

At Sydney's Churches

"Sunday Times" Special Series

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Baptist Church, North Sydney.

The new Baptist Church at Crow's Nest, North Sydney (as shown in the picture) is quite an imposing building in many respects. Almost everything in the building is the gift of some worshipper.

The attendance last Sunday was so large that some were unable to find seats.

The Rev. David Steed, the pastor of the church, has been in the ministry 25 years. He is a typical preacher of the Spurgeon school. There is no attempt at rhetoric, but with a clear voice and earnest method he holds the attention of his audiences. He lives in close touch with the people, and takes an interest in all things pertaining to their welfare, especially in the young people's socials, cricket, and football clubs.

The service on Sunday morning was

bright. Mr. Steed was the preacher. The text was from Rev. III., and the words emphasised were :

He shall go no more out, and I will write upon him.

This (said Mr. Steed) is not a discourse on Futurism or an exposition of some theory of the Millennium ; but a simple talk to homely people possessing responsive hearts. My feelings at this moment would be difficult to describe—the long-looked-for day has come, the day for which we have lived and worked so hard. I cannot raise my eyes without seeing the evidence of your self-sacrifice on every hand. "A pillar in the temple of my God." This is a figure I realise.

The second person of the Trinity, Jesus Christ, is spoken of in the text. It is Jesus who carries a man out of nature and shapes him into the niche he shall occupy in the Eternal Temple. I watched the workmen chiselling the top of that column (pointing to the pillar on the rostrum), and I heard him say : "It is unavoidable ; that piece must come off ; it is too sharp." Then he hesitated—there would be some risk in its removal—but it must come off. So the Saviour stands, and the sharp, jutting trait of character that hurts others and disgraces God and injures ourselves, must come off. The workman said the cap cannot go on until this obstruction is removed, and so with us. Cut deeply, Lord !

CHISEL IT OUT !

Carve, if only the best can be obtained ! Make a noble, honest, trusted man of me ! Pain is His chisel ! Your disappointment is His chisel ! Your failure is His chisel ! He is cutting His own name,

pointment is His chisel ! Your failure is His chisel ! He is cutting His own name, the name that stands for character. That name stands for nature. It seems too wonderful to believe. Did it not say "Jesus, who shall save you from your sins ?" "Lord, may I wash your feet ? May I kiss them ?" He answers : "There is something more for you—I will write my own name upon you."

When the Saviour prayed for His dis-

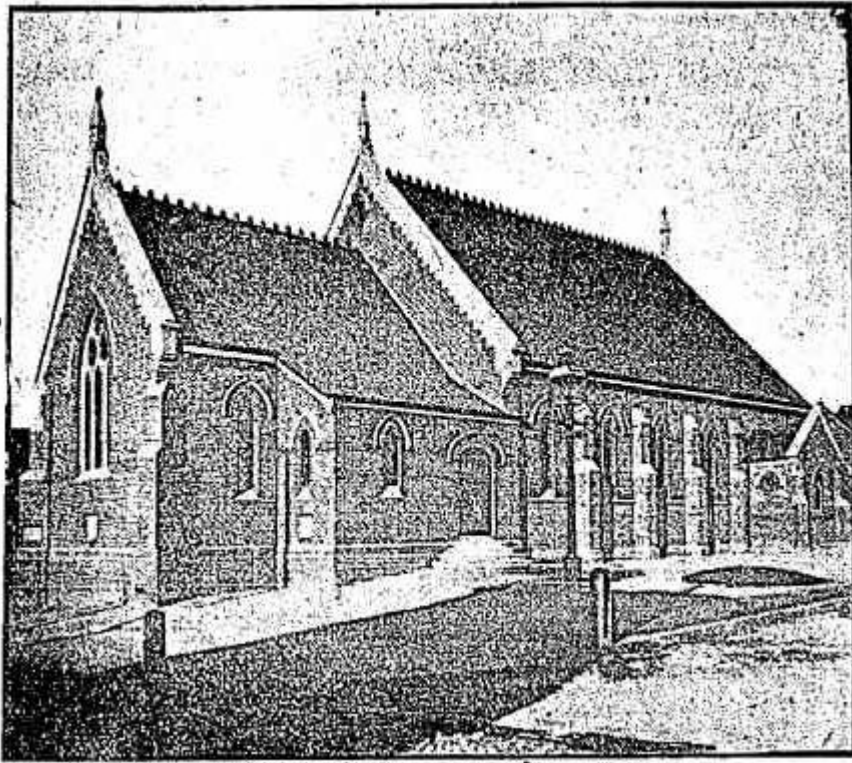
ciples, He felt a strong desire to take them to His own home in Heaven, but He restrained Himself. He said : "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." It could not be, because there is work here to do that cannot be done in Heaven. No parched, feverish tongues to cool there ; no discouraged ones to cheer there ;

WORK TO DO HERE

with one to help you. Lyman Abbot used to tell a story of how he picked up an acorn one day, and it seemed to speak as the seashell will do. It appeared to say : "One day the birds will build their nest in my branches ; under my shade the cattle will rest. I shall roof the home, and all will be in comfort when the storm rages." Listen again, and that tiny acorn seemed to say : "One day I will give strong ribs to a stately ship, and when the wild tempest roars I will bear the long lost boy home in safety." And I said : "Oh, you foolish little acorn ; do you think you could do all that ?" And the answer came : "Yes, God and I can."

I look at a poor, frail creature, apparently powerless to do right, and I think of the acorn. I look into the faces of the children, and they seem to say : "By-and-bye I will bless and cheer you." That is not foolish. It can be done. Yes, "Christ and I can."

The sermon was followed by a male quartette rendering "Let the Lower Lights be Burning."



NORTH SYDNEY BAPTIST CHURCH.