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THE
FREEMASONS' HALL
ADDRESSES

BY
THE REV. J. DENHAM SMITH.

LONDON,
S.W. PARTRIDGE, NO. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

FREEMASONS' HALL ADDRESSES.

BY THE REV.

JOSEPH DENHAM SMITH.

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NO. 1.  
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LONDON :
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9 PATERNOSTER ROW.

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Price One Penny.



FIRST ADDRESS.

THE first of a series of FIVE ADDRESSES on the subject of *the Present Religious Awakening*, with a view to Personal Conversion, was delivered by the Rev. J. DENHAM SMITH, at Freemasons' Hall, on the evening of Thursday, November 14th, 1861. The proceedings commenced at seven o'clock, the Hall being at that time well filled.

The hymn was sung commencing:—

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Come unto me and rest.’”

Mr. Smith then read the account of the conversion of the Philippian jailer, from Acts xvi. On coming to the 30th verse, which contains the jailer's question, “What must I do to be saved?” Mr. Smith ceased reading, and addressed the audience as follows:—

“*What must I do to be saved?*”

A marvellous question truly, at such a time and place! How little did that jailer imagine, when the prisoners were placed in his custody, that at midnight he should be aroused, with such a thought on his mind, and such a question on his tongue! It may be that some of you have come here to-night

without the slightest concern for your own salvation. It is not impossible that there is some one here to-night, who, if he were to die as he sits on that chair, would be lost—shall I say it, would be damned, would go down to eternity without salvation! It is not unlikely that there may be many here to-night who have never settled the question as to whether or not they are saved. I beseech you, then, throw off from your minds all other considerations for this one of your soul, for what would it profit you, were you to gain the whole world and lose your soul? Ah! my brother or my sister, thou art here to-night, and I am here to-night, it may be for the first time in our lives, and it is not improbable that we may never meet again on this side eternity. How solemn the hour! How responsible! How could you bear the thought of separating from this scene, and being ushered into eternity unconverted? I know there are many who say that a time of religious awakening is a time of extravagance and excitement. God forgive us that we have so slight a sense or intelligence of what *it is* to be awakened on religion! There is nothing so startling and awakening as simple truth itself. If, on leaving Kingstown Bay yesterday to come to London to meet you, I had discovered, after the vessel had left the harbour, that it was bound to Rotterdam or to Africa, and not to Holyhead, the simple truth would have been sufficiently startling. When a man is aroused from his slumbers by a cry which he does not understand, what so startling to him as the discovery that it is *his own* property which is wrapped

in flames, and that *his own* wife and children will barely escape with their lives? And when a man learns that he is *not saved*—that he is going down to eternity without God and without Christ, oh! believe me, there is nothing to him so alarming, so dreadful, as the simple truth, that if he were to die, he would be lost, and that death and hell would be indissoluble. The effect upon a man when God, by His Spirit, through the truth, brings light into his mind, is often most sudden and rapid. I have seen marvellous revulsions in a moment of time. I know an instance of a lady who was out riding over the fields of summer with her husband. As her horse leapt a hedge, she had some difficulty in keeping her seat, and the thought in a moment struck her,—“What, if I had been thrown, and had been killed! should I have been saved?” The thought went to her very soul. You may smile when I tell it, but it is nevertheless a truth, that before her horse went out of that field—before it crossed over the boundary that separated that field from the next, that lady had received the knowledge of Jesus—she had fled for refuge to his cross, and her mind was at rest as to her salvation.

I had in my congregation, at Kingstown, a lady who was converted in a similar way—suddenly. Before she became a member of my congregation, she was walking one evening to her seat in the theatre, when she saw, in *letters of fire* (gas being used) above the doors of the theatre the words, “TO THE PIT.”

The thought struck her,—“Ah! there is indeed a

[5]

pit! There is indeed a *hell!* to which I feel I am going." God deepened that conviction; the arrow rankled in her soul, and she is now a loving disciple of the Lord Jesus. Oh! may my God thus unexpectedly awaken many of you to-night to ask, "Am I saved?"

Again, here is the case of a man who had no more concern about his salvation than yonder light, when he received Paul and Silas into his custody, and thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. But when the thunder shook the foundations of the building, and the lightning forked into the prison, making lurid its gloom—when the prison doors were thrown open by the earthquake, and he imagined the prisoners were gone, he came in with the light in his hand to Paul and Silas, crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

And now let us mark the answer. There was no hesitancy in Paul's manner, no long exordium beforehand. There was no time for that. The man knew himself to be a sinner. God had flashed that thought into his soul; and he was accordingly at once qualified for a Saviour. As a man who is suffering from disease is in need of a physician, and is fitted for his care; so the moment a man knows his lost condition, he is fit for a Saviour. But what did Paul and Silas say to the jailer? Did they say, "Go home and think about it?" No. Did they say, "It is all excitement?" No. Did they say, "You are perturbed a little in your mind in consequence of the thunder, and the flame, and the quaking of the earth?" No. Did they say, "Call

to-morrow?" No. Or, "Go home now, and pray, and read some good book?" Now, nothing is more important than prayer or a really good book. No one who knows me, would accuse me of not valuing prayer or loving a good book; but of all things on earth, if any of you want to know what you must do to be saved, I would not send you away to get what you may find here upon the spot. I would not, indeed. For long years may a man read some book on religion, and never get what the book describes—never have the deep agony it portrays, or the deep exercises it insists upon. I know this well from my own early experience and trial, under felt need of salvation. Ah no!—Not books, but *the Book*—not man, but *God*—not gradual amelioration through various stages of experience, but *Christ at once*—not you must feel, or do, or read, so much as—as what? Why, I would do with you just what Paul and Silas did with the jailer. I would say to you, as they said to him then and there, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*"

And was that all they said? Indeed it was not. I have often said there is a twofoldness in this statement. Many people who quote the verse end there. But how read we?—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and [mark this 'and'] **AND THY HOUSE.**" Oh, that blessed copulative!—"and thy house." Oh! but you say, "I have been a professor of religion for many years, but my sons and daughters are ungodly—my husband is unsaved—my wife is unsaved." Ah, beloved! take care; are you yourself saved? Here is a plain promise—as

plain as God can make it. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, *and thy house.*" As I may tell you presently, in Dublin and in my own neighbourhood, it is only for Satan to lose one in a family—it is only for God to come into one heart—really to come in—and you will see another, and another, and yet another brought to Jesus, until at length all seem to fall under the influence of the first. I have seen whole families coming to Jesus. And so the promise is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, *and thy house.*"

But now, dear friends, let us inquire, what is the truth to be believed? Substantially this: God so loved the world that he sent down the Son of His love—as it is said, "Passing by the nature of angels that he might take upon him the seed of Abraham." And here in this world you find him bearing man's curse. You find him taking the cup which he had to drink, when he was about to suffer upon the accursed tree. "Cursed," said God, is every one that hangeth upon a tree." God had condemned man—had condemned you and me. The curse was upon us: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." That blessed One from the bosom of the Father came down and endured the curse. He knew no sin. Not for his own transgression did he suffer, for he had none, but that he might bear the sin of the sinner—that he might take upon him the iniquity of man. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." And having taken away sin, God accepted the Sin-bearer—Christ having drank the cup to the dregs, or as one has it, "having drank damnation dry," it is eternal life for the sinner to look

into that cup, for he sees it an empty cup. He that knew no sin became sin—a sin-offering, a curse-bearer—that we might be made,—what? Oh, glorious gospel!—“*That we might be made the righteousness of God in him.*” That is substantially what Paul told the jailer. He told him, that however great a sinner he was, Jesus was a greater Saviour; that however much he had sinned, Jesus had suffered for sin; that however deep and dark the curse that was upon him, Jesus had borne that curse; and that however miserable and hell-deserving he was, Jesus Christ had drained the cup of its hell. And now says Paul, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ;” just as our Lord elsewhere says, “*This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*”

But some man will say, *how does faith save?* Why must I *believe*? How else could you be saved?

If I owed fifty thousand pounds, and some friend came and paid it, how could my troubled mind be relieved unless I knew and *believed* the fact of his having done so? It would only be for me to *read* the documents and believe them, and I should *know* that I was free. Ah! sinner, thou hast more time than the jailer had to read this, (holding up the Bible.) No thunder rolls outside; no lightnings play upon this roof! Behold this solemn truth! this precious truth, of infinite value, that it is eternal life to see Christ, to know Christ, to believe in Christ. Paul told the jailer to look and be saved. “Look and live.” Oh, that you may now know it, and, in faith, sing:—

“ Oh, the Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again,
To intercede for me.”

Thousands of our dear Hibernian fellow-subjects—drunkards, Magdalenes, soldiers, sailors, all classes, from the nobility down to the lowest class in society—all of them have triumphed, with one voice, during this awakening, and can tell you that the Son of God’s love, who is before the throne, is *theirs*: they can truly sing : “ Jesus is mine.” What does faith do ? Faith does not merely look into the heart ; it is a dark scene there. Why, if the bitten Israelites had gone and looked down into themselves, or into their wounds, you know it would have been a physical impossibility for them to have looked at the same time on the uplifted symbol of Christ. The eye cannot look in two directions at the same time. If I am looking at the stars, I cannot see the flowers ; and if I am looking at the flowers, I cannot see the stars. And so it is a moral impossibility for thee, my hearer, to be saved by merely looking down into thy wretched self. Faith looks to Christ. And faith hath intelligent eyes. Faith hath hands—Ha ! and puts out its hands and touches Christ ; yea, faith is bold—it embraces him, and says, “ Jesus is mine.” God gave Christ from the bosom of His love, that by him the sinner might live ; I believe in Jesus ; “ He is mine.” If I saw the Queen’s equipage going through your streets, and somebody said, “ Whose carriage is that ? ” or “ Whose retinue is that ? ” I should say,

"It is the Queen's." I could not say, "It is mine." But faith in Christ is an appropriating thing. Oh! it is the province and privilege of faith to say: "The gift of God is mine. Jesus is God's gift. I believe it. Jesus is mine." Unbelief says: "You must not look to Jesus. You must look to see if you have a little love of your own; a little trust of your own." But oh! even in Heaven I shall not have love enough. Even in Heaven I shall have to say:

"Ah, Lord, enlarge my scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought."

And I had almost said, that even in Heaven we shall have to add:—

"Unloose this stammering tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!"

For, my friends, that love is infinite, and I am finite. You could never get the Atlantic into a quill. If Satan kept me waiting for salvation till I wept enough, or till I loved enough, or prayed enough, I tell you, it would be doomsday before I should be saved.

No one knows better than I do, the preciousness of having a little time with my God in prayer. Oh, those blessed moments! how they hallow all the labour and toil! How have I been engaged for nearly three years past preaching the gospel, often till midnight, and sometimes till one o'clock in the morning;—why, I should have tired of the work had not God, in communion, helped me. "Prayer," as Jeremy Taylor says, "is God's bell-

rope down here: When I am sad, I touch it, and there is an answering peal in heaven, and blessings descend on my soul. When, as a redeemed sinner, I am happy, I touch it, and the joy-bells ring in heaven; there is gladness among the angels." But if I waited to take what God gives me for my salvation until I prayed as I ought, it would be doomsday before I should be saved. What did the thief on the cross do? What did the jailer do? Paul did not say to the jailer, thou must love first. Oh, beloved! as soon as the jailer found there was a Christ and salvation—as soon as this light dawned into his mind, and he believed in the Lord Jesus, there was rest, there was peace. The idea of wanting an infant to love or to speak before it is born would be absurd;—faith first; the fruits of faith follow. "Believe," says Paul, "on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mark how everything comes with faith. When Saul of Tarsus was on his way to Damascus, he thought that Jesus Christ was an impostor. He had been at the martyr Stephen's death, gloating over the very blood and ashes of persecution. But when he was on his way to Damascus, there came a voice, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" He was stricken to the earth, and looking up, he saw above him a light brighter than the noon-day sun. He had no idea then who it was that spoke to him. I believe it never entered his mind who was the exact personage that he saw. "Lord, who art thou?" he asked. And what was the answer? Did he say, "I am the Son of God?" No. Did he say, "I am the Messiah?" No. Did he say, "I am the Son of David?" No. He

said, "I am *Jesus the Nazarene whom you crucified, and whom you now persecute.*" God's work in the human soul, is to give "repentance unto life," which includes everything that is right-minded towards sin, towards Jesus, towards God, towards heaven, towards what is spiritual. The moment Saul heard that answer, there was a change in his mind. The change was instantaneous. Calling on the Lord Jesus, whom he had considered an impostor, he said, "LORD, what wilt thou have me to do?" Ah! here was repentance unto life. Here was *grief* that he had ever persecuted Jesus; *sorrow* that he had ever brought his disciples to *the death*; *wonder* that he had been so arrested; *love* that God should have so saved him. And all his life-long he had that sorrow, that wonder, that love. It was a life-long right-mindedness towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I intended, beloved, to have read on in this narrative, but let me just add here that Paul was a firm believer in an *immediate* salvation—in a rapid conversion. For when the jailer got home, Paul baptized him; yes, that very night. Now, this is not quite according to modern usages. I do not say a word touching modern usages; it is well to be careful; it is well not to go before the Word of God. But let us always keep pace with God's Word. Paul might have said to the jailer, "My dear man, you must wait for some weeks; I must see if the work is real; and if the work be real, I will baptize you." Instead of that, this jailer was baptized before the morning light, he and all his rejoicing in the Lord

Jesus Christ. How rapid then was the jailer's conversion, and how unsuspecting Paul respecting its reality! Beloved, I bring you salvation to-night, and I ask you why should you not be saved to-night? Oh! let faith look out upon the object God gives you—Jesus. Jesus is for the sinner. He that believeth is saved. May God grant His own blessing! May the Holy Ghost work in His own way, that is, through His own truth. May the Lord's Spirit quicken many to understand! May the Lord bless the reading of His holy Word. May the Lord bless you.

[LETTERS.]

Before we engage in prayer, we shall read some letters which I am very happy to see upon this table:

“Prayer is earnestly desired this evening for a lady present, who, after seeking salvation for many months, is unable to put her trust in Jesus.”

Unable to put her trust in Jesus! If that dear lady will just remember what I have said; that she is to take the Lord Jesus Christ, as God presents Him, she may be comforted. You know the beauty of seeing is never to think of the eye; and so the beauty of faith is never to think of itself. You are not told to believe in your belief, or to trust in your trust, or to have faith in your faith. You are told to believe in *Jesus*. When I am told to look at yon star, I do not think of my eye. As a sinner I need salvation. God tells me that salvation is freely proclaimed for sinners. It is a gift; and I may have it by looking unto Jesus. Jesus says, “Come unto Me.” You

want to come to yourself; but Jesus says, "Come unto ME."

"A Sunday School teacher earnestly requests prayer this evening for a number of her class, who are now anxious to be saved, but are unable to believe in the Lord Jesus."

Before we engage in prayer, I would ask you to remember that the meetings we have commenced to-night have special reference to the conversion of sinners—to the awakening of the unawakened, and the giving of rest, through the truth by the Spirit, to every soul that wants to be saved. God grant that many souls may come to Christ this evening!

The verse was then sung:—

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay."

Several members of the congregation then offered up short prayers, and the hymn beginning—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering, full and free—"

having been sung, MR. SMITH resumed his address.

[NOTES OF THE ADDRESS.]

BELOVED FRIENDS—We have a special object in these meetings, which is to awaken the unawakened, and to give rest to the weary. On the one hand I may say to the unconverted that are here—

We seek *your own awakening, your own conversion.*

On the other hand, we desire that, through the truth, believers should know more of the place and privileges God has assigned to them.

Salvation on believing for the sinner ; Christ, with all "spiritual blessings in Him," for the believer—these are the two great truths which God has been so signally honouring, I may say, for the last three years, in the land where I live, and especially, as far as the work has been brought under my observation, in Dublin and Kingstown.

I wish just to impress this upon your minds at the very outset, because to-morrow I hope (God willing), to be able to meet many of you again; and if you know of any persons who are anxious about their salvation, I cannot tell you how rejoiced my own soul will be to meet them also.

I say this, because this evening I have been requested, rather against my own wish, to give a brief account of God's converting work on the other side of the Channel. I would infinitely rather—God knows it, and my own conscience knows it—occupy these moments by addressing you concerning yourselves and your salvation. But I trust the Lord will enable me to turn his own work to your profit. May the Lord keep me in this matter, and His shall be the praise. I trust that the Lord's people will also help me with their prayers. I have no doubt there are a thousand prayers going up to God for us at this moment in Dublin. The day before yesterday I addressed in the two meetings five thousand souls, and

we had a blessed time of awakening. The proceedings continued down to a late hour of the night. Ah, beloved, what a glorious work is this! This is a work for eternity. Every other work is fading and finite. God knows, I would not have crossed the Channel and come to London, were it not for the hope of seeing among you the same manifestations of His blessed Spirit which we have seen in the meetings in Dublin.

With regard to the work which God has been carrying on in awakening sinners, I will take your mind back to a period about three years ago. About that time God gave us a glorious awakening in the souls of many. There is something extremely delightful about the beginning of an awakening. I have seen it, as it were, spreading and widening into a mighty river of influence. But no matter how great it now may be, it is not as the beginning was. It was then life out of Laodicean death. I never can forget the beginning in Kings-town. Even in heaven, certain I am that I shall look back upon it with untold gratitude and joy. When I think of it, the words of the Psalmist come home to me. "O God, thou art my God; . . . my soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, *so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.*" Blessed time! it makes one happy only to think of it.

It was one Sunday afternoon that God gave us its beginning. I was on board the *Cambria*—and who has not heard of the revivals on board the

Holyhead and Kingstown boats? I must speak to you first of what I knew of the *Cambria*. I was about to cross the Channel amid a gale of wind. The sea running high, I had retired to my berth. Again and again I felt some kind hand adjusting my head and pillow. At first I felt too exhausted to be grateful. At last I opened my eyes and saw the steward standing by the side of my berth.

"Is that you, steward?" I said. "How kind of you!"

He replied: "Ah! sir, you do not know what a debt I owe you."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Well, sir," he said, "I will tell you: The other day my wife and I lost our one child. We had only one—a daughter—and she was very dear to us. Everything we did, we seemed as if we did it for her. If we had a holiday, it was for her. If we took a little excursion, it was for her. But, oh! sir, she fell sick and died, and then I thought I never should lift up my head again. To get rid of our grief, my wife and I determined upon having a Sunday's excursion, and we came over here. Well, sir, passing your church, the rain came on, and we went inside. Every word you said went home to my soul. The Lord Jesus came to me and my wife on the same day, and now I am happy."

That was the first soul on board the *Cambria* steam-ship that I knew anything of as a converted soul. We have had on board that boat solemn assemblies, such as it would be difficult to picture. On the day of awakening, the deck was crowded

from stem to stern. Prayer was asked for, but there was not a soul that could pray. Was it that there was no spirit of prayer? Indeed it was not. The fact was, there was such a sense of God's presence, that it seemed impossible for utterance to be given. I never so much understood till then the beautiful sentiment of James Montgomery—

“Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.”

At length utterance was given which I never can forget. Prayer was offered, such as I never heard before, and such as I think I never shall hear again. There was something, as I have said, about that young fresh life—life out of death, light out of darkness—reality in many out of mere profession—that was wonderful and delightful. Many souls (since a multitude) became awakened. They prayed in English and Welsh. In a little while nearly the whole ship's company was converted. It has indeed been a wonderful story. Over and over again, as the men were again and again changed, has that ship's crew, officers and men, been converted. You, perhaps, can hardly understand me, but the sequel will explain. How would the men pray? “Lord God, make our dear captain commander at our prayer-meetings, as thou hast made him commander in everything else. Lord, make him the leader of thy cause amongst us here by the Spirit.” This prayer for the captain could not but be heard. It *was* heard. Ah! beloved friends,

[19]

that ship became a ship of salvation. I have stood and looked at her till the tears have come from my eyes, when I have seen her going out on the broad Channel, a ship of light—every soul on board converted. And such conversions! Men, the moment they knew Christ, would preach Christ, and have been and are still instrumental in converting souls.

One Lord's day morning the steward came to me and said, "We have four new hands, and one of them is a drunkard. Would it not be a triumph of God's grace, if that man were brought to Christ?" I said, "Steward, let us pray for him." And do you know, when these men pray, it is as if they had the Bible open at the words, "IF YE SHALL ASK ANYTHING IN MY NAME, I WILL DO IT." It was as if the whole twenty-six of the ship's company had one knee in prayer, and that knee pressed hard down upon that one promise, and as if they said, "We will never rise until God verify His word, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'"

The four men were converted to God. One of the dear men, when converted, did not know a word of English; but now I only wish I knew Welsh as well as he knows English. I felt when I was preaching in Italy the other day, that I wished I could preach Italian as well as that fireman preaches in English. The moment he was converted, he said, "I must learn English to be able to speak of Jesus Christ to others."

The steward on one occasion was asleep in his berth at two o'clock in the morning, when he felt a heavy hand upon him. At first he thought it was a dream.

[20]

At last, being disturbed, he opened his eyes, and there was one of the stokers looking all absorbed about something, and he said, "Steward, I hope you won't mind, but I have been all night praying for the woman." This woman, his wife, was a regular bundle of filth and rags in Holyhead. She was one of the worst of the bad. "I have been all night praying for the woman," said he, "but the Lord says, 'If two of you shall agree.' Will you mind, steward," added he, "to join me in prayer for her?" So the steward then and there joined in prayer. Ah! my friends, some of you know me, but you will hardly believe me, when I tell you that when the ship dropped alongside the quay at Holyhead, the first object that met their eyes was the poor woman, who threw herself into the arms of her husband, saying, "Husband, God converted me at a meeting last night. God brought me to Himself. And now I will be a wife to you." Oh, the wonders of prayer!

One of the ship's company said to me one day, "Sir, it seems as if there is a breath of the Holy Spirit in our very ship." "Take care what you say," I replied; "people won't understand you." "Ah! there is," he said, "there is a breath of the Holy Spirit in our very ship." "What do you mean?" "I'll tell you, sir. Yesterday there came on board an English gentleman—a commercial traveller, I think. At all events, he came aboard looking very gay and brisk, walking up and down. All of a sudden I saw him sitting down and looking pale as death. I went up to him, and said, 'You are sick, sir.' And he, supposing I meant that he was

sea-sick, replied, 'No, I am not sea-sick, but I am sin-sick.' 'Sin-sick, sir; why, sir, how came that about?' 'Well,' said he, 'I cannot tell you, but since I came aboard this ship, I am miserable.' " It would seem that till then he never thought about eternity. Perchance he thought, "What if this vessel should never reach the shore, and I should never get home to London? And if I were to die, I should be lost—'Oh!' said he, 'I am not sea-sick, but I am sin-sick.'" The steward said, "Will you just sit there for a moment?" The steward went and got some of the crew, who accompanied the gentleman down to a private room, where they prayed with him, and expounded the truth to him. And when he got home to London, he wrote a letter to the men, which I have seen, thanking them for their concern about his never-dying soul, and stating what a blessing he had got.

I never shall forget the glorious Sabbaths we have had aboard the "Llewellyn," the "Telegraph," and the "Cambria" steam-ships. I have gone to preach on Sunday afternoons, when the deck and all along the granite quay were thronged with people. It was only last Sunday week that beneath these leaden wintry skies there was such a gathering—all classes of people having come from all parts of the city and neighbourhood. Just as we were commencing the services, a gentleman walked over to me, and asked permission to speak. He looked grave yet happy: the tears were in his eyes. I knew him as a well-known professional gentleman and a brother beloved. He got up upon the com-

panion of the ship, or some other elevated spot, and said something to this effect:

"It is now about twelve months since I came on board this ship. When I first came I thought I was a Christian, but I was not long here before I found I was no Christian. God sent deep conviction of my condition into my soul. My mind was awakened whilst prayer was going on." And then, turning round to me, he said, "Mr. Smith knows nothing about it, but the words he uttered that afternoon brought immediate rest and peace to my soul, and I cannot longer refrain before my friends and fellow-citizens from declaring this testimony for Christ." The effect of this speech may be better imagined than described, coming as it did from one so well known. It was a good confession before many witnesses. Many were affected; there was scarcely a dry eye among the crowd. It was glorious to hear such a testimony to the power of Divine truth, through the Spirit of God, in giving him rest and peace in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day the *Cambria* was lying alongside the pier, and a few of the men were singing. Some people would stop our singing. I am certain Satan does not like our hymns. No wonder, when the next edition will complete one quarter of a million copies broadcast over the world! I often think of the words of our Lord, where he says, "He that is athirst let him come unto me and drink, and out of him shall flow rivers of living water." Rivers of water! Rivers of praise! Rivers bursting the old banks!

You could not get young converts to be satisfied with singing:—

“’Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?”

For they do know; or,

“ *When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.*”

But they have it :

“ *Now I can read my title clear,*” &c.

You might as well think of damming up the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence, as to check the irrepressible exuberance of praise. Rivers of praise—rivers of love—rivers of devotion—rivers of prayer, flow deeply and freely from thousands whose souls God has touched. Ah! perhaps there is very little flowing from your hearts—perhaps hardly a drop. Perhaps you have never thoroughly sung a song yet. Perhaps you have never yet felt that you could sing. No one can rightly sing *till he knows he is saved*. The Israelites could not have sung that triumphant song of theirs, unless they had got to *the other side* of the Red Sea. Oh, you can never sing “*The Lord is my salvation,*” until you are saved. Well, these men were singing, when a gentleman looked down on them and dropped some words of scoffing and banter. They asked him to come down to

them. He came; they prayed over him. He trembled. He was alarmed. He was converted.

I am, perhaps, dwelling too long upon these beginnings in Kingstown. But I love the memory of those days; precious times of awakening! I never think of them but I say, "Oh, for such times and such blessings again!"

Well, the work grew, and got into my own church, and among the children of the congregation. There is a little platform, as some of you know, round my pulpit, and I have scarcely had a Friday service for more than two years in which the young immortals have not gathered there round the blessed name of Jesus. And, oh! it was beautiful to see the spirit of prayer among them. Many people complained when they heard these dear little ones break forth in prayer, and I listened to their complaints, and interfered—the Lord forgive me for so doing! I am certain I quenched the Spirit, and did a wrong thing. Why, if the very stones in Fleet-street were to cry out, would you stop them? One day I heard a little boy, four years of age, break out in prayer: "O Lord Jesus, give me Thy Holy Spirit. Let Thy Holy Spirit go up and down in my heart. O Lord Jesus! let me have Thy Holy Spirit up and down in my heart." I shall never forget that little one's deep anxiety to find Jesus. There were six young people sobbing in my vestry, and all at once, as if light had suddenly burst upon them, they broke out singing that sweet hymn:—

"Now I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine."

[25]

B

It is characteristic of this time of awakening, that the heart becomes lonely, unhappy, till it can say, "Jesus is mine." There is no being partly justified and partly condemned, partly saved and partly lost. Oh! what an army can now stand up in that Metropolitan Hall, and say, with thankfulness, Christ is theirs. Well, there had been six young persons from sixteen to twenty-four, singing in my vestry, and this little fellow of four years of age became very unhappy. His little heart seemed breaking within him. His mother asked him what was the matter? He said, "Mamma, why do you sing 'Jesus is mine?' I cannot say, Jesus is mine."

I may observe, in passing, that people talk of excitement. Excitement! Is it natural, under mere excitement, for persons to go without sleep or food, till they have found Jesus? No mere excitement will do this. I have heard statements of truth from Gough; enough to horrify a drunkard;—statements about his own life, horrifying in the extreme; but how many have listened to those statements, with no good result. But here, under a divine arrest, you see a soul lonely, and miserable, and nothing will do but Jesus; for if a child wants bread, and you offer it a stone, will it take it? if it wants a fish, and you give it a serpent, will it take it? No, no! And so with salvation. The soul is burdened with sin, and it wants pardon and acceptance, and Christ alone can give them.

"Papa," said the child, "is not the day after to-morrow, Friday?" "Yes, my child." "Papa,"

said he, "is not that the day of prayer?" "Yes, my boy." "Papa, won't you have me prayed for? I have been trying to find Jesus and cannot—I want Jesus." The Friday meeting came—an immense gathering of people, and there was such a blessing poured forth that the father on that occasion entirely forgot his promise to the child; and at the close of the meeting, the people rose and sung—

"Now I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine."

The little fellow was at the end of the crowd, but he perforated his way through, and flung himself into his own father's arms, looked up into his face with a countenance of joy, and said, "Papa, I have got Jesus now. Jesus is mine; I have Jesus—Jesus is mine."

Ah, beloved! that is now just two years ago, and that little boy is now six years old; but oh, how sweet to remember his young love to Jesus! I often think about it. I have often looked around when so many people were converted, and felt, oh! if God should have left our own children unconverted. But the Lord poured out His Spirit upon many of our precious children, so that I am speaking of what I know.

Nor upon children only. A young man who had attended one of my meetings went home about one in the morning to sleep with his brother, and said to him, as he got to his bed, "Did you ever hear of crowns in the promised land?" "Don't wake me," said his brother. "Well, I never heard anything

[27]

like it before, they are singing at the meeting about crowns in the promised land, and do you know, I think I shall have a crown there? Come to-morrow and hear about it yourself." Both those brothers were converted. One night, near twelve o'clock, a Roman Catholic looked through the curtain at the door of my church. He listened; he believed; he became converted. Another, a gentleman from London—a Neologian—comes in and puts up the prayer, "Lord, if I have learned anything which I ought to unlearn, help me to unlearn it here." One might almost say of the church as of the ships, that there was at the time a breath of the Holy Ghost in the place. That gentleman went home under deep conviction. He took a berth on board one of her Majesty's mail steamers. He was to go off at seven o'clock, but could not sleep. He rose from the berth and said, "I will go and visit the Metropolitan Hall." He went. I recognised him, and pointed him out to a friend, saying, "There is that gentleman singing—

"I do believe,
That Jesus died for me."

He returned to London a converted man, and God is now leading him to preach the Gospel.

The work soon deepened into Dublin. One day a gentleman said, "Will you take the Metropolitan Hall?" I said, "The Hall is a large place." He replied, "Here is a hundred pounds to pay the expenses." I said, "I will not do it; but if you take the Hall for one meeting, I will go;"—adding, "I do not want to go before the Lord, but if you will take the Hall for a ser-

vice, I have no objection." We went into the Hall. The first day it was filled, and for more than a year of Tuesdays has continued so. Sometimes, at night, there have been four thousand people trying to get into it. Last Tuesday all the passages leading to it were crowded. At twelve o'clock at noon, during the business hours, often near two thousand people come together. At times it is gorged. But how can I relate the work of God in that Hall? I do not think there has ever been a meeting in which souls have not been awakened, converted, and sent away rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ. What multitudes have been blest! Just to give you an idea. Last Tuesday fortnight I looked from the platform upon the meeting, and saw a person looking very happy. I went to him and said, "Were you ever here before?" "I am a Roman Catholic," he replied, "but I have found that my sins have gone. I have found Christ here to-night." I said, "Are you happy?" "Yes." "How do you know you are saved?" "Oh, sir, have you not said, God tells us that if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved?" I went from him to another and said, "Were you ever here before?" "Yes," said he, "I am a Roman Catholic. I felt that I was a sinner, and what you told us, made me feel that I never was saved." "But are you saved *now*?" "Oh, sir, all my sins were laid on Jesus. I want no priest but Jesus." I went over to a gentleman, who also looked happy, and said, "Do you understand what you have heard?" "Sir, I was a Roman Catholic." "Are you so now?" "No, I came here a Roman Catholic, but I have found Jesus here to-

night." My dear friends, it is a glorious truth that God has sent His Gospel—not for the Protestant as such, nor the Roman Catholic as such, nor the Trinitarian, nor the Unitarian, nor the Churchman, nor Dissenter as such, but for *the sinner*! A SAVIOUR FOR THE SINNER !! The only qualification for this salvation is to be a sinner. "Christ died for the ungodly." The father in the parable had his arms round the prodigal, not so much when he was in his right mind, or sitting at the table with the music and dancing going on, as when he was in all his filth and rags, just as he had come up from his riotous living in the gloomy land of the harlots! Oh, many a one at the Metropolitan Hall has felt—"When I came here, I thought God hated me. I thought I never could be saved; but the father's arms were round the prodigal in his rags, and Christ died for the ungodly and guilty. I am ungodly; I am guilty; he died for *me*."

One night I observed a young man near the platform. I saw him hang his head over the rails, as if he had no heart to lift it up. A Christian friend went to him and said: "My young man, what is the matter with you?" "Sir," he replied, "I have a load of sin upon my soul." "When did you get that load of sin?" "I never had it till now—till I came into this meeting." "Well," said the gentleman to that young man, "when you go home, on your bended knees, read the 51st Psalm." Why, thought I, that young man may die before he gets home, and it is very questionable whether reading the 51st Psalm will give him what he wants. I asked him what was the matter? "Sir," he said, "when I came here,

I never thought about my soul, but I have a load of sin upon my soul that I cannot bear." I said to him, "Suppose I were to tell you that your sins are taken away, would that make you happy?" He looked up hopefully at me. I asked, "Can you read?" "Yes, sir." "Well, just read this," and I opened my Bible at the verse, "*All we, like sheep, have gone astray.*" I said, "Have you not gone astray?" He sobbed an affirmative. "Well, read on." "*We have turned every one to his own way.*" I said, "Have you not turned to your way?" He said, he had. I said, "I have turned to my way; we have all turned to our own way;" but read the next verse. So he read, "*The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.*" I asked, "Now, do you believe that?" "Sir," said he, "may I believe it?" "Ah," said I, "you will be lost if you do not. God commands you to believe." "Sir," said he, "may I?" "You will be lost if you do not." So I told him to read another passage: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "Now," I said, "there is nothing beyond 'the chief.' How great so ever a sinner you are, Christ is a greater Saviour." The young man looked up, and with a countenance filled with peacefulness and joy, said, "*I believe.*" He is now a happy believer in Jesus.

But, turning from the work to you, if there be one among you here to-night saying, "What must I do to be saved?"—I have glad tidings for you. I have good news for the lost, the guilty. Oh, you citizens—

ye visiters from a distance—ye souls that want salvation, I charge you not to leave without believing in Jesus! Oh, may the Holy Ghost quicken you! May He cause the seed of life in you to live! It is the office of the Spirit to give life. How He delights to reveal Christ! This is His great work. The work of Christ is a finished work. The work of the Spirit is to show this. If that Divine Paraclete were here in person to-night, he would speak of Christ. "He shall testify of ME," says Jesus. "*He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.*" Come unto Jesus, then, if you want life. I charge you before God, and, in the prospect of the day of judgment, and of the eternity unto which you are all rapidly passing, that you cannot escape, if you neglect so great salvation. For there is salvation for the sinner now. In none other is there salvation but in Jesus. Soon the door will be shut.

Do you stumble at faith? A dear young inquirer said to me some time ago in Kingstown, "I do not know what it is to believe—I cannot believe." I said, "Do you really want to be saved?" She said, "I do." "Do you want Jesus?" "I do." "Well, now, supposing you were hungry, and I put bread before you, what would you do?" "I would take it." "Very well, that is just what you must do with Jesus." She at once received him as her Saviour, and has since experienced "joy and peace in believing." Why, in the very nature of things, a gift requires no equivalent. It requires two for a gift—the one who gives, and the one who receives. God gives; we receive. God's gift is eternal life

Jesus Christ our Lord. And we need not to give. Is there anything to be done that Jesus did not do? Was sin to be condemned in the flesh? It was condemned in his person. "There is now no condemnation," says Paul, "to them who are in Christ Jesus." "What the law could not do"—and there are things the law cannot do. Our own law of England cannot save a transgressor—cannot clear the guilty. Law may pronounce an acquittal on the ground of innocence, but the law must condemn where there is guilt. And so, says Paul, "what the law could not do through the weakness of the flesh"—through the *badness* of man—through the transgressions of the sinner—oh! blessed truth—"God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, CONDEMNED SIN in the flesh." Where now is the condemnation?—There is no condemnation to those who believe the Gospel. And now, believing, I am a child of God. I am "a new creation." I have a new—a better life. I have Christ. He is my life, my righteousness. This is the Gospel which we preach, and which multitudes believe. Christ for the sinner; a Saviour for the lost; everything in Him! "They that believe do enter into rest."

I ask, then, is there anything to be done? Does God doubt whether the work has been done? Has not He ratified it by receiving Jesus into heaven? Is not Jesus there in all the affluence of his joy of acceptance, rejoicing in the same righteousness which he gives you. "Come then," says Paul, "*let us draw near to God.*" "For," says the apostle, "he who

knew no sin, became sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Tell me, sinner! what have I myself but this?—I, Joseph Denham Smith, can only say, "I am a sinner; but my sins were borne by Jesus. Condemned, judged, sentenced by God, they were borne upon the cross. Ah! if I were to die to-night, what have I but this? Christ who *died* for my sins. This death, the end of all that I have done as a transgressor, descended from Adam! The pains of that death assuage mine—the life which followed having become *mine*.

It is on the *resurrection* side, the *heavenly* side of Christ's grave—that I have life and peace. There I read—"Christ died for my offences, and was raised for my justification." Quickened to know this, I am received on that *heavenly side* of the grave along with Him; and living and dying, I am made to sit with Him in heavenly places. This is the Gospel. This is the Spirit's testimony concerning Christ. Beloved people! it is here you will find your rest. Come to ME—ME—ME, says Jesus. Come to the *Truth*!—a crucified and risen Saviour. It is here, *in His Word*, you will find Him. Cast your eye of faith on Him *there*. Look and live. Believe and rest. "They that believe do enter into rest." And now, may the Lord bless you! May God bless you!—May the Holy Spirit quicken the seed of truth in you! O blessed Spirit! breathe upon the dead, that they may live! It is thine to speak of Jesus. Now may a hundred hearts respond—

[34]

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him my resting-place,
And he hath made me glad."

After singing and the benediction, a number of persons under a deep present anxiety for salvation, still remained. The Hall, down to a late hour at night, was a scene of weeping and rejoicing. It was as "Floods upon the dry ground."

One who was present thus describes it:

"How shall my pen tell you of that happy meeting? Surely eternity cannot efface it from our memories. I little thought, when entering the Hall, that the 'Glory, honour,' would be sung *there* and *then*, over weeping but forgiven ones. Yet so it was. We really saw some, who had come in unconcerned and careless, soon bowed down with a sense of their sins, yet, before leaving the room, they rejoiced in having "found a friend" in Jesus.

"I had never seen any sudden conversions before, and had felt somewhat *sceptical* about what I had heard, but God has now taught me, that with Him all *things are possible*.

"The Lord did not send us home without *rich blessings* to our own souls, which, like a cloud, seemed to descend on our party at home, while we simply narrated to them what we had heard and seen.

"First, a servant seemed for the first time softened, and listened with anxiety and interest.

"The next morning little L—— looked very thoughtful and serious, and soon after was in great distress of mind, her heart full. Never can I forget that dear child's deep sorrow, when she confessed to us, that on the previous night a gentleman, (we think it must have been Mr.——,) had asked her if she trusted in Jesus. And, 'Oh!' said the grieved child, 'I told him, Yes, when I did not. But in the night God made me feel that I was a sinner, and that *only* the Lord Jesus could save me. I believe it *now*, though I did not *then*. For now I can say *truly*, that I know my sins are all gone, and I trust in Jesus.' The next hour the traces of tears were on her cheek, but her heart had a joy she had never felt before."

THE GOSPEL TRIUMPH.

GLAD to hear, from day to day,
What the Lord is doing;
How the Gospel wends its way,
Sinners' hearts subduing:
What a glorious work is His!
Work for everlasting:
Every other work but this
Fading is and wasting.

While the judgments of the Lord
Heaven and earth are shaking,
Roused from slumber by His word,
Thousands are awaking:
Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heavenly truth declaring;
To a guilty world around
Words of pardon bearing.

Saviour! let the message run—
Message of salvation!
Take the circuit like the sun,
Visit every nation;
Earth has long been overspread—
Overspread with sadness;
Let the day-spring come with speed—
Bringing light and gladness.

saying, as he gave expression to its several sentiments, "This is my hope."

And what a hope is Christ! So the hymn, as our loved friend repeated it:—

"The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is 'Yea and Amen,'
And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love."

But now, to conclude—some anxious one may say, How am I to have this love? You have it by knowing it, by believing it, by seeing in it what God is. It is God's word proclaiming to the sinner salvation through the Son of His love; salvation for the lost; life for the dead; liberty for the captive. O happy messenger! with such a message! How should we delight to give it! Our message is not so much the horrors of sin, as the vicarious sufferings of the Saviour; not so much the misery of the sinner, as the mercy and love of God in proclaiming forgiveness. Suppose I were to go to the cell of a man under sentence of execution. I have a reprieve; but instead of handing him the reprieve, I talk to him about the horrors of the drop! Ah, surely he has thought enough about them; or mayhap, I tell him about the

horrors of murder! God knows, he has suffered enough in his soul about the blood which has brought him to the gallows. Alas, for such preaching as that! A man going into a condemned cell, and talking to a murderer about the "drop," and the "murder," and coming away with the reprieve in his hand, without even a word about it!—Oh! out, I say, upon such trifling. Yet that is how souls have been treated; and they have gone down to eternity unsaved. Ah, no; I hold up the paper to the sinner. *There* is the reprieve! *there* is eternal life! Why, it is life to the prisoner only to *see* the reprieve—to *know* that it is for him. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Oh, may the Holy Ghost bless the word. May He quicken you to a sense of sin. May He give you repentance unto life—a repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. May He reveal Christ to you.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And *that* shall kindle ours."

May the Lord bless you all. May God bless you.
Amen.

[As at the former meeting, so at the close of this, many souls were under deep anxiety for salvation; whilst again many were rejoicing in having found a Saviour in the Lord Jesus Christ.]