

The Christian Visitor.

THOMAS McHENRY, SECULAR EDITOR AND MANAGER.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1860.

NO 10

REV. I. E. BILL, RELIGIOUS AND DENOMINATIONAL EDITOR.

VOL XIII.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY OPENED AND CLEARED.

A SERMON. DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, JANUARY 8TH, 1860, BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, AT EXETER HALL, STRAND LONDON.

"And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."—Acts xvi. 31.

You will remember that when the children of Israel were settled in Canaan, God ordained that they should set apart certain cities to be called the Cities of Refuge, that to these the man-slayer might flee for security. If he killed another unawares, and had no malice aforethought, he might flee at once to the City of Refuge; and if he could enter its gates before the avenger of blood should overtake him, he would be secure. We are told by the rabbis that once in the year, or oftener, the magistrates of the district were accustomed to survey the high roads which led to these cities: they carefully gathered up all the stones, and took the greatest possible precautions that there should be no stumbling-blocks in the way which might cause the poor fugitive to fall, or might by any means impede him in his hasty course. We hear, moreover, and we believe the tradition to be grounded in fact, that all along the road there were hand-posts with the word "Refuge" written very legibly upon them; so that when the fugitive came to a cross-road, he might not need to question for a single moment which was the way of escape; and seeing the well-known word "Refuge," he kept on his breathless and headlong course until he had entered the suburb of the City of Refuge, and he was then at once completely safe.

Now, my brothers and sisters, God has prepared for the sons of men a City of Refuge, and the way to it is by FAITH IN CHRIST JESUS. It is needful, however, that very often the ministers of Christ should survey this road, lest there should be any stumbling-blocks in the path of the poor sinner. I propose this morning to go along it, and, by God's grace, to remove any impediment which Satan may have laid upon the path; and may God so help me, that this survey may be of spiritual benefit to all your souls, that any of you who have been made to stumble in the path of faith may now pluck up courage, and run joyfully forward, hoping yet to escape from the fierce avenger of your sins.

Well may the minister be careful to keep the road of faith clear for the seeking sinner; for surely the sinner hath a heavy heart to carry, and we ought to make the road as clear and as smooth as we can. We should make straight paths for the feet of these poor benighted souls. It should be our endeavour to cast loads of promises into every slough that runs across the path, that so it may be a king's highway, and may be safe and easy for travelling for those weary feet that have to carry such a heavy heart. Besides, we must remember that the sinner will make stumbling-blocks enough for himself, even with our greatest and most scrupulous care to remove any others that may naturally lie in his way. For this is one of the sad follies of the poor depending soul—that it spoils its own road. You have sometimes seen, perhaps, the newly-invented engine in the streets, the locomotive that lays down its own pathway and then picks it up again. Now, the sinner is the very reverse of that; he spoils his own road before himself, and then carries behind him all the mire and dirt of his own misdeeds. Poor soul! he flings stones before himself, cuts out valleys, and casts up mountains in his own pathway. Well may the ministers, then, be careful to keep this road clear. And let me add, there is another weighty reason. Behind him comes the furious avenger of blood. O, how swift is he! There is Moses armed with all the wrath of God, and Death following hard after him—a mounted rider upon his pale horse; and after Death there cometh Hell with all the powers and legions of Satan, all a-hirst for blood and swift to slay. Make straight the road, oh ministers of Christ, level the mountains, fill up the valleys; for this is a desperate flight, this flight of the sinner from his ferocious enemies towards the one City of Refuge—the atonement of Jesus Christ.

I have thus given the reasons why I am compelled in spirit to make this survey this morning. Come, O Spirit, the Comforter, and help us now, that every stone may be cast out of the high road to heaven.

The road to heaven, my brethren, is by FAITH IN CHRIST JESUS. It is not by well-doing that you can be saved, though it is by ill-doing that you will be damned if you put not trust in Christ. Nothing that you can do can save you. Albeit that after you are saved it will be your delightful privilege to walk in the ways of God and to keep his commandments, yet all your own attempts to keep the commandments previous to faith, will but sink you deeper into the mire, and will by no means contribute to your salvation. The one road to heaven is by FAITH IN CHRIST. Or to make it plainer still, as the countryman said, there are but two steps to heaven—out of self to Christ; and, then, out of Christ into heaven. Faith is simply explained as *trusting in Christ*. I find that Christ commands me to believe in him, or to trust him. I feel that there is no reason in myself why I should be allowed to trust him. But he commands me to do so. Therefore, altogether apart from my character or from any preparation that I feel in myself, I obey the command, and sink or swim, I trust Christ. Now, that is faith—when with the eye shut as to all evidence of hope in ourselves, we take a leap in the dark right into the arms of an Omnipotent Redeemer. Faith is sometimes spoken of in Scripture as being a leaning upon Christ; as a casting of one's self upon him; or, as the old Puritans used to put it, (using a somewhat hard word) it is *recombering on Christ*—the leaning of the whole weight upon his cross; ceasing to stand by the strength of one's own power, and resting wholly upon the rock of ages. The leaving of the soul in the hands of Jesus is the very essence of faith. Faith is receiving Christ into our emptiness. There is Christ like the conduit in the market-place. As the water flows from the pipes, so does grace continually flow from him. By faith I bring my empty pitcher and hold it where the water flows, and receive of its fulness, grace for grace. It is not the beauty of my pitcher, it is not even its cleanness that quenches my thirst; it is simply holding that pitcher to the place where water flows. Even so I am but the vessel, and my faith is the hand which presents the empty vessel to the flowing stream. It is the grace, and not the qualification of the receiver, which saves the soul. And though I hold that pitcher with a trembling hand,

and much of that which I seek may be lost through my weakness, yet if the soul be held to the fountain, and so much as a single drop trickle into it, my soul is saved. Faith is receiving Christ with the understanding, and with the will, submitting everything to him, taking him to be my all in all, and agreeing to be henceforth nothing at all. Faith is ceasing from the creature and coming to the Creator. It is looking out of self to Christ, turning the eye entirely from any good thing that is here within me, and looking for every blessing to those open veins, to that poor bleeding heart, to that thorn-crowned head of him whom God hath set forth "to be the propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world."

Well, having thus described the way, I now come to my real business of removing these stones. 1. A very common impediment in the pathway of the soul that is desiring to be saved, is the *recollection of its past life*. "Oh," saith the sinner, "I dare not trust Christ, because my past sins have been of an unusually black dye. I have been no common sinner, but I have been one singled out from the herd, a very monster in sin. I have taken the highest degree in the devil's college, and have become a master of Belial. I have learned to sit in the seat of the scornful, and have taught others to rebel against God." Ah, soul, I know very well what this impediment is, for once it laid in my way, and very sorely it did it trouble me. Before I thought upon my soul's salvation, I dreamed that my sins were very few. All my sins were dead as I imagined, and buried in the graveyard of forgetfulness. But that trumpet of conviction which aroused my soul to think of eternal things, sounded a resurrection-note to all my sins, and oh, how they rose up in multitudes more countless than the sands of the sea! Now, I saw that my very thoughts were enough to damn me, that my words would sink me lower than the lowest hell; and as for my acts of sin they now began to be a stench in my nostrils, so that I could not bear them. I recollect the time when I thought I had rather been a frog or a toad than have been made a man; when I reckoned that the most defiled creature, the most loathsome and contemptible man, was a better thing than myself, for I had so grossly and grievously sinned against Almighty God. Ah, my brethren, it may be that this morning your old oaths are echoing back from the walls of your memory. You recollect how you have cursed God, and you say, "Can I dare trust him whom I have cursed?" And your old lusts are now rising before you; midnight sins stare you in the face, and snatches of the lascivious song are being yelled in the ear of your poor conscience being. And all your sins as they rise up, cry, "Depart, thou accursed one! Depart! thou hast sinned thyself out of grace! Thou art a condemned one! Depart! There is no hope, there is no mercy for thee!"

Now, permit me in the strength and name of God to remove this stumbling-block out of your way. Sinner, I tell thee that all thy sins, they never so many, cannot destroy thee if thou dost believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. If now thou castest thyself simply on the merits of Jesus, a condemned one! Depart! There is no hope, there is no mercy for thee!"

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"Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, if thou believest, though thy heart be never so hard, thy believing saves thee; and what is more, thy believing shall yet soften thy heart. If thou canst not feel thy need of a Saviour as thou wouldst, remember that when thou hast a Saviour thou wilt begin then to find out more and more how great was thy need of him. Why, I believe that many persons find out their needs by receiving the supply. Have you never walked along the street, and looking in at a shop window have seen an article, and have said, "Why, that is just what I want." How do you know that? Why, you saw the thing and then you wanted it. And I believe there is many a sinner who when he is hearing about Christ Jesus is led to say, "That is just what I want." Did not he know it before? No, poor soul, not till he saw Christ. I find my sense of need of Christ is ten times more acute now than it was before I found Christ. I thought I wanted him for a good many things then, but now I know I want him for everything. I thought there were some things which I could not do without him; but now I find that without him I can do nothing. But you say, "Sir, I must repent before I come to Christ." Find such a passage in the Word if you can. Doth not the word say? "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Doth not one of our hymns translate that verse into rhyme and put it thus?

"True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy."

Oh, these graces are not of nature's spinning. We cannot make these in the loom of the creature. If you would know your need of Christ, take him now by faith, and sense and feeling shall follow in the rear. Trust him now for everything. Dare to trust him. Hard as your heart is, say, "Just as I am, without a plea, but that thou commandest me, and bid'st me come, I come to thee." Thy heart shall be softened by the sight of Christ, and love divine shall so sweetly commend itself to thee, that the heart which terrors could not move shall be dissolved by love.

Do understand me, my dear hearers. I want to preach in the broadest manner I possibly can this morning the doctrine that we are justified by faith alone; that man is commanded to believe; and that altogether apart from anything in man, man has a right to believe. Not from any preparation that he feels, but from anything good he discerns in himself; but he has a right to believe simply because he is commanded to believe; and if, relying upon the fact that he is commanded, God the Holy Spirit enables him to believe, that faith will surely save the soul, and deliver him from the wrath to come. Let me take up, then, that stumbling-stone about hardness of heart. Oh, soul, trust Christ and thy heart shall be softened. And may God the Holy Spirit enable thee to trust him, hard heart and all, and then thy hard heart shall soon be turned into a heart of flesh, and thou shalt love him who hath loved thee.

3. Now, for a third stumbling-block. "Oh," saith some poor soul, "I do not know whether I believe or not, sir. Sometimes I do believe; but oh, it is such little faith I have that I cannot trust Christ can save me." Ah, there you are again you see, looking to yourself. This has made many a trip and fall. I pray God I may put this out of your way. Poor sinners, remember it is not the *strength* of thy faith that saves thee, but the *reality* of thy faith. What is more, it is not even the reality of thy faith that saves thee, it is the object of thy faith. If thy faith is fixed on Christ, though it seems to be as thin as a line no thicker than a spider's cobweb, it will hold thy soul throughout time and eternity. For remember it is not the thickness of this cable of faith, it is the strength of the anchor which imparts strength to the cable, and so shall hold thy ship in the midst of the most fearful storm. The faith that saves man is sometimes so small that the man himself cannot see it. A grain of mustard seed is the smallest of all seeds, and yet if thou hast but that quantity of faith, thou art a saved man. Remember what the poor woman said. She did not come and take hold of Christ's person with her hands; she did not throw her arms about his knees; but she stretched out her finger, and then—she did not touch Christ's feet or even his dress—she touched but the raveling, the fringe of his garment, and she was made whole. If thy faith be but as little as that, seek to get more of it, but still remember that it will save thee. Jesus Christ himself compares Little Faith to a smoking flax. Does it burn? Is there any fire at all? No; there is nothing but a little smoke and that is most offensive. "Yes," saith Jesus, "but I will not quench it." Again, he compares it to a bruised reed. Of what service is it? It is broken; you cannot bring music from it; it is but a reed when it is whole, and now it is a bruised reed. Break it, snap it, throw it away. "No," says he, "I will not break the bruised reed." Now, if that is the faith thou hast, the faith of the smoking flax, the faith of the bruised reed, thou art saved. Thou wilt have many a trial and many a trouble in going to heaven with so little a faith as that, for when there is little wind to a boat there must be much tugging at the oar; but still there will be wind enough to land thee in glory, if thou dost simply trust Christ, be that trust never so feeble. Remember a little child belongs to the human race as much as the greatest giant; and so a babe in grace is as truly a child of God as is Mr. Greatheart, who can fight all the giants on the road. And thou may'st be as much an heir of heaven in thy minority, in the infancy of thy grace, as thou wilt be when thou shalt have expanded into the full grown Christian, and shalt become a perfect man in Christ Jesus. It is not, I tell thee, the *strength* of thy faith, but the *object* of thy faith. It is the blood, not the hyssop; not the hand that smites the linnet, but the blood that secures the Israelite in the day when God's vengeance passes by. Let that stumbling-block be taken out of the way.

ATHEIST IN THE PRAYER-MEETING. In the Fulton Street prayer-meeting in New York, a gentleman arose, and stood a moment deeply affected. He was in the middle lecture room, and the hour for the meeting was about half-gone. All eyes were turned upon him, for he was a stranger. He had a fine, intellectual face, and a marble, polished brow. All indicated that he was a man of high intelligence and culture. He said, "I came into this meeting one year ago. I came here an atheist—an atheist of no common order—but made such by science, falsely so called. I was honest and earnest in my views, and had not a thought but that I was right. I came into this Fulton Street prayer-meeting because I had heard much of it, and because I supposed I should here see another phase of the human mind. And, moreover, I wished to judge for myself. I wished to be a witness of the meeting. "I had not been here many minutes before my mind became deeply impressed with the conviction that there was something true and real in these things, which was above my knowledge—something in what was said and done—more in that which had no voice, but was hid in the recesses of those hearts, of which I was entirely ignorant. I looked upon these faces—all intelligent—faces evidently of business men, and I said to myself, 'Why do these men come here, in the middle of the brief, flying hours allotted to business, the din and roar of which is in all ears? What brings these men here?'"

"I had started a question which, as a philosopher, I was bound to answer. Here was an effect, for which I was bound to find the real and adequate cause. What could it be? I had to say to myself, 'I am unable to assign that cause.' "I came again and again, and was a silent and most attentive listener. I had to admit, to my own mind, that there was an unseen power operating upon all these minds—a mind above these minds, and stronger than any external evidence, of the nature of the highest kind of evidence, seized upon my mind, that God was here, or what was here, as the moving power, must be God. When that was settled, I said to myself, 'What these men pray for, I ought to pray for, what they feel I ought to feel, and what they need I need as much as they.' I inquired, 'Is this religion?' My heart answered, 'It is religion.' My conscience said, 'You ought to embrace it.' My despairing heart said, 'O, that I might embrace it.' How long and how diligently I sought yet how blindly, I need not say. That is past. "My friends, and his voice was in a tremor of deep emotion as he stood struggling for voice to speak, 'I am here, just a year after my first coming into this room as an atheist, to tell you what a precious Saviour I have found—humbly, yet joyfully to acknowledge what he has done for a sinner like me.'"

He held a small Bible in his hand, and continued, "I have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write—Jesus, exalted a prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sin. This," said he holding up his Bible, "is the warrant of all my hopes. I fold this Bible to my heart, which I so long rejected, as having no authority—I fold it to my heart as a revelation to my soul of all I hope for and all I enjoy. O, the glad hour when Jesus washed my sins away. As a little child, I have received 'the kingdom of heaven.' I know nothing, and God has taught me. I understand now who inspires these prayers. I understand now why these business men come here to pray, at the middle of the day—hour of all the day the best."

He then said that he had a father and mother for whom he asked prayer. They had never taught him the Scriptures when he was young—never teaching him even that religion was a reality. He wished we would earnestly pray for them. He urged reasons why we should not be faithless in regard to them, but believing, "O, do pray—pray," said he, "for my poor father and mother." And he sat down amid flowing tears. On the ensuing day he appeared again and renewed his request for prayer for his dear father and mother. He said they were intelligent, at ease in worldly circumstances, surrounded with comforts, but since the change in his views, their comforts and ease had departed. He had tried to be faithful. He was praying and hoping that they would become Christians. What it had cost him to openly write *foot* on all his former boasted knowledge and opinions, no mortal mind could know—no language could describe. Again he held that precious little Bible up—"Here are the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale."

"O, that I had been instructed in this blessed book when I was a child! Then, perhaps, my life would not have been a blank, so far as all good is concerned, up to this late day. Then, perhaps I should have been saved from the sad influences which I have been under, and which I have exerted. O, teach the blessed words which this book contains, to your children, that even while young they may lay hold on eternal life."—*Reflector.*

Selections.

THE FATHER OF ALL. In the dark winter of affliction's hour,
When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
And the wrecked heart perceives how frail each power,
It made a refuge and believed a stay;
When man all wild, and weak is seen to be—
There's none like Thee, O Lord! there's none like Thee!

THOU IN ADVERSITY CANST BE A SUN;
Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
The peace, the truth, the life, the love of one,
Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overthrow.
Gifts of a King; gifts frequent and yet free,
There's none like thee, O Lord! there's none like thee!"
—Miss Jewsbury.

GRACE INTRODUCTORY TO GLORY.—A gardener when raising plants sows them very thickly because his intention is not to keep them in that condition long when raised, but to transplant them. So God's object in raising a church from the ruins of the fall, and giving them existence in a state of grace below, is not to continue them in that state any longer than the mere bud, and then to transplant them to a richer soil, to breathe a more salubrious atmosphere and flourish through immortal day.

A DIVINE SOUVENIR. The absence of a kind friend begets forgetfulness, and the affection consequently cools in a measure, but if we have a something to perpetuate the memory, it keeps awake the affection. Jesus Christ our dearest friend is not corporally present with us, and so he has left a memorial of his attachment to keep alive our affection, (the supper). He says: "As oft as you do this ye do it in remembrance of me."

MINISTERS MUST STUDY. The edification of their intelligent hearers demands it; they must keep their hearers awake by interesting them. Their ordination vows demand it; they promised God their best. Their own continued improvement and growth in grace demand it. Whitfield's method of study was the best—on his knees.—*Index.*

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL? Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy benignant beauty of its own, which nothing on earth can mar. Never yet was female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pitfalls, dark in the brightest day, unless religion throws her soft beams around them to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful, in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air; and the burden of their song is, "Lo, peace is here." Could we look into the thousands of families to-day, where discontent fights continually with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, want of religion in woman. O, religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, they come never between thee and pious souls; not beneath the clouds, for above these is Heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all its desolation and deformity where religion is not. A SURE FOUNDATION. The bridge which the gospel lays over the gulf of God's wrath for poor sinners to pass from their sins into the favor of God here, and the kingdom of God hereafter, is supported by no other arches than the wisdom, power, mercy and faithfulness of God, so that the believing soul need not fear till it sees these bow or break. It is called the everlasting gospel; when heaven and earth go to wreck, not the least jot or tittle of any promise of the gospel shall be buried in their ruins.

A LITTLE GEM. There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can get out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room; Be on your guard and strive to pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

GOD IS PRESENT.—The celebrated Linnaeus always testified in his conversations, writings and actions, the greatest sense of God's omniscience. He was indeed so strongly impressed with this idea, that he wrote over the door of his library "Live innocently; God is present."

A SOFT ANSWER.—One of Bishop Griswold's resolutions or maxims, adopted in early life, was, "when censured or accused, to correct not justify my error." On this he comments thus; "I have observed that a hasty inconsiderate self-justification and resentment of censure or reproach is a very general and very injurious propensity of our nature."

A PORTION FOR GOD.—The Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest, before it is moved from the threshing floor, take out the portion for their god. However poor, however much in debt, or however much the crops may be, the god's portion is first given.

CHRISTIANITY IN CITIES. Now as in past periods, the great battles of Christianity and of the church is in the large towns. Those central seats of human activity and life are the fulcrum by which she would move the world. The heaven that would leave the whole lump must be planted in the very centre of the mass. Wherever man is, there Christianity, the religion of man, follows, and the cities are preeminently the haunts and rallying-points of man. They constitute the very back bone and spinal cord of the social system of the world, through which therefore, every intellectual and moral influence that is to tell upon the happiness and welfare of the race circulates. Here then in this thronging teeming place of concourse, the heavenly wisdom ever lifts her voice. Incarnate love still beholds the city and weeps over it; and the same instinct, caught from his inspiration, which led the steps of the missionary apostle straight to the Antiochs, the Corinths, and the Romes of the old world, still directs the eyes of the Christian philanthropists to the Londons, the Manchesters, the Glasgows of the new. The course of ages has only tended to enhance the importance of this principle. If the city has always been the master position in the battle-field of faith, it is pre-eminently so now.—*North British Review.*

Several calculations have been made in order to test the amount of drinking that goes on in London. Thus it has been pointed out that in 1858, there were 11,000 public houses in London, while there are only 4,000 butchers and bakers. Again, 470,000 persons were counted as entering fourteen of the principal gin shops in one week, which gives an average of nearly 40,000 habitual attendants on fourteen out of the 5,000 gin shops of the metropolis. Again, it is stated, that more than 10,000 persons are annually taken up by the police for drunkenness in the streets of London, and that 250,000,000 are spent each year in spirits and beer in England.—*Exchange.*

Temperance and Prohibition.

ADDRESS TO THE MINISTERS OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Dear and Honored Brethren,—Within the last thirty years the Temperance movement has assumed a high position among the social reforms of the age. It originated, as you may know, with Christian men; and thousands of Christian ministers throughout the world have allied themselves with it. A great majority of the members and ministers of our own denomination in the United States and British Provinces of North America have espoused it; and as we rejoice to rank ourselves with its adherents, we now fraternally invite your impartial consideration of its principles and claims. This we do as pledged or practical abstainers, and without feeling committed to an unequal approval of all the means employed for its advancement.

Should you enquire what, in our judgment, ought to determine our line of conduct, as Christians and Christian ministers, in reference to the Temperance cause, we unhesitatingly point to the spirit and motives of the Christian religion. Scriptural examples of abstinence (divinely approved), and Scriptural delineations of the deplorable effects of intoxicating liquors, might be cited; but to do this is not here required. If we have learned "the truth as it is in Jesus," we shall not be slow to adopt the means shown to be the most practicable and efficient for the suppression of great evils. And such an evil is intemperance—our greatest national profligacy and curse. Intemperance is the master-obstacle among us to the education and evangelization of the masses—the chief nurse and prolific parent of our national vice, destitution and crime. Because of intemperance "the land mourneth" through all its cities, towns, and rural places; and over the ravages of this destroyer our churches, Sunday-schools, and other religious institutions, have cause for constant and bitter lamentations.

Brethren, ought these things to be? Ought we to concur in their continuance? Is it for us to countenance the outward sources or conditions of such a concourse of appalling evils? Some evils cannot be cured by abstinence from things that are seen and handled; but it is no less certain that, by abstinence from alcoholic liquors, intemperance, as an individual and national curse, can be entirely abolished. Intemperance exists and flourishes, though its countless victims prematurely perish, because its countless victims are used as beverages; and neither science or experience extends a hope that while so used they will become less dangerous or destructive. The alcoholic stimulants act prejudicially on the nervous system; a desire for the customary exhilaration is excited; and if this desire is indulged, as it so often is, we know the sure result; and even where it does not grow into a drunken craving, injury to both body and mind is frequently induced. Hence, brethren, we are persuaded that the adoption and advocacy of the total abstinence principle is an eminently reasonable means, and one in perfect harmony with our holy religion, for the accomplishment of its benevolent object—the extirpation of all intemperance.

As additional reasons for this abstinence, we would remind you that the manufacture of intoxicating liquors in this country annually consumes fifty million bushels of corn; that the drink traffic in all its branches, and whether licensed or unlicensed, is a national calamity; that drinking customs and usages are ruinous to myriads, and attended with some danger to all; and that the purchase of these liquors cost the British nation every year upwards of sixty millions sterling—a sum equal to the annual income of the State, and sixty times greater than the aggregate receipts of all our religious and charitable institutions.

Suffer us, then, earnestly to inquire, what benefit do intoxicating liquors impart that they should be retained as beverages at so frightful a sacrifice of human interests, material and moral, temporal and eternal? Their habitual use may render them agreeable to the taste, but are they necessary? and, if not necessary, how can they compensate for the miseries and losses they entail? Their utility, as ordinary drinks, we have, indeed, learned altogether to discredit. That they are not food, yield no strength for bodily or mental labour, and do not tend to prolong life or make it more rationally enjoyable are conclusions to which we have arrived from scientific testimony and the records of experience—that experience being of the most varied and comprehensive description. "We are of opinion," say two thousand medical practitioners, some of whom are the most celebrated in their profession, "that the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages;" and many abstainers have testified, in explicit terms, to an improvement of health from the entire renunciation of alcoholic liquors.

The moral results, however, of the Temperance movement, in proportion as it has been supported, commend it most powerfully to your favour. Sobriety, industry, thrift, forethought, personal respectability, domestic comfort, and social progress have been its common attendants. Multitudes of the once reckless and abandoned have been brought by its means to frequent the house of God and to profess faith in the Redeemer. Its association with the extensive Revivals of religion in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and other parts, is matter of general and indisputable testimony; and this association, whether as cause or effect, has wrought into striking relief the natural opposition existing between an earnest piety and all the sources of intemperance involved in the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. Who now can affirm that the promotion of the temperance reform is a slight upon the preaching of the Gospel and the work of the Holy Spirit? On the total abstinence has proved in every district an efficient pioneer of the gospel message, as well as a course of life to which the intemperate have been disposed by the influence of the Spirit upon their hearts.

We are so far from believing that the temperance movement can receive too much support from Christians that we mourn over the limited measure of this support in the past as having limited the measure of those moral and spiritual benefits which might have been realized in richer variety and affluence. If during the last twenty years (not to speak of religion in the United Kingdom) may, if only the whole body of our Baptist brethren in the ministry had abstained from intoxicating drinks and advocated abstinence can we doubt that innumerable blessings not yet enjoyed by society and the church would have been the assured result? We therefore beseech a prayerful review on