REMINISCENCES OF REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

REV. J. BROWN, WINCANTON, ENGLAND.

(Concluded.)

It has often been remarked that Mr. Spurgeon's prayers were as interesting as his sermons. This testimony is true, and I have often felt, while listening to him, that he felt what I cannot better describe than "at home with God," and as a man who held much communion with Him. At times he seemed like Jacob wrestling with the angel. I have occasionally looked at him, and both his looks and manner gave one the impression that he was as if in a struggle with God. He prayed, as I once heard him say men should preach—*all over*, from head to foot; and surely he prayed thus, while his face, as all who have seen him pray know, betrayed the thoughts and feelings of his mind and heart. When praying for those in trouble his features and tones showed how tenderly he felt for such, and when giving thanks for any who had recovered, or for conversions, or any other blessing his face would glow and shine with gladness. In all he appeared like a man talking face to face with a loved and loving friend. To him God was nothing less than a living, loving Friend and Father.

By way of parenthesis I may here give an illustration of this belief in the personality of God as shown by a little child I knew in Cape Breton. Dear little Annie was saying her evening prayer, and had prayed for several persons by name—the writer's happily among the rest, for he greatly values the prayers of a child. There happened to be a neighbor in the room, and Annie not liking to omit her, said: "and O God, please to bless—please to bless—please to bless"—but unable to think of the name, looked up at her with the hope, I suppose, that that would help her; but no, so pointing her tiny finger towards her said, "O God, please to bless that woman there." To that dear child God was as real a person as "that woman," and her prayer was a telling illustration of the words, "He that cometh to God must believe that He *is*."

If Annie is still living and sees this, I trust she will pardon my thus making use of her name, and that she still remembers me in her prayers. At the same time I wish to thank her for the sweet lesson of faith she taught me fourteen years ago.

But to return to Mr. Spurgeon. In prayer he seemed to forget nothing. He would make mention of persons and things that others never mentioned. On one occasion, after offering a most comprehensive prayer, in which many petitions were offered for the sick and bereaved, for the persecuted and oppressed, etc., etc., he made this comprehensive request: "O Lord, may it please Thee to have mercy upon all those who are in circumstances in which they would rather not be."

At times he would make requests that would tempt a smile. I well remember him offering this petition: "Lord, bless those deacons and make them better men than they are." That looked like an insinuation; it was certainly ambiguous, but none of them could possibly find fault with it, unless they thought themselves beyond improvement. The said deacons, sitting on the platform behind him, looked at each other with a kind of suppressed smile, as if to say, "What does he mean by that?"

With something like a tremor in his voice, he gave utterance to the following, which was evidently the earnest outpouring of his heart: "If our houses were full of silver and gold, it would not give us more joy than to see Thy kingdom coming. If we were to lose the dearest object of our love, it would not grieve us more than to see the gospel cast into the mire and trodden under foot of swine."

In reading Psalm 116, and commenting on the words, "I found trouble and sorrow," he said—"Discovered nothing to alleviate our grief. Do you remember that prayer of yours—short, sharp and sincere? Remember it *now*, that in the remembrance of past mercy you may have a well of gratitude." There was one there who did remember a short, sharp, sincere prayer, offered a short time before when his heart was sorely wounded by the loss of the dear object of his heart, and the gracious help he received in answer, to whom the exhortation was most timely and helpful.

No less helpful was this remark: "When the Lord takes others home, let us more fully consecrate ourselves to His service." This, too, was not without its effect: "God has spoilt us for this world." Nor this: "If all earthly cisterns fail us let us turn to God." But this most of all when, in his prayer, he said: "If there's an aching heart here, reveal Thyself to that heart in all Thy pity," and one aching heart there felt that the prayer was answered, and blessed the man who offered it and the God who answered him, and for leading him thus to pray for one at least who so sorely needed that pity. When, meeting him at the close of the service and on his asking in his usual cheerful way, "Well, and how are you?" the reply was given, "Under a cloud"; he asked in the kindest way, "What is it?" On being told he pressed the hand in such a way as told how his big heart fully sympathized—for his heart could be felt in his hand—and said: "O dear; God bless you. The blueness of a wound cleanseth away evil." Good night, and the Lord be with you." While life lasts the memory of him who said so much when most needed to cheer a sad and broken heart shall most surely keep fresh and green, for his words in commenting, in praying, in preaching, and in conversation were as cool, refreshing waters to a thirsty soul. From that hour that heart clung to him closer than ever.

I very well remember him on one occasion in referring to singular petitions that are sometimes offered. He said: "When I first came to London, one brother at the prayer-meeting prayed than I might be delivered from the bleating of the sheep." What he meant Mr. Spurgeon did not explain. I suppose it was that he might not be influenced by foolish criticisms, or was it that he might feed them so well as to keep them from bleating? If the latter, the prayer was answered; so also indeed if the former. He told of another who prayed "that he might be able to swalk w a faggot * of wood crosways";

*A bundle of wood for kindling fires about 5 ft. long.

then stepping to the platform rail, and leaning over with a smile and a nod said, "Which little trick I've *done*." He did not explain the "little trick" which the good brother prayed he might perform. I suppose it was that he might overcome great difficulties; and if this was the meaning of the prayer, then most certainly it has been answered.

For many years I had wished to attend the annual conference of the college, and last year my desire was fulfilled. I wrote asking the president's permission, which, with his usual kindness, he granted. I was, however, only able to attend what the students call "the last and great day of the feast," for it was on that day he gave his address. Although the conference extended over several days, Mr. Spurgeon seemed full of vigor. It was soon evident that his whole soul was in his work; when indeed was it otherwise? At times, when referring to those who cast doubt on inspiration and other doctrines, he seemed to glow and burn, and his whole frame would be agitated as in words of fire and tones of thunder he defended the truths he loved so well. He was like a general haranguing his troops when about to engage in a deadly conflict. It was his last address to his men, and he could not have been more earnest if he had known it. I give two or three quotations out of many I should like to make:

"Brethren, we will array ourselves in that which God has supplied us in the armory of inspired Scripture, because every weapon in it has been tried and proved in many ways; and never has any part of our panoply failed us." "We are more fully than ever resolved to use what God has provided for us in this Book, for *we are sure of its inspiration*. Let us say that over again: WE ARE SURE OF ITS INSPIRATION."

"After preaching the gospel for forty years, and after preaching the sermons I have preached for more than six-and-thirty years, reaching now to the number of 2,200 in weekly succession, I am fairly entitled to speak about the fulness and richness of the Bible as the preacher's book. Brethren, it is inexhaustible. A long life will only suffice us to skirt the shores of this great continent of light. In the forty years of my own ministry I have only touched the hem of the garment of divine truth, but what virtue has flowed out of it! The Word is, like its Author, infinite, immeasurable, without end. If you were ordained to be a preacher throughout eternity, you would have before you a theme equal to everlasting demands."

"The truth of God we will maintain as the truth of God, and we shall not retain it because the philosophic mind consents to our doing so. If scientists agree to our believing a part of the Bible, we thank them for nothing. Their consent is of no more consequence to our faith than the consent of a Frenchman to the Englishman's holding London, or the consent of the mole to the eagle's sight. God being with us, we shall not cease from this glorying; but will hold the whole of revealed truth, even to the end." The closing words of the address were: "Go forth, O soldiers of Jesus, with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Go forth with the companies of the godly whom you lead, and let every man be strong in the Lord and the power of His might. As men alive from the dead, go forth in the quickening power of the Holy Ghost—you have no other strength. May the blessing of the Triune God rest upon you, one and all, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

The day I heard that address was one of the red-letter days of my life.

The address has been published under the title of "The Greatest Fight in the World," by Alexander & Passmore, London. I wish all the ministers in the world had the opportunity to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest its contents. Both they and the churches to whom they minister would be the better for it.

While life remains his memory will be precious to me, as to many thousands beside, and I shall ever esteem it no small privilege to have heard so often and to have known one of the most earnest, devoted and faithful servants of God.

When the bitter news of his death reached me there started to my memory these words which, if true of any man, were true of him:

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Rest at last."

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—Come up on the top verandah and see where Mr. Bars and I are going. Look through the sky, towards the north. Away over those tossing palm-tree tops; over that slow, winding, muddy river; over those broad green fields with broken hedges of palms; over that round, lone, peaked hill, like a huge ant-hill, piercing the blue,—away beyond them all, eighteen miles at least from us,—see Cape Blomidon! But there must have been an earthquake; or else this is not the same Cape Blomidon that we used to see from College Hill at Wolfville; for it faces the west instead of the east. Moreover, its forehead does not look so steep as old Blomidon's, and its face is a misty blue, like spruce bushes against the sky by moonlight; instead of being red as Cornwallis clay. Look sharply, and you see, on its head, a dim square block, like a well curb. They say that is a house where a rich man used to live in hot weather.

Beneath this Oriental Blomidon rolls a sea, muddier than the turbid Basin of Mines in its most turbulent hour. It is a sea of many thousand human souls, as foul as the bottom of many thousand fetid mud creeks. If all the white capped, blue flood of the Bay of Fundy were to roll into this town, its pure waters, as it has been rolling them for centuries through Minas Channel; it could not wash away the filth, but would merely stir up the mire from beneath and reveal a little of the depth of the people's iniquity. Yet as the ebbing tide of Cobequitt rolls out, daily, its muddy hillocks into the Bay whence they came; so, daily, this human sea ebbs out daily into eternity many a human spirit, who leaves his body's ashes on the burning ground, and goes to appear, in all his proud impurity, before the white throne of God.

These boys and girls can be made clean only by a baptism of their very hearts, in fire from heaven. All the Bay of Fundy can do is to send up from its rocky shores strong men and women, whose hearts are overflowing with the flaming floods of the Spirit of God.

The houses in which these God-forsaken heathen live compose the town of Vizianagram. About a mile or more this side of the town, surrounded by tall grass and half-hidden by rustling trees, is a long, old house, in which dwell Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Shaw, with their three boys. It is to this bungalow, to see these people, sixteen miles away, that we are going.

There is no railroad. There is no river or canal for a steamboat. To drive a horse more than half-way, in such a hot world as this, would be cruel. Nobody does such a thing. There are stables half-way between here and Vizianagram. When the Maharajah wants to come to Bimli, he sends a span of horses on to these stables the day before he starts. Then he can drive half-way with one span of horses, and then come the other half with fresh horses. But no such convenient conveyance is ours. Yet we have a way that does very well.

Under the back verandah is a two-wheeled top buggy. At home, if it had no top, we should call it a road cart. Here they call it a jinrickshaw. It is the one in which Mr. and Mrs. Bars, with their boy Ernest, came from Chicacole.

Two men pick up the shafts. Three men take a hold behind to push. We get into the seat beneath the cover. Out of the banyan tree in front of the stable, with loud cawing, the crows fly off as our wheels crush past in the gravel. One of the hind men scuds ahead. The front gates creek open; we roll down through them into the public road, and as we turn to the left, toward Vizianagram and the north, the gates squeak back again.

Off we spin adown the hard road; between high, old stone walls; under banyan trees, whose limbs spread out across the street; down the hill between the rows of hay-stack hovels; past the little bazaar, the police station, the town schoolhouse, and by the toll-gate out of Bimlipatam.

It is a quarter before six o'clock in the morning. The men are going as fast as they can; for they know if they get to Vizianagram in good time they will get a little more than their legal pay. We are humming now along a level road, near a flat that opens to the Bay. Its breeze comes across our path. But soon we turn into a grove of palms, to behold the face of the sea no more till we come back again. Through this silent avenue of whispering broad leaves we glide, meeting here and there rows of ox-carts, with their basket bodies, heavy loads and sleepy drivers. On our left, close to the road, is a tank of water. Behind it is an old mud hut. Mrs. Sanford said that whenever she went by that place, she used to see an old man standing in the door. It always reminded her of the couplet in Hiawatha's Wooing, where it tells he went away so happy into the woods, hand in hand with the old arrowmaker's daughter, and

"Left the old man standing lonely
In the doorway of his wig-wam."

Ahead of us on the right side of the road is a field of tall waving corn. No! it is tall Timothy grass. No! it is a kind of Indian grain called *guntaloo*. Bimlipatam is surrounded with forests of it, tossing in the breeze, higher than a tall man's head. In the middle of the field, with its top above the heads of the grain, is a high, rough table. On it, beneath an umbrella, a man is sitting on his heels. He can see all over the field, and he watches sharply to see that nothing harms it. You might call his table a little tower. It reminds us of the man in the parable of Jesus, who "planted a vineyard and *built a tower*."

This letter is long enough, and I must finish the story in my next.

Yours truly,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Sept. 8.

A Guerilla Leader.

This sketch of Senor Diaz and his work, which appeared some weeks ago in the Montreal *Witness*, will be of interest to the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR:

Our readers will remember that one of the interesting features in the convention at Northfield last summer was the presence and testimony of Senor Alberto J. Diaz, of Havana, the chief city of Cuba.

From our own notes, and from a report by our friend, the Rev. Payson Hammond, in one of the American papers, the following narrative is given, Senor Diaz himself telling the story:

I was born and brought up in the Island of Cuba, and graduated from the University of Havana as a doctor of medicine. Up to this time I had never seen a Bible. The priests there will not allow the people to have them, so the people are very ignorant of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. In 1870 the revolution broke out, when I was seventeen years old, and I thought it my duty to fight for my country's freedom, and became the leader of a guerilla band. One night twenty-five of us were surrounded in a wood near the sea by a thousand Spanish soldiers. The black flag had been hoisted, which proclaimed death to all rebels, and we decided that it would be better to trust to the mercy of the sea than to Spanish soldiers. All of my companions, with the exception of three, had been killed, and we that were left launched a plank, intending to keep afloat near land and return when the soldiers had gone. We did not know anything of the Gulf Stream or the strength of its current, and we were steadily carried out to sea. We clung to the plank for twenty hours, and had given ourselves up to die, when we were picked up by a fishing vessel, which took us to New York. I, the richest of the three, had just ten cents in my pocket. We found a Spaniard, and told him our story, and after hearing us he sent us to the house of a friend, who was a Cuban.

We have no cold weather in Cuba, but the winter in New York was intensely cold, and I was taken ill with pneumonia. In the boarding house where we lived there was a young English lady, Miss Alice Tucker, who came to visit me, and brought a little book in her hand (which I now know was the New Testament). Sitting by my bedside she read from this little book, but I did not understand her. Then she closed the book, knelt down, and began to talk. She was praying, but I did not know what she was doing. She did the same thing for several days. I thought, "That is a religious book; is she a priest?" But the business of a priest is not the business of ladies. She gave me the book, and I found many words like Latin, which I understood, and, with the help of a dictionary, I translated the two first Gospels. Then a friend told me that the Bible could be had in my own language. I secured one of these, and read it with great interest. When I came to the story of blind Bartimeus, I said, "How is this? the blind man came to Christ, and Christ gave him his sight." Now, I had studied specially to be an oculist, and had spent much time in searching for information bearing upon the restoration of sight, but here was a man who, by laying on His hands, completely restored the blind man his sight. I read on, but my mind constantly reverted to the blind man, and I turned back and read it over twenty times; and then I understood it after the Spirit had opened my eyes, and the Lord Jesus Christ had given me sight; for I was the same as the blind man; I had no eyes in my soul. I then knew that Christ was my Saviour, that I had been blind, but now I could see.

I knelt down for half an hour, but I did not know what to say. Then, in the very words of Bartimeus, I prayed: "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." I read in Matthew how my Saviour was crucified, and how He redeemed us from sin by His precious blood, and I said to myself: "Now I am going to serve this God." And I began to question in what way I could best serve Him, and the first thing that struck me was—there are two million people in Cuba who know nothing about Jesus. I will go back and tell my people who Christ is, and show them the way to Him.

About this time amnesty was proclaimed and I returned to Cuba with Spanish Bibles and Testaments, which I believed contained truths which would be the salvation of Cuba. The first morning I invited the family to prayer, but none would accept Christ but a little child four years old. She said, "I will love Him." My mother was very bitter against me, saying she would not speak to me if I did not return to the Church and the religion she had taught me, "or else," she said, "you do not love me." But I trusted in the Lord, and prayed every day, "O Lord, convert my mother."

I began to talk to the doctors, medical students and other friends, and after a time we had a congregation of two hundred in the hotel parlor, which we called the preaching hall, where I explained the gospel. But the priests began to oppose me, telling the people that I was a heretic, and if I put my hands upon them I would do them harm. This soon deprived me of my practice, and literally took the bread from my mouth; none of my countrymen would have me attend them in their sickness.

I was, therefore, obliged to return to New York. While there I entered Dr. McArthur's church, where father Chiniquy was telling the people about the French-Canadians. After this there was a baptism. I had not been able to reconcile what I had been accustomed to hear about baptism with what I found in the New Testament. But now it was all plain. The next night I was passing Dr. Montgomery's church, in Brooklyn, and saw him baptizing some people, and asked him to baptize me. He questioned me, and I satisfied him that I was a believer, and I was baptized.

At New York, hearing of a society of ladies in Philadelphia who were seeking a missionary for Cuba, I applied for the appointment and was accepted. Thus God in His providence sent me back to Cuba, not to pursue my profession but to preach the Gospel.

My mother still rejected the religion I had embraced, calling me many names, Protestant, Jew, &c. I never could make her read the Bible. She knew how I loved her, and tried to make me come by every means. She did not speak to me for six months though living in the same house and eating at the same table. She did not care for me if I was sick, nor even say "Good morning," hoping to break my heart by this unkind treatment. But one night she came to the meeting. It was the first night I gave the people who desired it an opportunity to confess Christ publicly. Four stood up, and one of them was my mother. I thought she had come to reproach me before the congregation. I went on to examine the others, but I was afraid even to look to the place where my mother stood.

One of the brethren said: "Senor Diaz, there is your mother, why don't you speak to her?" When I went to her she said, "Alberto, don't you want me in your congregation?" Then I examined her, and her testimony was: "I have observed my son, and I have read the Book which has changed him, and I am a Christian." After answering satisfactorily many searching questions, she said, "I am ready to be one of you." As to Pope, priests and confessional, she said: "Let those things all pass, I do not believe in them now." When we had our first baptism my mother was the first to come forward, and the whole congregation were in tears. I had learned the formula from the Testament, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," but I was so agitated that I forgot everything. I led her down into the water and said, "Lord Jesus, this is my mother," and baptized her. She has been our best worker ever since. She formed an organization called the "Daughters of the Lord," numbering a thousand women, who visit the sick and poor and suffering. We have lost thirty-five of these through the smallpox epidemic.

My father continued an unbeliever after most of the other members of the family had yielded. I had many times invited him to attend the meetings and read the Bible, but he said he would not waste his time; it might be good for me, but not for him. My little sister, a child of seven or eight, saw my mother and me praying every night for him, and asked us why we were always praying for father. I told her if we could get him to read the Bible he would be converted, but we could not persuade him to do so. She said she would get him to read the Bible. The next Sunday, when father was reading the paper, she said, as if she were in a great hurry, "Father, please read this lesson over to me three or four times that I may go to school." He did so, willingly. Every evening she came with some excuse or other—"Father, I'm so tired, come and read the Bible to me," and so on. One night I saw that the child was sleeping and yet a light in her room, and I found that father was reading. At four o'clock in the morning I found him still there. "Father," I asked, "what do you read?" "I have read all the Gospel." He came to the meeting the next Sabbath, and was soon converted and baptized.

When we saw the people come regularly on Sunday and Thursday, after three years, we thought we ought to have some organization. I knew nothing about denominations or churches, and therefore wrote to my friend, Miss Alice Tucker, to send me information or papers telling me how to form such an organization as was necessary. She replied that the church to which she belonged had no such papers, "Read your Bible and consider with prayer the passages which you will find there on this matter." This I did, and we made some articles of faith, and went right along to form a church. Finding that the apostles and Philip baptized the converts after they believed, and that it seemed they put them under the water, we did the same.

As I read in the Acts of the Apostles that they appointed seven deacons, I thought we must do the same, but I did not know how to select them. One Thursday night I said I wished every member to be present the next Sunday, as we would then select deacons, and that I was to preach a sermon on their duties. When Sunday came I had a congregation of three or four hundred. I gave the strongest sermon I could, telling them that it was the duty of a deacon, when he heard of a case of smallpox, to go right into the midst of it, and to do all that he could to comfort the sick; and the same way in cholera, or any epidemic, they must be the first to offer aid and the last to come away. That they must always have their Testaments with them, and speak in the market-place, and anywhere a conversation could be made. After presenting the duties in as serious a light as I could, I said: "If any one here feels courageous enough to assume the responsibilities of the position, please to stand up." The whole congregation stood up, and I did not know what to do, so I said: "Go ahead, you are all deacons." Now they all carry their Testaments around with them, and tell of Jesus in the store and all other places. They think they are all deacons, and that it is the duty of deacons to do the Lord's work.

A little girl from Key West, Florida, had been visiting in Havana, and on returning home she reported to the Baptist pastor that there were people in Cuba that had the same persuasion as themselves; the pastor reported this to the American Board of Foreign Missions at Atlanta, Ga., and three ministers were appointed to make inquiry. They came, and tarried with us some time, examining us very carefully, and at the conclusion they said, "Your beliefs and practice are according to those of the Baptist church." We replied that we knew nothing about Baptists; we had taken all from the Bible, and if the Bible was a Baptist, then we were also.

One night a Spaniard, named Fernandez, came into the church so drunk that he could not walk. After the services were over he came up to the pulpit and asked me, "Does that man love me?" "What man?" I asked. "That man whom you spoke about and read about in the book. Does he love a drunken man like me?" I told him, "Yes, Jesus loves you, and wants you to come to Him and be saved." And I gave him a Bible and told him to read it. He was in such a bad condition that he tumbled right down there. The next Sunday he came, well dressed, with the New Testament in his hand, and was so changed that I did not recognize him. He continued to come regularly after that, until he professed Christ and was baptized. He kept a bakery. When I called on him I found him at work, and he had his Testament fastened to the wall, so that he could read it while working. While he was called away by a customer, I asked his wife—

"Mrs. Fernandez, how do you like your husband being a Christian, and having him read the Bible?" She said: "He is a very good man now, but before he used to come home at two o'clock in the morning, and beat and abuse me and the children. Now it is all changed, he comes home early, reads his book, and gives me all I need."

Fernandez had heard me speak about beginning at Jerusalem. He asked me if he could preach the Gospel. I answered, "Yes, why not? You have a tongue in your mouth." "Well, then," he said, "I am going to Spain." "But," I said, "I want you here." "No," he replied; "I must begin at Jerusalem." And so he went with his family to Spain, and is laboring for Christ in Asturias. His wife has learned to read and write, and she plays the organ at his meetings.

All our members are working away the same as Fernandez. We have sent one missionary to Spain, two to the United States, and some to other places. We have suffered persecution. I have been three times in gaol for preaching the Gospel.

One day I was ill in bed, and my little girl was playing on the stairs. A man came in out of the street, caught her up and ran away with her. My wife cried out. I sprang from my bed, and ran into the street after him. I asked him to give me the child, but he would not. I tapped him on the head [said Mr. Diaz in his broken English] and the man tied down. When I saw him helpless on the ground, I was sorry and took him into my house and nursed him. The police came, I did not wish to make a charge against him, but they took him off to prison. This was an attempt on the part of the priests to carry away my child, making my leaving the island the condition of its being restored.

My wife said, "What shall we do now, they will be sure to take our child." I replied, "I know what I shall do. Whatever they do, and whatever they take, I shall stop here and preach Jesus." Before this the bishop had sent a priest to offer me twenty thousand dollars to leave Cuba.

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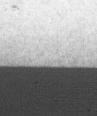

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THE GOSPEL PREACHI TIOCH.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"A great number believe to the Lord."—Acts 11: 21.

EXPLANATORY.

19. *They which were scatt* The history now turns ba ment to chapter 8: 1-4, briefly reviews the last *Upon the persecution that Stephen*. The very efforts the Gospel were made the of spreading it still more. so with the efforts of men s tianity. *Travelled as far a Phœnicia*, as in Rev. Ver. strip of coast, about 120 m 20 broad, extending from Eleutherus (near Aradus south of Tyre, and belong time to the province of Syr 15: 3; 21: 2). Its principa Tripolis, Byblos, Tyre, Bery Their language did not c from the Hebrew. *Cypru* island in the Mediterrane miles from the coast of P was the birthplace of Bar *Antioch*. The capital city about 16 miles from the s the river Orontes. Its pop reckoned at over 500,000, a the languages spoken and th worn were singularly diver *ing the word*. Those that fle secution did not flee from nay, they threw themselves field of opportunity than be 20. *Some of them* (i. e., c ciples who were preaching (natives) *of Cyprus*. These the nature of the case, H Greek-speaking Jews, who Christians. *And Cyrene*, of the coast of Africa, of w was the capital, immedia west of Egypt, and opposite the south, the Jews were numerous. *Spake unto the Grecian* MSS. have *Greeks* (as in Rev this is clearly the correct rea 21. *The hand of the Lord* Luke 1: 66. The hand is power; here probably, as in 30, it was stretched forth affording a manifest sign o proval on this extension of listic work to the Gentiles. *number*. This was the first tion to the church from t *Believed . . . turned unto* The "believing" is the ro "turning" the fruit which it 22. *Then tidings of these* probably after the report c cerning Cornelius, and the Gentiles into the company at Cesarea. *The church wh Jerusalem*. This as the strongest body of believe special connection with th would naturally be the most body, whose approval all w regard.

23. *Was glad*. Tell me wh or grieves a man, and I w what sort of a man he is. nothing worthier of great jo conversion of men. *And ex all*. This was the especial gl bas. Each Christian has which can help and comfort tians. *That with purpose of* the will and affections, the w of the soul. The heart is contact in this cleaving. *cleave unto the Lord*. The h verts to Christianity had m dure for Christ's sake, and t there were many temptations The only way to stand firm amid the many temptations to hold on to the end, is by the Lord, as the branch to th 25. *Then departed Barnab* was so much work to be don was so rich in promise—that help, perhaps also counsel. *for to seek Saul*. The word diligent and anxious search. disciples of that day, Barnab acquainted with the talents ter of Saul.

26. *A whole year . . . with* Doing the work of enlarging ing this church, which was to be a centre of great mission tions. *And the disciples were Christians at Antioch*. There possible sources of this name that is, "belonging to Christ." tirely probable, and is the ge ion, that the name Christians to the disciples by the Gentil there was a necessity for a de for a distinct community co both Jews and Gentiles. Wh ciples were nearly all Jews th garded as merely a sect of the needed no other name. B Antioch first came the nece definite name for a new co Some think the name was ridicule, as "Methodist" and were first given, and that like name became transfigured.

27. *And in these days*. I year's residence of Barnabas Antioch. *Came prophets*. T was not necessarily a foret Hebrew word is derived from nifying to boil or bubble over ply conveys the idea of a bur as of a fountain, of truth w God has inspired the soul.

28. *One of them named Ag* same prophet appears again i 10, as coming down from Je Cesarea. Nothing more is him. *Great dearth* (or famine *out all the world*. In the mou man, these words would mea *whole Roman Empire*; on th Jew, *throughout Palestine*. T ter is meant is probable fro that Antioch appears not to to the famine, since the disc sent aid to the famishing in

29. *Then the disciples*, from spontaneous impulse. *Every cording to his ability*. "As eac well" on the journey of life. true rule of giving, and if it there would be no lack of func Christian work.