

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

SEPTEMBER 22. Sunday. Jesus wept, John xi. 35.

Jesus weeping over the devoted city is one of those touches of richest eloquence, so evidently indicating that it was with a breaking heart that he condemned any, while he had an open heart to welcome all coming sinners.

23. Monday. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me, Psa. cxxxviii. 8.

If we had alone to navigate our frail vessel over so rough a sea, we might well give up the voyage in despair; but thanks be to our God, He will perfect that which concerneth us, and bring us to the desired haven.

24. Tuesday. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, Psa. lxxvi. 20.

When we remember the coldness of our petition, it is marvellous that the Lord should ever regard these intermittent spasms of importunity which come and go with our necessities.

25. Wednesday. God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, 1 Cor. x. 13.

We may be harassed and cast down, but we shall rise again superior to our foes, for with every temptation our God, who keepeth covenant for ever, will make a way for our escape.

26. Thursday. Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy, 1 Tim. vi. 17.

Every sand which drops from the glass of time is but the tardy follower of a myriad of mercies. The wings of our hours are covered with the silver of his kindness, and with the gold of his affection.

27. Friday. The precious sons of Zion, Lam. iv. 2.

Every individual believer is precious in the sight of the Lord. A shepherd would not lose one sheep nor a jeweller one diamond, nor will the Lord lose one of his redeemed people.

28. Saturday. God, even our own God, Psa. lxxvii. 6.

How seldom do we ask counsel at the hands of the Lord. Though he is "our own God," we apply but little to Him, and ask but little of Him.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOURTH RESIDENCE IN AMHERST.

(No. 6)

During the year 1845 my labors were devoted about half the time in Amherst, a fourth at Amherst Shore and Tidnish, and the remainder to missionary labor and agency for C. M.

An incident which occurred at the place last named may be recorded here. On my return from a tour abroad, a discourse was delivered by me there from Prov. ix. 8. "Forsake the foolish, and live." In noticing who are 'foolish,' horse-racers were mentioned. Among various objections urged against horse-racing, a remark was made to this effect,—"I have yet to learn why I should give another man five pounds because his judgment, or conjecture, respecting the comparative fleetness of two horses is more correct than mine; or why I should take five pounds from another merely because my judgment, or conjecture, on this point proves to be more correct than his." After the meeting was closed the intelligence was first communicated to me, that on the Friday before a horse-race had been run in that place, and a man present in my congregation won five pounds in a wager. It has ever been a fixed principle with me to avoid personality in preaching; but this man's case was so minutely depicted, that it was difficult for him to credit the fact, that the whole transaction was entirely unknown to me.

Another event connected with my labors in that part of my field may be noticed here. My practice through the long course of my ministry has been, when an appointment was to be fulfilled on the Lord's day at a considerable distance from home, to go thither on Saturday; but circumstances have sometimes compelled me to depart from this rule. Sickness in my family having detained me at home till Sabbath morning, I was obliged to travel about twenty miles to Amherst Shore. I called at the house of a Presbyterian friend, and, perceiving him to be engaged in prayer, as usual in such cases, I stood uncovered at the door, and united with him. Among other supplications he prayed fervently for me, and the success of my labors. While wearied with my journey, and pondering with sadness on the smallness of the measure of my

apparent success in that locality, my spirits had been much depressed; but this circumstance greatly cheered and animated me to 'sow in hope.'

Our Association met this year in Amherst.

The letters from the Churches indicated a low state of religion in general. The session, however, was a pleasant one. The presence and labors of the venerable Dr. Maclay added to the interest of the session; but some of his remarks with reference to other denominations appeared to me too severe, and adapted to do harm. We ought, indeed, "to speak the truth" with plainness, but it should be "in love;" and offence should never be given needlessly. (Eph. iv. 15. 1 Cor. x. 32, 33. My highly venerated father in the gospel, Elder Manning, then 73 years of age, preached for me the next Sabbath, and made us a last and very pleasing visit. The remembrance of it is still refreshing.

Soon after the close of the Association I made a long tour in New Brunswick, in which some direct missionary labor was performed, many sermons were preached, 575 miles travelled, £55 collected for C. M., and 18 new subscribers obtained. In North Esk, Miramichi, where the destitute Church was unhappily in a state of disorder, it afforded me much consolation to aid my late valued Bro. Thomas Magee, who was laboring there at the time, in adjusting disagreements and restoring order.

On the 16th and 17th days of September, Delegates were assembled in St. John, N. B., for the purpose of forming a general Union of the Baptists of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Our business was amicably transacted. It was then intended that the Union should embrace our Foreign and Domestic Missions, Education, Bible Distribution, and Superannuated Ministers' Fund. (At subsequent meetings, however, the name "Union" was changed into Convention, and it was judged expedient that this should embrace only our Foreign Mission, and Education, especially with reference to Acadia College—the one College of the denomination for these Provinces.) At the close of the Session we had a deeply interesting Foreign Missionary Meeting. Our late beloved Bro. Burpe and wife were then our missionaries in Burmah; and many agreed with me as to the desirableness of having another sent out to unite and labor with them.

From Oct. 6th to Nov. 15th was spent in a Mission on P. E. Island. In some places the state of things appeared quite encouraging; but in others trying and painful. At Grand River a number of persons had been hopefully converted through the labors of Bro. B. Scott, and baptized by him. At Long Creek, also, the state of the little flock under the charge of Bro. M. Ross was very favorable. But in some of the Eastern parts of the Island untoward events had occurred. Numbers had, indeed, been baptized; but it was professedly "for the remission of their sins." This system, like many other erroneous ones, may receive some semblance of support from a superficial view of certain texts of Scripture. But a careful and thorough examination of the teaching of the sacred Oracles on this point, clearly shows, that the only prerequisites in order to remission of sins are repentance and faith; and that on the exercise of these, which should precede baptism, forgiveness is immediately granted and obtained. (Luke xiii. 3. xxiv. 47. Acts x. 43. Jas. iii. 16, 18. Mark xvi. 16. Acts ii. 38, 41. x. 47. xviii. 8.) The language, however, used in the formula above noticed, plainly implies, that the persons so baptized have not obtained the remission of their sins; and consequently that they do not "believe to the saving of the soul," but that baptism will secure and confer the forgiveness of sins. Of course the persons baptized in accordance with this view, were not required to be previously examined and approved by the Church which they intended to join, because they could have no experience of a work of grace to relate; but the administrator admitted that the Church had a right to examine, and receive or reject them afterwards. It is, however, evidently much more consistent and prudent for the minister and the members to act in concert. The latter, if unsatisfied, would naturally be reluctant to reject one whom the former had received; as this must bring the parties into collision. This was presently exemplified. One of the first of those who proposed to join the Church, instead of declaring what the Lord had done for his soul, or even expressing any hope that he had previously passed from death unto life, after one or two introductory remarks, simply made the following statement, "When Mr. — came and preached, I changed my mind, and concluded to get baptized." Surely no person acquainted with vital

godliness could be satisfied with such an experience, or rather, with such a manifest absence of Christian experience. And yet the dread of producing disunion seemed to deter every one from objecting to his reception. But all the efforts put forth to avoid a disruption were unavailing. Several of our Churches were presently rent asunder.

It is not from bigotry or obstinacy that I have persistently opposed this scheme; but because it appears to me adapted to deceive and ruin people, by leading them to rest their hopes of heaven on a false foundation, trusting, as in the case of those who rely on priestly absolution, that their sins are remitted in baptism; when they are in reality unpurged. A man who had heard me preach in the early part of my ministry, stated to me, that he never found any thing of that mysterious change which I used to talk about; but he concluded that being baptized could not make his final state any worse; and so he got baptized for the remission of his sins. "And," said he, "ever since that it has been like the sun shining upon me." This appeared to me, as it still does, to be 'strong delusion,' of which all should beware.

Before leaving the Island I met the late Rev. Donald McDonald in Charlottetown, whither he had come to finish the correction of the proof sheets of his Book on Baptism. Though he had not attempted to write a reply to my work on that subject, yet it was known to me that he had written some very severe strictures on what he contemptuously called "Tup's Tract." Accosting him, however, in a friendly manner, I offered him my hand. Taking it, he said, with air of surprise, "Will you shake hands with me?" "Certainly," said I; "I have no unkind feeling toward you." The adoption of this pacific course, agreeably to the apostolic direction, (Rom. xii. 17—21.) drew from him the frank acknowledgment, "I have treated you with great severity." Had I declined either to speak to him, or to shake hands with him, it would have been an exception to the invariable course of my life; for never was such resentment indulged by me toward any person as would deter me from the exercise of either of these acts of friendliness and courtesy.

A great Day at Hamburg.

The following interesting letter is from the Rev. Howard Osgood, to the N. Y. Examiner, who with the Rev. Dr. Warren is on a visit to the European stations of the American Baptist Missionary Union:—

"The day dawned bright and clear over Hamburg on the 11th of August, as though God would have all nature in accord with the hearts of his people in the city that morning. It was to be a high day for the vanguard of religious and civil liberty in Germany. After more than a quarter of a century of trial and persecution, of imprisonment and fines, of meeting behind locked doors for fear of the police, the day of victory had come, and from every quarter of Germany—from Russia, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark—the veterans in this warfare came up to Hamburg to celebrate, by the dedication of the new meeting-house by prayer and praise, the sure mercies of our covenant-keeping God.

The church in Hamburg, under the leadership of brother Oncken, has long met in a large room built on a lot behind a house fronting on the street. Narrow, contracted, ill-ventilated, it was altogether unsuitable for the church, and too small for the numbers who came to hear the gospel. It served its purpose very well when concealment was the part of prudence, but now religious liberty is enjoyed by all beliefs, and a larger building was absolutely needed to accommodate the increasing numbers of hearers and members. The church purchased two lots adjoining the one on which their old chapel stood, and began to erect a building commensurate with their need. By the aid of brethren in America and England, it has been completed, and Sunday, Aug. 11th, was appointed as the day on which it should be dedicated. The Triennial Convention of the German Baptist churches was to commence its sitting the succeeding day, and this brought together at the dedication brethren from all parts of Germany. It was most fitting that the gathering should be at Hamburg, for here thirty-three years ago the battle for Christ was begun, when Dr. Sears, in the dead of night, baptized brother Oncken and seven others, and the next day, with the church, set apart brother Oncken to the work of the gospel ministry. Near the new meeting-house the room is yet standing where the first church was formed. Near it also is the house where brother Oncken lived, where every window was once broken by the mob, and whence he was often brought before the police and the courts. The Hamburg church is the mother church of the German Mission, and J. G. Oncken the devoted and fearless leader of God's anointed host.

At nine o'clock the services began. We reached the spot about half past eight. A neat iron railing divides the enclosure on which the church stands from the street. The flag of Hamburg, the German Confederation, England and the United States, waving before the door,

told the Germans that some great festival was to be held there that day. As we entered the gate, we were politely asked if we had tickets. We answered we had not, for we had just arrived from America to be present at this dedication. The name of "America" touched a sympathetic chord, and with the greatest cordiality we were escorted into the meeting-house, and given an excellent place. The building is some ninety feet long by fifty feet wide—very tastefully built. The ceiling is formed by arches of brick, trimmed with a light stone, free from all appearance of heaviness and sameness. The gallery for the choir is opposite the pulpit, and there is also a gallery over the vestry, looking into the main room. Flowers in profusion decorated pulpit, and baptistery, and gallery, and the mottoes fixed upon the walls. The house was crowded. Joy beamed on every face. The quivering lip and suffused eye told how deep was the joy with many. Soon brethren Oncken Lehmann, Kobner and Schaeffer enter and take their places in the pulpit. For years they have fought the good fight together. Just beside the pulpit sits Spurgeon and friends of the Mission from England and America.

A short introduction is sung, "What Thou Lord dost bless is blest forever." Brother Kobner reads a part of the 147th Psalm, and then the congregation pours heart and soul into Luther's grand old hymn, as only a German congregation can. Every voice was raised in praise, and as those noble words rose and sank on the full flood-tide of that melody, that heart must have been adamant that did not quiver at the words, and that melody coming from such singers. The hymn, too, is now regenerate—born again—the words of the slayer of Baptists turned by the descendants of the slain into praise to God at the dawn of true religious liberty in Germany. Prayers by brethren Lehmann and Schaeffer, earnest, grasping the very horns of the altar, in confession of sin, in cleaving to Jesus and longing for the fulfillment of His promises in Germany, and then comes the address of the great missionary and apostle, Oncken. Tears had coursed his cheeks during most of the services. He rises and prays. The first words strike you as coming from a mighty heart, a heart trained to close intercourse with God; just as the first big drops tell of clouds laden with lightning and thunder, and great waters. No one can doubt who is the leader in this great movement, and no one who listens to his prayer can be at a loss to solve the riddle of his strength and victory. No attempt at eloquence, no words lost, the heart of a long-trying, heavily-laden, hard-working, yet joyous servant is poured out in deepest self-humiliation, yet in profoundest trust in and gratitude to God. The audience is moved by that prayer as a great field of ripe wheat is moved by the wind. He ends his prayer, and begins his address. The same perfect simplicity and intense earnestness characterize it. He thanks God for the work finished, and salutes all from every land who have loved and aided the work. Then he specifies the three objects for which this house is erected:

1st—For the glory of Jesus. It is dedicated to him—to the preaching of his gospel in purity and simplicity, and the right observance of his ordinances.

2nd—To afford a place where sinners who know not God may come and hear concerning Jesus, and by God's grace be converted.

3rd—As a home for God's church, from which they are to go out and work for Christ.

Though the address did not occupy more than half an hour, it would require too much space to note its remarkable points. It was masterly—not as an intellectual effort, but what is much better and nobler—as the ripe wisdom of a heart and soul inspired, purified, and governed by the Holy Spirit. His preaching was "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He truly "knows the things that are freely given to us of God," and speaks them "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth." Paul's distinction is important.

After the benediction, the congregation slowly dispersed. Would to God all our Baptist brethren and sisters in America could have looked upon that congregation and that preacher. Once Oncken stood alone in Germany—then with a few brethren and sisters. As he has walked these streets, he has been frequently pointed at by passers-by as the man who deserved the highest gallows, and often as he has stood awaiting his turn before the police court, the rabble and police have defouled him with their spittle. None of these persecutions have moved him from his devotion to Christ, nor soiled his heart. Once alone—now he looks around upon the delegates from churches having sixteen thousand members.

Do you see that tall, spare man, sitting in the corner? Cheerfulness shines in every line of his face, but the clear cut features, thin lips and bright eye tell of intensity of thought and purpose. That is Alf, for eight years missionary in Poland. Ten times imprisoned, dragged by the police long distances from wife and children, to be sent back at his own cost, after being shut up for months with the vilest vagabonds, and almost devoured by vermin. Yet in these eight years, with those thin hands he has baptized eight hundred converts.

Near him sits a man who, if he did not open his mouth, would be taken in America for a good specimen of a Yankee farmer. Close-shaven, with a high brow, neat in his dress, seeing everything that is going on, a man of few words, but to whom work is a pleasure; he is a farmer in Holland, and also pastor of the largest regular Baptist church there. And so I might go through the congregation, and point out to you many remarkable characters. Remarkable for what? Great learning? No. There is but one man among them who has enjoyed a