly the words of Christ. Most sweet words are they. And we love the works of Christ. Sometimes I have gazed at a flower, and I have thought, "Fair flower, Christ formed you." A gentleman said to me the other day, pointing out a little dog in his house, "Sometimes I look at that dog, and I feel a warm love for it. I said, 'How so?'" "The fact of it is," he replied, "I look upon that dog as being made by the Lord Jesus, and I love it for his sake." Well, if we love these creatures, if we love the flowers, if we love the things about us for his sake, because he made them, how much more should we love those whom he loves? My brethren, let us love one another.

Now, there is one more point, one which should keep us the more closely together,—the remembrance that *in the world to come we shall love each other purely and perfectly*. Oh! that sweet thought. Now, two of you, perhaps, have fallen out. I am sure you are guilty some of you in this matter; I cannot point my finger to the persons; but here they sit. How was it, Christians! First, a little coldness sprung up; then, there was not the same cordiality; then, there was not the same shake of the hand; then, by-and-by, the cold shoulder was given; then, the shrug; and then, you passed each other, one on this side of the street, and the other on that. Now, just look upon these two cold Christians; they have fallen out. Would you like to see something in contrast to this! You say you would. Go with me up to the fields of love above. First, look at that bank of green. Why, who are these two who sit together in fellowship! How they clasp each other's hands! Who are these? Look at them; how they walk with each other over the plains of light, rejoicing in each other's company! Would you believe it, they are the very same two men. Ah Christians, Christians! there is a lesson for you; blush, blush, to think that you should fall out as you do. Be united. Let these things bind you more closely together. And let this be your bond of unity: *love—love—LOVE—LOVE*.

III. But, says one, "How should I love others? WHAT SHOULD BE THE MEASURE OF MY LOVE?" For a moment I will speak to you about this. We should love others—how? Ask Christ. He says, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." There it is. See his love to us. Follow his example. You say, "Is his love to us to be the measure of my love?" Exactly so. What we have to do is to ascertain how the Lord Jesus Christ loved us. He loved us before we loved him; he loved us when we did not deserve to be loved. Let us love others even before they love us, and even before they deserve our love; not loving what is sinful in them, but loving them with a holy love; not loving them immoderately, but loving them with a wise love. The Lord Jesus loved us as none other ever loved us, with a warmth which surpasses the warmth of other love,—with a tenderness above the tenderness a mother feels towards her child,—with a strength greater than the strength of a father in his love towards his children. Such ought to be our love for others; warm, burning within the bosom; tender, we should not hurt them,—nay, no more than a mother would hurt her first-born and best-loved; and mighty, too. Let us love each other in this way. The Lord Jesus loved us through thick and thin perseveringly. Just think how he loved Peter. Peter denied him; Christ loved him. Peter used oaths; Christ loved him still. Peter swore he never knew him; Christ looked upon him and melted him down. Christ loved to the end. Christians, do you the same. Others are cold; do you be warm. They treat you with unkindness; do

you take coals of fire and put upon the tops of their heads. Melt down this mountain of snow by kindness, by warmth. *Persevere in this love to the end.* There is one more thing about the love of Christ which is very remarkable: *he loved to the death*; he gave up his life, when it was necessary, to redeem us. And if necessary, we should be able to give up our lives, if we would save others. I have heard of mothers giving up their own lives for the sake of their children. A mother did so in a fire at Walworth the other day, to save her step-children. Giving her own into the care of a neighbour, she rushed up into the room where her step-children were. The flames cut off her return, and she perished along with the children whom she tried to save.

Should that woman set us an example? She should! Of what? Of this—love, self-denying love, self-devoting love, love to the death. Yea, we should be willing to do anything for those whom Jesus loved, even to die for them. In Alexandria, at the time of the plague, the heathen, when their friends became plague-infected, just bundled them into carts, and sent them out of the city, and there let them die. But the Christians did very differently; they went from house to house, waited upon the sick and the suffering, and taught the heathen a lesson they never forgot. In the performance of this Christian duty of love to their fellow-men, they often caught the plague themselves and died in consequence. Still they persevered. And I have heard mention of missionaries who have entered the hospitals of the lazars in Africa—those infected with leprosy—knowing they would never come out again—who have gone in to bear to the poor sufferers the knowledge of the truth, and to comfort them with the blessed promises of the gospel. And should not we learn a lesson from these examples,—the lesson of love to others, of love even to the death.

IV. There is one more remark, and then I have done. **WE SHOULD SHOW OUR LOVE TO OTHERS—HOW!** *As Christ shows his love to us.* How does Christ show it? *He shows his love to us by forgiving all our iniquities*, no matter how many there are; dark, heinous, filthy, he wipes all away at once; he sponges out the black record; he cleanses us from every stain; wraps us in his own raiment of righteousness; gives us the promise of the inheritance above. Let us, then, forgive all unkindness, all uncharitableness, upon the part of our brethren. There is one little precept given by the Apostle that I have sometimes applied to my soul with great comfort. Do you take it, think over it, practise it, carry it out. It is, "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." Two Christians, I heard of some time since, once fell out; they were eminent men, devoted men; however, they parted. Towards sundown, one of them sat down—his heart smote him, he had been to prayer, he had been weeping, and he had told God about it—he sat down and wrote this letter to his brother: "Dear brother. The sun is just going down. Yours, very affectionately." And then he signed his name. What do you think of that? You see the meaning of it—"Yours very affectionately!" Now, do you do the same. Are you at enmity with any one this morning? Do not let this night's sun go down before you sign yourself, "Yours very affectionately." Forgive all unkindness. Then, there is another rule. Be slow to take offence. Do you remember that Christ was slow to take offence? He was long-suffering. Do you be so. I heard of a negro who had a quarrelsome partner, and the way he managed her was this: whenever she behaved unkindly to him, he would go up to her, take her hand, and say, "My dear, let us go to prayer." She could not resist that; he would never take offence—slow was he to be offended. Do you learn a lesson from this humble Christian; do not be too proud to learn from such.

There is another lesson. Love as the Lord loved. How did he love? *He ministered to all our necessities.* Have you a want that Christ does not supply? Not one. Then do not let others want when you can supply their necessities. Is there a poor brother? Give to him of your substance. Minister to each other's necessities. There is one more lesson. Loving others as God loved us, let us pray for them. I think, next to Christ's living for us, suffering for us, dying for us, his praying for us in glory teaches us a lesson of his love that nothing else can teach. He perseveres in prayer he is earnest in prayer at the right hand of

God. Oh, then, if you love each other, love each other in your prayers. I would beseech you to pray for each other as Christians; I would beseech you to pray for each other as children of God; I would beseech you to remember your minister in your prayers. And if you ever think of the unworthy servant of God, who would wish to impress these simple truths upon your hearts and do you good, why, think of him in the hour of prayer, and at the throne of grace ask for those blessings which he and you need.

Here I would leave the subject; but a word, now, to the unconverted. I just wish to give them one test, ere we part, with which to try themselves. That one test is this—it is the test of the apostle John—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Where art thou, unconverted man, unconverted woman, unconverted child? Can you say, you love the brethren? Can you say, you have passed from death to life? You cannot say either the one or the other. Well, being brought to conviction by this charge coming home to you, rest not until you find forgiveness of your sins in Christ, and until, standing complete in Jesus, you look around on Christ's children, loving them as you should.

My brethren, I have not spoken on this subject all I might, or as I might. But, I trust that God will be glorified in our midst; that his strength will be made perfect in our weakness; and, inasmuch as we cannot handle this interesting and important subject as we should, that God will handle it, and so apply and cause these things to dwell in your souls, that each of you, loved of the Lord Jesus Christ, longed for, prayed for; that each of you may be epitomes of love; that each of you may be examples of love; that each of you may be treasuries of love; that each of you may be sources of love; that each of you may be bound up by the bond of love amongst the loving saints, and at last be united to him whose name is Love, in the land of love. I ask it, I am sure, in Christ's name.

PREACHING FOR THE MILLION.

THREE SERMONS

BY THE

REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS,

OF NEW COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,

TOGETHER WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY,

AND A

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT.

LONDON :

JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER HOUSE COURT,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1858.



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Hyattian Guinness.

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. W. HUNT

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MEN who can speak freely in the language of common life, says the Editor of the *Christian World*, will rarely, if ever, fail to catch the ear of the multitude—no matter what may be the topics on which they discourse. This fact is so palpable, and the cause of it so obvious, that nobody who reflects upon the subject for a moment can help wondering that ministers of religion should have so uniformly used scholastic or technical phraseology when preaching the gospel. But sermons of this nature will never greatly attract and influence the uneducated—and these have ever been, and are still, the great majority of the nation. The truth is, the language of the schools and the language of the people are quite different dialects; and hence ministerial training produces the very opposite effect from that for which it is designed.

But it may be asked, perhaps, why is this? Is knowledge, in itself, or in its acquisition, an evil? Not at all. It is the "*little learning*," which is here a "dangerous thing." The young minister acquires learning, but stops short before he learns how to use it; or, rather, while acquiring knowledge, he, in some sense, unlearns his native tongue, and acquires a mode of speech which is comparatively without signification in the ears of the people.

This may be illustrated by comparing the success of what are called well-trained and efficient ministers, with that of some who have entered the field without scholastic training. Take the cases of Haldane and Aikman, who, without a theological education, extended their power and success over the whole of Scotland, and called into being a hundred churches, which now constitute a thriving body. The power of these mighty men lay mainly, under God, in speaking to the people in their own tongue in which they were born. Because they did simply this, their preaching was everywhere attended with eager and listening throngs. Equally pertinent is the case of Howell Harris, in Wales, who gathered the body of what are called Calvinistic Methodists there. The one secret of his greatness and success, was his access to the hearts of the people through the simple language of the people. That he had more of piety, or more of eloquence, in the common acceptation of the term, than many a minister whose influence has been confined within the bounds of his single parish, does not appear.

The whole history of Methodism is a living illustration of the same thing. It swept the people like a rushing mighty wind, when it first came up in England, because it put off the scholastic costume, and approached them in their own familiar dress. Whitfield, Wesley, and Rowland Hill had indeed been trained in the schools. Afterwards, however, to some extent, they learned the common use of the English language; but what was more, they caused their own thoughts and views to find utterance by thousands of tongues that had never learned the dialect of the schools. Their power was that of countless lay preachers, who, animated by their spirit, went forth, as in primitive times, "the Lord working with them, confirming the word by signs following."

The true source of the great power of Methodism, when it first came in

undoubtedly, was the employment of uneducated men, we could preach in no other than the language of the people. By this means she spoke directly to the understanding, and the hearts of her hearers. By this means she awoke around herself a sympathy in the popular mind, and reached *stratum* which could be reached only in a very imperfect degree by a learned ministry. To those who had themselves been well instructed, and were capable of appreciating truth when put forth in logical forms, and according to the educated modes of thought, the rude speech of many of the lay exhorters was distasteful and repellent. The itinerant preachers, therefore, went into the outskirts of the towns and parishes, and drew in many of those who had fallen off from the established congregations. In this way, so far as they taught the truth, they did a good work. And in proportion as they taught the truth, as it is in Jesus, they were instrumental in doing incalculable good. But our concern now is with this popular feature of their work, which shows where their strength lay; and what, in a qualified sense, will be needful for us, if we would seize and hold that order of mind among the masses which we have too much failed to reach.

This view is confirmed, in another way, by the more recent experience of Methodism. About in the same proportion as it has been taking to itself an educated ministry of late, it has been losing its hold upon the popular interest. True, other causes have conspired with this. But this, viewed in connexion with the fact that the results of the system, as exhibited in experience, have worked against it, must be taken as the main cause of its decline.

If we need further illustration of the power accruing to the preacher from the use of the language of the people, we find it in the instance of Luther—whose case, by the way, shows it not to be impossible to combine the power of learning and culture with high perfection in the language of the masses. In nothing was Luther more wonderfully fitted to be the great Reformer that he was, than in his rare combination of acquired and native talents. He was one of the strong men among the learned, and especially mighty in the Scriptures, and, at the same time, while speaking to the people, he was eminently one of them. In reading his writings, we have often paused to admire the simplicity, transparency, and force of his thought and diction. His conceptions take such simple forms, and come forth in such common and easy words that the humblest mind takes the full impression of it at a glance. Thus none of his strength is wasted in the air, but the concentrated energy of his soul grasps the hearer's mind, and carries it on irresistibly to his conclusion. If you inquire what one quality of Luther's mind, more than any other, made him the Samson who had strength to grasp the pillars of the idol temple and carry them away, we answer it was his power of throwing the natural and acquired energies of his soul into the living language of the people.

Bunyan is another eminent example of the same point. His training was not at all in the schools. And yet John Owen, the prince of the Puritan theologians, has said of him, "Give me the Tinker's power to preach, and you shall have all my learning." Bunyan's "Pilgrim" has travelled far over the earth, and spoken to men of all climes, and has everywhere carried a resistless charm to the popular mind; and, through that immortal work, Bunyan continues to preach the gospel, with a voice unbroken by age. If, now, you undertake to scan the elements of his power you will find none more prominent among them than his use of the idiom of the masses of the people. His whole habit of thought and speech was formed among them, and though gifted by nature with the higher attributes of genius, and by grace with a soul inflamed with the love of Christ, and with a deep and broad experience of the conflicts between nature and grace in the heart, all the issues of his mind went out through channels of communication with fellow-minds that had been formed in converse with the masses. His calling, as a traveller tinker, had brought him into connexion with all sorts of people. His mind, so to speak, had fused itself with theirs; and their speech had become his own, so that when he came to speak to them of Christ and redemption, he was prepared to speak in thoughts and words which could not fail to penetrate their minds.

The fact is equally palpable in the present day, and among ourselves; and we have a delightful illustration of it in the person and ministry of the Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness.

The commercial axiom, that demand creates supply, is true to a large extent, in reference to sacred as well as secular things. In religious matters, however, we see not only the beautiful operation of natural laws, but also the evident workings of Divine Providence. The history of the church in all ages testifies to the encouraging fact, that men have been raised up, and exactly fitted for the performance of the precise work which the times they lived in required to be done. It has frequently happened, moreover, that the instruments provided have been of a description in no way calculated, in the estimation of men, [to work out the desired end. Indeed, it is never by human wisdom that great spiritual objects are accomplished.

It is the conviction of many, that the Rev. H. G. Guinness is raised up to do a large portion of the evangelistic work which it is, on all hands, admitted will have to be done before the masses of the people shall come to know, even theoretically, the essential principles of the Gospel, much less be brought under their elevating and saving power; and the peculiar circumstances, which partake largely of the nature of the providential, which have attended his early career, may well lead to the conviction, that he is following in the path marked out for his steps by the all-wise Disposer of events. Mr. Guinness has of late been drawing immense congregations, at Whitfield's Tabernacle, Moorfields, on Sabbath-days, both morning and evening, and wherever else he appears on the week-day evenings.

He was born in August, 1836, at Montpelier House, near Kingstown, about six miles from Dublin. His father was brother to Mr. Guinness, the brewer, of Dublin stout celebrity, and was an officer in the army; and his mother, the widow of Captain D'Esterre, who fell in a duel with the late Daniel O'Connell, some thirty-five years ago. He was brought up, and well instructed by his pious parents in the knowledge of Divine truth. He was educated at Cheltenham, and afterwards at Exeter, under the Rev. Dr. Mills, and the Rev. C. Worthy; both of these gentlemen entertained the highest esteem and regard for him. In his boyhood, he was the subject of strong convictions; but about four years ago, he determined to go to sea, having become careless and indifferent about the one thing needful. He left this land, and wandered over the shores of Mexico, the West Indies, Texas, through the Caribbean Seas, &c., and having been absent for some time, he at length returned home. During the voyage, the ship was nearly being lost on two occasions, and it was chiefly owing (the captain states to the steadiness and great presence of mind displayed by young Guinness, that the ship was preserved. About the years 1854—55, he again set out on a voyage to the East Indies. Soon after the ship sailed, they were obliged to put back, in a half-wrecked condition, and he, being attacked by a most serious and alarming illness, was quite unable to proceed on this voyage; and returned to his home at Cheltenham, apparently in a dying state.

It was about this time that it pleased the Lord to open his eyes, and that he was brought to feel his backsliding state; and being fully convinced of what he was, and how he had grieved the Holy Spirit, and having obtained peace in believing, he, at once, with the help of the Divine Spirit, determined to spend and be spent in his Master's service, and for this purpose he entered New College, London, under his kind friend and tutor, the late Dr. Harris—this was about January, 1856. He also induced his brother, Mr. Wyndham Guinness, to leave the sea, and to enter New College, where he now is, studying with a view to the Christian ministry; and by his advice, his younger brother also, Mr. Frederick Guinness, entered Lady Huntingdon College, at Cheshunt. Truly, their mother is blessed in having three such sons devoted to the service of the Redeemer!

Concerning any man or work, receiving much public attention, there will, of course, be formed many and very diverse opinions. Mr. Guinness proves no exception to the rule. He was first heard of in London in the beginning of last

year, as a "laborious, pious, earnest, and pathetic preacher," and possessed of "more than ordinary talent," at which time he commenced preaching in the open air, in London. At times thousands were attracted; and he has been obliged to have policemen to protect him, he has been so insulted and molested by Roman Catholics. Nothing daunted, he persevered, preaching for months, and distributing afterwards thousands of Drummond's tracts; and we sincerely trust that much good was done. About August, he visited Cheltenham, and preached almost every evening in the Promenade to thousands—people of all ranks listening most attentively. He also was invited to preach in the Town Hall; and great numbers appeared to have been brought to a state of conviction, and his house was literally besieged by old and young anxious inquirers. There have been, at times, fifty in a day at his house.

Afterwards he proceeded to Birmingham, where he preached to thousands, both in the open air and in chapels, and here numbers appeared to have been in a most anxious state about their souls. He remained in this place about three weeks, and then proceeded to Wednesbury, and daily, for about a fortnight, assisted by his brother, he descended the shaft of the mines, to a depth of 600 feet, and preached the gospel to these poor benighted men. In October, 1856, he visited Exeter; where he preached every night, except Saturdays, for nearly three weeks, to the most crowded congregations—hundreds being obliged to go away, unable to gain admission. Numbers in the city of Exeter are said to have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus, during this visit, and bless the day that he went amongst them. He then visited Cornwall; and in all the towns he preached in, thousands were collected to hear him. Since then, he has visited many other counties in England; and we understand it is his intention to visit Wales, Scotland, and also his native land, Ireland, this summer, and at no distant period, if spared, to visit America and Australia. On these, as well as on other accounts, it has been suggested that a Wesley and a Whitfield were about to have their parallels in a Spurgeon and a Guinness.

Having, as we have said, gained extensive notice, and preached to immense gatherings of the people in the south-western part of England, Mr. Guinness came to London, to resume his studies at New College, and preached several special revival sermons at the Independent Chapel, Fetter Lane. The place was crowded with people, and the general impression produced, we are assured, was deep and good. It was observed that the Rev. Dr. Campbell was present at one of these services, and this circumstance led to the youthful evangelist being invited to occupy the pulpit of the Tabernacle, of which, as doubtless most of our readers are aware, Dr. Campbell, Editor of the *British Standard* and *Christian Witness*, is the pastor. If this be so—and it is certain that Mr. Guinness has now, for many weeks, actually preached at the Tabernacle, whatever may have been the originating cause—then we may infer that Dr. Campbell, who is no mean judge of ministerial, as well as general ability and worth, believed that he discerned qualities in Mr. Guinness calculated for popular usefulness.

But Mr. Guinness had not preached half-a-dozen times in the metropolis, before adverse criticisms were expressed. One gentleman after hearing him at Commercial Road Chapel, says: "I was much disappointed. There was something singularly eccentric in the preacher's manner, from the beginning to the end of the service; such as keeping his seat for several minutes after the singing was ended, previous to reading the lesson, and the giving out of his text; and pausing in his discourse, at times not a little astonishing to his congregation, who might have come to the conclusion that he had lost himself. Altogether, it was anything but a sermon that I expected to hear from a man, of whom so much had been said." Another friendly critic animadverts upon the "long pauses," and "cannot divine the motive" for them. We, however, are glad to know that this habit, which had anything but a pleasing effect upon the audience, is less frequently witnessed.

We ourselves have, says the aforesaid writer, in the *Christian World*, made two Sunday-evening visits to the Tabernacle. On both occasions, that immense place

of worship—the largest but one, we believe, in the metropolis—was crowded to excess; and from what we could judge, no inconsiderable portion of the people were unaccustomed to public worship, but were drawn out by the fame of the preacher.

The moment you observe him you can hardly fail to be struck with his appearance. It is decidedly singular, and rather prepossessing. In person he is tall and slender, and of an easy graceful manner. The long, thin face, not altogether destitute of a healthful hue, but sometimes tinged with a hectic flush, bears, in repose, a grave and studious aspect; and when lighted up, as it frequently is, with a quiet smile of pleasure, indicates the presence of a genial and sympathetic spirit. The long, dark hair, parted in the centre and thrown backwards, gives to the preacher a rather womanish aspect; but his voice is by no means feminine, for it is full and loud. Indeed we do not suppose that there is a church, chapel, or hall in London, or elsewhere, in which he could not make himself heard to the remotest corner; albeit he is sometimes so rapid in his utterance, that the words unite and become indistinct. Mr. Guinness does not, like Mr. Spurgeon, repudiate the gown and bands, but wears both, at least at the Tabernacle, at which some have expressed surprise, seeing that he has not yet received ordination, and is still a student. But Mr. Guinness, in other matters as well as this, does not ask, "What will the world say?" and study the fashion; but wisely acts a free and independent part. That which strikes you most, perhaps, in his preaching, is the thoroughly natural and unstudied style of address he employs; and, it is to this fact, we believe, may be attributed much of his power over the people, who, despite the frequent want of logic that is displayed, and the lack of connexion that is observable to the critical eye, between the different parts of a single discourse, rarely fails to move and melt his hearers. To characterize the style of Mr. Guinness in a sentence, we should say it is pictorial preaching; comparisons, contrasts, figures, and anecdotes making up the staple of both the sermons that we have heard. But whoever may feel disappointed with the matter of the preacher, and regret that the framework of his discourses is not of a more solid description, and able to bear with greater ease the mass of ornament employed, few will question his intense earnestness, and fail to conclude from his impassioned manner that the conversion of souls to Christ is the master purpose of his life, and the one object that he has always in view. This fact, with devout men, anxious for the diffusion of the gospel among the teeming millions of our great towns and cities, will be sure to go far to disarm criticism, and to call forth gratitude to God for raising up another herald of salvation, with such peculiarities and powers as to be able to gain the ear of those whom the most logical and polished orators fail to reach; and not reaching, cannot by possibility benefit.

So favourable is the impression which Mr. Guinness has produced upon the pastor and the church, at the Tabernacle, that a pressing invitation has been given him to become the permanent occupant of the pulpit of Whitfield; but which, we understand, he has felt to be his duty to decline, preferring, for the present, an itinerant ministry, to the discharge of ordinary pastoral duties.

The Sermons which follow this Sketch were taken down by those eminent shorthand writers, Messrs. Reid and Robeson, and subsequently revised by Mr. Guinness. Other Sermons, by Mr. Guinness, will shortly be published, uniform with these.

SERMON I.

THE GREAT CHANGE.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN iii. 7.

HE that is born but once dies twice, whereas he that is born twice dies once. He that is born only of the natural birth into the world dies twice; first, the natural death—temporal; secondly, the spiritual death—eternal. He that is born, however, twice—first, the natural birth into the world; secondly, the spiritual birth into the kingdom of grace—dies but once; and the one death is the natural death of the body. On such, says this precious Book, the second death hath no power; the sting of the present death is removed, and as to the second death, that is slain.

My friends, this leads immediately to the subject. I need not make any remarks to you about these words, as spoken by Christ to Nicodemus, for I have already spoken about that in explaining to you the chapter,—how it was that Nicodemus came to Christ, how it was that he addressed Christ, and how it was that Christ conversed with him. And let me add that Christ's conversation with Nicodemus was blessed. I believe that man was converted, for we read in the gospel, that when Jesus was taken down from the cross, Nicodemus helped to bury him. Let me, then, come straight home to the point, even as the blessed Lord did in speaking to Nicodemus; let me declare to you the meaning of my text, "Ye must be born again." Oh! if there is a solemn subject in the range of subjects that we get from this book, surely this is one of the most solemn—this is it, surely. If you believe *that* you are passing into eternity—if you believe *that* you shall shortly die, *that* you shall be borne away to the judgment-seat of Christ, and shortly stand before the bar to answer for all that you have done in the body—if you believe *that* he will either say, "Come, ye blessed," and with these celestial words waft you to heaven, or, "Depart ye cursed," and with that awful sentence sink you to hell;—oh, my friends, if you believe that everlasting death or everlasting life hang upon your relation to the second birth, as Christ solemnly declares, then how weighty becomes your duty, your privilege, this night, to listen to the truth of the text being declared to you. We speak especially to the unconverted. Hear then, as ye are immortal; hear then, and weigh well what is spoken, and may the Spirit of God apply it to your hearts.

We say that men most frequently mistake the outward change for the inward change—the true change, the spiritual birth. A man may have changed very much in his habits of life, in his conversation, in his appearance, in his manner, and yet not be born again. If you travel on the Continent, or if you travel through some parts of this island, and in Ireland, you find many a nunnery, many a monastery, many a convent, where those who think it right to renounce the world and shut themselves up in these places, have given up their fine dresses, and put on, perhaps weeds, or else have wrapped themselves about with coarse, rough garments. Yet you find that these people who have made this outward change are deceived, unprepared for heaven, the heart not being in reality changed. A deeper change than this is wanted,—a change of soul. You may take a piece of lead, a rough, rude piece of lead,—you may melt it in a crucible, and mould it into any shape you like. You may dip it in silver, or you may paint it and colour it, and you may form this unsightly lump of lead so that it may look like a beautiful tree. Still, it is lead—it is lead still. So a man may change his outward conduct, his outward appearance, his outward look; he may change himself externally; but that is not what we want—we want something deeper, we want a change of heart. I dare say Ananias and Sapphira changed

themselves outwardly. They heard the apostle Peter preach Christ crucified, and they felt that the words he uttered came from the lips of an earnest man. I daresay they cried out with the multitude in the strong feeling of the moment, "What shall we do to be saved?" And when Peter said, "Repent, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ," I daresay they were baptized with water. And I can fancy Ananias and Sapphira walking about the streets of Jerusalem with the rest of the disciples of God, praying with them, casting in their lot with them, and being for the sake of the Lord Jesus despised. But were they changed in heart? Ananias comes and pretends to give all his property to Peter. Ah, said Peter, what has tempted thee to lie! Thou hast not lied to me as man, thou hast lied to the Holy Spirit. Now, said he, outside the door, there stand the young men who shall carry thee out and bury thee. Ananias drops down dead. The young men walk in across the floor; they pick up the dead body; they wrap it up; they bear it out with slow and solemn march; they carry the body to the tomb, and lay it there and bury it. Then Sapphira comes in. Well, said Peter, is this all the property, and she said it was. Again, he said, what has tempted you to lie against the Holy Ghost? Now, these were baptized people, mark you, people making a profession of Christianity. Then, said Peter, outside the door stand the young men; they have carried out thy husband and buried him, they shall carry thee out also. And the woman dropped down dead as a stone. The young men walked in, wrapped her up, and bore her out, and laid her by her dead husband. They were changed outwardly, but they were not changed in heart, or they would not have kept back their property, and they would not have come to that end. We say to you that a man may be changed much externally, and yet he may not be really changed in heart,—may not in the words of my text, "be born again."

My friends, just hearken to us a moment. A man may be changed with respect to the Bible. I have known men who have hated the Bible. I knew a man to whom I once offered to read the Bible. "The Bible!" said he, "I won't have any Bible read to me; I don't believe in the Bible; it's all false." I have known people spit upon the Bible. I have known people spit upon the name of Jesus. I remember some time since speaking to a poor old Jewess; an old woman just dropping into the grave, a poor wizened old creature who was just dying.—I remember, when I was speaking to her about Jesus, she turned round like a she-wolf and glared at me; those eyes of hers sparkled beneath her matted eyebrows, and she actually spat at his blessed name. "What," she said, "Christ!" and she spat again. Ah, I never shall forget her look, then. But I prayed with her, although she did this, and so we parted; and I daresay she did not feel then, as she did when we met. I just mention this to show to you that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and that a deep-seated change is what is wanted. These outward changes will not do; they do not reach the heart. As we said just now, a man may be very much changed with regard to the Bible. That Jewess, for instance, might give up her old religion; she might take the New Testament with the Old, and use them together, and yet be unconverted, yet be unsanctified, yet go down to hell. I believe there are some of you, my dear friends—I say it with solemn sadness—that are prayerless. You get up in the morning and you do not pray; or if you do, you mutter over a prayer when you are at the washing-stand, or when you are leaving the room, or when you are going down-stairs to the breakfast-table. Perhaps you read your Bible a few moments instead of reading the newspaper. I have known people do so. Well now, I daresay there are many of you thus prayerless. Or if you do offer prayers, do they spring from the depth of your soul? If not, they are not prayers at all. A man of this sort may become a Christian, apparently, but the heart may be unchanged; the man has not been born again.

There are some Christians whose Christianity is very fair to gaze upon—it is very beautiful; but, mark you, they are no real Christians after all. I have known people in the church and in the congregation who have made a Christian

profession, and have walked outwardly with God; who have made long prayers, have given away tracts, and have visited the poor; but who on their death-beds have confessed themselves to have been hypocrites, to be unconverted, and to have been deceiving themselves all the while. Just look at these two things—these two bunches of flowers. There is a beautiful bunch of flowers—fair, most fair. There you have a rose, and there a lily, beautifully painted with the most delicate touches; and you say, “What beautiful flowers!” Now, you see this bunch and you say, “It is not so beautiful; there is a leaf withered here, and a leaf is dropped off there—it is not so beautiful.” Suppose I were to tell you that there is more beauty in that poor, sickly, down-cast flower, although it may be withered, than in the one which you so much admire. “Surely,” you would say, “you cannot be in earnest.” I beg your pardon. Take them and examine them a little more closely. Now I ask, has this flower any fragrance? “No,” you say, “none.” “Has this any dew of the morning resting upon it?” “No,” you say, “none.” Then I ask, “Has this old withered rose any scent?” “Yes.” “Has it any dew resting upon it?” “It has.” Now, the truth is *that* rose is real, it came from the hands of God; *this* rose is sham, it came from the hands of man. *That* grew; *this* is wax-work. Do you see the difference? So it is with some men; they profess to be like Christ, the rose of Sharon—like Jesus the lily of the valley, while all the time their Christianity is false; it is feigned and the work of man—that is all—it is not divine and real.

In order that the matter may sink more deeply in your souls, we will give you another illustration or two that perhaps you will carry away with you. A man may be changed in his heart towards God, and yet not be converted in reality. I have known those who have been atheists apparently converted. They have said, “Once we did not acknowledge the existence of God; now we are convinced of the being of God. Those stars that shine in the heaven tell us there is a God. When we go out everything around us speaks to us of God. The flowers that cast their fragrance on the desert air tells us of him; the stars which shine from the blue vault of heaven speak of him; the winds, when they are passing in soft sweetness through the valley, whisper his name; the loud thunders in their deep voices roar out his name above us; and the lightnings write his name on the troubled heaven; we know there is a God.” But these men, are they prepared to die? No, I fear not; they are not “born again.” There are some, too, I fear, holding office in the church who are not “born again.” There you see a man standing on the deck of a vessel. That man says to you by his dress and appearance, “I am a sailor;” and you say, “Surely, that man is a sailor.” You see him go to the helm, and you look at the wake which the vessel leaves in the sea, and you find that it goes up and down, that it is not a straight wake. The fact is, that man is not a sailor; he does not understand the compass; he does not understand from what quarter the wind blows; he does not understand the helm; he cannot guide the vessel, and ought not to be at the helm. And so, have we not seen men standing at the helm of the church, like that man, professing to be sailors of the gospel ship, holding the helm, and pretending to guide the vessel through the dark shoals and quicksands that beset its course, but who, in reality, are no sailors in heart; who know nought about the haven beyond the sea; who are still unconverted—not born again! There they are, working in the church, in the ranks of God’s army, yet no children of his. You may find in the army many a man wearing the livery of the Queen, and yet no soldier. You may put into his hands a musket, but it will not make him a soldier. Before he can be called a soldier, he must have the heart of a soldier; he must be ready to lay down his life in the service of his sovereign. So it is with the soldiers of Christ. Dost thou pretend to be a soldier of the Most High God? Is thy name enrolled among the warriors of Jehovah? Art thou marked with the blood of the cross? Dost thou stand beneath the open and unfurled banner of truth? Art thou fighting against the foes of God and of man? Art thou willing to lay thy life down for his sake? If not you are no soldier—you must be born again. I would, ere we pass on, say there are some servants in the church who are the

servants of Satan—the servants of Satan clad in the livery of God ; but God owns them not—they must be “ born again.”

Seeing these things are so, my friends, I should like to speak to you a few words about *the nature of the new birth, the necessity of the new birth*, and, if I have time, a few words about *the marks of the new birth*, so that you may distinguish for yourselves still more clearly your own state.

I. Now, as to *the nature of the new birth*. We say it is a change of heart. Just come back to the metaphor—a new birth. We will keep to that ; we will try if possible to draw the analogy between the natural birth and the spiritual birth. In the natural birth one is brought from darkness into light ; in the spiritual birth one is brought from darkness into light. In the natural birth one is brought to enjoy life ; in the spiritual birth one is brought to enjoy life. In the natural birth the poor babe born into the world is weak, and feeble, and helpless ; if you leave that child alone it will perish, it is not able to help itself. So in the spiritual birth the child is born weak, feeble, and helpless ; God must assist the child, or it will die. To pursue the analogy still further ; in the natural life an extraordinary change takes place ; the child grows for awhile and becomes strong. Once all of you were children ; now you are men, and some of you heavy-headed. What a change, a wonderful change is this ! So in the spiritual birth, one born of the Spirit grows in grace, and there are those who grow spiritually strong, and some there are who grow spiritual giants in the kingdom of Christ Jesus. We will pursue the analogy no further ; it might be profitable to attempt to do so, but we leave the matter there.

It is necessary that the sinner's *heart* entirely should be changed, because the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Behold the dark sea spread out, and beyond that sea there are the outlines of distant mountains. In the midst of those mountains you see one cone rising up. There is a wreath of light blue smoke curling upwards from the summit of the cone, and you say to me, “ There is fire there.” “ Ay,” we reply to you, “ that is a burning mountain.” You say, “ Let us walk round it.” You walk round the crater and say, “ Can nothing be done to this !” We say, “ You may stop up the crater, you may fill it up. You may get turf and spread it all over the top of the crater, and you may put down trees by the roots, and there you may have a fair plantation, so that a person passing by would say, ‘ That is a beautiful mountain.’ Yet down in the depths of the mountain there is fire still. It is not different from what it was ; it is only earthed in. Bye-and-bye you will hear a rumbling beneath ; the mountain will be shaken, and then, this vast cone of earth will be thrown into mid-air ; you will see the fire shoot up straight like a pillar of light ; then the smoke shall belch out in dark volumes ; and you shall see the streams of lava falling hot around and flowing all over the mountain's side.” “ Ah,” you will say, “ surely, there is no great change in the mountain ; though it was earthed up, it is the same as ever.” So it is with the sinner's heart. You see if that mountain is to be really changed the fire must be scooped out, it must be taken away ; then, earth it in if you will. So with the sinner's heart. If the sinner is to be changed, it must be a change of heart down deep. You must not plant trees on the top ; you must take out the core, the substance ; all things must become new. And instead of this black chamber of imagery—instead of this cage of unclean birds—instead of this black room full of noxious vermin and crawling vipers—instead of this dark and doleful place within, the habitation of sin—there must be a temple—the temple of the Lord. The body must become the temple of the Holy Ghost. God's sacred throne must be set up there. God must rest upon the throne : God dwelling in you and you in Him. This is a remarkable change. No wonder that Christ Jesus says so emphatically, with reiterated “ verily,”—“ Ye must be born again.”

Next, we say this change is *wrought by the Holy Spirit*. The Lord Jesus preached many an earnest and excellent sermon. He preached upon the top of a mountain. . . Thousands were gathered round him, but we do not read of a

marvellous number of conversions. Why? Ask him, and he will tell you. Because the Spirit was not yet poured out. Now, wait awhile. There is a poor humble fisherman—a man who has fallen and who has been raised again, who has wept and prayed—there is poor Peter. He stands up in the earnestness of his heart, and he pleads with the people for Jesus of Nazareth, telling them all about him. And, now, behold they cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" and three thousand, we are told, are converted. You say to us, "Why, how has this wonderful change in these Jews occurred?" We answer, it is the Spirit of God poured out upon the people; God's Spirit shed forth hath done this. There it is; the work is done by the Spirit and the Spirit alone. Christ's preaching, without the application of the Spirit, could not change, could not regenerate. Peter's preaching, without the application of the Spirit, could do still less; but by the Spirit this is all done. My friends, some of you look rather hard at this. You think it is not needful so deep a change should take place in the heart. It is because you little know what man is by nature. We tell you man is dead by nature. No wonder, then, that you do not feel the mountain load of guilt upon you. Can a dead man feel a mountain upon him? No, he struggles not, because he is dead. So it is with thee. Thou dost not feel the load of sin that is pressing upon thee; but if God quicken thee thou wilt groan soon enough. The Spirit alone can make man alive again. It is, therefore, necessary that man should be born again. You may try hard, but you cannot raise a dead corpse. I have sat down to table with dead people. I have friends who are dead while they live. I have conversed with the dead. I have seen them weep, and have wept for them. I have prayed with dead corpses—and oh, the tears have streamed from these yes! Oh, I have felt intensely for my own brethren, my own friends, who are no better than dead corpses! I have told them sometimes, "If God would let me, I could even die for you if I could but raise you." And some of them know it well, because I love them in this heart of mine, poor dying sinners that they are. But this would be no good; if I would I could not raise them from the dead—the Spirit of God is needed. You may take a corpse, and make it sit up in a chair; then with a brush you may paint the cheeks carefully; you may open this eye and give expression to it; you may part the livid lips, and paint them afresh; you may put out the arms as if they were living; you may do all this, and impart to the corpse the appearance of life, so that any one coming in should say, "It is a living being." We say to you, it is dead. We ask you to put your hand on the heart of that being,—is it not dead? We say there is no breath there it is dead. But wait awhile. Let the Spirit of the Lord breathe into that dead, soul, and what a change you will see. Let God but place his lips to the lips of the dead being and breathe, and you will see that being start into life. The eyeballs shall roll; the arms shall be stretched out; the limbs shall move; the heart shall beat; the pulse shall throb; and that person shall speak, ay, walk, run, eat, labour, weep, pray, rejoice, ay, and shall pass away into the skies. This, mark you, is the work of the Spirit of God. "Marvel not," said Christ, "that I say unto you, Ye must be born again."

Is it needful that I should illustrate this part of the subject any further, or leave it with you as it is? I could pursue the matter still further. There are several things still to say to you upon it; but I leave with you these thoughts for you to meditate upon them: I pass on to speak for a few moments about—

II. THE NECESSITY OF THE NEW BIRTH.—This great spiritual change, my beloved friends, is necessary on account of the *corruption of human nature*. Mark me, my dear friends, I have seen the tears stream down some of your cheeks as I have preached to you on former evenings. Well, I have thought, there is something the matter with the heart now. Now, I say to you, in order that you may have peace with God, and in order that your sins may be forgiven, there are two things necessary: the one is justification, the other regeneration. Justification is quite necessary,—that a man's sin should be taken away, that his soul should be cleansed in the blood of Christ, that his iniquities should depart. But regeneration, the change of heart, is quite as necessary. You remember what

David said, "Have mercy upon me, O God, have mercy upon me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, and blot out my transgressions." And again, that is not enough, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" You say, it will be all very well for you on your dying bed to cry, "God pity me! God have mercy upon me!" We say, if God did not CHANGE you *BEFORE* that, you would not be fit for heaven, because man is by birth corrupt. Now hearken. We have here a poor spendthrift. That man had a large fortune. He has run right through that property, and now he is beggared and ruined. Just look at his haggard appearance. Behold his rage! How half-starved he looks! Now, suppose I go up to that poor beggared man, and I say to him, "Well, friend, I knew you when your circumstances were very different." The man looks up and hardly likes to stare me in the face. I say to him, "You were not always like this." "No," he mutters. I say, "How much are you in debt?"—"In debt? I dare not be seen by the police; that is the reason why I am obliged to slink out by night—I dare not walk the streets by day." I say to him, "How much are you in debt! what's the sum?" He says, "Something about two thousand or three thousand pounds, altogether." "Two or three thousand!" I say, "Why, that is a great sum. Well, now, do you know I have come out to search for you." "What for? What for? You have not come to have me arrested and put in prison?" "No," I say, "there's a friend of yours exceedingly rich, and he has empowered me to pay off all your debts." That man stares at me incredulously. "Well," I say, "here is the money." I produce a blank draft, and I say, "Just step with me into this house while I draw it out, and all your debts shall be paid off." The tears trickle down his cheeks as he takes the money. He pays off his debts, and I meet him afterwards walking about like a gentleman, "clothed, and in his right mind," once more what he once was. Well, years pass away. Perhaps, I am going somewhere or other to preach, and in the evening walking through the streets rather late, just there by yon lamp-post, looking haggard, with his hat slouched over his eyes, I see this very man. I go up—the rain has been coming down—and I put my hand on the man's shoulder, and I find it is wet; he has been out in the rain, the poor, miserable being! I say, "What, and are you come to this?" The man says, "Yes." "Well," I say, "what is the reason of all this! Were not your debts paid off?" "Oh," says he, "sir, was not the drink as strong temptation as ever to me! Was not lust as strong as ever in my bosom! Was there not passion within me just as much as ever? You paid off my debts, but you did not change my nature. I was a spendthrift when you paid off my debts: I am a spendthrift now, and if you were to pay off my debts to-morrow, I should be a spendthrift still." I understand it. Don't you see, sinner, the drift of this? Don't you see that it is thy nature that wants to be changed! Pay thy debts! I have told you of Him who has paid thy debts already. Regeneration therefore is as necessary as justification. You now see the matter, I would fain hope with a clearer eye than you did before.

To put the matter even still more forcibly, I say you could not be happy in that better and brighter world that is to come if you were not born again, because you would be the same being you were from your birth. If you were not regenerated, you could not enter that place in peace. Suppose, now, the Lord God, in his infinite mercy, was to call Beelzebub, one of the darkest of the lost among hell's angels—those who fell from glory, ages gone by—suppose God was to say, "Come hither," and called him to stand before him; suppose He was to say, "Thou hast ruined millions; thou hast dragged thousands down to the deep pit; thou hast spread war, plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, disease, and death; thou art worthy of nought but vengeance, to be crushed beneath my foot,"—the Almighty foot of vengeance;—"but, Beelzebub, I forgive you all; let all the past be forgiven and forgotten—now enter heaven." Suppose I place him in heaven,—would he, do you think, be able to go up and speak to the archangel Michael with joyfulness of spirit? I think not, because he would be still a stranger in the midst of the heavenly host; I tell you he would be but a black

devil thus among pure angels. You see, therefore, that it is not sufficient simply that the sin should be forgiven; the heart, the soul, the being, the life, the current, the force, the root, the branch, the leaf, the flower, the fruit, the tree, the sum, the centre, the core, the substance, the all and in all—the soul, must be changed, altered, regenerated, born again, or the man is damned. “Marvel not,” said Christ, “that I say unto you ye must be born again.”

In order to become God’s children, it is necessary that you should be born again. Now, then, you see in this the drift of the words of the blessed Lord Jesus. Oh, how sweet his words are, they linger over the memory, even

“Like chords of sweet music long since died away”—

still they live in the memory; yea, better than that, his words live at the present moment, for he liveth, and his word is life. Well, he gathered his disciples about him, and said to them, in order that you should enter the kingdom of heaven you must become just like this little child that I hold by my hand; you must humble yourselves and become like him. There is regeneration for you—a man becoming a little child. Now, sinner, if thou art ever to become a child of God, this must take place in thy heart; thou must be regenerated, and become a little child again. There is a lion in thee that is far from being like the character of Jesus. That lion in thee must become a lamb. A mother has many children. If you examine their features you will find that they resemble her in appearance. Why? Because they are her own children, and it is a law of God that like the parent, so the child. So it is in spiritual things. Like God, so are his children. As God the Spirit, so are the children of the Spirit; as Christ the Son, so are the children of the Son; as God the Father, so are the children of the Father. Christ is a lamb; his children, then, from being lions, must be turned to lambs. God is love; his children from hatred must become love. The Spirit is a dove; God’s children from being serpents like Satan, the great serpent, must become spiritual doves. Here you see the matter. “Marvel not that we say unto you, ye must be born again.”

Again we say, in order that you may enter and enjoy heaven, you must be born again. Now, sinner, hearken. You may say of a great part of my discourse that it does not apply to you. Sinner, if God were to send some swift white-winged messenger from the land of light, far, far away—it is sweet to think that—down from the heavens into this very chapel, and if that angel were to come and put his hands upon your shoulder, you would startle and look round, and say, “What is that I see?” And if that angel were to say to you, “Fear not, behold, God hath sent me to bear you far hence to a better land,” sinner, how would you feel? You cannot avoid this; here conscience speaks. Do you tell me now, in the presence of this people, that you would feel comfortable, and be prepared to depart with the angel? Would you feel this? Could you say, “How sweet! my time, my pilgrimage on earth is over now: I go now far hence; the storms and the darkness of this life will never reach me there?” Would you feel happy in the thought, “There I shall be with angels and archangels, and enjoy for ever the smile of God’s face?” Ah, sinner, your heart tells you this, that you are not prepared to enter that better place. Why? Because thou art not born again; thou art not brought into union with God. The music of thy heart is discord; how would discord sound among the golden harps of those who stand on the sea, broad and brilliant, by the celestial city? Thy soul is dark; how would that darkness appear in that land where the sun itself would be as a globe of pitch-darkness? Thy feelings are angry; how would that anger do in the land where all is sweet, and pure, and lovely? Thou art not lamb-like or dove-like; how would that rampant lion of anger, how would that low, sneaking, serpent-lust within thee do amid the flowers of Paradise, amid the angels of God, amid the sons of glory? Ah, then, thou art not prepared to depart, yet: “you must be born again.”

III. My friends, ere I leave you, I must say a few words about the MARKS OF THIS REGENERATION, and then we part for the present. A man who is born again

loves the Bible above all other books. There are two ways of reading the Bible. There is one way, and a very common way, to read the Bible merely to satisfy conscience. There is another way, not so common, to read the Bible that the soul may be fed. Now, sinner, how is it with thee! Art thou regenerated! Dost thou read the Bible to feed thy soul? If thou art regenerated, thou lovest this book above all others. A poor foreigner, an Italian, coming over to this country, was lately brought to the knowledge of the truth. The missionary called to see him. He was out, but his wife came down. "How is he?" said the missionary. "Oh, sir," said she, "I have one thing to say against him, he stops up so late at night." "How is that?" said the missionary. "Why, sir," she said, "the Bible was once to him a sealed book, either bound with chains to the altar, or secured in the girdle of the priest. But now that he has got hold of it he feels that it is the word of life, the book of God; and, sir, he reads it." "Of course," said the missionary, "I expect he reads it." "Yes, but," said the woman, "he reads it in earnest now. He is not content with reading a chapter at a time, but he will read a whole book at once." The truth was, this man was born again, and he loved the book of God. Is this one of the marks? It is. How is it with thee? Art thou born again? Dost thou love God's word supremely?

Still further, we say that one who is born again loves holiness, hates sin. These are the two distinguishing features in the character of God, love of holiness and hatred of sin. Is this thy case? I remember the time when I loved sin with all this heart inside me; I used to wallow in sin. But you know that God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he hath loved us, even when "we were dead in trespasses and sin," hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace, free grace, sovereign grace, full grace, glorious grace, we are saved, through Jesus, our dying, loving, living, reigning Lord, our all. Now, then, we say that once we loved sin, but now, thank God, we hate it; once we hated holiness, but now, thank God, we love holiness. But then it is no more we, but "the Spirit of God, which dwelleth," laboureth, moveth, and "worketh in us." Sinner, hast thou this mark, this solemn mark—dost thou love holiness, dost thou hate sin?

Another mark of being born again we give you. We say the man who is born again loves Jesus. I go round and about, and when I speak about my dear Lord, how cold do I find people. Say some, "I have heard of that before." Others say, "I am too busy to hear it." Others say, "There is time to attend to these things yet; I have got life before me; there is this and that to attend to; my children are growing up; I cannot attend to you at present; if you please, excuse me, another time; forgive me my rudeness—I did not mean to be rude." Mean to be rude! It is not man you insult, but Jesus Christ, when you refuse to hear of him. Ah, sinner, how dost thou feel towards my Lord? Is he to thee "chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely?" Is he to thee the fairest, the brightest, the loveliest, the most beautiful? Is he to thee the guide by which thou dost travel through the desert, the stream that gushes from the rock to assuage thy parched thirst? Is he thy sum, thy substance, thy centre, thy all in all? Is he thy everything,—thy father, thy brother, thy husband? Is he thy Redeemer? Is he thy Lord? Is he thy Intercessor, thy Mediator, thy Life, thy Way, thy Prophet, thy Priest, thy King? Is he to thee "the Wonderful Counsellor?" Is he to thee the mighty God? Is he to thee the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace, the Prince of the kings of the earth, the First-begotten from the dead, the First-born of every creature, the King of kings, the Lord of lords? Is he to thee root and branch! Is he to thee life? Is he to thee all? "No," says one, "he is not." "No," says another, "I am still in darkness as to these things." "Marvel not" then that we say unto you—marvel not—marvel not—marvel not, my brethren—do not be surprised—that we say to you, "Ye must be born again," if Christ is to become all this to you.

There is one more mark of the new birth that we give to you, and it shall be the last. It is this: the struggle that takes place in the soul; that is a mark of the new birth. The soul once was, as it were, a bed of slumber. Now it becomes a blood-stained arena of the fight. The soul was, as it were, once a graveyard; now it

is a battle-field—between what two combatants we tell thee now. Sinner, in thee there is but one, and that one is the old man. If thou art born again, there will be two, the new birth—the infant of grace, and the old man of sin. Then will come a struggle between the little infant—the spiritual birth, and the old man—the man of sin. What an extraordinary struggle it is between such an infant and this very giant—the old man. I can look back when it has been so with me especially, and even lately it has been so. Ay, and many of you—I say these things to comfort you—know this, that Christians are tempted in the same manner. If there are those who do not feel what it is to be tempted thus, it is a proof that they are in a bad state, that they are going wrong, that they are not recognising and feeling the new birth in their souls. Now, after regeneration this extraordinary struggle takes place between the infant and the old man. The man of sin seizes the infant by the throat, and tries to strangle it. Oh, some of you can look back to the time when it was awful work—when the corruptness of the flesh seemed to be victorious. Then the infant looks up to God, and that look is a prayer. God sees a prayer in a look, and God looses the hand of the old man, for God knoweth how to deliver out of temptation. Then the old man places his strong, dark hand upon the lips of the infant to try and choke the voice of prayer; but a tear trickles down from the eyes of the little child, and God sees that, and that is a prayer :—

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire, utter’d or unexpress’d;
The motion of a hidden fire that trembles in the breast;
Prayer is the breathing of a sigh, the falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye when none but God is near.”

“None but God,” recollect. The old man is struggling at all times, for while we live in the body we must be chained to the old man. Paul says so, and Paul is an inspired authority. Now, we say that this infant becomes victorious through prayer. Will you mark the glorious end of this? We will show it to you. The infant with clasped hands looks up to God and cries, “Lord, crucify the old man.” And the Lord says, “it shall be done,” and the old man’s hands are then bound, and he is stretched upon the cross, and the nails are driven in; and then the child of God, the infant, the new birth, rejoiceth, ay, and weepeth for gladness, because he can say, “Behold, the old man is crucified.” Thus with Christ, as saith Paul, “I die daily.” Now have you, my friends, this mark in your souls? Is this struggle going on? Do you “die daily?” And if this is not the case, “marvel not” if we say to you, “ye must be born again.”

And now, poor soul, we say to you, do not despair. There is a God in heaven who keeps his promises, and if he has said, Ask for my Spirit, ask for pardon, ask for everlasting life, and I will give it, remember he will keep his word. Go then, when thou hast left this place, get on to thy knees this night, and unto God cry earnestly for forgiveness; and the God of heaven, who loveth thee, and in whose name we speak, through Christ, will abundantly pardon and make you as white as snow. “Whosoever believeth in Christ shall be saved. He that believeth not, must” saith the Scriptures, “be damned.” Let these words ring in your ears; never forget them; place them beneath your pillow this night; when you rise to-morrow morning think of them; meditate upon them while about your business, wherever you go; think of these words, these solemn words, the words that have come from the lips of Him who cannot lie, Christ’s words—“Ye must be born again.”

SERMON II.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER.

"Ask and it shall be given you."—MATT. vii. 7.

PRAYER is mighty. "Prayer," says one, "moves the arm that moves the world." What is this prayer?

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

Prayer is the human heart outpouring itself into the heart of God. Prayer is the sinner speaking with the Saviour; the creature speaking with the Creator; the finite communing with the Infinite. Without prayer we should know nothing of God, personally.

My dear friends, I have a solemn subject to speak to you on this evening. I feel my own weakness, for, oh! I am but a worm at best, and as regards many of you, I am but a babe. There you sit, hoary-headed men, and you come to-night to listen to a babe. Well, we trust that you have asked God's blessing. We trust that when we are speaking your hearts will be lifted up in prayer to God, that the Spirit may be poured upon us from on high; then, indeed, if our dependence is upon God, His strength will be made perfect in our weakness. The Lord the Spirit grant that it may be so! This, I have said, is a solemn subject; for, oh! how important is prayer. Without prayer we cannot be saved. Prayer is the door that leadeth from earth to heaven. Prayer is the ladder of light that stretcheth from the place where we sleep, as it were, here below, beneath the shades of night, up to the very throne of God in glory, and angel-messengers ascend from us to God, and descend from God to us, bearing the blessings of our Heavenly Father's love. Prayer is the key which unlocketh the darkest dungeon; prayer is the hand which layeth hold of the everlasting covenant, and the arm of Jehovah's strength, and saith, "I will not let thee go except thou shalt bless me." Prayer is the first accent the sinner uttereth in the ear of God. Saul of Tarsus had said many and many a prayer before he was converted. He used to stand sometimes at the corners of the streets praying, and men said, "Sure, there is a very excellent man; he is a real Pharisee." (Pharisee was not a name of contempt in that day.) But God never answered that man's prayers, because they came not from his soul. But when he was struck down by lightning from heaven—was led a blind sinner into Damascus,—when in the loneliness of his chamber, he fell on his knees, and with streaming eyes, and beating heart, and earnest soul, and burning words, poured out his heart into the heart of the Infinite, then God said, "Behold, he prayeth." He did pray, and his prayers were answered. Ananias came; his eyes were opened, and he was sent forth a light to lighten the Gentiles, as a preacher of the everlasting gospel of God. And a brilliant light was Saul of Tarsus in the world. Sinner, thou canst not be saved without prayer. Are thine eyes shut, and art thou blind by nature? Well, there was a blind man, literally, who came to Jesus; his eyes were never opened until he cried, "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy upon me." We do not wonder at thine eyes being closed, because, perhaps, thou hast never cried, "Have mercy upon me!" We cannot be saved without prayer. A man may be saved without much else, but not without this. I have heard of those being saved who never put their heads inside a place of worship. I have heard of those being saved who never read the Bible. Why,

some have been born in sickness, cradled in sickness, bred in sickness; they have lived in sickness, languished in sickness, and died in sickness; their lives have been spent on the sick-bed. Some of them never could go inside the house of God. Yet some such have found forgiveness and peace in Jesus through prayer. I have heard of those who could not read the Bible being saved; but they prayed. Some were born blind; others became blind soon after they were born; but the eyes of their soul were opened by the Spirit, and they prayed; and thus they were saved. And I have read of those being saved who never joined themselves to Christian churches; who never did many a thing which distinguishes Christians of the present day; who never actually bent their knees to God; but their souls have been, as it were, humbled in the presence of the Infinite; they have prayed in heart, and they have been saved. Prayer, we say, is an important thing. You cannot live without it, Christian. The plant, you know, may for a time live without light, but not without air. Put a plant in a dark place, and it will live, perhaps; people sometimes keep roots piled up in under-ground cellars, and they grow there; but their sprouts are white; they have no greenness—no colouring matter in them. So it is with the soul of man. A man may live without light; may live without understanding a vast amount of what the Scriptures contain; he may live without a great deal of spiritual light; but he cannot live without air. If he lives without light, he will be pale, weak, sickly, feeble, blighted, and not good for much; but he cannot live without prayer, which is the air of the Christian. Take away the air from this plant, and you find the leaves will droop, the stem hang over, and the roots shrivel, and the whole plant will wither. So with thy soul, Christian. Let me tell thee, thy spiritual life must die if thy spiritual breath ceaseth. Prayer, we say, is an important thing, because you cannot be happy without it. You can be happy without a great many things, but not without prayer. I have heard of those who have been happy without ever seeing the light of day, having been born blind. I have heard of those being happy who never walked in the sunlight; who never paced the streets; who never trod the green fields; who never breathed the pure air of the country: but have spent their days and weeks in the loneliness of an attic upon a sick-bed; but they have not been without prayer—they have been praying people. I have heard of those being happy who have spent perhaps the greater part of their lives in dark dungeons, bound with chains, for the kingdom of heaven's and for God's sake; but they have prayed—their souls have been free. Yes—we thank God for it—men cannot tie and bind these souls of ours; they have got wings unseen; they can take spiritual flights beyond the ken of mortals. While the body is bound with chains, the soul, winged by faith and strengthened by the spirit of God, can leave the dull prison, pass through the rusty bars, cleave its way into the blue infinite above, and passing hence away, leave earth and all its narrow things in the darkness of the mist below.

“Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

Thou canst not overcome without prayer. What feeble worms are we? Where does our strength lie? and what has God given us to do? He has given us to fight the battle with many and many a foe. We have to storm the breach; to climb the scaling-ladder; to plant his standard upon the frowning battlements; to fight hand-in-hand with many a grim foe. How can we overcome? Simply by prayer. Have we said that prayer moves the arm that moves the world? Yes; and we say more than that: prayer directs David in the choice of the five smooth stones from the brook; prayer gives energy and muscular power to the arm of David, and directs the stone from the sling; prayer gives that stone precision, making it to pierce the brow and enter into the brain of the Giant. Prayer hath slain many an enemy of God. Art thou weak and utterly helpless, child of God, in thyself? Thou art; most surely thou art. Well, then, learn that by prayer, all thy sufficiency is of God.

There are two things which I wish to notice from the text more especially: *Christ's direction*, "ask," and *Christ's promise*, "it shall be given you." And, my dear friends, let the word spoken sink down into your hearts. Judge ye now between what is good and what bad—what is right and what wrong. Weigh these things in the balance of the mind. Reject what is evil, but do so prayerfully; accept what is good, but do so prayerfully. And may God the Spirit assist you and assist us!

I. CHRIST'S DIRECTION, "ask."

I should like to speak to you about what to pray for, how to pray, when to pray, and where to pray.

1. *What are we to pray for?* Why, surely those things that are most needful. Let me speak to you for a few moments as individuals. Thou art, perhaps, a sinner far from God,—thou hast never known God. Wouldst thou become a child of his. Then thou must pray. And dost thou ask, what must you pray for? Pray, my friend, as the Publican prayed—"God be merciful to me, a sinner." Do not you recollect those two who "went up into the Temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican?" The Pharisee says, "God, I thank thee I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust," and so forth. God turns a deaf ear to his requests, if he did make any: probably his prayer were mere empty boast. But the poor Publican comes before God, oppressed with a load of guilt. He feels his unworthiness, and he dares not lift even his eyes to heaven; but he lays those lips of his in the very dust, and there groans out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "And," saith Christ, "that man went to his home justified rather than the other;" for whosoever, like the proud Pharisee, exalteth himself, shall most assuredly be abased; whereas, he that abaseth himself, lays his lips in the dust, like the poor Publican, not daring to lift up his eyes to heaven, but groaning his petitions into the ear of God, by the mercy of God shall he be exalted, even to a seat in heaven. Wouldst thou, then, be forgiven? Pray for forgiveness; pray for pardon through the blood of the Lamb. My friends, there are here many of you great sinners. Some of you, perhaps, have come here to-night from mere curiosity. Well, we are glad to see you, we are glad that anything has brought you to the house of God. But oh, would you pray? Pray for the forgiveness of those great, those heinous offences of yours, and may the Lord have mercy on you. There may be some here—I suppose there are many—who are backsliders. I do not say, poor backslider, that thou hast sinned as David sinned, but thou hast sinned, whether or no. Wouldst thou pray, then? Pray as he prayed: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Pray thus, and the Lord will answer thee! Ah, Christian, a word with thee—wouldst thou pray? We hardly know how to direct thee what to pray for. Thou hast so many things to ask; surely thou canst never be short of subjects of petition when thou comest before God. Recollect that God is a great God, and when you come to a great God, you ought to ask great things. Ask little things of a great God, if you will, because you are told, in everything, by prayer and supplication, to make your requests known unto him. I do not like the way some people have of keeping all their little troubles, bearing all their little weights, and carrying all their little burdens themselves. Recollect, if a man carries a little burden a great way, it becomes very wearisome. My hearers, it is best to cast all your burdens on the Lord; he will bear them. Do you say, Christian, "What shall I pray for?" We would humbly ask you to pray for your minister. Paul, in almost all his epistles, tells those to

whom he writes, that he makes mention of them always in his prayers; and he particularizes, too; telling them what he prays for; and then in the close of an epistle he comes out with a sentence like this, "Brethren, pray for us." And I am sure the dear Philippians, and Colossians, and Ephesians, and Romans, and Corinthians, and others to whom he wrote, did pray for him. And, brethren, we say to you. "we make mention of you in our prayers," with tears streaming down our faces; with clasped hands and earnest hearts, we sometimes intercede for you before God; and we sometimes feel so weak when we are going to speak to you, we know not what to do. And then we pray that God may help us, that he may give us words that may be blessed to you. Surely you will pray for us in your secret retirement in the closet, in the family, when alone, when with others;—brethren, pray for us. Do not forget the church; do not forget the world lying in wickedness; do not forget those nations that are in darkness; do not forget those friends and relatives. You are sometimes not safe in asking God for some particular thing that you desire, because the heart that is within us is so deceitful; it is apt to desire things which are not good for us. However, you are always safe in asking God for those things he has desired you to ask for.

But we are speaking of what you are to pray for; and we say, pray for more faith. Recollect the words of the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." Pray that prayer. Pray especially for the Holy Spirit, that he may be poured upon you, reviving you—poured upon your family, reviving and comforting them—poured upon the church, refreshing, reviving, enlightening it—poured upon the world, that multitudes may be gathered unto the kingdom of God. And there is one more thing—I want now to unload my conscience, to take off the heavy burden that presses on it, and roll it upon you. What say you, brethren? will you pray that God would bless these meetings? will you? We trust you will. Oh, it makes me glad to know, as I look down upon you, that there are hearts that do pray. The Lord bless you; pray more earnestly now, especially for these objects. Think how short the time is; oh! think how we are all dying; think how soon we shall have to appear before the judgment-seat! and oh! by the value of those immortal souls which are around you, by the kindness of God, and by all his promises, we plead with you, and from the depth of our souls beseech you, brethren, to pray that God would now revive his work in our midst.

2. *How are we to pray?*—Pray earnestly. We say this especially to those who are yet unconverted. Pray earnestly that God may have mercy upon you. We say it especially also to those who would see others converted. Behold for a moment that scene. There stands a house. It is night; the dark clouds drift over head. The streets are silent enough now; the lights have been put out in the houses. There, from the bars of the lower rooms, for those lower windows are barred, you behold lurid flames issuing; and now stand by and watch. See how they curl up: see the dark smoke rolling out of the windows; see how it is increasing; see how the flames curl rapidly around the house, spreading out their rude arms, and clasping that house in a very sheet of struggling flame. And now the house is wrapped in a blaze. Hark how the beams crackle; hark how the flames roar! The night wind rises and blows off a great lurid cloud of smoke. There is the house in flames. Do you see that upper window thrown up rapidly? Look! do you not see that white figure? do you not see the woman standing there, on the sill of the window? See how she raises her arms! Hearken to her cry, "Help, help, help!" She cries earnestly, and the crowd below send rapidly for the fire-escape; it is placed against the house, and now a man goes up to the window, helps her, and lands her safe among the crowd. Ah, she was in earnest in her petition. Why? She was in danger. Now, sinner, would you have the application, for methinks your conscience has made it already. If material fire—the fire that can consume a building like that—is awful; if it would be awful to be burned, as that woman was in danger of being, by flames of this kind; how much more awful would it be to perish body and soul in hell? Oh! my friends, if you believe there is a hell, then, for the sake of those bodies of yours, as well as for the sake of your souls, pray God with all the intense earnestness of one in danger, to

rear the escape against the house; pray God earnestly to send Jesus, that he may take thee in his arms, bear thee from this place of danger, and set thee safely among his people, that thou mayest be delivered in thy time of peril! Pray earnestly.

Christian, when you behold others around you who are not Christians; when you, who are safe, see others around you who are not safe; when you, who are converted, behold the unconverted, the unclean, the unholy, the un sanctified, the unwashed, the unforgiven; when you behold multitudes around you passing swiftly away into eternity,—oh! we beseech you, consider. It is your duty to pray for them; it is your duty, and a weighty duty too; and God will require it of you at the last day. You cannot cast it off upon the minister, saying that he is hired to pray, and that is enough. I beg your pardon; the minister serveth not man, but God, and many ministers are not hired to do any such thing. It is thy duty to pray thyself, Christian, for the souls of those who are perishing. If thou desirest them to be saved, and if thou wouldst serve thy generation, ease thy conscience, and glorify thy God, then do it. Pray earnestly.

We say, still further, pray *perseveringly*; do not give up. I have heard of those who prayed for months and months for the same thing, and at last they had their requests granted, simply because they continued to implore earnestly that God would answer them. You know what the Lord says in regard to the woman who applied to the unjust judge to be eased of her adversary. "I do not fear God," says the judge; "I do not fear man; I am above the fear of man; I am a judge; but because that woman comes here tormenting me day by day, I will avenge her." Now what says Christ? Does he say, "Take care, do not come to God with your prayers over and over again!" Not he. "How much more," he says, "should God answer those who cry to him, though he bear long with them!" Christian, take comfort! Thy Lord bids thee pray *perseveringly*. "Men ought always to pray," says Christ, "and," because they were wont to decline, he adds, "and not faint." I have heard an anecdote which I shall now relate to you. A poor black child was taken as a slave, snatched from his family and home, borne across the swelling deep, and landed upon a foreign shore. His master kept him for a while at school, under the charge of a missionary. The missionary one day coming into the school-room, pushed open the door, and heard the voice of some one inside. He looked in, and saw the poor black child praying; so he gently drew the door to, and listened, and he heard the child say: "Great God, I thank thee that thou hast brought me ever here, and made me a slave; because, great God, here I have heard of thee, and of Jesus thy Son; and I am happy now. And, great God, my mother and father do not know thee. Great God, send for them; bring them over as slaves, and may they too learn from this missionary about Jesus, and may they too be saved!" Shortly after this, the missionary was walking by the sea-side. There he saw a boy upon the beach, looking very earnestly upon the waters. Said he, "My child, what are you looking for?" "Oh," said he, "mama, me see whether Jesus answer prayer." The missionary did not say another word. Day after day that child was on the beach, gazing out to see whether Jesus answered prayer. Time rolled on. One day the missionary was going down to the shore; there he saw a noble ship coming in, the wind filling her white swelling sails. She came in, dashing the foam lightly from her prow. The poor child stood on the shore, intently gazing on the ship. The missionary saw a change coming over his countenance, and the child began to dance most joyfully. The missionary went up to him, and said, "What is the matter?" "Oh, massa, massa! Jesus answer prayer. There father, there mother." "Oh," said the missionary, "are *they* your father and mother?" "Yes," said the child. And let me tell you, that in answer to the boy's persevering prayer, that father and that mother were brought over as slaves; both were brought under the sound of the truth; both were brought to their knees; both wept; both prayed; both believed; both, with their child became the children of God. Take comfort from this. Child, hast thou an unbelieving father? Pray for him, then, with all thine heart, day by day, and do not faint. Mother, hast thou an unbelieving son, a poor reckless fellow, who is

going on the way to ruin? Ah! I think my memory can tell me of a mother who had a reckless son, who was treading the path to hell. But her prayers went up to heaven for that child; the tears oftentimes fell from her eyes, for she prayed in intense earnestness and perseverance, and that child was, by the help of God, rescued. Saved by the hand of God was he oftentimes in the hour of peril; and when his mother was upon her knees, little knowing oftentimes, God has delivered that child from sinking in the sea. Ah! that child can look back to the time when he stood on the water-washed deck of the vessel, tossed upon the rolling waves, upon the deep, deep sea. He can remember the time when that vessel, staggering beneath the load of water on her deck, well-nigh sank, and when her very yards were dipped in the waves. He can remember the time when the vessel trembled beneath the mighty shock, when the helmsman loosed the wheel, and all despaired; and he can think of the time when God, by his own power, delivered him from sinking, and saved him for his mercy's sake. That child stands before you to-night. God answers a mother's prayers; they are mighty; they are music in his ears. O mother! hast thou a disobedient and ungodly son? Then pray for him; pray for him; pray, and don't faint, and God will answer thee.

My friends, we must pray *believingly*. Says the book of God, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." If you ask for the Lord's Holy Spirit, you are required to believe, in order to receive it; but sometimes you ask for little, trifling, and petty things. Well, if they are in accordance with the will of God, you may expect to receive them; but if you ask for something which God has denied, you have no right to believe that you shall receive it. It is my firm opinion that there was never a believing prayer offered yet that was not answered by God.

You must pray in the name of Jesus. His name is sweet to the sinner, and his name is sweet to God; sweet to the creature, and sweet to the Creator.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ears!
It calms his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

And how sweet the name of Jesus sounds in God the Father's ear! By it we meet with acceptance. And though thou wast filthy as Manasseh; thought thou wast guilty as Paul, whose hands were steeped in the blood of the martyr Stephen; though thou wast a traitor like Judas, we tell thee, if thou dost come in the name of Jesus, and pray for salvation, that prayer of thine shall meet with acceptance, for there is One that "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

3. We must speak to you now about *when* to pray. Pray in the early morning, because you will find by experience—and I know there are some of you who can bear me out here—that to rise early in the morning, and to pray to God, is always best. The morning hours, before the business of the world rushes in upon the soul and overwhelms it, are the best. You see in the morning the dew lying upon the grass. By-and-bye, men and beasts spread over that grass, and brush off the dew again; the hot sun also rests on the grass, and it looks withered and faded. So in the morning, when you wake early, and find yourself still with God—when the sweet due of the spirit rests calmly, and peacefully, and sweetly upon the soul, then is the time to pray. You recollect, Daniel and David used to pray in the morning, at noon, and at evening. The Lord Jesus prayed continually. One writing of him says, and says with truth—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

Wouldst thou pray like him? Pray often then. You eat often, you need often, you sin often, you breath often, your heart beats often, you sleep often, you rest often, you labour often, ay, and you are tempted often.

Christian, it is your duty to pray often: the Lord show you this! Pray without ceasing.

4. *Where are we to pray?* Pray in the church. I feel more and more that there is very little prayer in the house of God, compared with what people believe. If you were to look into the hearts of many of those who are assembled, you would find that theirs were not prayers at all; that their thoughts were wandering to the end of the world. It is hard to restrain wandering thoughts—it is hard to curb a wandering spirit; but it must be curbed; you must stir up your flagging soul, and keep its affection upon the object of your petition. Pray in the house of God, Christian, as well as in the closet.

There is one thought more, with respect to this: many of you are in houses of business. I see young men here who stand, perhaps, all day long behind the counter. Now we say to them—You can pray behind the counter as well as elsewhere. Do you try? It would comfort you many a time. It would cheer you when your hearts are cast down, and difficulties lie in your way, if you were to ease your hearts of your burden, and get Christ to lay his hand on you and lift you up. Pray everywhere, without ceasing, making your requests by prayer and supplication, through the Spirit, remembering that Christ intercedes with God for you.

II. **CHRIST'S PROMISE.**—"Ask," Christ says—that is his direction, "and it shall be given you"—that is his promise.

Is it necessary, my dear friends, that we should enlarge upon this? Ought not the bare word of the Lord Jesus to be quite sufficient? Nevertheless, in order that your faith may be a little strengthened, if possible, we will say a few words on this subject.

1. You may expect to receive, *because God sees you*. Mark that! I could lead you along some of the dark streets of this great city; I could lead you through the low and narrow doorway, up the rickety staircase, and I could bring you to a lonely chamber, and there I could show you, in one corner, a weak, and worn, and weary woman lying upon the bed of pain. The world knows little or nothing about that woman; she hears the hum of the voices and the roll of the carriages; but she sees nought of the world. She is sick; she is alone. But nay, she is not alone; those worm-eaten boards around her bed have been trodden by many an angel's feet; they kept watch over her at this solemn hour of midnight; ah, and when the arrows of death are flying fast around her, angels' arms are stretched out wide to defend her; and when Satan comes to tempt her, angels' voices say, "Get thee hence; thou shalt not tempt her; we are sent to watch over her!" Ay, and the wings, the warm wings of God's love, are stretched over that woman. She is a woman of prayer. You tell me that a king upon his throne is mighty; you tell me that an army is mighty. I tell you that woman is mightier than both together. A king shall die, an army shall pass away; but her prayers die not, her prayers fall not to the ground; they move the arms of Omnipotence. They are recorded in the book of God's remembrance; they are every one answered through Christ. Christian, Christ hears thy prayers. Let me tell thee for thy comfort, there never did roll from those eyes of thine down that furrowed cheek, one tear that was not seen by the eye of him who is Infinite, and caught in the bottle of God. Saith David, "Thou dost put my tears in thy bottle." There never was a prayer that came, I will not say from thy lips, but there never was one that came from thy heart, that did not ascend on high, winged of God, and enter his very bosom. And oftentimes has God answered thee when thou didst not know it!

2. We say he will answer thy prayers, because *he is able to do so*. Prayer can do anything. What was it divided the waters of the Red Sea for the children of Israel to pass through? You answer, Prayer. What was it brought manna from heaven? Prayer. What was it opened the flinty rock, and caused the waters to leap forth, to gush and gurgle, to roll and dance and stream along the valleys? Prayer. What was it delivered the children of Israel from the hands of their

enemies! Prayer. What was it delivered the prophet Elijah, in the hour of danger! Prayer. What was it delivered Paul and Silas from their dungeon? Prayer. What was it delivered Paul and those who sailed with him over the storm-tossed sea of Adria! Prayer. Prayer is mighty. Prayer has caused the sun of heaven to stand still! Prayer unlocks and opens; and would empty, if it were possible, the very treasure-house of God.

3. We say, Christian, you may hope, and firmly trust, that God will answer you, *because he has answered already such thousands of prayers in times past.* Will you rise with me, for a moment, to the top of Mount Pisgab? It is not far to go, if you have the wings of faith; but if you have not, you cannot go up at all. If you will stand with me on the top of Mount Pisgab, and gaze upon those "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," that "stand dressed in living green," what will you see there? Says one, "Sir, we shall see the city called celestial." Ay, and do you see those thousands of white-robed ones thronging the streets of the city? "Yea," you say. Let me tell you one thing: there is not one white-robed one there that has not breathed prayers in the ear of God; and not one who has not had them answered. But would you look beyond the city? Christian, do you see something far, far beyond it, stretching out in the infinite distance? "Yea," you say. What is it, Christian? "Ah, sir," you say, "that is the sea of clear crystal, mingled with flames of living fire." It is so. And do you see those millions on millions that stand upon that sea, dressed in white raiment, crowned with glory? Do you hear how they harp God's praises! You do! Then let me tell you there is not one there who has not prayed; and not one whose prayer has not been answered of God. Now let me carry you for a moment round the world. You kneel, perhaps, on the Sabbath morning, and at the same moment, in this city, thousands more kneel, and their prayers are accepted. And lying on sick beds, thousands pray, and their prayers go up to God. Ay, and from green islands, far across the blue waters, the breath of prayer ascendeth to God! And from lonely ships that float over the mighty deep, the voice of prayer doth ascend. And from the cold, bleak North, and from the warm and barren deserts of the South; from beneath the palm trees of the land we love to think of—the land of Judea; ay, and from the halls and palaces of kings; from many a lonely dungeon, from many a crowded city, the voice of prayer ascendeth, and God answers these millions and millions of prayers. And now, let the conclusion be forced home on thy mind. If God has answered the prayers of thousands of the redeemed in heaven; if he daily answers the prayers of thousands of his own people on earth, will he refuse to answer thine? Surely not.

4. I have another reason for thinking he will not—*God's firm promise.* Says Christ, "Ask, and it shall be given." A dear old Christian that I heard of not long since, speaking to a lady, said, "I like to have the Book of God laid open before me when I am on my knees." "Why?" she asked. "Because, ma'am, I look down, and I see the promises in the name of God, and I like to lay my finger on them, and say, 'Heavenly Father, I have got my finger, just now, on the promise; there are the words, heavenly Father, answer them.' It does my faith good," he said; "it makes it stronger." Now, Christian, there lies the promise, "it shall be given you." What have you got to say to that? Are not "all the promises of God, yea and amen in Christ Jesus?" Are they not certain of fulfilment? and canst thou doubt? I have something solemn to say to you. The heavens above are broad and blue; there is many a star hung in the infinite depths of darkness; there is many a white cloud that floats overhead in the summer's sun; there is many a black cloud that drifts before the cold winter's blast. Broad are the heavens above. But, let me tell you, the day is coming when those heavens shall be one vast sheet of flame, and they shall curl and roll round and round, and pass for ever away with the noise of mighty thunder; but God's promise shall remain. Cast your eyes around this world. There is many a mountain upon this world that casts its red rocky roots into the very bowels of the earth. The world is wide. But, let me tell you, this world presently shall,

beneath the foot of Omnipotence, tremble. "Behold, he cometh with clouds!" "The earth, and all that is in it shall be dissolved; the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but God's promises shall last then. Far, far above yon stars they are written — written in the book of truth. They shall last though the sun become black as midnight, the moon red as blood, and the stars of heaven fall, even as the leaves of the fig-tree shaken by the blast. But though clouds roll away and depart, though the earth quake and be burned up, yet those promises shall stand, for they are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Canst thou doubt now, Christian? Say "Lord, it is enough, help thou mine unbelief."

My dear friends, you may be sure the Lord will answer the prayers you utter, if you present them in the name of Christ. Christian, Christ intercedes with God for you on high. Behold that scene! Burdened beneath the weight of many a sin, cast down, and with his lips in the dust, lies there the poor penitent sinner! And now listen to his groanings; hear what he hath to say. He saith, "God have mercy on me a sinner!" Now rise, rapidly rise, like an archangel; ay, rise to heaven. Seest thou that great white throne, on which sitteth the Eternal? and seest thou that bright One within the palace of his glory? Thou canst see his feet; thou canst behold his glistening raiment; thou canst see his clasped hands; thou canst catch his earnest gaze; thou canst hear his sweet words. What prayeth Christ in the ear of God? Hearken; — saith Christ, "Father, have mercy upon him." Wait awhile. Sinner, speak on. What sayest thou? "Lord," saith the sinner, "forgive my sins." Saith Christ, "Father, forgive his sins." Says God, "I will;" and the deed is done. Look at that up-turned face now. Do you see the smile of joy that plays over those care-worn features? The burden has fallen into the tomb; the soul is washed in the blood of Christ. And now hearken! sweet notes resound from the starry heavens above. What notes of music are those that come thrilling down from the abode of the blessed? Oh, they are the sweet voices of angels. And, methinks, if ever they can weep with tenderness and love, they weep now; and they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; another sinner has been redeemed by his blood! We will meet him in heaven, clasp his hands, and lead him with the Lamb to fountains of living waters." Behold that other scene; there kneels a Christian. You see that broken instrument lying there? "Yes," you say, "what is that?" My friends, it is a broken harp; it has got out of tune. And do you see that crown thrown in the dust? "Yes," you say, "whose crown is that?" It is the crown of a king. And now do you see the sackcloth on the man? You do! And ashes sprinkled on his head? You do. And how earnest the man is now! He is praying. — Hearken to him! What saith he? He saith, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Now listen. What saith Christ? "I will." The deed is done. Now wait. Seest thou King David rising from the dust? He throws off the sackcloth; he washes his face, his tears are wiped away. He takes his harp and strings it. And now do you hear his sweet strains? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." Ah! you have it there! And how is all this? Why, Christ prays on high for David, who prays below; and David below gets the blessing from God above.

My dear friends, learn from this subject lessons which you should put in practice every day. Pray believingly; pray in the name of Christ; pray for the Spirit; pray for help through and by the Spirit. And know this, that thy prayers go not up to God naked, bare, barren, filthy. Nay, nay; ere they reach heaven Christ taketh them; he taketh away the dross; he sprinkleth them with his own blood, and then he putteth them in the "vial full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints," and he poureth them out in the presence of God his Father.

And now we are about to part for the evening, I have one request to make. My object in taking this subject to-night is, that I may move you to pray earnestly that God would revive his work among you now. Oh! if all of you would but unite together, and pray for this object, what glorious results might we not look

for? "And is it true that God still sits upon his throne?" As surely as that lamp burns there, so surely does God sit upon his burning throne of light above. "And is it true that Christ intercedes for us?" Have you been listening to me for the last hour or two? You have! As surely as I stand here with my hands upon the book of God; as surely as you have listened to the words of my mouth this night, so surely at this very moment, and I speak it with solemn feelings of awe, Christ liveth and Christ prayeth. And now, Christian, if Christ still prays, and if God is unchanged, what may you not hope for? My brethren, will you pray? We do most earnestly and solemnly beseech you in the name of the great God, who has this night heard us, and who—oh! solemn thought!—who is here, in the name of that God, and for the sake of those dying souls, we beseech you to intercede for us with God. My brethren, I leave this with you. Will you now go solemnly to your homes? will you there fall upon your knees? Will you come up to this house on the Sabbath-day, as many of you as can, together? Will you here join in prayer? Will you, here with me, and with those who shall meet together on Monday evening, when I hope to be among you, join in prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit? Will you send in poor sinners!—

"Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call."

Will you send in such as these? And will you with earnestness and faith implore the blessing of God? If you do—and we speak advisedly—we say, you shall receive. For God hath promised, if ye ask ye shall receive, and his promise standeth sure.

SERMON III.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."—JOHN xv. 12.

You must not be surprised, my brethren, to hear me assert that I believe there is but one being in this assembly who possesses true love, pure love, real love, holy love. And I will go further: there is but one in this vast city, there is but one in this country, there is but one in this world, that has this true, pure, holy love. That One is God. "God is love." And, mark you, not only is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit—not only are they, if we may so speak of them, love individually, but conjointly they are love. For the three-one God, Jehovah, he is love; and the three persons, the Father, the Son, the Spirit, each of them individually is love. We need not go far to prove this. The Scriptures state that God is love—himself Jehovah, or three-one. And I am sure we have the experience, each of us, that the Father is love, that the Son is love, that the Holy Spirit is love. Is not the Father love to us? Oh, yes! He it was that created us by the word of his mouth; He it was that gave his Son for us—a Father's gift it was. Is the Son love? Oh, yes! He it was who left highest heaven, and came to suffer—a proof of love; and died—the deepest love, that; and rose to intercede for us—still love. And is the Spirit love? Now, my brethren, here we must blush, for we are all guilty. We speak of the love of the Father in giving the Son to die for us; we speak of the love of the Son in dying for us; but which of us speaks of the love of the Holy Ghost? Why, one would think sometimes there was no such person in the Trinity as the Holy Spirit, we seem to think so little of Him as a person; more as an emanation from the Father and the Son, more a manifestation of their power than anything else. These things ought not to be, for the Holy Ghost is the third person in the Trinity, and he is love.

You ask, what will prove the love of the Holy Spirit? Look at the book lying before us—look at the Bible. Why, who inspired every word of it—those sweet words, those loving words, those tender words, these kind words, those blessed words, those invitations, those promises, those precepts—the Spirit, was it not? Who was it strove with thee, year after year, that thou mightst be brought to the knowledge of Jesus—was it not the Spirit? Oh! his love. And I do believe that the Spirit is striving with many that are here this morning. We need not go further in proof of God's love. We make the assertion, we leave it with you, that God the Father is love, that God the Son is love, and God the Spirit is love; God himself, Jehovah, the three-one, the triune—is love.

It is not wonderful, then, that the Lord Jesus insists so much upon love. John—that holy man, who loved Christ more than all the rest, or, at all events, showed his love to him, as a person, more than all the rest—John, whom the Saviour is said to have loved especially, and whose head rested oftentimes on the dear Redeemer's bosom—John was the most lovely and the loving of all the apostles, and in his epistle he insists more than any of the rest upon love. But hear the word of the Lord Jesus himself. Says Christ: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." May the spirit of God assist us while we speak to you a few words upon this subject.

Now, my brethren, these words are deeply important; and these words are wonderful words, coming from the lips of Jesus. They are holy words, for Christ only spake holy words; they are heavenly words—they were spoken by him who came down from heaven, who spake in the language of heaven, and they are such words

as would be spoken in heaven, that place of love. They are the words of Jesus—they are the commands of Jesus; oh, how imperative, then, are they as his commands! And, mark you, they are the dying commands of Jesus. There sits one, who has never forgotten the dying words of her parent; when her father lay upon his death-bed, he spake some words, and those words have ever since dwelt enshrined in the secret place—the memory within. But here we have the words of Jesus, the dying words, the last words almost; and shall we not love them, treasure them, think of them? Let us do so. What are they? "This," saith Christ, "is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." While I am with you for the short time, I mean to speak to you upon this text, I should like you to lift your hearts from time to time to God, asking for his help. And, my brethren, receive what is said, as I trust it will be spoken, in all humility, and in the name of Christ.

I. I have now a solemn statement to make: I look round upon you, and I am deeply impressed with the sad, sad thought, that **YOU DO NOT, AS CHRISTIANS, LOVE ONE ANOTHER AS YOU SHOULD.** My brethren, slander proves it, envy proves it, strife proves it, poverty proves it—all these things tell me this truth. That hateful thing, slander; why do ye slander one another? I daresay there are some who backbite here. If you backbite those who deserve not your evil words, what are you doing? Certainly you are sinning, not only against man but against God. Here, I would just say one word of comfort to those who are ill-treated in this manner. Do not mind it. It is just like blowing a mouthful of smoke on a brilliant diamond; it may cloud the brilliancy of the diamond for a time, but it is soon rubbed off. What a wicked thing is that slander! It is a weak as well as a wicked enemy. It dare not meet you in the battle, it dare not meet you face to face, and strike you down with a blow. Slander is secret; it seeks the poisonous herb; then it poisons the arrow; then, it waits in ambush for you; then, it draws the bowstring with its wicked arm; then, it takes aim at the heart, and lets the poisoned and barbed arrow fly. Slander is a base enemy. My brethren, beware of this slander—it is an evil thing. How we ought to reprove it when we see it in others! A good man once remarked on this subject: "Whenever I hear anybody slandering, I turn them to the Old Testament, and I find them out that commandment of God, "Thou shalt not curse the DEAF." Think of that! If you backbite and slander, you are cursing the deaf, because they do not hear you. You are doing wrong—remember this. I am sure slander proves that we do not love one another as we ought. And contempt proves it; we too often look upon each other coldly and unkindly. These things ought not to be. Does not this prove the want of love? And poverty proves it, too. If we loved each other as we ought, there would not be a Christian in need, there would not be a pauper in our midst; there would not be one who wanted food, who wanted raiment, or who wanted friends, because we would give them food if we had it, we would give them raiment if we had it, and we would be their friends. Want proves that we do not love one another. Ay, and strife proves it, too. You complain that others do not love you—it is because you do not love them; that others are not more kind to you—it is because you are not more kind to them. If you were more loving others would love you more. It reminds me of what a little child once said to her father. He asked her how it was that everyone loved her? She replied, I do not know, but I suppose it is because I love everybody. Now you complain that others do not love you. See to it that you love others. "The love of Christ constraineth us." Let us constrain others by our love to them.

II. I pass from this solemn and sad charge, and I go on to mention **CERTAIN CORDS THAT SHOULD BIND US MORE CLOSELY TOGETHER IN LOVE.** "This is my commandment," saith Christ, "that ye love one another as I have loved you." The first thing to remember is *our common salvation*, my brethren; just think of what we have been; just think of what we were; just think of the sins we have each of us committed; just think of the low state into which each of us has sunk; just think how we were diseased from head to foot, covered with the

emption of leprosy. Should we hate one another? Nay; Christ forbids it. Think of what he has done for us. We were prisoners; and he has burst this prison-house, and set us free. Should we hate each other? We should love one another, remembering our common salvation. We were exiles. He has brought us home. Should we hate each other? We should love one another, remembering our common salvation. We were strangers on the face of the earth. He has made us children of the same God. We should love each other, remembering our common salvation. We were condemned to death, and under a curse. He has brought us from death unto life. We should love one another, remembering our common salvation. See that vessel tossed on the stormy surges of the deep! See how the tempest lashes the waters with fury, and drives the vessel before it. The vessel is driven on a rock, and is shattered there; the masts go by the board; and the sailors are fung into the sea. The waves lift them; and they cling tightly to yon mast. They hold it; and what a grip they have of it! Now do you think that these sailors tossed on the surges, and clinging to that mast—do you think that they will fall out with each other? God forbid! They will cling there to the last; and if one should loosen his hold, and be washed away, the others would cling to the mast more tightly with one hand, and with the other try to draw their perishing companion back. So it is with us. We are tossed on the stormy surges of life. Let us then cling to and grasp our only hope, and love each other the better. Just think where we are now. Will those shipwrecked mariners standing on the rock saved fall out? No; you will see them clasp each other in their arms, and thank God that they are safe. So it should be with us. We should love one another, remembering our common salvation.

In considering the things which should bind us more closely together, remember we are *brethren*. Who is our father? Why, that high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity? What is our name? The blessed name of *Christ* we are called by. We are Christians. What raiment do we wear? Why, as brothers and sisters, God has clothed us in the garments of salvation. He has taken from our backs the filthy raiment of rags, and has clothed us in the clean pure white linen of salvation—clothed us in the robes of Christ's righteousness. Then, finding we are all clothed in the same raiment, let us love each other more as brethren; and what table do we sit down to? We all sit down at the Lord's table. Yes; there we are brethren. Then let us love each other as brethren. What bread do we eat? The bread of the body of our Lord. What wine do we drink? The wine of the blood of our Lord. Then, we are brethren, and ought to love one another. More than that, whose servants are we? God's servants. Then, we are brethren, and should love each other more. What is our inheritance? The inheritance beyond the grave, incorruptible, undefiled, and that *fadeth not*. Then, we are brethren. That man in the gallery is my brother, though I know him not; and I am his brother. Then, we should love each other. Here are two men who are at enmity. Let them remember that they are brethren. Let them be more closely united together, being bound together with this cord of love.

I pass on to make a few more remarks upon this subject. There is another spiritual bond that should bind us together still more closely. *It is the mutual love that exists between Christ and his people*. Now, think of that. All believers love Christ. He is the common centre of attraction. You see the earth and the other planets revolving around the sun. The sun attracts them. The Lord Jesus is our sun—our centre. We are all attracted towards him, and revolve around him. Do not let us fall out, then. This bond is a bond of unity. Let us feel it to be a bond of unity—a real bond of unity. The Lord Jesus is the One that we all love and admire. Let us, in loving and admiring him, be the more closely united. Just think of this: if we love Christ warmly, should we not love each other warmly? I gaze upon one there whom I do not know. He loves the Lord Jesus; and should I not love him, because we both love Christ? A few days ago, a poor woman came to me. "I wish to speak to you," she said; "I am in want;

I knew better circumstances once; I moved in a superior rank once; I associated with so and so,"—mentioning the names of some titled persons. Well, I did not feel much interest in her on that account; but, presently, she touched my heart; and how do you think she did it? "Once," she said, "I moved in a different sphere—among those who were rich and respected; and in those days, twenty years ago, I knew one whom you know, and whom you love." "Who was it?" I asked. "I knew your mother," she said. Ah, there was an interest felt in her directly. My brethren, I cannot go on describing the rest of the interview. I assure you that if we love Jesus, each of us, we should each of us love each other; and then the thought that *the Lord loves each of us*—ought not that to bind us together? We love tenderly the words of Christ. Most sweet words are they; and we love the works of Christ. Sometimes I have gazed at a flower; and I have thought, "Fair flower, Christ formed you." A gentleman said to me the other day, pointing out a little dog in his house, "Sometimes I look at that dog; and I feel a warm love for it." I said, "How so?" "The fact of it is," he replied, "I look upon that dog as being made by the Lord Jesus; and I love it for his sake." Well, if we love these creatures, if we love the flowers, if we love the things about us for his sake, because he made them, how much more should we love those whom he loves? My brethren, let us love one another.

Now, there is one more point—one which should keep us the more closely together,—the remembrance that *in the world to come we shall love each other purely and perfectly*. Oh! that sweet thought. Now, two of you, perhaps, have fallen out. I am sure you are guilty—some of you—in this matter. I cannot point my finger to the persons; but here they sit. How was it, Christians? First, a little coldness sprung up; then, there was not the same cordiality; then, there was not the same shake of the hand; then, by-and-bye, the cold shoulder was given; then, the shrug; and then, you passed each other, one on this side of the street, and the other on that. Now, just look upon these two cold Christians: they have fallen out. Would you like to see something in contrast to this? You say you would. Go with me up to the fields of love above. First, look at that bank of green. Why, who are these two who sit together in fellowship? How they clasp each other's hands! Who are these? Look at them; how they walk with each other over the plains of light, rejoicing in each other's company! Would you believe it! They are the very same two men. Ah, Christians, Christians! there is a lesson for you. Blush, blush to think that you should fall out as you do. Be united. Let these things bind you more closely together; and let this be your bond of unity: love—love—LOVE—LOVE.

III. But, says one, "How should I love others? WHAT SHOULD BE THE MEASURE OF MY LOVE?" For a moment, I will speak to you about this. We should love others—how? Ask Christ. He says, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." There it is. See his love to us. Follow his example. You say, "Is his love to us to be the measure of my love?" Exactly so. What we have to do is to ascertain how the Lord Jesus Christ loved us. He loved us before we loved him; he loved us when we did not deserve to be loved. Let us love others even before they love us, and even before they deserve our love; not loving what is sinful in them, but loving them with a holy love; not loving them immoderately, but loving them with a wise love. The Lord Jesus loved us as none other ever loved us, with a warmth which surpasses the warmth of other love,—with a tenderness above the tenderness a mother feels towards her child,—with a strength greater than the strength of a father in his love towards his children. Such ought to be our love for others; warm, burning within the bosom; tender, we should not hurt them,—nay, no more than a mother would hurt her first-born and best loved; and mighty, too. Let us love each other in this way. The Lord Jesus loved us through thick and thin perseveringly. Just think how he loved Peter. Peter denied him; Christ loved him. Peter used oaths; Christ loved him still. Peter swore he never knew him; Christ looked upon him and melted him down. Christ loved to the end. Christians, do you the same. Others are cold; do you be warm. They treat you with unkindness; do

you take coals of fire and put upon the tops of their heads. Melt down this mountain of snow by kindness, by warmth. *Perseveres in this love to the end.* There is one more thing about the love of Christ which is very remarkable: *he loved to the death*; he gave up his life, when it was necessary, to redeem us. And if necessary, we should be able to give up our lives, if we would save others. I have heard of mothers giving up their own lives for the sake of their children. A mother did so in a fire at Walworth the other day, to save her step-children. Giving her own into the care of a neighbour, she rushed up into the room where her step-children were. The flames cut off her return, and she perished along with the children whom she tried to save.

Should that woman set us an example? She should. Of what? Of this—love, self-denying love, self-devoting love, love to the death. Yea, we should be willing to do anything for those whom Jesus loved, even to die for them. In Alexandria, at the time of the plague, the heathen, when their friends became plague-infected, just bundled them into carts, and sent them out of the city, and there let them die. But the Christians did very differently; they went from house to house, waited upon the sick and the suffering, and taught the heathen a lesson they never forgot. In the performance of this Christian duty of love to their fellow-men, they often caught the plague themselves and died in consequence. Still they persevered. And I have heard mention of missionaries who have entered the hospitals of the leasars in Africa—these infected with leprosy—knowing they would never come out again—who have gone in to bear to the poor sufferers the knowledge of the truth, and to comfort them with the blessed promises of the gospel. And should we not learn a lesson from these examples,—the lesson of love to others, of love even to the death.

IV. There is one more remark, and then I have done. **WE SHOULD SHOW OUR LOVE TO OTHERS**—how? *As Christ shows his love to us.* How does Christ show it? *He shows his love to us by forgiving all our iniquities*, no matter how many there are; dark, heinous, filthy, he wipes all away at once; he sponges out the black record; he cleanses us from every stain; wraps us in his own raiment of righteousness; gives us the promise of the inheritance above. Let us, then, forgive all unkindness, all uncharitableness, upon the part of our brethren. There is one little precept given by the Apostle that I have sometimes applied to my soul with great comfort. Do you take it, think over it, practise it, carry it out. It is, "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." Two Christians, I heard of some time since, once fell out; they were eminent men, devoted men; however, they parted. Towards sundown, one of them sat down—his heart smote him, he had been to prayer, he had been weeping, and he had told God about it—he sat down and wrote this letter to his brother: "Dear brother,—The sun is just going down. Yours, very affectionately." And then he signed his name. What do you think of that? You see the meaning of it—"Yours very affectionately!" Now, do you do the same. Are you at enmity with any one this morning? Do not let this night's sun go down before you sign yourself, "Yours very affectionately." Forgive all unkindness. Then, there is another rule. Be slow to take offence. Do you remember that Christ was slow to take offence? He was long-suffering. Do you be so. I heard of a negro who had a quarrelsome partner, and the way he managed her was this: whenever she behaved unkindly to him, he would go up to her, take her hand, and say, "My dear, let us go to prayer." She could not resist that; he would never take offence—slow was he to be offended. Do you learn a lesson from this humble Christian; do not be too proud to learn from such.

There is another lesson. Love as the Lord loved. How did he love? *He ministered to all our necessities.* Have you a want that Christ does not supply? Not one. Then do not let others want when you can supply their necessities. Is there a poor brother? Give to him of your substance. Minister to each other's necessities. There is one more lesson. Loving others as God loved us, let us pray for them. I think, next to Christ's living for us, suffering for us, dying for us, his praying for us in glory teaches us a lesson of his love that nothing else can teach. He perseveres in prayer, he is earnest in prayer at the right hand of

God. Oh, then, if you love each other, love each other in your prayers. I would beseech you to pray for each other as Christians; I would beseech you to pray for each other as children of God; I would beseech you to remember your minister in your prayers. And if you ever think of the unworthy servant of God, who would wish to impress these simple truths upon your hearts and do you good, why, think of him in the hour of prayer, and at the throne of grace ask for those blessings which he and you need.

Here I would leave the subject; but a word now to the unconverted. I just wish to give them one test, ere we part, with which to try themselves. That one test is this—it is the test of the apostle John—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Where art thou, unconverted man, unconverted woman, unconverted child? Can you say, you love the brethren? Can you say, you have passed from death to life? You cannot say either the one or the other. Well, being brought to conviction by this charge coming home to you, rest not until you find forgiveness of your sins in Christ, and until, standing complete in Jesus, you look around on Christ's children, loving them as you should.

My brethren, I have not spoken on this subject all I might, or as I might. But, I trust that God will be glorified in our midst; that his strength will be made perfect in our weakness; and, inasmuch as we cannot handle this interesting and important subject as we should, that God will handle it, and so apply and cause these things to dwell in your souls, that each of you, loved of the Lord Jesus Christ, longed for, prayed for; that each of you may be epitomes of love; that each of you may be examples of love; that each of you may be treasuries of love; that each of you may be sources of love; that each of you may be bound up by the bond of love amongst the loving saints, and at last be united to him whose name is Love, in the land of love. I ask it, I am sure, in Christ's name.

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PREACHING FOR THE MILLION.

PART, II.

SERMON I.

• PICTURES OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

“For the former things are passed away.”—REV. xxi. 4.

MANY of you may have seen a picture, called the “Soldier’s Dream.” A soldier, wrapped in his Highland plaid, is represented as lying upon the shores of the sea at sundown; his horse is near; arms are scattered about, and some broken cannon; over the sea, in the distant west, the sun is just setting, sinking down—it is half beneath the sea,—and the soldier lies there sleeping and dreaming. Above that, is a picture of his dream. He dreams that his battle is over. He dreams that the present things have become former things, and have passed away. He dreams that he is going up through the Highland valley, that he sees his cottage, that the door is thrown open, and that one he knows well runs swiftly out; his arms are thrown apart; he clasps that one to his bosom, and his children cling about him. He sees dimly in the distance the reapers. The dream, however, becomes more and more hazy, and presently he awakes, for the night-wind is sweeping coldly over him; and he finds himself on the battle-field with the gloom of midnight gathering round him—the vision has passed away. Now, I dare say that many of you Christians have dreamt that these present things have passed away. Methinks, some of you have lain upon your beds at midnight, at that solemn and dark hour, and have dreamt that earth was passed away, that heaven was come, that you had entered the Celestial city, that you were walking the streets of gold with saints and angels, that you were breathing the atmosphere of love, that you were filled with the delights of heaven, that you beheld the glory of God, and that you were listening to the sweet and holy symphonies that ever rise and fall softly and soothingly upon the ear in the better and purer land. But you awoke, and found it a dream. The present things have not yet passed away; but, blessed be God, they will shortly. What said John? Let us read his words: “And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.” Yea, there shall be a new heaven as well as a new earth; a new earth as well as a new heaven, too. Mark me, all these present things shall be gone. Now, the lion roareth, the wolf rangeth, the bear teareth; but *then* the little child shall lead the lion by the lip, and as to the wolf and the bear they shall be unknown. Now, every rose beareth its thorn, and though we find in the valley the sweet lily, we find there also the deadly nightshade; but *then* no plant shall be poisonous, *then* shall be none deadly. Now, the winds roar, and sometimes howl through heaven, and sometimes this heaven itself, wherein the sun is shining brilliantly at noon-tide, is black with dismal clouds; but *then* there shall be no darkness, no raging winds. Now, the avalanche of snow, piled up by the hand of God, rolls from the Alps, and overwhelms villages with destruction; but *then* no frost and snow shall be known. Now, the sea is lashed into rage by the strong hand of the tempest; but *then* there shall be no more sea. Now, night spreads her starry mantle over the slumbering world;

but *then* there shall be no more night. "For the former things are passed away."

My brethren, I have not much time to speak to you, because we are going to sit around the table of our Lord. But, while I am speaking, I have just one request to make; and earnestly from the depths of my heart—poor, weak sinner that I am—I do make it. I wish to speak to you upon this subject. I wish good to be done, the name of God to be glorified, and the truth to be declared. And may I not ask you to send up your prayers to God, from time to time, while we speak. Do; and may he hear in heaven, and answer in our midst.

We shall now, for a few moments, dwell upon this subject, comparing the present with the future. Says our text, "The former things are passed away." What former things? Why, the present things. Then, we are called upon to speak about the present. And, when shall these things have passed away? Why, in the future. Things will still continue to exist, but they will be no more at the time appointed. We are called upon, also, to speak about the future. We shall compare *pictures of the present with pictures of the future*. There, there shall be no more sin—no more suffering—no more labour—no more change—no more death: "For the former things are passed away." We shall, then, speak of these five things, as they are, giving you pictures of the present, and contrasting these with pictures of the future.

I. Now, my brethren, the question is not, where is there sin in this world? but the question is, where is there not sin in this world? Is there any one who can tell us of a place where sin is not to be found? "Well," says some person, "I think I can." Where? my friend. You lead me to the cradle of that child who lies there slumbering. But, I say, that child was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity. Where, will you not find sin? Lead us through the length and breadth of this land, and show us, if you can, where there is not sin. Who is not a sinner, from the little child who can only lisp its name, to the hoary-headed man standing on the verge of the grave? All are sinners, from the lowest thief and vilest prostitute, even to the queen upon her throne. We must speak so. All are sinners; for God has said, "There is none righteous, no not one." What a solemn thought! None righteous in this assembly? No. None righteous in this world? No. We have crying sins in the present day. We have universal sins; we have national sins; we have individual sins. As to universal sins, there is absence of love to God, which is an awful sin; there is hatred of the Lord himself, which is worse. And as to national sins, there are hundreds of them. What is the national sin of England? Drunkenness, most assuredly. What is the national sin of Scotland? Drunkenness. What is the national sin of Ireland? Drunkenness. What is the national sin of America? Slavery. What is the national sin of India? Idolatry. What is the national sin of the South Sea Islands? Idolatry and cannibalism. We might point you out pictures of all these. We might show you the drunkard over his cups; we might show you him reeling along the streets, staggering from side to side, and say, "See what the drink does!" We hate it—that the Lord God knoweth. It is one of the national sins of this country; and not only so, but it is the national sin of other countries. Just behold that fair city spread out there. You say, "How beautiful it looks!" Go with us; behold that beautiful building. Well, that is a place of sin. Go from country to country. Go on board ship, and sail through the straits close by Ceylon. You smell the spicy breezes, and you say, "This is a sweet island, is there sin there?" Yes; just go on shore, and walk about, and you will soon see idols set up. Pass through India, and you will see the people bowing down and worshipping idols. Go through China, and you find them worshipping idols. Go through some of the islands of the South Seas, and we could point you out cannibals, as well as idolaters. Sin is universal, and a most awful thing in the sight of God. But in the other world sin shall be unknown. God has searched this world through and through to find no sin. The archangel has stood at the right hand of God, with the scroll rolled out, as the earth, with its sparkling waters, its

verdant fields, its brown forests, its wild woodlands, its shaggy mountains, has rolled round before the eye of God; and God has searched every cave and valley, every hill-top and plain, every wood and desert, every house and palace, every village and city—searched them through and through, and said to the archangel, “Write down, ‘there is none righteous, no not one.’” And the wondering archangel wrote it down, and the scroll was rolled up, and placed behind the throne of God. But *there*, blessed be God, sin shall be unknown. In the spirit of faith carry yourself up to that other world, and what do you see? “The former things have passed away.” Where is hatred! Why, you breathe the atmosphere of love. Where is slavery! Slavery! Why, here all are free. Where is idolatry? Idolatry! Why, here they worship God. They are all idolators, if you will, for they adore the Lord most High. Where is sin, now? It is gone. Look! all things are white here. Angels’ wings are white; saints’ robes are white; the gates of heaven are white; the clouds of glory are white. The land is full of white. The throne is white; the raiment of Jesus is white; and God is clothed in a garment of white. Ah, it is a pure land—“For the former things are passed away.”

II. Here, there is *much of suffering*; there, suffering is unknown. Some of you, my brethren, roll along in your carriages, and you do not know what want is. Some of you have your easy chairs, and sit down in the morning and in the evening to the well-spread table, and you do not know what want is. Some of you lay your heads at night upon soft pillows of eider down, and you little know what want is. You read about want in your newspapers, and hear about it, but you do not know what want is. You do not know what it is to be tormented with the pangs of hunger, and cramped with the pains of disease. Nay; but that poor child does. You do not know what it is to be shivering in the cold, to be clothed only in rags. Nay; but that wretched man does. You do not know what it is to wander about the streets, houseless and homeless, in the midnight wind. Nay; but that poor creature does. You do not know what it is to go without the morning meal, nor to know where one is to be got. Nay; but that orphan does. You do not know what it is to weep, because you are houseless, homeless, famished, destitute. Nay; but that widow does. But *there*, want is no more known. They sit down to the table of the Lamb, “for the former things are passed away;” they rest their head on the bosom of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, “for the former things are passed away;” they eat of the bread of life, “for the former things are passed away.” And we might lead you through the dreary wards of the hospital, and show you the sons and daughters of want and sickness, the children of woe and infamy; and we might point you to that better land, and say, these “former things are passed away.”

Alas! in this world we have slavery. That is one of the chief sorrows of earth. The soul within me is a free one, and of all things against which, above all others, it recoils, it recoils against that awful sin of slavery. Just let the slave speak. Come with me to the crowded hold of yon vessel; yon vessel that hath left the harbour, and is bounding over the sea;—come with me to the crowded hold, fetid with the stench of hundreds of human beings, bound and manacled together. Behold yon chained and bound slave, stifled, and dying for want of air. Turn your eyes from the vast expanse of blue and sun-lit waters, and hearken to him, and hear the slave speak. Let me tell you of his feelings. He listens, and he hears the waters gurgling as the vessel dashes her way through the waves; he says, “The vessel is free, BUT, *I am bound*.” He listens to the soft swell of the waves, and the solemn chant of the winds in their passage through heaven; he says, “They are free, BUT *I am bound*.” And, when the storm and the tempest ride in their fury over the mighty deep, and he feels the vessel strain and rock beneath his feet, he says, “All things are free, BUT, *I am bound*; ye many-toned and chainless winds, you are wanderers free, BUT, *I am bound*!” Come further. Behold yon block! behold yon feeble woman! behold that crowd! see that blood-stained auctioneer! Blood-stained! No, you do not see it on his hands, but God sees it there. He puts her up to auction, and sells her as if she were a

beast. Come further. See that tree! see yon naked man lashed to it! see that man with a knotted whip! Blow after blow falls upon the slave, and cuts into his quivering flesh, and the blood rolls down. Come on. Behold yon man bound down with cords! Three or four men are bending over him. They take the iron, heat it in the fire, and press that brand upon his quivering flesh! But *there*, there shall be no more slavery, "for the former things are passed away." There shall be no more persecution there. Persecution! Why, God's sons in this world have always been persecuted. Persecution! What saith Milton. Filled with holy feeling, he calls upon God himself. He says:—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

God is not slow to hear. Though you hear them not, voices are sounding in his ears; there are souls crying from beneath the altar, "How long, O Lord! holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" Every wood and valley of this earth, every hill and rock, is vocal with voices that God can hear, and there is not a valley or a mountain that has not been stained with the blood of God's own slaughtered children. We might call upon the blood of the slaughtered to call out now. We might call upon those who have been slaughtered by their fellow-men for the sake of Jesus to speak, from Abel down to Stephen, from Stephen down to the last saint that was killed in Madagascar. Oh, these horrid persecutions! There is not a place that does not cry out, "Hearken, hearken to the voice of blood." Yea, we might call upon different places to speak to you. We might call upon the valleys of Piedmont, the mountains of the Vaudois, where thousands of God's children have been slain. We might call upon the streets of Paris, which streamed down with the blood of the Huguenots. We might call on Smithfield, which has oftentimes been soaked with the blood of the slaughtered. We might call upon the South seas, which have been stained with the blood of missionaries. We might call upon Madagascar. But *there*, there shall be no more persecution, "for the former things are passed away."

III. There shall be no more wearying *labour* there. Labour is here; and toil and weariness. Man sins; God curses man, and the curse is labour,—that is part of the curse. There, it is unknown. Here, there is labour in everything. There is labour in our very worship. You know that tune, that hymn,—

"In vain we tune our formal songs:
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies."

There, it is unknown. "Day and night"—*there*, there is no night, but the divine writer uses the terms, "day and night"—they chant and sing before God's white throne. Here, man's hands are filled with labour. Some rise early and labour late with the body; others labour with the mind until the brain is racked, the mind seems to turn upside down, the brain seems to spin round, the weary, aching head is laid upon the pillow, and, even then, oftentimes, sweet balmy sleep flees from the sufferer. But *there*, labour shall be unknown; *there*, there shall be rest. Rest! it is unknown in this world; there is no such thing as rest in this world below. We are *here*, in the midst of the battle,—we have to fight and bear the heat and burden of the day; but *there*, is the calm and the peace after the battle. *Now*, we are in the midst of the storm; we have to hold the helm, to bend the sails, to stem the waves, to wrestle with the tempest; but *there*, there is the calm after the storm,—the waves are laid, the winds are lulled, the tempest is chained, and God speaks in the still small voice that is heard through heaven's calm. *Now*, we labour from one week's end to the other, and rest on the Sabbath day; but *there*, it is all one Sabbath—one Sabbath of holy and everlasting rest.

IV. Yea, not only so, but all *change* has passed away. This world is a world of change; all of earth is changing. The wind sometimes blows from the warm

sand sunny south; anon, from the cold and bitter east; then, from the balmy west; anon, from the icy north—ever changing. The clouds sometimes float over the heaven in huge black masses; anon, they float over it in vast white volumes—ever changing. The flowers grow and bloom, and blossom and blush; but they pale and wither, droop and die—ever changing. Look around, and see if there is anything that does not change. The tides ebb and the tides flow; the moon waxes and wanes in the heavens; the sun rises and sets; the clouds appear and disappear; the stars also rise and set. All things terrestrial are inconstant and transitory. No sooner spring goes than summer comes; after summer follows the autumn; after autumn follows the winter. After birth follows maturity; after maturity follows death. It is all change. But, *there*, there shall be none of these changes—none, “for the former things are passed away.” Instead of change, God’s people shall enjoy perpetual constancy. *Here*, we ourselves are changing. You see that babe and that old man; what a difference between the two! Look at the babe’s flaxen hair; look at the old man’s hoary locks. Look at the babe’s rounded limbs, soft arms, and smooth brow; look at the old man’s feeble frame and shrunken limbs. Behold the young, the active, the strong; behold the weak, the feeble, the dying—almost gone. What a difference! Do you think there shall be such changes there? No; *there*, they shall for ever be young, “for the former things are passed away.” No age shall blight them; no wrinkle shall be found in their foreheads; no weakness shall possess them—no, no; their locks shall never grow white with age, “for the former things are passed away.” And how friends change, and deceive us! What professions they make! The wheel of fortune turns up in our favour, and they flock about us with the proffer of their friendship. But the wheel takes a turn; we are downwards; they bid us depart; they pass us by on the other side of the street, and they avoid us. All is change. But, *there*, friends are friends for ever!

V. I pass on to declare to you, there shall be no more death *there*. *Here*, ranges the destroyer, Death his name. Armed *cap-à-pie*, as they say, from head to foot, with deadly weapons. He has arrows that can reach every heart. He carries with him plague, pestilence, famine, sickness, fire, to slay and destroy. He plucks young flowers, and cuts down the old hemlock. He blasts the aged oak with a flash of lightning, and he tears down the little creeper. Death spares none. Death kills or takes away the life of all—mark that. But, *there*, death shall be unknown. Why, this world is a world of death-beds. You do not hear of them, many of you. Many of you do not go to see the dying, but we, who do, see many death-beds, and we know the world is a world of death-beds. And what a variety of death-beds! At no distant part from you, on a pallet four inches from the ground, lies one who is dying; his cheek is pallid, his eye glassy, and his hand tremulous. There, in that little cradle is a poor weak thing, breathing out its last gasp. There, in that hammock on the distant wave is one who is yielding up his soul to God. There, in that grand palace, amid those curtains and carpets—tread softly—you see one who was once strong, who now is weak—once mighty, now helpless. Here lies one, a parent, the icy hand of death is upon him. There lies a mother; death lays his bony fingers upon her heart-strings. It is a world of funerals, too; everywhere, from that white coffin covered with a white pall, borne by pale mourners, to that black one covered with a black pall, carried to the dark tomb. Go round the world, you will find funerals everywhere. Just look at that vessel floating over the calm sea; the wind rises and she steals her way along. Look at that solemn scene on deck. They are reading—do you hear the hushed murmur of prayer? There, on that grating, sown up in his hammock, lies one who was once alive. Now, the burial service is over; the body is thrown out; there is a splash in the water; and the vessel wings her way like a thing of life over the billows. She is gone, and where is the dead? The world is a vast graveyard, for in it lie the bones of all. From the dust of Adam, long since scattered to the winds, to the dust of the last saint or sinner who has just expired—from the bleeding bones of the martyrs that lie in the caves and caverns of the Piedmontese, to the skulls of those that lie in the

catacombs of Paris—from the dust of those who have mouldered in the vast pyramids of Egypt, to the body of him that lies in the last-made grave—from the mound of grass to the mosque of gold! But in that world death shall be unknown. Transport yourselves thither; look up, look around. Who are these about you? Living beings. Shall they ever die? No. Fade? No. Wither? No. Droop? No. Is there change? No. Sorrow? No. Who is that that has wiped away the trace of the last tear from the last saint? That is Jesus, the Prince of Life. And, mark you, he giveth to them the gift of life; for all these sorrows, these changes, these labours, these sufferings, these sins, these death scenes, “are passed away,” among “the former things,” which shall be but remembered.

My time is going from me. I have to draw to a close; but ere I close, I must speak a word further. My friends, there is one more solemn thing. If sin, suffering, labour, change, and death are among the things that shortly shall have passed away, remember, life is also among the things that will have shortly passed away; and death will be found in its place. God is a God of justice, and he is certain to set two things in everlasting contrast; the one, Hell with its flames, the other, Heaven with its glory; the one, Hell with its groans, the other, Heaven with its songs—the blackness of darkness, the glory of brightness—Heaven and Hell. Now, we address sinners. As a sinner I speak. Oh, look—look at those multitudes. Oh, look at those young sinners! Oh, look at those parent sinners! Oh, look at those hoary-headed sinners! How may a child speak with these? Oh, sinners, hear the cry, the cry of one saved, one whom God has hold of, and one who will shortly be dead and gone! Sinner, hear one who would see you safe in the arms of Christ. We tell you your opportunities will be shortly passed away. Preaching will be shortly passed away; prayer will be shortly passed away; pardon will be shortly passed away; peace will be shortly passed away; hope will be shortly passed away. Your day is a fleeting one; it will set in clouds, and night cometh. Your joy is a fading one; it dies—it is short-lived. Hell cometh, pain cometh, suffering cometh, woe cometh, anguish cometh, torment cometh, night cometh, and eternity cometh. How shall we address you. Oh, might the dead speak to you! Oh, that we might call upon those who are among the lost to address you! God knoweth. Let them stand up; let them stand here, and we will leave this place, and go elsewhere. Oh, that the mouldering dead might come forth and tell you that all “former things” to them “are passed away.” Might we but bid some of the lost in the deep pit to come up—might we but bid the sinner in burning chains come up, sheeted with fire, and, with trumpet tongue, testify to you of the solemn, awful truths which God shall reveal. Methinks, your souls would tremble within you. Mark me, you are dying. There is not a man here, a child here, or a woman here, that is not dying. The hand of Death is upon you. The pale rider is after you. The arrow is put into the bow; it is pointed and winged, and it must pierce the heart. For Death cometh. The Judgment cometh. And in that awful day, think what thou shalt do. In that day where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? When the book is opened and the trumpet sounds, when the earth is departing and God is coming, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? When Jesus is blessing the saints and cursing the ungodly, ah, where shall you appear? I close God’s book—my time is gone. God will shortly close his book, for your time shall be gone. If I could, my outstretched hand should pluck you all as brands from the burning. I cannot; it is God’s province, it is God’s work. We warn you, therefore, to seize the present moment, to lay a mighty and tight grip—the grasp of faith—upon the hope set before you. O! remember that presently, after a few more nights and days, a few more hours and moments, these “former things” shall have “passed away.” He that believeth in the blood of Jesus shall be saved when these things have passed away. He that believeth not in the blood of Jesus shall be damned when these things have passed away. God be merciful to us for Christ’s sake. Amen.

SERMON II.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. xxii. 7.

I SUPPOSE there is no person here who has not heard of the expected comet. Now, at best, the near approach of that comet, though foretold with such apparent certainty, is uncertain. Say it did come close to the earth, its effects, then, are uncertain. Say, it did strike the earth, the consequences are then uncertain. It might be one mass of mist through which the earth would shoot as a ball through a cloud. For all that, the effect produced by the simple declaration of the approach of some comet, not visible to the naked eye, has been most extraordinary. All people have been concerned. Numbers have been alarmed; and I even heard of one woman in this neighbourhood who put an end to her life—who hanged herself—through fear of being destroyed in the general conflagration when this comet should come to burn the world.

Now, I have a solemn announcement to make. My text declares that the Lord Jesus is coming. It is uncertain that this comet will come. It is certain that Jesus will come; God has revealed it to you,—you cannot doubt God's word. It is uncertain what the effects of the comet will be, if it comes. The effects of the coming of Jesus are certain; they are fixed, they are sure, they are in a measure outlined, grouped, and coloured. We have a picture of futurity,—events far apart, like mountains in the distance, seem to stand close together: all is fixed and certain. We know if the Lord Jesus were to come he would call us all to judgment. Yet, how careless men are about it. They get up in the morning, and never think that Jesus may come ere they lie down at night. They lie down to sleep, and never think that they may be awakened by the trump of the archangel in the morning. They go about their business, and never think that the Lord Jesus may speedily interrupt them, and put an end to all their concerns in this world, and call them to judgment. My friends, how is this? What is the reason of it? The Apostle Peter explains it in his Second Epistle. He says, "In the last day, scoffers shall come, and they will say, where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things have continued just as they were down to this present time." Ah, let these scoffers bend them down over this word: "Behold, I come quickly." If you want to know where is the promise of His coming, there it is.

But a man may say, you have the promise, but where is the fulfilment of that promise? Eighteen hundred years have passed away since he said, "Behold, I come quickly." You are wrong if you think God is in haste to work. He knows he has time enough. He declares what he will do, and he is certain to keep his word. Man ought to hasten; he should not be slothful in anything. Time and tide wait not for him; let him, then, run swiftly the race that is set before him, but, let God sit upon his throne; let him calmly wait and rest, for he has eternity to work in. If you turn to the pages of some good geological work, you will find that he did not hurry when creating the world. He laid the foundations of the earth calmly. One stone was laid down; another stone put upon the top of that. One layer of mighty red rock was laid down; another layer of mighty red rock laid on that; and thus the old red sandstone hills were piled up; thus the old purple-peaked granite mountains were piled up; and thus the rocky ribs of earth were stretched out slowly by the hand of God himself. He calmly worked, because he had ages to work in. Moses has given us an account of the work of

God: in six periods, he says, God formed this world. We do not know the length of those periods; they might have been countless ages. If you take the trouble of examining a piece of the stone called oolite, you will find it is composed of clustered thousands, and tens of thousands, and millions of little white shells. Now, just take the trouble of thinking. There you have a small piece of this stone. Where did it come from? You say from the bowels of the earth. Tell me, was not that mass once alive? Do you think it was alive in this shape? Ah, no. Every one of these little shells, no bigger than the head of a small pin, once moved; every one of these little shells had a live insect inside. Do you not see that the oolite must have taken ages and ages in being gradually deposited layer upon layer? And if every layer took an age in being deposited, how long did the mountain take to accumulate? Does not God, then, work quietly and calmly, and is he to hurry the coming of the Lord Jesus? No, he prophesied of old that Jesus should come—that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Age after age passed away, hundreds and thousands of years passed away, then came the Lord Jesus—after the world had grown four thousand years old. Ere the canon of Scripture was closed the Lord Jesus said, "Behold, I come quickly." Now ages have passed away since he made that declaration:—the first age, the second age, the third age, the fourth age, the fifth age, the sixth age, the seventh age, and so on; and now, the nineteenth age is passing away, and yet he is not come. So scoffers start up all around and say, where is the promise of his coming? Why, there it is—"Behold, I come quickly;" and we lay claim to that promise and look for its speedy fulfilment.

Now, before the Lord Jesus Christ comes, certain things must happen, for you know there are the antecedents to his coming, as well as the consequences of his coming. A word, then, about the things that happen before his coming; a word about the time of his coming; a word about the manner of his coming; a word about the object of his coming; and then, let me make a practical use of the text I have taken, and apply, with God's help, the truth to your hearts.

I. First, what are THE ANTECEDENTS to the coming of the Lord Jesus? One thing is the scattering of the Jews. That *has* been fulfilled. You remember the Lord Jesus prophesied that not one stone of the temple of Jerusalem should be left standing upon another. The disciples confounded Christ's prophecies about the destruction of Jerusalem, with his prophecies about his second coming. Time has enabled us to distinguish the difference between these things. According to history, Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, its temple was destroyed, the very foundations were razed, three millions of the Jews were slain, and the remainder of the nation scattered. And they are scattered through every country in the world to this present day. There are other things that have to be fulfilled before the coming of the Lord. For instance, the rise of the great beast Antichrist, the rise of that mighty power Popery—that seven-hilled and ten-horned city—the modern Babylon. Has not this arisen? The craters of life streamed from the fountain of God, and as they flowed along they mingled with the dark and turbid waters of an earth-born river, and the waters of life were polluted. The stream, which was at first sweet and bright, grew dark and bitter, spreading everywhere desolation, and now it has rolled round the world, a mighty flood of death-bearing iniquity. It seems to me just as if some of the beautiful tendrils of the vine of early Christianity had stretched out their arms and grown around a branch of that tree of error that overshadowed the city of Rome. That baleful and poisonous tree, growing stronger and stronger, burst these tendrils, cast off these green fetters, and grew up on its own account, supported by drinking in the blood of the slain, and stretching out its dark branches far and wide, covered the land of Italy from north to south; and now, you will find leaves from this tree in every city; you will find its poisonous fruits in every country; and you will find four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, overshadowed more or less by the deadly branches of this gigantic and deadly tree—Popery. My friends, this part of the prediction has been fulfilled. There is one more thing that must be fulfilled—that is, the preaching of the Gospel in every country. We say,

this is just accomplished. Thousands of missionaries, following the example of Paul, have gone forth and preached Christ crucified, and, now, there is not a land in which Christ's cross has not been planted. The Gospel is being preached in every country as a witness. But we believe the world will not be converted fully until the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

II. Next, a word about THE TIME of Christ's coming. The Thessalonians were deceived by what Paul wrote to them in his first Epistle, about the nearness of this event. They expected the coming of Jesus sooner than they ought to have done. In the Second Epistle Paul undeceives them, he says, "be not shaken in mind, or troubled, as that the day of Christ is at hand." After that rose up many false prophets, declaring the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ was just at hand,—time rolled on and mocked them. A few hundred years ago, during the fire of London, one ran about the streets declaring that it was the end of the world. A few years ago I remember seeing in the streets of Bristol, placarded upon the walls, that the Lord Jesus was to come on such and such a day. But the day passed away, and he did not come. Even some in the present day pretend to know the very year in which he will come. But they cannot tell you the exact time, because the Bible does not reveal it. One thing, however, we are sure of, that he will come, and that shortly. Daniel tells us so, and John tells us so, and he says so himself. There is a vast measure of iniquity still remaining to fill up, and it is a doctrine of Scripture that, when this vast measure of iniquity is full, then shall the end be. How this has been gradually filling up age after age! Oh! the bitter persecutions that have been poured into it. There have been the persecutions of patriarchs, of prophets, and of priests, for nigh four thousand years. There have been since that time, the persecutions of the Christians in India, in Asia Minor, in Italy, in North Africa, in England, in Spain, in Switzerland, in France, in Scotland, in Ireland, and even in Madagascar. Dark national sins have contributed to fill this vast measure of iniquity: the sins of drunkenness, of adultery, of slavery, and of wholesale murder, are gradually filling it up. Try to sound those dark depths, and you fail; but God can, and when it is full then shall the coming of the Son of man be. Now, our text declares that it will be soon. "Behold, I come quickly." Let us believe him. He may come ere the year 2000, and you know it is not far from the year 2000 now. My brethren, he may come ere the year 1860, and you know it is not far from that now, Prepare, then, to meet him.

III. Let me say a word or two about THE MANNER of his coming. "Behold," says Christ, "I come as a thief." How does a thief come? In the silence of night. How does a thief come? Stealthily. How does a thief come? When least expected. How does a thief come? When you are unprepared to meet him. Thus, then, cometh Jesus. If you examine the first chapter of Revelation, you will find John says of him, "Behold, he cometh with clouds. Now, what does this declare about the mode of his coming? Evidently, it shows the grandeur of it. Oh, the grandeur of clouds! In a solemn and deep calm they lie above your head motionless. Can you move them? No. Could all mankind move one of those clouds? No, they could not; more easily could they move rocks. Now, we read, Jesus comes with cloud. There is power,—he moves them. But we have more than power in that thought, we have glory; he comes not only with literal clouds of light, but he comes with literal clouds of saints. Do you not remember that the Apostle says, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, "Therefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses?" Now, these are the clouds that Jesus will come with. Do you remember, in the old prophets, reading these words, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" With such clouds will he come! Yes, he will come with the hosts of heaven, with patriarchs, with prophets, with apostles, with martyrs, and with all his saints in glory.

IV. A word or two about THE OBJECT of his coming. He will come to restore the Jews to their own land. Now, if you will take the trouble of referring with me to the eleventh chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, you will find it

plainly revealed in the twenty-fifth to twenty-ninth verses: "For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits; that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob: For this is my covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins. As concerning the Gospel, they are enemies for your sakes: but as touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sakes. For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Is not that plain language? You must then be forced to believe that at the coming of the Lord Jesus, the Deliverer of Sion, the Jews will be turned from ungodliness and will be restored, and so all Israel shall be saved. Is it not so? Now, this is one object. Another object is the conversion of the world. Satan—that malignant, dark, hating, and hateful spirit, who has been ages and ages deceiving the world, and causing darkness, sorrow, and death—Satan will be chained. We know Christ is to do it. He is now gathering in link after link of his chain. And Satan feels this, and Satan rages at the very utmost stretch of his chain, seeking whom he may seize, rend, tear, and devour. At that time God will gather up the last link, bind Satan, shut him up in hell, and set a seal on the pit that shall not be broken for a thousand years. Then, of course, peace and holiness shall reign; then, sin shall be banished; then, the trumpet shall sound from every hill and valley; multitudes shall flock together, and the name of the Lord shall be glorified. Do you not remember how David says in the seventy-second psalm, that all shall come and worship Jesus, and bow down in adoration; that kings shall fall down before him; that ships shall bring their presents from afar. So it shall be in the time of the millennium. Then, the prophecies in the thirty-fifth of Isaiah shall be fulfilled. The wilderness shall rejoice, for rains from heaven shall be poured out upon it: it shall be covered with the red-blossoming rose. Then, shall the habitations of dragons "where each lay," become grass, "with reeds and rushes." Then, shall a highway be there, and a way. Then, the lion shall no more roam in the desert, but the little child shall lead him and lie down with him; and the lamb and the wolf, the bear and the sheep, shall rest and feed together. This will be the time of the millennium. And after this the Lord Jesus is to break the seal, and to loose Satan for a season, that he may gather the hosts of hell, with the armies of the wicked, against the righteous. Then, shall fire come from heaven and devour them; then, shall they be destroyed and swallowed up in the second death. Then, shall the world be called to judgment before the great white throne of God's glory. Then, shall the wicked be separated from the righteous—the sheep from the goats. The righteous shall be received into the opened arms of Jesus, and carried by him to their rest in heaven; and the wicked, no matter who they be—though they be princes, the most learned and exalted among men—shall be cast down, with Satan and his angels, to dwell in that place where death comes not,—to dwell in the place of the second death—of the living death—of the everlasting death: "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Now, suffer me for a few moments to apply the subject practically to your souls. The doctrine I preach this morning is this—I say that the doctrine of the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ is one which, in the days of the Apostles and by the lips of Paul himself, was preached as the most powerful incentive to earnest living in the churches, and as a most powerful motive for the sinner to turn to God, and prepare to meet his Lord. I say, then, that the doctrine of the coming of the Lord Jesus ought to be preached now as it was preached then; and I say still further, that the hope of the church should not be death, but Christ's coming. You are all looking forward to death. You ought not to look forward to death—that is not "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour."

In order to convince you of this truth—and I grieve to say that I have kept it back too much since I have been among you, but the Lord hath lately directed my attention to it—I believe ministers do wrong in keeping back this doctrine, I

believe you would be happier if it were placed before you more frequently—but to convince you of its importance, I am just going to show you an interesting fact, a fact that many of you are quite unacquainted with. Just turn with me to the book of Thessalonians, and just see how Paul speaks of the coming of Christ. You will find—and I dare say it is new to many of you—you will find that Paul the Apostle speaks of it, not in one chapter, or in two chapters, or in three, or in four, but in every chapter. Turn to the first chapter of first Thessalonians. In the tenth verse, he says: "To wait for his Son from heaven." Now turn to the second chapter; in the nineteenth verse, he says: "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?" Now, what is it? This, he says: "Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" Now, turn to the third chapter; read the twelfth and thirteenth verses: "And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you: to the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints." Do you see that? Now, the fourth chapter; turn to the fifteenth and following verses: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Then, turn to the fifth chapter, the second verse: "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." Then, in the fourth verse: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." And then, a little farther on, you find in the sixth verse, he says: "Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober." And if you turn to the twenty-third verse of that fifth chapter, you find Paul says: "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, turn to the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and in the first chapter, seventh verse, you read: "And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels." In the eighth verse, he speaks of vengeance; in the ninth verse, of everlasting destruction; and in the tenth verse, he says: "When he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe (because our testimony among you was believed) in that day." Then, in the second chapter, eighth verse, he says: "And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." Mark that! Then, in the third chapter, fifth verse, you read these words: "And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." Now I want to know what you have to say to these things? Is it not plain that Paul preached this truth with all his heart. Not in two or three places, but in every chapter, he gives it as a motive for every good deed; he applies it to the conscience of sinners with power, commanding them to leave their evil ways and seek salvation.

Now, for a few moments, let me apply it to several classes of persons present.

1. First of all, I would remind the *drowsy* of the coming of Jesus. Hear ye the word of the Lord: "Let us not sleep as do others." My friends, you are little inclined to believe that you are asleep. Oh, if you could see the saints in heaven so wide-awake, and contrast your present state with theirs, you would say, "Ah, we sleep, we sleep." It is so. Satan helps to rock you off to sleep; you hear not the voice of God speaking to you from heaven,—you slumber. Would you be caught sleeping when Jesus comes? No. Then *awake!* for the Lord is at hand!

2. Secondly, I would remind the *ensorious* of the coming of Christ. If you turn to the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, you will find Paul reasoning with such. In the fifth verse you read: "Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the

hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts : and then shall every man have praise of God." Now, take care how you find fault with others. I do believe, and oh, I am grieved when I think of it, that when any person rises up to speak the truth boldly, to preach the Gospel fully, to labour earnestly for God, it is not the world that opposes that person so much as the professing church. I can say for myself, that I have received far more opposition from professing Christians than I have ever received from the world. I am sinful. God knows my heart—"a sinful, weak, and helpless worm, on his kind arms I fall." But I do tell you that I have been more maligned, and more opposed, by the professing church than by the world itself. Sinners listen and turn, while Christians criticise and condemn. Oh, take care of this censorious spirit! Remember that Jesus is coming. "Judge no one before the time." "Judge not, lest ye be judged." He will reveal the hidden things of darkness. Much that you praise and think very excellent, he will cover with shame and contempt, and what you condemn, he may exalt, and show by the light in its true colours ; and, then, shall every faithful man receive praise of God.

3. Let me remind the *diligent* of the coming of Christ. What does Jesus say to such in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, forty-sixth verse? You will find him saying, "Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing." Now, there are some diligent Sabbath-school teachers here. I am glad to see them. There are some diligent parents here. I am glad to believe it. Oh, go on, go on ; be more diligent ! Tell me, now, how you would like to be found if Christ were to come suddenly ! Would you not like to be found employed serving him ? Blessed are ye if ye are so found. Remember, he may come at any moment. Then let this thought of his coming spur you onward to increased activity.

4. Let me remind the *bereaved* of the coming of Jesus. Now Paul, though in heaven, still speaks to such, when writing to the bereaved among the Thessalonians. He remembered too those who mourned. Oftentimes when reading his sweet words, the tears have streamed down, and I could almost weep over them now, there is such touching tenderness in them. Says Paul to those who weep bitter tears over those who, in the bloom and flush of youth, in the prime of life, or in the feebleness of old age, were torn away by the rude and blood-stained hand of persecution, to be slain in the dungeon or at the stake—says Paul to the poor weeping ones, "Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain until the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first : Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." And thus he sweetly comforts them, and wipes away their tears. Now I know there are in this assembly some who weep bitterly, and refuse to be comforted. I know there are parents who weep, husbands who weep, wives who weep, sisters who weep, brothers who weep, children who weep, and all over the departed ; but if they are Christians, let them 'not sorrow as those who have no hope.' I tell you with joy you shall see them, brethren, you shall see them again. For when Jesus comes in glory they shall come in glory ; when you are caught up to meet him, if you are spared to meet him, you shall meet them also. Therefore, sorrow not, bereaved ones.

5. Let me remind the *troubled* of the coming of Christ. Let me point them to the words of Christ himself. In the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John, first verse : "Let not your heart be troubled." Satan troubles you ; the world troubles you ; the affairs of this life trouble you ; the thought of death troubles you. "Let not your heart be troubled." Why ? "For," says Jesus, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am,

there ye may be also." Oh! let the troubled, then, lift up their heads, and go away rejoicing.

6. Let me remind the *church* of the coming of Jesus. This evening, if you are spared, you will sit down and eat of the bread and drink of the wine. Do you remember what Paul says about this? "As often as you do this, you show forth the Lord's death"—and what next?—"till he come." Never forget that. Connect the death of Christ with his coming. Remember, the Supper of the Lord is given as a sign to remind you of two things: first, the death of Jesus; secondly, his coming,—that you may remember him in his absence, and long for his appearance! And then, when he comes, this supper will be done away; no more eating such bread and drinking such wine, "for we shall see him as he is."

7. Lastly, let me remind the unprepared of the coming of Jesus. And now my heart is sorrowful. I know there are young people, and old people, and middle-aged people here, and Sabbath scholars, and, perhaps, Sabbath-school teachers, altogether unprepared. Ah! what a duty is mine! I would say to them in the solemn words that God has given me, "Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not of, the Son of man cometh." Just for a moment examine that text. "Therefore," you see the message is reasonable; "be," you see it is imperative; "ye," you see it is personal; "also," you see it is comprehensive, it takes in with one glance all; "ready," you see it is particular. What say you? Are you ready? Oh! my brethren prepare every one of you to meet the Lord Jesus Christ, for you shall certainly see him: "Behold," as sure as he liveth, "he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him."

And now I close the book, for my time is gone. God will presently close his book, for your time will be gone. Oh! may the words of Christ, "Behold, I come quickly," sound in your ears every hour of the day, and every day of your life, until you can cheerfully reply, "Even so, come Lord Jesus." Amen.

Which may God of his infinite mercy grant. Amen. Amen.

SERMON III.

THE REASONABLE SERVICE.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

I HAVE one request to make before I proceed to address you on the subject of the words which I have chosen for this morning's meditation. The request is this, that those of you who are in the habit of lifting up your hearts to the heart of the Infinite, would this morning, while we speak for God to you, speak for yourselves to God. You may depend upon it that, if in spirit and in truth, you ask of God those blessings which he sees you need, those blessings you shall receive—"for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

God always has been, must be, and will be served; and that, by all. Did angels refuse to serve him in heaven? He cast them down straightway to hell. Did man refuse to serve him by obedience in Eden? At the flaming point of the sword of the seraphim, he turned him out of the garden of Paradise. And were the material universe, if it were possible, to refuse in any way to obey the commands of God to bow to his appointed will, he would annihilate it. Now, we are placed in a very peculiar position with God. God demands that we, as reasonable and as immortal beings, should render to him a certain reasonable service. There are four different courses that lie open to us. We may either refuse to render to God the reasonable service that he demands, and attempt to oppose him and overpower him; or, we may attempt to flee from and escape him; or, we may allow ourselves to be taken in hand by the Almighty and punished for ever; or, we may yield to his command, obey his orders, and serve him as we should. We cannot do the first—overpower God. What can weakness do before strength? What shall such weakness as we are do before such strength as God is, who is omnipotent? How can we escape from him? Were we to take the wings of the morning and flee to the very utmost parts of the sea, we should find God there. Were we to ascend Jacob's dream-ladder and enter heaven, we should find God there. Were we to descend in reality to the very depths of hell, and make our beds amid the flames, we should find God there. He besets us behind and before. He lays his hand upon us. He compasses us about with his arms. He knows our rising up and our lying down; he knows our eating, our drinking, our smiling, our weeping and our resting, our living and our dying. God is our house, for in him we live, in him we move, in him we have our being. We may cast off this house of flesh, the house of the body, in a short time; and it is certain we shall do so, for it shall decay and pass away. But we shall never cast off our house of God the Lord; he shall be either a habitation of joy, or a habitation of woe to us, and that for all eternity. Well, then, seeing that we cannot do the first thing—oppose God and refuse to obey him, or the second thing—escape God and refuse to obey him, can we do the third thing? endure the wrath of God, continuing still like devils to refuse him the obedience that he demands! Ah, who among us shall lie down with the devouring fire? Who among us can dwell with the everlasting torments? There is, then, one more course lying before us; we may yield ourselves to God, we may perform the reasonable service which he commands and demands; and thus be here, to the praise of his glory, and there to the praise of his glory in heaven for ever.

Now, the question naturally arises, what is this reasonable service that God demands of us? Suppose we consult the text. What saith the Apostle Paul?

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye"—what? "present"—what? "your bodies"—as what? "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." And what is all this? "Your reasonable service."

This morning, then, I have two things before me. I wish, in the first place, to try and show you the nature of your reasonable service; and, in the second place, to try and persuade you to perform your reasonable service; taking, as the foundation of the first part of my discourse, the words of the apostle, "that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God;" and for the second part, the exhortation of the Apostle, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God" that ye do this.

In the FIRST place, WHAT IS THE NATURE OF OUR REASONABLE SERVICE? It is this, "That ye present yourselves a living sacrifice," "holy" as well as "acceptable to God." There are here two things to speak about: First, *sacrifice* to be offered up; and, secondly, the *manner* of offering that sacrifice. Now, what is the sacrifice that God demands? Our bodies. And what must that sacrifice be? It must be holy, and it must be entire. "Where do you learn," some say, "that it must be holy?" In the text: "that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy." Ah, but if our bodies are unclean, how shall we present them holy? The body of itself is doubly unclean; it is unclean within and unclean without. We have within, a deep, dark, bitter, and polluted fountain of abomination of sin and of uncleanness—that is, the heart within. And then, from that impure fountain flow streams of lust, streams of pride, streams of sloth, streams of adultery, streams of theft, streams of blasphemy, streams of cruelty, streams of murder. Everything iniquitous, black, abominable, and hateful flows from the deep fountain of iniquity which is within. How can we, then, present this to God? and will God accept it if we do? I believe if we came with any such sacrifice that God would curse, instead of blessing us; that God would frown upon us instead of smiling upon us; that God would send us away with rebuke instead of receiving us with joy; ay, and consume us with indignation, instead, of crowning us with blessings. It will not do, then, brethren.

How can we, then, present a holy sacrifice to God? Come for a moment and see how the Jew acted when he brought his sacrifice to the priest to be offered up. He brought a lamb, impure without and impure within. Having washed the lamb, as it were, from all impurities, he then, with a keen knife, parted the lamb, put in his hands, and took out all that was unclean and corrupt within; next, having washed the lamb, internally as well as externally, with pure water, again and again, he bound it with cords to the altar, and offered it up to God. Brethren, so it must be with us. We must be, first of all, washed externally from all past transgressions and guilt, in the most precious blood of the Son of God. Then we must be laid open, as it were within; the very heart of hearts must be taken out; all iniquity by the hand of God must be torn out, as it were, by the very entrails. We must, then, be purged and purified within, being washed by the regeneration of the Holy Ghost, cleansed by the blood of Jesus, that we may be a holy sacrifice, and thus be acceptable to God. This is the first part of the nature of the sacrifice—it must be holy.

But besides being holy, it must be *entire*. "Where do you learn that?" says one. In the words of the text. "How so?" Does not the apostle say, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that ye present your bodies?" Now, what does he mean by "your bodies?" Does he not mean yourselves? When the Israelite brought the lamb, he brought the body of that lamb and all that it contained. When you bring your bodies to God, you bring all that your body contains, as well as the body itself. Suppose I have a precious casket, and in that casket a most brilliant and valuable jewel. If I present that casket to some prince, I present that casket and all that it contains. So God gives you, as it were, the casket of the body, "fearfully and wonderfully made," in which is contained the bright, the precious, and the everlasting jewel of the soul; and God demands that you give the casket and the jewel in it—that, in presenting your bodies you present yourselves. Brethren, you must present, then, your bodies,

your souls and your spirits—in fact, all you are, and all you have. Even as the poor widow came, pale with sickness, haggard with want, clad in the weeds of woe, and in the thread-bare garment of poverty, even as she came with streaming eyes, and brought to the temple her two last mites, and with trembling hand dropped them into the treasury, so you must come before God. You must come as that poor widow came, just as you are, in the weeds of woe and the garments of beggary, and bring with you your two last and only mites—all that you have left. “What two mites?” says one. Your body and your soul. And you must drop these two mites into the treasury of God, and thus give up all that you are—a living sacrifice to him. But you must give up more than all that you are; you must give up all you have, for that is the nature of an entire sacrifice. “What have I?” says one. Well, brother, thou hast powers, hast thou not?—powers of body, strength, and so forth? powers of mind—power to acquire, power to discriminate, power to judge, to compare, to reason, to create, to imagine? You must bring all these powers, and having stripped from off them the livery of Satan, have them clothed in the livery of God and of them that enlist in his service. “What have I besides?” says one. You have acquirements. As Moses of old, learned as he was in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God in the wilderness for a season, laid that learning at the feet of God in his holy temple, so must you do—choose to suffer affliction with the children of God for a season, and bring all the learning you have acquired, and lay it at the feet of God. Or, as the apostle Paul, for instance, brought all the learning that he had acquired during those years he sat at the feet of Gamaliel of old, and laid it at the feet of Christ, so, necessarily, must you act; bring all your acquirements, everything you have learned, and have the iniquity purged away, and lay them as a sacrifice at the feet of God. Says one, “Have I anything else to offer?” Thou hast. Besides powers and acquirements, thou hast possessions. Have you not money, many of you? Have you not time, many of you? Have you not health and strength, and life, and a thousand things I cannot enumerate? Bring these to God. “Oh, but,” says one, “does God actually demand that I should give up everything, and keep nothing back?” He does. “But,” say you, “show me an instance in which God has demanded this to be given.” Do you not remember Abraham of old, whose son Isaac God demanded in sacrifice, how Abraham brought Isaac to the top of the mountain, bound him with cords to the altar, and was about to slay him in sacrifice to God? “Ah,” but you say, “Isaac was not offered up after all.” Well, now pause; we will rise far higher than this. Believe me God demands nothing of you in harshness or cruelty, in unkindness or injustice. God first sets you the example, my brethren—my heart is full while I think of it—and, then, he says, follow my footsteps. He opens his bosom and gives his blessed Isaac. His Son, Jesus Christ, dies a sacrifice—first, a living one; then, a dying one; and now, again, he lives a living sacrifice, even for our sakes. And having shown us, first of all, what we should do, God says, “Follow in my footsteps; give up everything that you have; offer it up freely to me—an entire sacrifice.”

This, then, is your reasonable service.

Dear brethren, I hope there will be no mystification about this. I hope all doubts are cleared away. You see it is your duty to give up all you have, all you are, and all that you will ever be, freely, at once, and for ever, to the living God, to lay no further claim to yourselves. So that when Satan or the world comes and says to you, “Give this to me!” you must answer, “I have given it already to God; I have no more power over myself now; God henceforth owns me; I am not my own. I am not my own, I am bought with a price; I am a holy, an entire sacrifice.”

Now, dear brethren, a word about the mode of offering up this sacrifice to God. There are two things I should like to notice. You must offer up yourselves. I like that word, “YOURSELVES;” it includes everything. You must offer yourselves freely, and you must offer up yourselves daily. Now, why must you offer up yourselves *freely*? Because God hates, abhors, detests the gift that is grudged.

"Ah, but," you say, "what is the principle of this?" The principle of love. God freely loves us, freely gives his Son, freely pardons us, freely forgives us; then, he demands us freely to give ourselves to him. You say, "Tell me why, and how." Well, here is an illustration. Suppose I have a friend who is poor, and that friend comes to me, and I have the means of alleviating his wants and supplying his necessities. Suppose, now, I love my money better than I love that friend. If I act upon that feeling, I keep the money and let the friend want. Now, suppose I love my money as much as I love my friend; then, acting upon that feeling, I balance, and waver, and become doubtful; and if I give any money, I give it grudgingly. But suppose I love that friend better than I love my money; acting upon that feeling, I give my money away freely. If, then, you love yourself better than you love your God, and act upon that feeling, you will keep yourself. If you love your God as you love yourself, then, acting on that feeling, you will doubt, and pause, and waver between two feelings; and if, knowing your duty, you do it, you give yourself away to God grudgingly. But if you love God better than you love yourself, acting on that feeling you give yourself away freely to God. And this is what God demands. Says one, "I have just a question to ask." What is it? "Where do you learn this in the words of the text?" Here it is. The apostle Paul does not say, "I beseech you, brethren, that you give, because God demands your offering," or, "that you give when God takes away from you your offering;" but he says, "I beseech you, brethren, that ye PRESENT." You see the freeness of the act embodied in these words,— "that ye present,"—as I would a sixpence to a beggar; "that ye present"—as I would give myself up to God, as one unworthy and hell-deserving, whom God will accept through Jesus; "that ye present yourselves," freely,—that is what I want to bring out, the freeness of the gift—"that ye present yourselves a living sacrifice to God." And not only must you give yourselves freely, but you must offer yourselves *daily* to God. "Where do you learn that?" says one. Again, in the words of the text. The apostle Paul does not say, "I beseech you, give yourselves a dead sacrifice, or a dying sacrifice," but, "a living sacrifice." Mark you that. Now, when a lamb was brought by the Jew of old to be offered up, that lamb was first cleansed, then bound, and then burned. So it must be with us: we must be daily cleansed, daily bound, and daily burned. Says one, "Will not the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost to my conscience, do for me?" My brethren, you must be daily cleansed, as well as cleansed when first of all pardoned by the living God that converts you. You must on your knees every day go to God, and say, "Lord God, I would to-day be offered up in sacrifice to thee; but, ah, I am unclean—unclean; this day cleanse thou me." And God will answer you. And you must be daily bound, too. Why? Do you not remember how Isaac was bound to the altar, and do you not think it is highly probable, if he had not been bound down when the knife was ready to be plunged into his bosom by the hand of his father Abraham, that he would have struggled to escape? So it must be with us; we must be bound down to the altar with the cords of love, lest we should escape. And the cords that God binds us down with are not the harsh, strong, rude chains of tyranny; but they are the soft, gentle, constraining cords of the tender love of Christ. Oh, I beseech you, daily, to get yourselves bound down with such cords. On your knees before God begin to meditate on the love, the compassion, the sufferings, the tears, the prayers, the life, the death, the resurrection, the ascension, and the present life and employment of Jesus Christ; and with these cords of love be bound down. When you feel the heat of the flame—when you feel that you have to tear yourselves from worldly lusts—when the promptings of impetuous passions have to be silenced and crushed—when you feel that you must hold back, and keep away from the world that would annoy you and draw you continually from God—when you would shrink from the flame, and rather not be crucified to-day as you were crucified yesterday—when you would rather let the old man enjoy himself a little to-day, and not "die daily," as God would have you, a living sacrifice—when the promptings of sin and the temptations of Satan

rise successfully and powerfully in the heart, leading you to struggle and resist, and, if possible, flee and leave the altar of sacrifice empty—oh, then, get yourselves bound down with these tender and mighty cords of love, that ye may, indeed, be living sacrifices, “holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.”

But, brethren, “*yourselves*”—“**YOURSELVES.**” The sacrifice must not only be daily cleansed, daily bound, but daily burned. “Now,” says one, “I do not understand how this body of mine can be consumed, and made an acceptable sacrifice to God.” We do not say, it must; but we say, your spiritual part, your affections, all these things must be consumed in sacrifice. Suppose I have before me two different kinds of fire. Here is a fire of wood and coal; here is a fire of pure spirit, such as too many are fond of drugging themselves with. Now, I get four different products from this fire of wood and coal—light, heat, smoke, and ashes; but no perfume. I get three products from this fire of pure spirit—light, heat, and perfume; neither smoke nor ashes. Now, it seems to me, that God would have us to be such a sacrifice as this. He would have the impurity cleansed away; then, he would have us, as it were, set on fire by the Holy Ghost, so that he might get these three things from us—heat, light, and perfume. “What heat?” says one. The heat of love is what God demands; so that you may, every one of you, be burning flames of living and ever-ascending love; so that you may be a heat in the family, a heat in the church, a heat in the shop, a heat in the world, a heat in the universe, and a heat in heaven; so that you may help to warm cold and frozen hearts, help to thaw the cold and icy who are around you; so that you may be like him, who is the brightest and warmest of all that love which is concentrated—the Lord Jesus Christ, who is love himself, love to all, love especially to the household of faith—that you may be like him, a sacrifice of love unto heaven. But more than this is required. God wants you to be a light as well as heat in the world; that you may hold forth the word of truth and be burning and shining lights, showing your neighbours, and friends, and relatives where the pit-falls, and gins, and snares lay spread by the world and Satan, and showing them that narrow, rugged, and up-hill path that ever leadeth up to heaven; that you may be lights in the midst of the darkness of this present scene of things, until the day dawns and the shadows flee away, when our spirits, collected together, shall burn in one great genial blaze of light and glory in that place where God the Lord is the everlasting light, our God and our glory. But God needs something more besides this from you. Not only as a burning sacrifice on the altar, must you send forth the heat of love and brilliancy of light, but you must send up the perfume of prayer, the perfume of praise. Brethren, never forget that this is a part of the daily sacrifice. When the flames of persecution, and tribulation, and trial, rage hottest, and strongest, and fiercest around us, then, it is, I sometimes think, that the sweet incense of the purest perfume of prayer and praise goes up from loving hearts, that burn with affection to God. Witness Paul and Silas, whose feet were in the stocks, whose blood was rolling down on the floor of their cell; witness them as they lay at midnight in the gaol at Philippi; hear their prayers and praises, how they go up to God! And Christ himself, who suffered more than mortal man ever suffered before, who suffered what mortal man never could suffer, and what only God in our nature could suffer—oh, think of him, how, in the midst of the heat of the flames, in the midst of the darkness of his tribulation and trials, he offered up to God the sweetest incense of prayer and praise day and night, and that this is available continually and for ever!

Now, dear brethren, there are just two things to be said here. At present we cannot be a pure sacrifice. By-and-by, we shall be all this. But, at present, alas, there goes up with the perfume, smoke; or, in plainer language, there goes up with our prayers and with our praises, sin. We bless God, however, that though our prayers and praises are continually polluted by iniquity, there stands one at the right hand of God—Christ Jesus—who separates the smoke from the perfume, who separates the sin from the prayer and from the praise, and who,

putting this sweet incense into the vial filled with the prayers and praises of the saints, passes into the presence of the living God, pours out these as sweet odours to God, a sacrifice acceptable to him. Be cheered, then; because, though no angel has ever laid his hand upon your shoulder, as the angel laid his hand upon the shoulder of Cornelius of old—though no angel has ever spoken to you, and said, “Be of good cheer, your prayers and your praises have come up before God, who listens to the hymnings of seraphim and the harpings of the just”—though no angel has said, “Your prayers are heard and accepted by God”—still, it is the case—it is the case. And, if you examine the tear-blotted and stained page of your own history, you will find recorded there in the most legible characters, written by the hand of the Almighty, this truth, that God has heard your prayers and answered them, through Christ your Lord. One word more ere I leave this part of the subject. Dear brethren, I grieve as I gaze round upon you, to think how many of us here have the altar all right, and there lie the cords, and so forth; but there is no fire of love, there is no light of truth, there is no perfume of prayer and praise—nothing but charred cinders and smoking ashes. Ah, backslider, backslider, thy prayers are little less than smoke; thy praises are as a stench; God cannot accept such. Oh, come to God! Get him to purify you from sin; get him, then, to pour upon you, as fire from on high, the true spirit of sacrifice. Just let me notice that God would never accept sacrifices among the Jews, that were burned with common fire. You know that the fire with which the sacrifice was burned had to be kept up from day to day, and that when they offered up strange fire to God, God smote them dead. Oh, take care! no false fire will do. It must be the true fire of the Holy Spirit. This alone can consume the sacrifice, and make it acceptable to God, and thus realize your reasonable service.

Let us notice, secondly, THE PERSUASIVE APPEAL.—Ere I part from you this morning, I have just a few words to say in endeavouring to persuade you to render a reasonable service. Now, we have two things here to notice. In the verse that lies before us we have an appeal made, and we have an encouragement offered. The *appeal* made is this, “I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God,” that ye do this. Now, mark, who makes the appeal? “I”—“I beseech you.” The Apostle Paul would seem to wish to call back to your recollection his past history; he would seem to say, “I, the once-blaspheming persecutor; I, the polluted and blood-stained murderer; I, whose hands have been steeped in and dyed with the red blood of the martyr Stephen; I, the forgiven sinner; I, a saint of the living God;—I beseech you.” You cannot be deaf to such a voice. Mark you, again, he would seem to bring before your eyes, in bright array, his authority and his commission. “I,” the Apostle would seem to say, “who saw Christ through the open clouds of heaven; I, who heard the voice of the Son of God pealing like accents of thunder; I, who was struck blind by the glory of the light of his countenance; I, who have been called to be an apostle; I, who have been caught up to heaven, and have heard unspeakable words not allowable for mortal to utter;—I beseech you do this.” Ah! you cannot be deaf to such a voice. And, again, the apostle really would seem to call up before your minds his aged, and bent, and feeble form, such as when “Paul the aged” speaks to you. “I,” said the Apostle, “I, who have endured cold, and nakedness, and hunger, and thirst, and perils on land, and perils on the sea, and perils among false brethren, and perils among robbers; I, who have been a day and a night in the deep; I, who have been stoned; I, who have been twice beaten with rods; I, who have endured stripes thirty-nine times—‘forty save one;’ I, who have been at death’s door for the sake of Jesus; I, whose hairs are grey, whose brow is furrowed, who carry the cares of all the churches that daily come upon me; I, who burn if any of you burn, who weep where you weep, who sorrow when you sorrow, who smile when you smile; I, who sympathize with you and am passing away to join the choral choir of the redeemed in heaven;—I, Paul the aged, beseech you that ye do this.” You cannot be deaf to such a voice.

Mark you, again, the *manner* of the appeal: "I beseech." Not, I command; "I beseech." Not, I ask; "I beseech." Not, I entreat; "I beseech." As if he had bowed down his knees, and clasped his hands, and poured out, as of old, tears of earnestness, beseeching you. "I beseech you," said Paul. And mark, too, the *ground* of the appeal: "By the mercies of God." Ah! now, brethren, I feel that I cannot do anything like justice to the words of the apostle Paul. I am at a loss here, because the apostle Paul seems to call up before your faces a mighty, magnificent, broad, and uncounted host; and by that mighty host of mercies, he calls upon you, beseeching you "that ye give yourselves living sacrifices to God."

It seems to me the plea is sevenfold. He would beseech you by *personal* mercies, by the kindness God showed you ere ever you saw the light, by God's goodness in the days of your childhood, by his kindness ever since, by daily bread, by daily water, by daily rest, by daily employment, by daily shelter, by daily raiment and clothing,—by nightly rest, by nightly protection, by nightly safety, by personal mercies—we beseech you that ye give yourselves to God. By *relative* mercies, too: by the kindness God has shown your parents, by his gentleness to your children, by his long-suffering and forbearance to your friends and relatives, by all that he has done for those you love; oh! be not deaf to such an appeal,—by these relative mercies, we beseech you that ye present yourselves to God. By *national* mercies, too: by the freedom your country enjoys while other nations are manacled and fettered with strong and cruel oppression; by the peace your country enjoys while other nations are plunged in warfare, stained with blood, shaken with battle, and overwhelmed with the storm of the indignation of God, visited with the fast-falling blows of his mighty and strong wrath; by national religious liberty while other nations—like my own poor, poor Ireland—are buried in darkness, manacled with spiritual slavery, by the spiritual freedom that you have, and by the light of the liberty of the knowledge of the truth,—by national mercies we beseech you, be not deaf to such an appeal—that ye present yourselves living sacrifices unto God. And—for we only overrun the shore, as it were, backwards and forwards—by a *deep ocean* of mercies, yet to be fathomed. I leave eternity to unfold those mercies. It seems the apostle Paul who has called upon you still further by *universal* mercies, by the dew-drop of the morning, by the sunshine of noon, by the shades of evening, and by the stars of the night, by the breezes of spring, by the leaves and flowers of summer, by the fruits of autumn, by the winds and snows of winter, by seas, by rivers, by rainbows, and by oceans,—by all *universal* mercies, we beseech you that ye present yourselves living sacrifices unto God. And by more than this,—by mercies that *ye shall receive in the day of judgment*. By that cleft in the Rock of Ages on which you shall stand secure and unshaken, when earth, beneath the tread of omnipotent God, passes away for ever in flames. Oh! by that cleft in the Rock of Ages, from which you shall gaze down, with feelings none can describe, upon the overflowing scourge and vengeance of the storm of Almighty God, when it passes, red with flames and dark with wrath, as with the sound of thunder, over the wide world, deluging now all that was deluged of old; and by the voice of Christ, who shall yet pronounce the "Come, ye blessed," and waft you with the multitude of the redeemed to heaven; oh, by mercies in the day of judgment, we beseech you—we beseech you—we ask in earnest, God knoweth—we beseech you that ye present yourselves, bodies, souls, and spirits, as living sacrifices to the Lord your God!

And now, ere I close, let me point you to those mercies I cannot attempt to unfold. Oh! by the *mercies of heaven*, by that river that rolls its fulness through the fields of heaven, by that city where no darkness or sorrow enters, by that light without shadow, by that day without night, by those smiles without tears, by those joys without sadness, by those crowns of glory without thorns of trouble, by those scenes of rest where no labour is ever found, by that friendship without alloy, by that love without hatred, by that life without death; oh, by those glories that have no end, by thrones and by crowns, by palm-branches and

trees celestial, by that broad sea of living glass mingled with fire on which stand the one hundred and forty-four thousand harping for ever with their harps; oh, by the song of the redeemed that trembles, and rises, and wavers, and swells, and rolls, and echoes, and thunders for ever in that place where God rejoices and glories over his redeemed ones; oh, by those joys and glories without end, I beseech—beseech every one of you, all of you, that ye give body, soul, and spirit, “living sacrifices to God, which is your reasonable service.”

Now, brethren, ere you depart, just one word of *encouragement* to the Christian. Here it is. The text affords you this encouragement; it declares that if you offer up yourselves to God you will be accepted; it declares that if ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, and holy, “which is your reasonable service,” it will prove acceptable to God. Here I pause. I cannot attempt to unfold the meaning of these words. It seems to be something just like this: when you come with a sacrifice, God will watch you, God will approve you, God will bow down to you, God will receive you, God will take you up, as it were, to his bosom at last. The sacrifice of yourselves will be acceptable to him; and, to prove it, he will transform you into his own image. That is the reward of the acceptable sacrifice; although, dear brethren, having done all these things we know we are but unprofitable servants; never can we claim anything on the ground of merit; but, then, none shall say God will not reward good actions. But you say, “What are good actions?” This is a good action when it is performed by love to God, through his grace, and to his glory.

Now, just one word to the sinner. If the sinner, who is not a sacrifice acceptable to God—nothing but that—a mass of pollution, corruption, disease, deformity, and death, only fit to be cursed and to be consumed—if the poor and the wretched—and God forbid that we should drive them off or fence them out; if the poor and the wretched—and we would take their hands in love—if they come, God will purify them, prepare them, and then consume them in sacrifice and accept them. But here is the other side. If you, young men, any of you—I gaze upon you with intense interest, for I have only this day’s opportunity of speaking to you—I say, if—oh, if you refuse to come to God the Lord, and give yourselves up as he demands, then the consequence shall be simply this:—Against your will, because you won’t present yourselves, God shall present you; without your leave God shall bind you with strong chains of power, and God shall consume your bodies, and burn your spirits, and burn your souls with that fire which he has prepared for the lost in hell. There you shall be sacrifices to God, but of a very different nature. I now use the words of Scripture, and, consequently, the word of God, when I tell you that in that great day God shall lead forth his saints to the very verge of heaven, and bidding them look down into the deep pit of hell, will show them—oh! solemn thought—the smoke of your torment as a dreadful and mournful incense, slowly ascending in black volumes from the pit of hell, amid the cries and wailings of the damned; slowly ascending as an awful sacrifice, a mournful monument of justice unto God, for ever and ever.

I believe I have spoken truth; I believe many of you see now the nature of your reasonable service. Are you prepared to perform that reasonable service? My brethren, the matter lies now, not between you and me, but between you and God. Therefore, I close and leave you with him. God grant that we may all live to one purpose, and one only—to be living sacrifices, “which is your reasonable service.” Amen and amen.

SERMON IV.

THE MEASURELESS LOVE.

“And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”—EPIH. III. 19.

I HAVE one thing to say in commencing. If you expect me to preach to-night, I expect you to pray. We cannot preach unless you pray. Remember, God is nigh; God has the blessing, God is willing to give the blessing. Ask for the blessing, then,—“To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.” May the Lord, the Spirit, unfold to us this evening the meaning of these words,—to receive the truth not only in the knowledge, but in the love of it!

These words may seem to many of you to be words of paradox. You say, “How can I know that which I never can know? How can I understand that which I never can understand? How can I comprehend that which I never can comprehend? How can I know the love of Christ, when at the same time it passeth knowledge?” Now, it is just one of those spiritual things which are only spiritually understood. “The carnal mind is at enmity with God, and understandeth not these things;” in fact, they are “foolishness to him.” The carnal man may sit here and listen calmly to what we have to say upon the subject, and fancy he understands; but these things, after all, will be but foolishness to him, because they are spiritually understood; but the spiritual man who searches the Scripture finds that it contains many such instances of apparent spiritual paradoxes. For instance, the Apostle Paul, when speaking of himself and his fellow apostles, says that they are “as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.” How can that be? “As poor, yet making many rich.” How can that be? “As having nothing, yet possessing all things.” How can that be? And now he prays that you may know the love of Christ, that you can never know, because it “passeth knowledge.”

Now, in speaking upon this living subject,—because you know the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is not something dead and buried, that was, and is not; a something that is only retained in the recollections of men. God forbid that we should speak of it thus. In speaking of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is as real, as deep, as mighty, and as fervent to-night as it ever has been, and ever will be, our object shall be just to show one thing, that the love of Jesus can never be known,—that it “passeth all understanding.” I remember when I was among you before, taking this text, “The love of Christ constraineth us.” It was then my object to show you the power of the love of Christ, and what its influence should be on our lives and acts. Now, my object is to show the infinity, the greatness of the love of Christ, how in everything it “passeth all understanding.” And, dear brethren, the more I consider the subject, the more it seems to reach beyond me. Suppose I take a dim taper (to use a familiar illustration) and go into a large room that is quite dark; I hold that taper above my head, and it only seems to show me the darkness of the room. Now, suppose, passing into a larger room, I increase the light; that light shows me a larger circle of darkness around the larger circle of light. Suppose I pass into the open air, into the calm, still, pitch-dark night; I increase the taper-light, say, a thousandfold, and form a mighty burning blaze, a torch amid the gloom; I increase the circle of light; but then, does not that increased circle of light show me an increased circle of darkness outside? It is so with our investigations this evening; we may light the torch at first, and go forth into the depths of the darkness of this mystery,—for the love of Jesus is at best, and for ever a mystery,—and this light shall serve to show us the darkness still beyond. We may increase our light, we may gain

more knowledge, we may add light to light by contemplation, we may add circle to circle, we may have an increasing, widening, broadening circle of light, yet we shall only see an increasing, broadening, widening circle of darkness beyond; and thus I believe it will be to all eternity. We never could fully know the love of Christ; because the more light we had, the more darkness we should see beyond. And this is natural enough; because the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, like himself, or like God (and Christ is God), is infinite. Can you fathom that which has no bottom? Can you measure that which has no bounds? Can you comprehend that which is absolutely infinite? Brethren, the love of Christ is such. Be not surprised, then, at the words of the Apostle Paul, how he prays that you may comprehend much more than you ever have known of that love of Christ, which you will find to all eternity, "passeth knowledge."

I. Now, suppose we begin for a short time to meditate upon its cause. There are many of you, I dare say, thinking persons. You may leave this sanctuary, then, and shut yourselves up in the silence and seclusion of your study, fold your arms, sit in your chair, and begin to meditate upon the cause of Christ's love, and endeavour to discover it; but all in vain, all in vain. You may then turn baffled, having exercised all the powers of ingenuity with which God has gifted you; you may turn to books written by mortal men, and search every work extant in your own and other languages, for the purpose of discovering the cause of the love of Christ; and all in vain. You may then turn baffled to the word of God; you may search every book, and every chapter, and every page, and every verse, and every line, and every word, and every syllable, and every letter, from the first chapter and word in Genesis to the last chapter and word of Revelation, with a view to discover the cause of the love of Christ,—and all in vain. "Well," says one, "suppose we were to assign two or three principal causes, and consider them." With pleasure; and if you please, we will hold them up before you, and then tear them to tatters.

Now, we know that the Lord Jesus Christ loves things that are holy; then, if we were holy, he would have loved us for that reason. Now, is this the cause of Christ's love to us? Does he love us because we are holy? I ask you, is a man who is blind with sin, deaf with sin, dumb with sin, withered with sin, burned with sin, crooked with sin, bowed with sin, cursed with sin, diseased with sin, dying with sin, and ready to be damned with sin,—is such a one holy? "God forbid," you say. Then such are we. You see, then, the Lord Jesus Christ could not possibly have loved us because we were holy, seeing we have no holiness, and are but vile. But again. We know that Jesus Christ loves things that are beautiful. Could he have loved us because we were beautiful? He loves the beautiful. Why else would he have formed this world, with its rocks and glens, woodlands and trees, mountains and valleys, rivers and islands, and icebergs, that float throughout space in the sunlight of heaven? O! why would he have formed this earth so beautiful? Why would he have hung above us in the infinite depths of darkness those stars that shine, and roll, and tremble, as things of light and beauty? And why would he have formed far away the region of the Everlasting, where storms and darkness never rise; those many mansions which he has prepared and beautified for the blessed, to be their abodes with God for ever? O! he loves the beautiful! Did he love us because we were beautiful? I ask you is a man all diseased beautiful? Beautiful? "Oh," you say, "God forbid." Well, now, are you not from the crown of your heads to the very soles of your feet covered with disease? Are you not spiritually lepers? Then he could not have loved us because we were morally beautiful. Now, I suppose I love others, not because they are holy: I cannot find the holy to love in this world. No, nor because they are beautiful. Beauty is seldom found, and where it is found it is fading. I love others, then, because they love me; love in them to me, begets love in me to them. Now, have we discovered here a cause of Christ's love to us? Or, in plainer language, did he love us because we first loved him? We are compelled to reverse that declaration; the truth lies here,—“we love him, because he first loved us.” Oh, how are you baffled, then, to discover in the first

place, the cause of the love of Jesus! And I believe that to all eternity, you may search, and search, and search in vain to discover it. It is hidden in the depths of those dark profundities which none can fathom or know; it is among the secrets of eternity; perhaps one of those things which God will keep wrapped for ever in the gloom which shrouds the brightness of his bosom, and keep to himself from all the universe for evermore.

II. Having found that the love of Jesus as to its cause "passeth knowledge," let me ask you, in the second place, Can you ever know the *beginning* of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ to us? You say, "We think we can." Now, try to find it out. "Well," you say, "I can trace back the love of Jesus for eighteen hundred years to the cross of Calvary. Did he not then first love us? Oh, no! he loved us before then. You then trace it back six thousand years to the time when he walked with Adam and Eve in the sunlight of the blessed garden of Paradise, and you say, "He then first loved us." But we tell you, he loved us before then. You then trace back his love, age after age, to the time when first moving amidst the silence upon the face of the still waters, he spake those words that rolled like thunder over the deep, and called from the cold womb of everlasting night the bright and new-born day; and you say, "Then he first loved us." But we tell you he loved us before then. You may then trace back the love of the Lord Jesus Christ by a strong and mighty stretch of thought, to that time when in heaven he formed the very first living angel, and you say, "Then he first loved us." But we tell you, he loved us before then. Now, you cannot go farther back than that: you have no data for doing so. You do not know what was beyond and before that. What can you know? What can you do? How can you act or think? Who shall penetrate the maze of mystery? Who shall dive into the depths of that deep and unfathomable ocean of eternity? Who shall tell me now the beginning of the love of Jesus Christ? Are we not baffled here! Are we not obliged to write upon this, "Mystery, mystery, mystery?" Now, my brethren, do you think that God was ever brought into being. "No," you say. Nor was the love of Christ ever brought into being; because it is co-equal with Christ, who is co-equal with God, and therefore, from everlasting. And now, who can tell me the beginning of God? None. Or the beginning of Christ? None. Or the beginning of the love of Christ? None. And for this one simple, though most mysterious reason—it never had a beginning.

III. Now, my brethren, think you that you shall be more successful in discovering the *greatness* of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ to sinners? We think all your ingenuity and powers of mind will be baffled; never can you know the greatness of that love, for in this, it "passeth knowledge." Now, since I was among you, I have made the ascent of two very high hills in Wales, among many others, Cader Idris and Snowdon; and I well remember my feelings, as standing on the summit of one of the hills, panting and breathless, I pointed the guide to the top of the next hill, and asked the guide if it was the summit of the mountain? "Oh, no," he said, "it is beyond that." We climbed again, and another hill came in view. "Is that the summit?" I said. "No, Sir," said he, "it is still beyond that." We ascended that hill, and another rose still beyond, covered with clouds. "Is that the top?" I said. "Sir," said the guide, "it is hidden by that; it is just beyond." Now, dear brethren, the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is just like some great mountain in this respect; and I believe, never to all eternity will you be able fully to discover the greatness of the love of Christ, which "passeth knowledge." Oh, come for a moment and climb some of these hills, and heights, and summits. Come first into the valley, into the garden of Gethsemane; see the grass red with his blood, and say, "that crimson grass tells me how great his love to us." But there is a hill beyond. Climb that hill that leads you upward to Jerusalem; and having passed the gates enter the hall of Herod; see the place where he was blindfolded and set at nought; and as you gaze upon those walls, say, "they teach me how great his love to us was." Now, come and gaze next on yonder pillar of Pilate, black with the blood of murderers and rebels, to which the face of the blessed Son of God was pressed by the rude hands of bloodthirsty

men, and where, with knotted and twisted thongs of hard and blood-spotted leather, he was scourged until the blood streamed down his naked back in one red stream. Now, do not think we exaggerate. We have read the accounts of the scourgings practised among the Romans; it is no exaggeration. As you gaze on that scene of torture, oh, let the words rise involuntarily to your lips, "How great his love to us!" But look, look, look! there is a hill beyond you still. Behold, the mount of Calvary! climb the steep sides of that hill; tread in the footsteps of the ascending Saviour; and stand at last on the very summit of that hill, and there see the place where they dug the hole into which they dropped the cross, and let the ground which was once wet with his falling blood preach to you the story of the greatness of the love of Jesus, who suffered so greatly, and learn that that love "passeth knowledge." But there are heights beyond that. You might ascend the hill of Olivet; from the summit of the Mount of Olives you may follow the ascending Saviour through the opening and closing clouds of heaven to the city of light, far away and far beyond. And we point you to prophets, to martyrs, to apostles, and to saints, and we may whisper in your ears the solemn truth, that there is not one among the mighty and uncounted multitude of the redeemed of heaven who has not been loved particularly, warmly, especially, and everlastingly by the Lord Jesus Christ, and we might bid you learn thus more of the greatness of that love which "passeth knowledge." But, oh! there are heights still beyond us. We might point you down into the depths of the pit of hell; we might point you from heaven to earth, and we might bid you learn the solemn truth, that there is not a sinner or a saint on earth, a devil in hell, or an angel in heaven, who has not been an object of Christ's benevolent love. Oh, what a view is here opened of the greatness of the love of Jesus. But do we see all yet? God forbid that I should utter such a falsehood! My brethren, the love of Jesus in greatness soars above us, goes beyond us, overwhelms us. Never can we fully know its greatness, for in this, as well as in everything else, it "passeth all understanding."

IV. And now, do you think you can ever discover fully the *tenderness* of the love of Christ? I think not. The love of Christ is strong, but then it is tender. It is strong, if you will, as that mighty storm-wind that comes careering with unbounded, outstretched pinions over the wide world, girded with tempest and sandalled with darkness; that curls the white clouds, bows the green woods, and rolls the blue billows; but, oh! if it is strong as tempest, it is tender as the breezes of early morning that, gently wandering over the strings of the Eolian lyre, call thence the softly swelling melodies of music all but unearthly. If the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is strong, strong as that mighty torrent that pours its concentrated force with a shout of thunder into the vale beneath, rolling over in its passage rocks and trees, oh! it is tender as the gentle streamlet that wanders through the valleys, scarcely bending the reeds that grow in its bosom. If the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is strong as the hand of that Samson who, straining his muscles, bent and broke the pillars of the Philistine temple of old; if it be as strong as the hand of the archangel who, speeding with more than lightning pace, shall overtake, and bind, and chain down, and block up Satan in hell for ever; if it be as strong as that hand of God which rolls along its flaming course the noontide sun, and once, by sudden and matchless strength, stopped that sun in mid-heaven; oh! if it be as strong as the hand of God, it is tender as the hand of a woman, as the hand of yonder mother, when laid so softly on the head of her first-born and best-loved. Who can utter the tenderness of the love of Christ? I am sure if angels cannot my tongue fails me. Ah! my brethren, if you want to know something of it you must count the tears he shed at the grave of Lazarus; you must count the sighs he breathed as he wept over a lost Jerusalem, and you must follow him about in the garden of Gethsemane. Come now, he takes the eleven with him—Judas is gone to betray him; he leaves the eight behind, and takes with him Peter, and James, and John. They seem inclined to go with Christ all the way, but he bids them tarry while he goes yonder, and pours out his soul in prayer. "Tarry ye here awhile," says Christ,

“and wait; I go yonder and pray.” Now, I believe if he had breathed out all his soul he would have uttered these words: “Peter, I love you; James and John, I love you; but you may not be with me now. I go yonder to pray; ye may not go with me; yonder my Father is about to frown, yonder the sword of justice is waving in the gloom, yonder the big drops of my soul's sorrow are about to fall in heavy and awful shower, yonder my brow must be bathed in blood; you would not know your Christ; and if you gazed on his crimson face, you would die. Tarry here; I go yonder to pray. Oh! the tenderness of this love of Jesus, which “passeth all understanding.” But would you know more of its tenderness? Then come to the cross of Calvary; come now. He hangs there, covered with blood, pale and dying; his eyelids are weighed down with the clotted gore. Never again, you think, will he open those eyelids; but you are wrong. He hears close to the cross the sob of a mother, the sob of his own mother, and he thinks, “They have crucified me; perhaps they will persecute her. Peter is gone; I cannot commit her to him; is John here?” And he lifts those eyelids and gazes down, and sees John standing near, and, with words of love, while his voice is choked with blood and sorrow, he commits his mother to John, and commits to John the care of his mother,—“Woman, behold thy son; John, behold thy mother.” Oh, the tenderness of that love! It is that tender love which leads him to count the very hairs of your heads, which leads him to treasure the very tears of your sorrows, and which leads him to breathe out his soul in those words which tremble with tenderness, “I will never leave you, nor forsake you.” Oh, give me, give me such tender love! I could die for it, I sometimes think. Oh, let me live for it, and at all times trust it; for it sympathizes with my sorrows, feels for my weakness, knows mine infirmities, loves me infinitely, and will never leave me nor forsake me. Oh, that tender love! it is more than tongue can tell; it “passeth knowledge.”

V. My brethren, do you think you can ever know fully the *immutability* of the love of Christ? I think not. You know we can never tell the strength of a thing till it has been tried and tested. Now, we never should have known the strength, and immutability, and unchangeableness of the love of Christ unless that love had been tried and tested; and even now our knowledge is but partial, because, though we have seen it tried and tested, and have found it firm and unshaken, we cannot tell how much it would bear still further to be tried, and how much longer it would remain amidst these trials and tests unshaken and unaltered. Peter, who was drawn out of the depths by Christ when sinking like a stone; Peter, who had stood in raptures on the mountain and gazed on the transfigured face of the Lord Jesus; Peter, who in the heat of his zeal had cut off the ear of the high priest's servant; Peter, who had said, “Lord, I could go to the darkest dungeon and suffer the most doleful and miserable death for thy sake;” Peter, with oaths and curses thrice denied the Son of God, and said he never knew him. Now did this alter the love of Christ to Peter? Oh! did it? I believe not. He passes out, he looks on Peter, he looks him into contrition, and Peter goes out and weeps bitterly; and then having pardoned his iniquities (oh! unchanging love!) Jesus sends him forth to strengthen his brethren. Now, is there a backslider here? O backslider, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; Jesus of Nazareth gazeth on thee; he frowns not; nay, he smiles; he curses not, nay, he blesses; he looks thee not into hell; he looks in love, and would look thee into contrition. Oh, repent of thy guilt. Oh, go from this house to-night and weep bitterly, bitterly, for thine iniquity, and God will forgive thee. Then “strengthen thy brethren.” Oh! I sometimes think that it is because I have wandered so far and sinned so greatly that God has called me back and raised me up to strengthen so many hundreds of my brethren. And, O brethren, who knows what God may have in store for you? Oh, return, return, I beseech you, like Peter of old, to God, and God will again raise you up, again fill you with fervour, again baptize you with his Spirit, again enliven you with his love, and again cause you to strengthen your brethren. Ah! we have here, indeed, the unchangeable love of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I bless God when I

think of it, because I know I am changing, I know I am altering, I know my feelings are constantly shifting and passing to and fro; I know my deepest affections and strongest aspirations and desires are apt to be turned into new channels; and if I depend upon them, and trust in them, I may be swept away by the mighty river of worldliness. But ah! in the midst of all this scene of change, weak as I am, changing as the world is to me, altering as the children of God are, I have, I solemnly believe, a mighty rock that cannot be shaken, and that mighty rock is the rock of the love of Christ. Oh! blessed, blessed refuge! If I am to spend my time in a light-house amidst the waves, do not put me into a new one; put me into some old light-house with its black cradle of sea-weed, some old light-house that hath breasted the bursting billows and withstood the storms; there let me rest. Now, the love of Christ is like this: it is an old house in mid-ocean; the billows have risen, and rolled, and foamed, and raged, and dashed upon it; but it remains the same as it has ever been, and the same as it ever will be, unshaken, unalterable,—unalterable because immutable, and thus “passeth all understanding.” And, do you know, I have sometimes thought that even if it were possible in heaven to crucify the Son of God afresh, while angels shrank back in horror, or in terror stood pale and trembling, gazing helpless at the scene, and while the great throne of God was being covered with unnatural night,—oh! I have thought that from the cross in heaven itself should sound those words, if possible, “Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.” So unchangeable is this love of Jesus, which in this as in everything else, “passeth all understanding.”

VI. Now, ere I conclude, a word or so about the *value* of the love of Jesus. We say you can never fully know its value. Is he “Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace?” His love is so much the more valuable then. Is he our Strength, our Refuge, our Rock, our City, our Rest, our Food, our Drink, our Raiment, our Shelter, our Shield, our Sun, our Star, our Hope, our Help, our Life, our Light, our Immortality, our Friend, our Brother, our Husband, our Parent, our Father, our Maker, our Preserver, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier, our Wisdom, our Righteousness, our Sanctification, our Redemption, our Heaven, our King, our Prophet, our Priest, our Judge, our Boast, our Crown, our Glory, and our Everlasting All? Oh, who then can utter the value of that wondrous love which thus “passeth all understanding?” Oh, tell me no more about the treasures of earth; bring its diamonds, its pearls, its jewels, its silver and gold, and we count them but dross—no more—when compared to the tender love of one fond, faithful, earthly friend, even a Christian. Oh, tell us not of the tender love of fond and faithful earthly friends; we count their love but dross—no more—when compared to the riches of the inheritance of the saints in light and in glory. Oh, tell us not of the inheritance of the saints in light; we count all that but dross—no more—when we compare it to the fond love of one loving prophet like Isaiah, of one holy martyr like Stephen, of one loving apostle like Paul, or one loving archangel like Gabriel or Michael. And, oh, tell us not of the love of saints, and martyrs, and prophets, and angels, and archangels, in that heaven of heavens; for we count all their love but dross—no more—when we compare it to the fond love of the living Jesus, which in value, as in everything else, “passeth all understanding.”

VII. And lastly, I believe you can never know the *end* of the love of Christ; and I will give you one good reason. Let me ask you, shall you ever know the end of eternity? “No,” you say. Then you can never know the end of that love which is to be everlasting, can you? Ah! brethren, if the love of Christ never had a beginning, and never is to have an end, most surely it “passeth knowledge.”

Now, in taking my leave of you, let me say two words; one to believers, and the other to unbelievers.

Christians, we beseech you now to be constrained by the love of Christ to love him in return. Oh, let the greatness of that love make your love great. Oh, let the warmth of that love make your love burn in your bosoms. Oh, let the tenderness of that love make your love tender, and the immutability of that love

make your love unchanging! And, oh, may your love prove to be like the love of Jesus—endless, everlasting! Here, you have one plain, express commandment of Christ's: (Brethren, do you mean to act upon it?) "This commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you." Do you mean to act upon it? Oh, let there be no coldness henceforth; let all unkindness, I beseech you, be banished and buried; love each other henceforth; let your grasp be warm and friendly; let your looks be bright and affectionate; let your hearts be tender and kind; let your actions be loving and gentle; and oh, in everything be constrained by the love of the Son of God, to love each other, to love Christ more than ever, and for evermore. And now, my brethren, I have done with you. I wash my hands of your blood. I beseech you as a brother to follow this advice, and thus to follow after charity and after Christ.

I have one word to say to the unconverted. I would ask them if they know what the crime of crimes is, to which the curse of curses is firmly bound by the hand of God; and if they do not, I would solemnly remind them of the words of the apostle Paul: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." You must now go from the house of God; but let me tell you ere you go,—young man, I tell thee especially,—all of you young men who are not converted, your parents may press your brows with the lips of love, but they little think that there is written on those brows the awful curse of God—Anathema Maran-atha. And it is the case; for if you love not Jesus you are by the living God accursed. And now, what effect shall these words have? Will you, will you, will you over yonder, will you here beneath me—oh, I long after you, I gaze on you with intense interest—will you, will you seek the Saviour, and learn to love him better than all, above all, more than all, for evermore? If ye do, ye are blessed; if not, ye are accursed, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

And now, I must draw to a conclusion. In parting from you I have one request to make. I do not think it is too much to ask, that you should go from this house of God to your knees. If you think that is too much to ask, don't do it; but if you think I am right in asking, oh! do it; do it to-night, that to-night you may be saved. I have but one question to ask, and then I have done. I know there are some here who still hold back. Now, will they tell me what to preach to them to-night? "Well," they say, what do you mean?" This is what I mean; I want to know when I am to tell you to repent of your sins, or what I am to say to you about the best time for repentance, and whatever you tell me to say, I will say. Would you like me to tell you to repent next year? "Well," you say, "we may be gone before next year." Then should you like me to tell you to repent next month, because, if so, I will tell you I am serious and earnest; I wish you to judge your own cases. "Well," you say, "we dare not tell you to do that." Then, should you like me to tell you to repent next week? because, if you wish it, I will tell you. "Well," you say, "we may be laid upon our sick beds, deprived of our reason, or have departed into eternity by then." You are quite right. Now, should you like me to tell you to repent to-morrow? "Well," you say, "we may be corpses, some of us, to-night." You are quite right. Then, when would you have me tell you to repent? Answer that question. "Well," you say, driven to an extremity, "it is your duty as a minister to tell us from God to repent to-night, and now." By your own mouths you shall be justified, or by your own mouths condemned. My brethren, I do what you tell me. I bid you from my God to repent to-night, and I thus wash my hands clean from your blood. And may God teach you "what is the height, and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," that you may be thus, "filled with all the fulness of God!"

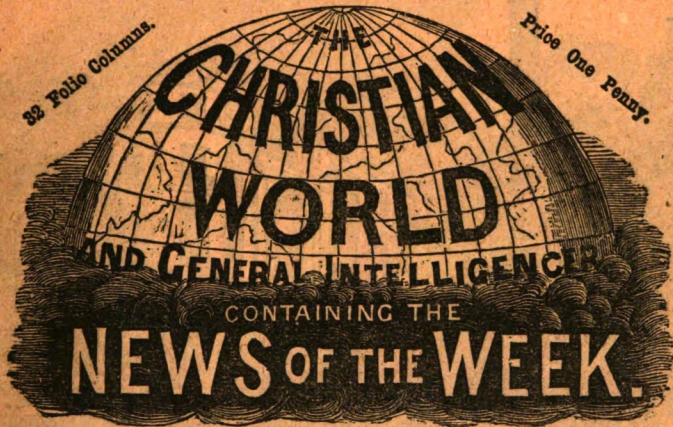
AN APPEAL TO UNDECIDED YOUTH.

My heart is now with a certain class of persons that I see here especially. I must speak a solemn word to them. Young men, oh, how I feel for them! Young men, oh, how I long for them! Here they are, unconverted, unsaved, unclean, unholy, unsanctified, unworthy, guilty, dying. What shall I say to such? We put to them the question we have put to the others, "Why halt ye between two opinions?" "Oh, but," says one young man, "I have made many a vow to turn to God." Then, why did you not turn to him? "Well," you say, "my vows were weak." Why did you not make them in the strength and in the name of the Lord? "I broke them." Why did you break them? "Why halt between two opinions?" I heard of one who made six solemn vows to devote himself to God. Six times he broke those vows, and six times he renewed them. But ere he could make the seventh vow, and break the seventh vow, God's uplifted dart cleaved the air, death's arrow transfixing him, his body lay a corpse, his soul returned to God. Ah, young man, take care that God does not cut you down before you have time to make and break another vow. Beware of halting. Perhaps there are some here who think, it is all right what that minister says; he is a young man like myself; I wish him God speed; and I wish my soul to be saved at last; but at present I cannot serve both God and mammon; I will serve mammon a little while longer, and then I will turn to God. My friend, when? when? I put the question—when, young man? You say, you have sometime yet. George Whitfield, crossing the Atlantic, laid his hand one day on the shoulder of an ungodly young man, a cursing young man, and said to him, "Do you mean to turn to God?" The young man replied, "It will be time enough two years before I die." "Quite time enough," said Whitfield, "but don't you know you may die two years before you think?" The young man went away muttering that he would have time enough to turn and repent. Two months afterwards, ere the voyage ended, the hand of God was laid upon him; his cold corpse was sown up in the hammock, shotted, dropped into the sea, and the vessel left it far behind. Where did he find himself in the hour of death? Where will he be in the day of judgment? Young man, take care of these postponements. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and it is the thief of life. Beware of it. Young men, if I could, I would come down and lay my hand upon your shoulders, and press you into the narrow way; but you know that I cannot do that. If I could, would not I save you all? The Lord knoweth I would. Well, then, hear me. Do not halt any longer, but decide either for Baal or for God. "What," say you, "will you push me to the same extreme?" I will, in the name of God before whom I stand, and in whose presence I speak—God, whose ear is listening. I know your parents have written, I know there is a friend has written to you many and many a religious letter, and blotted it with many a tear, written for your soul's sake, appealing to you, earnestly begging you to turn to God. Go home, open your desk, take out those tear-blotted letters, tear them all, burn them—burn them. Sit down, and write to that friend—"Friend, I am not going to halt between two opinions any longer. I cannot give my heart to God at present; I mean to go my own way. Friend, never write to me again. I will not serve God; I will serve Baal." "Ah," you say, "it would be awful." Would it? Why, you are doing it practically; for by remaining undecided you are serving Baal. How much better it is to seek the Lord while

he may be found, than to remain as thou art. I know there is one here who has written to me about his soul. He said in his letter, how unhappy he was, how he wished to find peace with Jesus, and could not. The Lord my God speak to that young man, or to any who may be in similar circumstances! You complain that you cannot find God. It is because you do not seek him. You say, it is not so. Well, but the Bible says so, and if the Bible speaks falsely, burn it. You say the Bible is the Word of God. Then it speaks the truth. Come, I will bring you to the word. "Seek," says God, "and ye shall find." Have you sought? "Yea." Not found? "No." Beloved, you mistake, you have never sought, or you would have found long since. I remember, on one occasion, weeping, ready to break my heart, seeking peace in the Lord Jesus. It was under the shadow of a deep wood, and for a whole day I lay on my face, groaning and seeking for salvation; but I found it not, because I did not seek it in the right way. But I remember how, in the midst of my sorrow, when sin lay before me, pressing me down like a black incubus, I remember seeing the blood-red cross of Christ Jesus. I cannot tell you the feeling that produced. Sin! it was gone. My soul! it was saved. Tears! oh, how they flowed, but they were not tears of sorrow, they were tears of joy. Seek Christ in earnest; but do not seek him impatiently; seek him by the help of the Holy Spirit, in prayer, earnestly, and you shall find him.

Some time since, in the north of Scotland, a man went out early one morning to pursue his usual avocation. It was to take the young and the eggs of wild fowl from the cliffs in the Orkney Islands. Having reached the barren top of a rugged cliff, he drove a crowbar with his brawny arms powerfully into the earth, until he found it was secure. He then put the eye of the rope over the bar, and threw the coil over the cliff. It hung down about 100 feet. The sea was 1,500 feet beneath, and its solemn roar came up through the dim mists of early morning, and was heard by the man as he prepared to descend. He buckled his basket tightly about him, and then committing himself to God, placed one limb over, then the other, then the body, and slipped himself down gradually—lower and lower—lower and lower—until he got down to the end of the rope. There he hung by a single cord, 100 feet in length, and 1,400 feet above the sea. Looking in, he saw a ledge, and he determined to reach it. He drew himself up, and, putting his foot against the rock, threw himself off, and swung far in the air. He swung in, but not far enough. Again, and again, he pushed himself off, and at last he landed on the ledge, and fixed the rope on a projecting mass of rock. He began to collect the eggs and fill his basket; but he had not been at work more than a few minutes when, turning round, he saw a sight that made his blood run cold. The rope had been loosened by the morning breeze, and there it swung in the distance, showing by its vibrations what a mighty effort he had made to reach the ledge. It swung nearer and nearer; he thought he could reach it. He stretched out his arms to the utmost, but the rope swung off. A second time it swung towards him; then he thought he had better spring. He summoned his strength; he stooped and bent; his knees touched the rock; he all but sprung, but—he halted between two opinions. The rope swung off again. Once more it swung in, perhaps for the last time. As it came nearer, he gathered his strength for the last effort—he sprang, and quivering in mid air for a moment, he secured the rope. A short time after that, he was on the top of the rock, on his knees, blessing God.

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may obtain, post-free, on application, DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s General Furnishing Priced List, enumerating more than 500 articles, selected from the various departments of their establishment, requisite in fitting up a Family Residence, including TABLE CUTLERY, ELECTRO-PLATE LAMPS, PAPIER MACHE TRAYS, FENDERS, and FIRE IRONS, IRON BEDSTEADS, BRITANNIA METAL, Tin and Japan Ware, Turnery, Brushes, Mats. &c. &c.

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