the unconverted man's sins. The preacher, like all his brethren, promises forgiveness thus. Who authorized such a promise? Did heaven? Or did men? And will any bible student demur at our plainly intimating that heaven's promises are nor pleaded when it is provable that only men's promises are pleaded? For our part, we would not take ten worlds and promise in the name of the Lord what the Lord has not promised.

And can we not all see, doctor, that so long as different men take upon themselves to make promises of salvation for which there is no sanction in the Sacred Writings, we must always remain in disunion? Parties live and thrive upon human aliment; and the various classes of man-made promises are so many foundations on which rest the different temples consecrated to the worship of sect-men. Cut off all these humanly authorized promises—lead every man to the pure and safe precepts, promises, and pleasures of the inspired volume—and what follows? Union! What a blessed word! When the christian religion was uncorrupted, the friends of Jesus participated in the blessings of brotherly union and brotherly love. We need the same union, the same love, the same joy. To this end we labor. We criticise not for the sake of criticism. But, in faithful though stern affection, we must plead God's word for purity. We must plead it for unity. We must plead it for the Spirit's sacred joy.

Doctor Gould, let us ask you a question. Were christians made eighteen hundred years ago as we described in the second letter in the October Banner? If so, our work in these days is to make converts after the like manner, and then we shall have a harvest of purity and unity.

D. O.

SPURGEON'S GOSPEL.

"If any man here, should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me as plainly as I can state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapped up in one word—substitution. I have always considered, with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the gospel lies in that word, Substitution—Christ standing in the stead of man. If I understand the gospel, it is this; I deserve to be lost and ruined: the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and there is no law to execute sentence twice for sin. Christ took the cup in both his hands, and

"At one tremendous draught of love, He drank damnation dry."

⁻Ought not Spurgeon to go to school? A single day at the Academy.