

Great Spirit, to come down, fill the house with his presence, and every heart with his grace, while thus engaged in solemn sanctuary services."

Then came the second hymn, "Rock of ages, shelter me," &c. Tune, "Eglon." Hymn and tune described as "well matched."

Then the sermon. Text, Heb. xi. 31.—"By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace."

In the opening paragraph the preacher described the chapter before him as a triumphal pillar erected by Paul to commemorate the victories of faith. "And then," he proceeded, "as though the greatest victory should be recorded last, we have faith entering the lists with sin, holding a tournament with iniquity, and coming off more than a conqueror. Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace." In the sermon as printed my nephew "misses a passage in which Mr. S. dramatized Satan as 'chuckling' over Rahab as a certain prize for him, and faith stepping in and disappointing him, by rescuing the woman." He speaks of this whole introduction as "very striking." The preacher made his divisions alliterative, that they might be the more easily remembered. "This woman's faith," said he, "was saving faith—singular faith—stable faith—self-denying faith—sympathizing faith—and sanctifying faith."

I. "SAVING FAITH."

"There are few subjects," remarks Mr. Boyd, "which require more care in bringing before a mixed audience; and one marked feature in the discourse was, the delicacy displayed in alluding to the peculiar character of Rahab, and the application founded upon it, addressed to her sisters of the present day, many of whom, the preacher was aware, were present." This application I transcribe from the printed sermon.

"But who can measure the length and breadth of that word—salvation? Ah! it was a mighty deed which faith accomplished when he bore Rahab off in safety. Poor sinner! take comfort. The same faith which saved Rahab can save thee. Art thou literally one of Rahab's sisters in guilt? She was saved, and so mayest thou be, if God shall grant thee repentance. Woman! art thou loathsome to thyself? Dost thou stand at this moment in this assembly, and say, 'I am ashamed to be here; I know I have no right to stand among people who are chaste and honest?' I bid thee still remain. Yea, come again, and make this thy Sabbath house of prayer. Thou art no intruder! Thou art welcome! For thou hast a sacred right to the courts of mercy. Thou hast a sacred right: for here sinners are invited, and thou art such. Believe in Christ, and thou, like Rahab, shalt not perish with the disobedient, but even thou shalt be saved."

II. "SINGULAR FAITH."

There were multitudes of people within the walls of Jericho, "and they knew right well that if their city should be racked and stormed they would all be put to death; but yet, strange to say, there was not one of them who repented of sin, or who even asked for mercy, except this woman who had been a harlot." So "to be good we must be singular. Christians must swim against the stream. Dead fish always float down the stream but the living fish forces its way against the current." And here the preacher told a story, not given in the printed sermon, of a man bathing in the Thames, who was hailed by a workman, "Well done, Quaker!" "How didst thee know I am a Quaker?" "Because you swam against the stream." Now the filthy state of their river is a great public question with the Londoners. So the preacher took occasion to add, "that this incident took place a great many years ago, when the Thames was fit to bathe in."

III. "STABLE FAITH."

The faith of Rahab "stood firm in the midst of trouble. I have heard of a church clergyman," the preacher proceeded, "who was once waited upon by his churchwarden, after a long time of drought, and was requested to put up the prayer for rain. 'Well,' said he, 'my good man, I will offer it; but it's not a bit of use while the wind's in the east, I'm sure.' This stroke, I learn from my nephew, "caused a very audible titter" in the congregation.

IV. "SELF-DENYING FAITH."

Rahab "dared to risk her life for the sake of the spies." "Oh! men and brethren!" exclaimed the preacher, in his winding up on this point, "trust not your faith unless it has self-

denial with it. Faith and self-denial, like the Siamese twins, are born together, and must live together, and the food that nourisheth one must nourish both. But this woman, poor sinner as she was, would deny herself. She brought her life, even as that other woman, who was a sinner, brought the alabaster box of precious ointment, and broke it on the head of Christ."

V. "SYMPATHIZING FAITH."

Rahab "did not believe for herself only; she desired mercy for her relations. Said one, 'I want to be saved; but that very desire makes me want to have my father saved, and my mother saved, and my brother saved, and my sister saved.' I know a man who walks seven miles every sabbath to hear the Gospel preached at a certain place—a place where they preach the Gospel. You know that very popular, superfine sort—the Gospel—a gospel, the spirit of which consists in bad temper, carnal-security, arrogance, and a seared conscience. But this man was one day met by a friend, who said to him, 'Where is your wife?' 'Wife?' said he to him. 'What! does she not come with you?' 'Oh no!' said the man; 'she never goes anywhere.' 'Well, but, said he, 'dost you try to get her to go, and the children?' 'No; the fact of it is, I think, if I look to myself, that is quite enough.' 'Well,' said the other, 'and you believe that you are God's elect, do you?' 'Yes!' 'Well, then,' said the other, 'I don't think you are, because you are worse than a heathen man and a publican; for you don't care for your own household. Therefore I don't think you give much evidence of being God's elect; for they love their fellow-creatures.' This piece of sarcasm, my nephew remarks, "was very effective."

I quote a paragraph which threw many, men as well as women, into tears. We read it, and were not surprised. But my relative was surprised; as the preacher wept not himself, and to him "neither his words nor his manner seemed very affecting." At all events, the law laid down by Horace did not hold good here;—"If you would make others weep, you yourself must weep." But to the question.

"Do not give a penny for that man's piety which will not spread itself. Unless we desire others to taste the benefits we have enjoyed, we are either inhuman monsters or outrageous hypocrites: I think the last is most likely. But this woman was so strong in faith, that all her family were saved from destruction. Young woman! you have a father, and he hates the Saviour. Oh! pray for him. Mother! you have a son; he scoffs at Christ! Cry out to God for him. Aye, my friends—young people like myself—we little know what we owe to the prayers of our parents. I feel that I shall never be able sufficiently to bless God for a praying mother. I thought it was a great nuisance to be had in at such a time to pray, and more especially to be made to cry, as my mother used to make me cry. I would have laughed at the idea of any body else talking to me about these things. But when she prayed, and said, 'Lord! save my son Charles!' and then was overcome, and could not get any further for crying, you could not help crying too; you could not help feeling; it was of no use trying to stand against it. Ah! and there you are, young man! Your mother is dying; and one thing which makes her death-bed bitter is, that you scoff God and hate Christ. O! it is the last stage of impiety, when a man can think lightly of a mother's feelings. I would hope there are none such here; but that those of you who have been so blessed, as to have been begotten and brought forth by pious men and women take this into consideration,—that to perish with a mother's prayers is to perish fearfully. For if a mother's prayers do not bring us to Christ, they are like drops of oil dropped into the flames of hell that will make them burn more fiercely upon the soul for ever and ever. Take heed of rushing to perdition over your mother's prayers!"

VI. "SANCTIFYING FAITH."

Here the preacher took occasion to speak of preaching as a means of sanctification, and in yet another story: I give it, though it is probably familiar to many of your readers. "In this age preaching is much despised. You read the newspaper; you read the book; you hear the lecturer; you sit and listen to the pretty essayist; but where is the preacher? Preaching is not taking out a manuscript sermon, asking God to direct your heart, and then reading prayers prepared beforehand. That is reading—not preaching. There is a good tale told of an old man whose minister used to read. The minister called to see him, and said, 'What are you doing John?' 'Why, I'm prophesying, sir.' 'Prophesying; how is that? You mean

you are reading the prophecies.' 'No, I don't; I'm prophesying. For you read preaching, and call it preaching; and I read prophecies, and the same rule, that is prophesying.'"

This "concluding joke" says my nephew, "fearly set me off laughing. And so finished," he proceeds, "forty minutes free and easy chat about Rahab and faith. The audience seemed much delighted; and I think the sermon was a fair average one for Mr. S. I learned nothing. I was aroused and interested by the speaker's abilities; and saddened that this should be the most popular preaching in London. In fact, I thought much more on Mr. S. than on faith. . . . You know that the best glass is not itself visible; you see the object through it. You know that at midday we admire, not the sun, but the landscape he illumines; by moonlight we admire the moon, the landscape not being so distinctly seen. Just so Mr. Spurgeon's hearers see him, and admire him, more than the truths he teaches. Nevertheless thousands attend his preaching who never would have attended elsewhere; and if those are brought to salvation, the greater glory will accrue to Him who chooses the weak and foolish instrument to overthrow the might and wisdom of this world and of Satan. However, I cannot with pleasure listen to colloquial chit-chat, light sarcasm, small anecdotes, and offhand references to popular topics, when a man is discoursing on subjects which ought to fill and elevate his whole soul, so that he should not only mount up himself, but give you a lift with him in his fire chariot."

Severe that, but not altogether just. It serves to shew, however, the impression which Mr. Spurgeon makes upon some hearers; thinking men, and men who love the gospel too, and rejoice in its successes; but who do not always think far enough, and whose tastes are apt to betray them into prejudices. Mr. Boyd, on the other hand, thus writes,—"Extreme peculiarities were not certainly displayed on this occasion. The speaker made many happy hits at prevailing follies. He illustrates by anecdote many of his positions; but all were exceedingly appropriate, and fastened the attention more powerfully on the point he was discussing. Illustration and anecdote were daguerreotypes of the events passing in their midst. Of his power one may judge from its effects. I noticed many whose gray hair and weather-beaten faces shewed them long 'unused to the melting mood'; and yet in vain they tried to hide the falling tear. But one heart seemed to animate that vast throng. The slightest whisper, had there been such, might have been heard; but there was wrapt, solemn silence, broken only now and then by some quaint allusion." I add, that not long ago I conversed with a Presbyterian minister in this province, lately in England, who had heard this very sermon on the faith of Rahab. He was by no means struck with its eccentricities, though it really seems to have presented more than an average amount. On the contrary, his sentiments, in regard to this particular discourse, appeared to coincide with those of Mr. Boyd; and altogether he avowed himself as one of Mr. Spurgeon's warmest admirers. Mr. Boyd states, that Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, the Lord Chancellor, with other distinguished characters, were present on this Lord's-day morning. This was another of the peculiarities of the occasion; while a yet farther, and a happy one was this—that their presence did not appear to have the slightest effect, either upon the topics selected by the preacher, or his manner of treating them. J. D. St. George, N. B.

For the Christian Messenger.

Opening of a New Chapel at Guysboro'.

DEAR BROTHER,

We opened our new Chapel at the "Cove" on the 20th ult. The interior is very neat, and capable of seating two hundred persons. Fifty pounds more would finish the building. Bro. Hurd preached the opening sermon to a large gathering. Guysboro' Church has now ample accommodation in the way of meeting-houses.—One in Town, costing £400, without a penny of debt on it; a large house in Manchester, which will seat 300 persons; and one lately erected at the Cove.

REVIVAL AT ISAAC'S HARBOUR.

In company with Bro. Hurd I came to this place to hold some services, having sent word to Bro. Eagles to meet us. We commenced our meetings on Christmas evening. The power of the Holy Spirit was manifest, and sinners were convicted and converted. It was truly a Pentecostal season.

On the first Lord's-day in the New Year seven young persons followed the Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, amidst much rejoicing.

Our duty to our own fields of labour compelled us leave on the Monday following; but the pastor of the Church was expected daily. There is the appearance of an abundant harvest of souls.

Isaac's Harbour deserves a passing remark concerning the kindness and moral and religious habits of its population.—No tavern is found here, no trade in the liquid fire is here carried on, no profanity is heard among the young. They are a happy community, apparently united in the ties of a common brotherhood. A School is much required here. A Meeting-house has been commenced, and its exterior finished. We propose having meetings in different sections of this county, hoping and praying that the Lord will crown our feeble efforts to promote his cause.

I remain, yours in Christ,

WM. HALL.

Isaac's Harbour, Jan'y. 4th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donation Visit at Portauipique.

DEAR BROTHER,

On New Year's-day about one hundred persons, belonging to the two churches under my care, came to my house to make a friendly Donation Visit. Their object was, evidently, to encourage their pastor, and to stimulate him in his concern for their spiritual welfare. It was pleasing to see the cheerful and yet serious countenances of all—both young and old. Only a short time ago the Lord converted a number of these young persons, and gave them to enjoy the blessings of religion; and now they came to shew their gratitude to God, and their respect to him who had been instrumental in doing them good. An excellent tea was prepared by our good sisters,—who are always ready to every good work. A purse, containing nearly ten pounds, and other valuable articles, to the amount of seven pounds, were presented to me by Mr. Fulton, one of the Deacons, who accompanied the present with a few very feeling and encouraging remarks.—Nearly £17 were thus presented, besides many other liberal deeds they have done for me since I came amongst them, in addition to my salary, which is regularly paid. There were several excellent addresses given on the occasion by the other deacons, by brother Troop, merchant of Great Village, and other brethren who are truly devoted to the Redeemer's cause. After listening to a few stirring pieces of sacred music and prayer the company separated, all apparently much gratified, with the exercises in which they had been engaged. All seemed to understand fully the expression of our Saviour—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

These donation visits are beneficial in many respects. They tend to unite pastor and people more firmly in the bonds of christian love, they increase the love of the followers of Christ to one another, they relieve the necessities of those ministers whose salaries are limited, and they also help to increase the spiritual feeling of the members of a church. When brethren dwell together in unity the dew of heaven descends upon their souls, and the Lord bestows his blessing.

The work of the Lord is still going forward in this place. Since the commencement of the revival thirty-seven have been baptized and united with the Church. There are others anxious for the salvation of their souls, and inquiring the way to Zion. May the Lord still cause his face to shine upon us, and may his saving health be known among all nations.

I remain, your sincere well-wisher,

JAMES REID.

Portauipique, January 4th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MISS MARGARET CUMMINGS.

Died, at Ragged Islands, on the 15th ult., Miss Margaret Cummings, in the 22nd year of her age. She had professed religion and was baptized four years ago, by the Rev. Henry Angell, and united with the Church, of which she continued a worthy member till death. During her long illness—which was that fell destroyer, consumption—her confidence in God was strong, and a heavenly calm pervaded her breast. Her soul seemed delighted as prayer and praise were offered by her bedside. The day she died the writer with some christian friends conversed and prayed with her, during which she would exclaim, with a very loud voice, "Glory, Glory, Glory, come Lord Jesus." Having selected an appropriate hymn to be sung at her grave, viz.,

"Happy soul, thy days are numbered,
All thy mourning days are o'er."

And after conversing freely at intervals she