THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1867.

"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—Nehemiah iv. 17, 18.

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"He hangeth the earth upon nothing."—Job xxvi. 7.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT SALAMANCA.

"It is he that sitteth upon the *circle* of the earth."—Isaiah xl. 22.

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PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

As we sit down to pen a few words of preface for another volume of "The Sword and the Trowel," reflections upon the rapid flight of time cast sombre shadows over our mind, and fill us with an awe akin to trembling. Like its predecessors, the year of grace, 1867, is now "with the years beyond the flood, bearing its witness concerning us," and we pilgrims of earth are one year's journey nearer to the solemn beach of that dread ocean in which all streams of time will finally merge themselves. Whether we live well or ill, it is certain that the one life in which we must work out our time-labour will not wait for us; even while we ponder on its responsibilities, it is flying with more than eagle wing, leaving us each moment somewhat less of space in which to work for God, if through his grace we are enlisted in the divine service—leaving us, moreover, narrower space for repentance if we are still unreconciled with heaven. Truly, it is no trifle to live in time—what will it be to dwell in eternity? Time is not a thing to be killed as fools have dreamed, or to hang heavy on one's hands, as idiots have maundered; it is as priceless as it is fleeting, and is alas! all too short for zeal and love, passionate and laborious, all too hurried for peace and rest, and all too uncertain for high design and lofty enterprise. If anything is to be done at all by us, we must do it now. To purpose is to play the fool, to do the deed of piety or charity is wisdom. Energy is true existence, sloth is the image of death. Would to God we could snap the bonds which restrain our souls, as Samson tore asunder the green withes, or we shall have the Philistines of remorse upon us, mocking us because of our lost strength, stolen from us while we slept in the lap of ease. May the eternal God condescend to teach us the art of living, lest by making one failure here below we involve ourselves in an everlasting bankruptcy, all the more unmitigated in its misery because we once hoped to be heirs of a wealth of bliss, and missed the celestial heritage. O that we who *are* saved, and dread no fatal shipwreck, could but learn the science of spending and being spent. laying out all we have to the most profitable ends, constantly and without pause pushing right and left for room for the great salvation to work and win its way among the multitudes of the fallen; straining, toiling, panting, sighing, wearying to answer to the utmost the end of our being by glorifying God, and making known the dear and wondrous love of the Well-beloved who was crucified. To breathe out zeal for Jesus, just as Saul of Tarsus breathed out threatenings against the saints, is a desire which should be realised, and not doted upon as a rare attainment, too high for mortal men. By God's grace, we do not mean to rot ignobly in a dreamy death-sleep, or to doze out a semi-torpid existence; but we intend (and may the intent become a fact) to live to the extremest bound of our capacity, looking up to him who is able to fill us with all the fulness of God. Reader, say you so?—then so be it by the love of the Spirit.

FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS,

Our roll of readers was never so large as now. We have, during the last few months, perceived most encouraging accessions to the list of our readers, for which we are truly thankful. We have done all in our power to make our magazine worthy of our constituency, and in return have been greatly gratified by expressions of generous approbation, and by a widening circulation. Nor is this all; we have aimed at doing real service to the cause of Christ, and we know that our labour has not been in vain. Never let it be forgotten that in the mysterious arrangements of providence, "The Sword and the Trowel" led to the founding of

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

This is no mean result if it were all; for in that happy home we hope to house a portion of England's orphanhood for many a year to come, receiving the fatherless by an easier door than that which only opens to clamorous competition and laborious canvassing. Moreover, our magazine is the organ and foster-parent of

OUR COLLEGE,

and of the Colportage association, institutions which will yet bless the land with plenitude of benediction. As we have given publicity to good works of all kinds, we have also evidence that several of them have been greatly helped as the result. Minds have been enlightened, hearts have been quickened, and herein we rejoice. "The Sword and the Trowel" takes its share in battle and in building, and our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

We earnestly request the assistance of our readers to extend yet more our circulation, for by this means our power for good will be much increased. Further, with pressing entreaty we plead for practical sympathy for our works, especially the College. Of late, many have forgotten us, and although our Father who is in heaven has not failed us and never will, we have had sharp trials for our faith. Still his grace has been sufficient and ever will be. God is true. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his faithfulness, like the great mountains, stands fast for ever and ever. We have several most important fields of labour waiting to be cultivated, but we have not the pecuniary means to enable us to enter upon them. Crowded populations are perishing for lack of knowledge, large rooms are obtainable, the College is full of men equipped for service, and we are unable to go further, because many of those to whom wealth is entrusted are false to their stewardship. When will the God of Israel appear and move the hearts of his people to consecrate themselves? Our heart bleeds for perishing myriads. Come over and help us, ye who can help, for men die by hundreds every hour for whose souls no man careth.

Our space is spent, and therefore we lay down the pen, wishing you, dear readers, every blessing from the Lord our God.

Yours in thorough earnest,

C. H. Spurgeon

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1867.

Columbus before the Council at Salamanca.



UR frontispiece represents an interesting scene in the life of the discover of the New World. A plainly-attired, earnest-looking mariner, with that steady determination which characterises all true men, whose convictions are strong and whose faith is steady, is meeting the objections of a number of learned professors of the sciences, dignitaries of the Romish Church, and learned friars, and defending the theory of the rotundity of the earth. An obscure navigator, strong in his belief, scouted by the illiterate, seeks in the Dominican convent in Salamanca, the great seat of learning in Spain, the sympathy and co-operation of the most erudite assembly his country can muster. Does he gain either sympathy or help? History answers, No. In the first place, anything new, however true, was stigmatised as heresy in those Inquisition times, and Columbus might well fear the consequences of indulging any thought that savoured of heresy. Priestcraft, that great curse of mankind, was sure to oppose a new theory which overturned the testimony and traditions of the Church. Then, too, the scholastic body had too much learned pride to yield to a simple navigator. "It was requisite," says Las Casas, "before Columbus could make his solutions and reasonings understood, that he should remove from his auditors those erroneous principles on which their objections were founded;" which Columbus could not do, as the Ptolemaic plan had not yet been reversed, Copernicus not having at that time discovered the true theory of the solar system. Very small hope for Columbus to convert so stubborn an audience!

It is noteworthy how admirably Columbus replied to his objectors. He combated the fancies of the philosophical world with great ability. "Las Casas," says Irving, "and others of his contemporaries, have spoken of his commanding person, his elevated demeanour, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice. How they must have given majesty and force to his words, as, casting

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aside his maps and charts, and discarding for a time his practical and scientific lore, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of Scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his enthusiastic moments, he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed." Notwithstanding the dense bigotry and stupidity of his audience, a few were convinced of the reasonableness of the new theory, and these converts, doubtless, shielded Columbus from the ecclesiastical censures of the prejudiced. But the greater number doggedly persevered in their old opinions, and the poor navigator, as our readers well know, had to fight an uphill battle for years, and had to conquer many adverse circumstances before he saw the "Land of the Free."

The nobility of genius is often best seen under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and with the spiritual life the same thing holds good. Columbus braves the ridicule of the learned and the bigotry of the ecclesiastics, because he is convinced of the truthfulness of his position. So the jeers, taunts, and reasonings of an ungodly world, though unpleasant and grievous, are to the Christian, things to be borne with calmness and magnanimity, because his faith is in the ultimate realization of the hopes which the world derides. The deep convictions of his heart are not to be disturbed or uprooted because others will not be convinced of the superiority of the future life to that in which they now grovel. Whoever prefers to follow the theories and practices of the "old man," the godly man aspires after a perfect knowledge of the "new life." With him old fancies have passed away, and behold all things have become new. The enmity and ridicule created by this antagonism between the conventionalities of life and the earnestness and devotion to the prospects of the more glorious future are intensely strong. A teetotaller was struck down a few days ago and killed merely because he would not treat some rascals to a drop of beer; and many a man has been slandered simply because of the distinguished purity of his character and life. Nevertheless, if we believe in the world to come, and feel its power, we must not be slow to declare our convictions at all hazards, and, like Columbus, play the man.

That which many learned philosophers may not perceive, the simplest Christian may discover. True, it takes a wise man to be a Christian; nevertheless, the most advanced in worldly wisdom are dull in spiritual things. Columbus ultimately gained the object of his ambition, and his name continues to be honoured as one of the greatest benefactors of his race, while for his opposers nought is reserved but the ridicule which their own foolishness has heaped upon their memories. And the man possessed of even the mustard-seed of divine grace shall yet find his way to the kingdom above, where honour and renown shall through the eternal ages attend him; while those who sympathized not with the aspirations of his heart, but scoffed and ridiculed his godliness, shall yet learn the emptiness for good of everything that is not based upon the truth of God. Courage, persecuted comrade, truth's victories are slow, but sure.

The New Life, the Living Hope, and the Unfading Inheritance.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE. LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE. *

"Blessed *be* the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."—1 Peter i. 3, 4.

THERE are three things, dear friends, I would have you to notice from these words.

I. CHRISTIANS ARE "BEGOTTEN AGAIN." "Blessed *be* the God." Peter here blesses God for it in these Christians with the utmost boldness, so that it must have been true of them all. And if true of Christians then, it must be true of Christians now—that they are all "born again." It cannot be said of Christians that they are all rich, or that they are all poor, all learned, or all unlearned; but this one thing may be said of them—they are "born again." If you are a Christian, then you have been "born again." Some people wonder, and are vexed, that we always preach about conversion and being "born again." Some ask why we do it.

Answer (1.) *Christ and his apostles did so.* John the Baptist came preaching repentance, or conversion, and the forgiveness of sins. Christ himself began his ministry with "repent, and be converted, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." His first word to Nicodemus was, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The preaching of Peter was, "repent, and be baptized every one of you," and again, "repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," and last of all, you find him here blessing God for these very men that they had been "*begotten again.*"

(2.) *All need to be "born again."* If we preach against drunkenness it applies only to some. If we preach against stealing, or lying, or swearing, still it applies only to some; but if we preach that you "must be born again," then it applies to all. You "*must* be born again" if you would be saved. O you that are kind and gentle, and outwardly respectable, my heart trembles for your souls. I do not tremble for the openly vile and profligate nearly so much as for you. It is so hard to convince you that you need "to be born again"—that all your kindness and amiable gentleness will not save you from hell. Oh! how often I have seen the words of the Saviour fulfilled, "The publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven before you."

(3.) *This strikes at the root of all sin.* If you had an apple tree in your garden, one branch of which always bore sour fruit, I can imagine your going round every apple of the branch, and by some operation trying to sweeten every one of them. But I will tell you a far more excellent way, cut off the branch and graft it into a better tree, then you will change its nature, and it will bear sweet apples as the season comes round. Just so it is with the soul. All of you who are un-

* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript. Preached Dec. 31, 1837.

converted have got your particular sins. Now I could imagine your minister going over each of your sins and trying to persuade you to give them up; but ah! here is a more excellent way, let him seek to graft you into Christ, to get your nature changed, then you will bear holy fruit. Ah! do not blame us then because we preach so often about conversion. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." "Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, and that times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord.

1. *It is the work of God.* "Blessed *be* the God." He does not say blessed be ministers, or blessed be the Bible, or blessed be education, but "blessed be GOD." It is entirely a work of God. A man could as soon bring himself into existence at the first as bring himself to be a new creature. (*Question.*) Is there no use of means? (*Answer.*) Oh, yes, there is great use of means! The Bible is one means, for James says (i. 18), "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth." And ministers are means, for Paul says (1 Cor. iv. 15), "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet *have ye* not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel." And again, in Gal. iv. 19, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Often it is when souls are searching the Scriptures diligently alone in their own chamber that God gives life to the soul through the Word. Often in waiting on the message of God preached from the lips of his servants, God breaks or binds up the heart. Still it is all the work of God. See the folly of putting off this matter from year to year. Some will say, "I will devote myself to business this year, buy and sell and get gain, and then I will turn serious, and prepare for eternity in the end of life." Oh, what utter folly! as if it were a thing you could do for yourself. Cry mightily to God for converting grace. Do, poor dead souls. You that are anxious seek it from God, and not from man. Oh, be not slack to seek it! Another year it may be too late.

2. *It flows from God's "abundant mercy."* When a soul is really seeking after conversion, he very often falls into some error of trying to make himself worthy of it. He tries to recommend himself to God in many a self-righteous way. He forsakes his wicked companions, forsakes his open iniquities, and thinks God will now be pleased with him, and give him converting grace. See here the folly of all this. It is of God's "abundant mercy" that he quickens dead souls. It is not for any goodness in them, nor for any amendment in them, but freely and sovereignly out of his own compassion. Some people think that God is obliged to give man converting grace. Some of you, perhaps, have been long under awakening; you have wept much and afflicted your soul, and humbled yourself before God, and now you think God should bring your soul into light and peace. You think it hard if God does not. You see others, perhaps, brought into Christ who were not so humbled as you. See here the folly of this. It is not out of justice that God quickens dead souls. You never can claim it as a right. If ever you are saved, you will say he did it out of his "abundant mercy."

3. *God should be praised for it.* "Blessed *be* the God." Everything in creation was made for God's glory. He set the sun and moon, as

two lamps in heaven, to shine forth his praise. If we could look aright at all the hills and valleys, we would see them glorifying God in their silent praise. So it is with everything in the new creation. It is all formed for his praise. The reason why God saved any of us is that we should be to the praise of his glory. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." "They shall be for a name and a praise." You would think it a great thing if God were to create a new sun in the heavens, or even a new star in the evening sky; but oh! he is doing what is far more wonderful in the midst of you. He is forming souls for his praise, who shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. The conversion of a soul is more wonderful than the creation of a world.

1. Christians, be sure to praise him *for what he hath done for your souls.* "Blessed be the God." Do not praise men, but God. (*Question.*) Are we to give no honour to ministers? (*Answer.*) Yes, you are to "esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake." But give the praise to HIM who says, "My glory I will not give to another."

2. Praise him *for others.* "Begotten *us.*" Oh, be not selfish in your praises! Be interested about other souls. 'Ye are members one of another. If one member be honoured, all rejoice along with it. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." When a soul is "born again," it may be in some lowly dwelling, in an ungodly family, unknown, unseen by the world, but all heaven rings with new melody. And will you be silent? Oh, be glad, and b ess God that another soul is saved from hell—that Jesus has another jewel in his crown.

II. ALL WHO ARE BORN AGAIN HAVE A LIVING HOPE.

1. *Before a man is born again he has no living hope.* All the hopes of the world are *dead* hopes, because they are about dead things. Nothing deserves to be called living but that which shall live for ever. Now all the bright hopes of the worldly are fixed upon things which do not last for ever. One man hopes for money; he dwells fondly upon the day when he shall have made enough that he may retire from business, and spend old age in idleness and ease. Another hopes for pleasure; the coming feast or the evening's amusement is the anchor of his soul, his thoughts turn to it, like the needle pointing to the north. There is no end to the hopes of unconverted men; but oh! they are all dead, none of them are full of immortality. They are all about poor dead things, which perish in the very using. Oh! examine your hopes, what they are. If they are only about earthly things you are miserable men. In one day your hopes will perish. (*Objection.*) "Worldly men have often a hope of being saved." (*Answer.*) True, worldly men have generally a hope of being saved, but it is a dead hope; it has no life in it; it has no power to cheer them. Worldly men never think of an eternal world as long as they can help it. When they die they hope it will be well with them. They hope the Bible will turn out to be false, and God to be a liar, and that they shall be saved. O my friends, take care of the hope of the hypocrite; it shall perish!

2. *The sight of a risen Saviour gives hope.* When God has mercy on an unconverted soul, he leads it to stand where the three Maryes stood—within sight of the cross. He reveals "Emmanuel—God with us"—suffering, the curse that should have come upon our souls. He says

to the soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Ah! nothing but this gives peace. The soul cries out then, "I shall not die, but live: I never can suffer wrath, for *here* I have received double for all my sins." Weary souls, seek this light from God. This is the way in which God fills the heart with peace. (*Question.*) "But how does God fill the bosom with hope?" (*Answer.*) He leads the soul to stand where Stephen stood—to see what Stephen saw—"I see Jesus standing at the right hand of God." He says to the soul, "See, yonder is thy Surety, who bore thy wrath. He hath gone to take possession of thy mansion in thy name. He is in thy stead. He occupies it not for himself but for thee. Oh, it is this which fills the bosom with a hope full of immortality! O Christian, keep an eye upon a living Christ if you would have a living hope. Now, it appears to me that many Christians are brought to peace who are not brought to a living hope—that many have a sense of forgiveness who have no bright hope of glory. Why is this? Because they believe on a crucified Christ, but not on a *risen* Christ. O Christians, beware of unbelief; believe in a risen Saviour.

3. *It is a living hope.* An undying hope. As long as the eye is fixed on a risen Saviour, this hope cannot die. Other hopes die. Often a Christian is stripped of every earthly hope—hope of friends, hope of money, hope of health, hope of life—all these hopes may die within him, still if the eye be fixed on a living Christ this hope will live unquenched in his bosom. This hope dies not when all other hopes perish.

O my friends, get this hope, if you would be cheerful and happy. Before another year rolls over you, you may be stripped of all other hopes. You do not know what days are coming—such days as you have never seen. You may be stripped of every earthly friend—every earthly hope. Nothing will abide but this living hope. It is said of the good Bishop Beveridge, when he was very old, that he did know his most intimate friends when they came to him, even his wife he did not know; but when they asked him, "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ," he said, "I have known him these forty years. Precious Saviour! he is all my hope." O Christians! it is the grand secret of happiness to live on a living Saviour. This hope is an anchor to the soul. You know how the anchor holds the ship when all other things fail. The night may come on dark, you cannot see the shore; the waves may rise into a storm, forbidding all boats to near you; but if the anchor be safe and steadfast, it will keep the vessel safe. Such is this living hope in a living Saviour.

III. THE INHERITANCE CHRISTIANS HOPE FOR. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The glories of that inheritance cannot be explained, therefore he only describes it by removing imperfections—"*Incorruptible*," "*undefiled*," "*unfading*." O Christians, let us long for this unseen world of glory.

1. "*Incorruptible.*" Everything here is corruptible. The finest garments lose their colour, yea, rot, and become food for worms. The best bread becomes stale and sour. Even gold rusts and wears away. The sweetest friends die, and though you clasp their cold remains to your inmost bosom, they quite corrupt and moulder away. But everything yonder is "*incorruptible.*" The white garments wax not old. The golden harps gather no rust. The sweet friends die not. O Christians,

Christ is yonder in possession for us. Let us desire to be with him, which is far better.

2. "*Undefiled.*" Everything here is defiled. The whole of this cursed earth groans beneath the feet of wicked men. The sun is weary of shining upon scenes of infamy. Even Christians here are defiled. When you use this world, how often you abuse it! In your feasts how many things enter in that defile! In your holy assemblies how much pride and vanity and folly! but yonder all is undefiled. Christ is yonder: he is undefiled; and all the holy angels are undefiled; and all the redeemed are undefiled; they walk in white. Nothing that is unclean can enter; nothing that defileth, nothing that maketh or frameth a lie. Christians, do you long to be free from all defilement? Do you say, "Give me sickness, sorrow, death, but not sin"? Ah! then long to be yonder with Christ, for there you too shall be undefiled. We shall be like him. All that defileth shall be cast out.

3. "*Unfading.*" Everything here is fading away. The loveliest flowers fade and die. The kindest friends sicken and die. The longest day comes to an end. Everything fades away. All flesh is grass. Even sweet communion with God here fades and dies for a time; but yonder all is unfading. The flowers are not death's flowers. Friends in Christ meet eternally yonder—no parting, no tears. Years roll on with increasing glory and increasing joy. Communion with God is never-ending, and without a cloud.

O Christians, live with an eye on Christ, and all this is yours. Alas! poor worldly souls, you care not for all this, you have no heart for it. May God help you, for I cannot. Amen.

A Glance at the Rise and Progress of the Primitive Methodists.

BY DAVID GRACEY.

IT is now a little more than half a century since the Primitive Methodist connection began its existence. The waves of slander and misrepresentation which year after year rolled over it have at length receded, and the eye is permitted clearly to view its character and its work. "Ranters," the old nickname of reproach, is seldom heard; while the zeal, the courage and love manifested in spreading the gospel, have won praises from friends, and admiration from enemies. Feeble in its beginning, and without the influence of far-famed preachers to accelerate its growth, it has struggled through long years of bitter trial into a position of acknowledged power amongst the evangelical labourers of the day. The work of evangelizing the much-neglected villagers and townsmen of the lower orders, was the chosen work of the Primitive Methodists; the work which called them into denominational existence; the work which, while by its peculiar nature it was the apology for their distinguishing features, became by their success in it, their glory and their crown. The denomination would have had no business in the

world had other communities of Christians turned the force of their energies into this field of labour. To say that this work had been wholly passed by, would be unfair to the many eminent servants of Christ who were engaged in evangelistic labours at the beginning of this century. It had not. Many had heard its claims, seen its necessity, recognised its importance, and had actually devoted to its accomplishment what time, talents, and means were at their disposal. But all their time, all their talents, all their means were not at liberty to be employed in this one direction. Only the fragments, only what remained over when all the demands of the organized churches and regular congregations had been satisfied, were carried, and perhaps, we might add, could in fidelity to the rules of spiritual economy be carried, to the thousands who did not come to hear the truths of salvation. Fragments were not enough. Such a work was too arduous for the leisure hours of pastors and church members; too urgent for a chance overplus in the financial accounts; and too extensive for their spare talents to encompass it. Men were needed who could give their all, though that all were little; who would consider that they were called specially to compel the sinners of the highways, lanes, and hovels, to come to the gospel feast; who would regard this as the main design of their life. The Primitives came forward with this avowed aim; and their history, from their first camp meeting to their jubilee and to the present day, records a constant adherence to their original purpose. In adhesion to this purpose has been their strength; and their future we believe will be marked by progress or decay, not in proportion to the preponderance of the lay or clerical element in their councils, as some have thought, but in proportion to their proving faithful or unfaithful to their first mission.

Primitive Methodism may be said to have taken its rise from the first camp meeting held in England. The place of meeting was Mow Hill, on the south-eastern confines of Cheshire; and the time, Sunday, the last day of May, in the year 1807. The Fathers of the connection, Hugh Bourne and William Clowes, originated that meeting. Acting under the constraint of their first love to the Saviour, and incited by thrilling accounts of the good done at American Camp Meetings, they conceived, that similar gatherings would put a check upon the gross immorality of the surrounding neighbourhood, and rouse the slumbering zeal of the professors of religion. A vast multitude came together; and from early morning to evening the hours were spent in wrestling prayer, and in delivering the message of mercy to the people. So abundant were the gracious results of this first meeting, that other meetings were held in rapid succession in different parts of the country.

The character of these earlier gatherings is to a great extent the character of Primitive Methodism. By these was revived the practice—at that time grown obsolete in the Wesleyan body—of preaching in the open air; and this revival of the use of the chief instrument of success among the first Methodists was afterwards deemed a sufficient reason for the assumption of the name *Primitive*. The camp meeting was the parent of the denomination, and in the subsequent development of the denomination the parent's influence is everywhere distinctly seen. The enthusiasm there enkindled, and the plan of operation there

pursued were carried into all his evangelistic work, and distinguished the Primitive Methodist preacher from all others.

These assemblies, however, were destined to suffer the ordinary censure and opposition which ever follow the extraordinary manifestations of religious zeal. They were looked upon as intolerable irregularities, as breaches of the well-balanced decorum of orthodox monotony, as outrages upon the polished delicacy of a sect that had forgotten the fire of its youth, and they must consequently wane under the disapprobation of that sect, or live in spite of it. Their authors, convinced of the utility of such gatherings, chose the latter alternative. And when the Wesleyan Conference condemned the camp meetings, Bourne and Clowes were deprived of their church membership, because they did not discontinue them in deference to the authority of the chief council of the body to which they belonged. Both these men dere in humble circumstances, dependent upon their daily toil, and westitute of the advantage of a liberal education; yet such was the force of their desire to make known to others the glad tidings of salvation, and such the influence that they exerted over their associates, that in 1811, a year after the formation of the first society, seventeen villages and hamlets in Staffordshire and on its borders were supplied with regular ministrations by seventeen preachers.

Mr. Clowes, with others, went forth as a missionary. The mission spread into the adjacent counties. The smaller country towns and scattered villages were made the theatre of the first exertions. The seats of manufacture and commerce were afterwards visited. Societies were established, circuits marked out, districts formed, with a rapidity that had its explanation only in the unbounded confidence these evangelists had in their divine mission, and in the zeal and courage that sustained them under the hardships which beset the fulfilment of that mission. And though at intervals signs of derangement—a necessary consequence of speedy growth—awakened apprehensions in the most hopeful minds, yet, on the whole, a wise administration of the internal affairs of the young denomination kept pace with its external increase; so that each new widening of the circumference, instead of weakness, brought strength to the centre. On the other hand, the work of consolidation was not permitted to interfere with the constant opening up of fresh spheres for missionary labours. In about twenty years from the formation of the first society in the little village in the north of Staffordshire, the Primitive Methodist itinerant preachers might be found proclaiming a present salvation by faith in Christ in the principal towns and cities of the kingdom. They had penetrated southward to London and Plymouth, westward to Bath and Bristol. Liverpool and Carlisle had shared in their labours. They had crossed the border, and "preached" their way to the capital of Scotland; and, there, on the spot where martyrs shed their blood, exhorted sinners to repentance. They had formed societies in Ireland and stations in the Channel Islands. They might be seen across the Atlantic, toiling on their arduous evangelistic journeys through the long Canadian winters, or over the wide Pacific, endeavouring under the blue Australian sky to prevent their countrymen from subsiding into utter irreligion and barbarism.

Difficulties, as a matter of course, could not be escaped if success was to be achieved in the variety of circumstances which this wide area would present. It must be remembered that the Societies were as a rule poor. No millionaires, and exceedingly few of affluent means, had inscribed their names upon their church books, or opened their purses to help forward their plans. Economy was a compulsory virtue, which, while it ruled with rigid hand all their expenses, often degenerated into ill-timed parsimony. The poverty of the pittance received by the travelling preachers may have had the effect of keeping from their ranks the seekers of mere gain, but it had also the effect of frequently plunging really single-hearted labourers into unnecessary trials and perplexities. Yet no complaints were uttered. Cheertully these men travelled hundreds of miles on foot in the extreme cold of winter, or intense heat of summer; slept under the shelter of a hay rick, or in a bed half covered with the snow that drifted through the broken window of the bedroom; and denied themselves some of the necessaries of daily food that they might relieve the funds of the circuit. It was no uncommon thing for a missionary to arrive at his appointed field of labour, many miles distant from his friends, without a penny in his pocket. Two missionaries, despatched by the Leeds circuit on the high enterprise of evangelizing the metropolis, alighted from the coach with only a single shilling in their purse. This they gave to the coachman as a gratuity. The guard came and begged for a similar favour. "They frankly told him who they were, and what were the circumstances in which they were placed. He happened to be a professor of religion, a member of the Baptist denomination; he sympathized with them in their difficulties, and, with true Christian catholicity, took them to his house, gave them a breakfast, and purchased some books of them in order to relieve them."*

Still the inconveniences and straits that arose from the poverty of their circumstances formed but an inconsiderable ingredient in the compound of their difficulties. Such bold efforts for the spread of spiritual religion could not be made, and especially by such means, without provoking opposition even from the very persons whose eternal welfare was sought. Opposition was encountered at every step; opposition at once fierce, obstinate, unmanly, and unreasonable. The words and manner of these strange preachers seemed to possess an edge so keen as to wound all classes of hollow professors and loose profligates. Frank and unsparing in their rebukes of refined ungodliness, the village gentry pursued them with bitter animosity; maintaining a sturdy independence of all ecclesiastical rule, being in fact a kind of spiritual outlaws, the country clergy persecuted them with the insatiable rage of bigots; bold and honest in their denunciations of open immorality, the low rabble jeered, mocked, and brutally ill-treated them. It seems almost incredible that men should have to undergo such cruelties in a land that boasts of its freedom of speech, did we not remember that saying of the apostle, which is applicable to all lands, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." The first preachers of Primitive Methodism required no subtleties of argument to convince them of the meaning of this passage of Scripture. They were pelted with stones, mire, potatoes, and rotten eggs. At one time

* History of the Primitive Methodist Connection, page 192.

a wall was thrown down upon the congregation; at another cock-fighting was begun to disturb it. On one occasion, the preacher and his friends were encircled by a rope and dragged towards a river to be thrown into it; and when the rope was cut by a friendly hand, they were beaten with the pieces of it. On another, he was thrown upon the ground and trampled under foot by the mob, and beaten with a dead cat. In one place horns were blown close to the missionary's ears while praying, and loose songs sung to interrupt the service; in another, the hose of the village engine was employed to cast water on him, and the bells of the village church rung to drown his voice: the latter was a favourite device of enraged rectors. They were dragged before magistrates, fined, and imprisoned for trumped-up offences. So glaring was the abuse of the laws of the land by those into whose hand their administration had been entrusted, that even the felons in their cells exclaimed against the injustice. The words of one to an imprisoned preacher were, "Sir, they sent you here for trying to do good, and me for doing harm."

The following account of an arrest and trial, though somewhat long, can scarcely be omitted here, as it illustrates so many points in the nature and method of the persecution endured, and exhibits the temper of the missionary towards his enemies. Having been invited to preach at Litcham, a village about twenty miles south of Lynn, Mr. W. G. Bellham went, and preached from a chair near the stocks, where a large congregation assembled. His text was, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The service proceeded without interruption until the singing of the last hymn, when the clergyman, a lawyer, and a constable, made their appearance, and rudely rushed through the congregation; the clergyman seized Mr. Bellham by the arm, and peremptorily said, "I insist upon you being off. Begone about your business." The following dialogue then ensued:—

Mr. B.—I hope, sir, you will not disturb our religious devotions.

Cler.—I will not allow it. Be off about your business.

Mr. B.—What harm are we doing, sir? We have been singing the praises of God, and praying to him, and I have been preaching his blessed Word, and we are now going to sing and pray again, and then we will go away.

Law. to Cler.—Make him leave off, sir. Where is his license?

Cler. to Mr. B.—Where is your license? Produce your license?

Mr. B.—Are you a magistrate, sir?

Cler.—No, but my father is?

Law. to Mr. B.—You are not a licensed preacher; if you are, show your license?

Cler. to Mr. B.—Come down, you stupid fellow.

Law. to the Cler.—Make him leave off, a villain.

Mr. B.—I am neither a villain, nor a stupid fellow, but I love all your souls, and I will pray for you.

Cler. to Mr. B.—If you leave off, and go away, no one shall hurt you; but if you pray, I will charge the constable with you.

Mr. B. to Cler.—I must and will commend them to God and the word of his grace, unless you will pray.

As the clergyman declined, Mr. Bellham poured out his soul in a prayer of great fervour. When he had finished, the clergyman gave him into custody. As the constable led him through the streets to a public house he sang a hymn of joy. The whole village was thrown into a ferment. When alone with him the constable said to Mr. Bellham, "I am very sorry for you, but if you will let me pass you out of the parish all will be well." Mr. Bellham replied, "That would be no credit to the people whose preacher I am. Under what Act have you taken me up?" The constable answered, "The parson told me to take you up, and the lawyer said he was right." "If your parson knows no more about the gospel," said Mr. Bellham, "than your lawyer does about the law, it is time for us, as a people, to come to Litcham." The clergyman and lawyer afterwards visited Mr. Bellham, desiring him to go quietly away. But he refused, plainly perceiving the construction his enemies would put upon such an act. He preferred to have the matter publicly decided from the magisterial bench. In the morning he was brought before the magistrate, when the following dialogue took place:—

Mag. to Cons.—What fellow have you got there?

Cons.—A Methodist preacher, sir.

Mag. to Mr. Bell.—What is your name?

Mr. Bell.—W. G. Bellham, sir.

Mag.—Where do you come from?

Mr. Bell.—From Lynn, sir.

Mag.—What have you been doing?

Mr. Bell.—Telling the inhabitants of Litchnm that Jesus died to save them; and he died for you, sir, and I am thankful to God for the opportunity of telling you that you may be saved *now* through Jesus Christ.

Mag.—Stop, stop! Mr. H., our clergyman here could have told the inhabitants of Litcham that without your troubling yourself.

Mr. Bell.—It is no trouble, sir.

Mag.—Well, well; what is to be done?

Mr. Bell.—What Act am I taken up under?

Mag.—The Vagrant Act. You are a common vagrant.

Mr. Bell.—I did not do anything to obtain money.

Mag.—I meant the Riot Act. You collected a great number of persons together, I suppose to make a riot, as it was late in the evening.

Mr. Bell.—If I am taken up under the Riot Act, I have no business here. Commit me to prison, and let me take my trial before more than one magistrate.

Mag.—D—— you. Be off out of my sight.

Mr. Bell.—It is wrong to swear, sir. Jesus Christ hath said, "Swear not at all."

Mag.—Then don't provoke me.

Mr. Bell.—I have no desire to provoke you, sir; I speak in the spirit of meekness. You know I have done no wrong. If I have I am in your hands. I hope you will do the thing that is right.

Mag.—You have done the thing that is wrong in preaching without your license.

Mr. Bell.—I am a licensed preacher, but have not my license with me.

Mag. Who granted you a license?

Mr. Bell.—Squire Woodhouse, Justice of the Peace, at Osten, in Lincolnshire.

Mag.—Do you know Squire Woodhouse?

Mr. Bell.—Yes, sir; I have taken breakfast with him and his lady several times, and prayed with them, and he with me, and we have had some precious seasons together. I have heard him in his kitchen exhort sinners to repentance. He is a wise and pious man, and a blessing to his neighbours.

Mag.—Well, well; but if you get your license in Lincolnshire you must go and preach in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Bell.—Yes, sir, and anywhere else. God save the King!

Cler. to Mag.—I have a license, sir; but I cannot preach in any parish but my own, without leave of the minister of that parish.

Mag.—Certainly not. And you (Mr. B.), must go and preach in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Bell.—Yes, sir, and anywhere else. Jesus Christ says, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Mag.—I will grant you a license to preach in Norfolk.

Mr. Bell.—I thank you, sir, but I have a license to preach in Norfolk.

Mag.—Go about your business.

Mr. Bell.—When I am properly discharged, sir.

Mag.—Are you any trade?

Mr. Bell.—I am a shipwright. I served seven years under Mr. B., of Lynn.

Mag.—You are a fine fellow, a shipwright, a parson, and a lawyer. Well, you may go about your business, I have no more to say to you.

Mr. B. to Mag. and Cler.—Good morning, gentlemen.

Mag. to Mr. Bell.—Good morning. Where are you going now?

Mr. Bell.—To Castleacre to preach, and then to Westacre, and then to Lynn. sir.

Mag.—I hope you will not come to Litcham any more; if you do, we must send you to the treadmill.

Mr. Bell.—We shall come again, sir; not to offend any one, but to do good in God's name.

Mag.—You may go.

Cler. to Mag.—Stop, sir, there is something for him to pay. Constable, what is it?

Cons.—Eight and ninepence, sir.

Cler. to Mr. Bell.—Eight and ninepence. You will discharge that bill, and then you are at liberty.

Mag. to the Cler.—Let the fellow go.

Cler.—But who is to pay the eight and ninepence?

Mag.—Pay it yourself—bringing your fellows here.

Mr. Bell.—I'll pay it if it is just and right. But I think the debt belongs to Mr. H.

Mag.—Be off.

Mr. Bell.—Good morning, gentlemen.

Mr. Bellham and the clergyman left the room together, and Mr. Bellham said to him, "God forgive you, sir; I wish you well." But the reverend gentleman was too chagrined to reply.*

* Petty's Primitive Methodist Connection, page 233—238. Condensed

It would, however, be far from correct to suppose that these persecutions issued in permanent injury to the cause. In the majority of cases they befriended it, by exciting a sympathy with the sufferers, and by bestowing upon their character and errand a publicity which they could not otherwise have obtained. The bitterest enemies were often made trophies of divine grace, and converted into the firmest friends. And in the very places where the most determined opposition was at first experienced, the most flourishing societies were established.

It may be urged that the unbridled extravagance of the Ranters drew upon them the greater part of the trials they endured. That there may have been many transgressions of the laws of religious propriety, as laid down by some, it is impossible to deny; but that these were always contrary to the spirit of the gospel, it would be unfair to admit. We are not aware of any precept that is violated by their practice of preaching from a waggon, or singing the songs of Zion through the villages. Their failings, if the word *failing* be used, grew out of the exuberance of their zeal for Christ; and it is not hard to determine which is the nobler part—to be spitefully entreated by the ungodly because of unrestrained earnestness in the Lord's service, or to be contemptuously ignored on account of unseemly inactivity. Those who imagine that mild means and delicate address will awaken the careless sinners of the country towns, may meditate upon the saying of Herbert with profit: "Country people are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them." The possession of fire, whether brought from the altar or not, is the main secret of the success of the Primitives in the revival districts. In the cities their efforts failed at first, and still produce but scanty fruit; yet this is not to be wondered at, because the disparity of the results of the labour expended is fully accounted for by the dissimilarity of the populations of the cities and the country. Zeal is needed in the cities, burning, glowing, vehement zeal; but at its command, to insure extensive influence, there must be intellectual powers, if not far above the ordinary culture, at least far above the ordinary range. That the Primitives have not done more, detracts not from their praise; that they have done so much, bids us behold our God in his sovereignty, setting aside the mighty, the learned, and the wise, and raising the weak and the rude to accomplish his purposes of salvation, that no flesh might glory in his presence. Nor can we leave out of view the humble sense of their entire dependence upon divine strength, which their whole history reveals. Prayer seems to have been placed upon a high eminence above all other privileges and duties, and none were allowed to drive it from the supremacy which was justly accorded to it. When some sought to lengthen their sermons by shortening the time for prayer at their first meetings, the leading spirits frowned down the innovation. And though one might be inclined to distrust the species of furor under which the suppliants sometimes seemed to labour, yet, when the palpable evidence of their prevalence is presented, it is more like that charity which believeth all things, hopeth all things, to stifle the doubting or censorious thought as it arises. They must have had power with God, else they never could have had such power with men. To this the present extent and prosperity of the denomination bears ample

testimony. From a society of ten members, formed in fear and trembling in Standley, in the year 1810, there has sprung a denomination which in 1860 employed in its service of love 675 travelling preachers, 11,384 local preachers, and 7,803 class leaders; which numbered 132,114 members, 167,533 Sunday-school scholars, and 30,988 teachers, and which possessed 2,267 chapels; a progress unsurpassed, if equalled, in the same number of years, in the annals of any other denomination of Christians. We must, in concluding, acknowledge that though a close examination of the records of their proceedings has in nowise increased our appreciation of their views of doctrine, yet our admiration of the spirit that animates the Primitive Methodists has been heightened each stage we advanced in their history. While we would utterly deprecate an imitation of their peculiarities, we do heartily desire a wide diffusion of their fiery earnestness that it may tend, mingling with the zeal of other Christians, to elevate the standard of Christian enterprise, and preserve religious affairs from a state of stagnation.

The Pastors' Advocate.

AN EPISTLE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BAPTIZED CHURCHES OF JESUS CHRIST.

Beloved Brethren,

An exceedingly great and bitter cry has gone up unto heaven concerning many of us. It is not a cry from the world which hates us, nor from our fellow-members whom we may have offended, but (alas, that it should be so!) it is wrung from hundreds of poor, but faithful ministers of Christ Jesus who labour in our midst in word and doctrine, and are daily oppressed by the niggardliness of churls among us. Many of our churches honourably discharge towards their pastors the duty of ministering to them in temporal things, but by far the larger number dole out to them a pittance upon which they do not live, but barely exist. Brethren of abundant liberality are among us, but those of an opposite disposition abound. I should be very sorry to be compelled to adduce the many cases in which the hire of the spiritual labourer who has reaped down our fields is wickedly kept back; but this I know full well—that the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and it is high time that a voice should be lifted up to warn the churches of their sin, and of the consequences which will surely follow unless there be a speedy amendment. Having no end to serve but the glory of God, and having no pecuniary gain to seek, and having personally seen and lamented the affliction and poverty of my fellow-servants in the ministry, I feel bound with all affection, but much earnestness, to press the matter upon the hearts of the faithful in Christ Jesus.

Hundreds of our ministers would improve their circumstances if they were to follow the commonest handicrafts. The earnings of artisans of but ordinary skill are far above the stipends of those among us who are considered to be comfortably maintained. Is this the way in which we show our appreciation of their spiritual gifts, their fervent prayers, their earnest labours, their watchings for souls? In thousands

of cases church members do not give so much as one penny a week towards the maintenance of the man whom they call their "beloved pastor," and if they pay the mean and paltry pittance of a shilling for a quarter of a year, they reckon themselves to have done liberally, and as becometh saints. Is this the manner in which we show our gratitude to the great Head of the church for sending us pastors after his own heart to feed us with knowledge and understanding? Worthy devoted men are obliged to sue for alms at the hand of our charitable Fund in London, in order to eke out the scanty portions which their people allot to them; while in many cases there are those connected with their churches who dwell in sumptuous houses, own farms of many acres, and ride in their carriages. Is the Lord well pleased with those professors who thus constrain others to maintain a ministry of which they enjoy the fruit, and which they are therefore bound in common honesty to support by their own gifts? Do not many of the wealthy and of those who are thriving in business need to blush when they see themselves giving towards their pastor's maintenance no more than is given by domestic servants and day labourers? Is it not a thing to be wept over that men's consciences should allow them to speak of being consecrated to Christ, while the servant of Christ pines in poverty, and they of their abundance do not minister to him? "If," says the apostle, "we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap your carnal things?" 1 Cor. ix. 11. But is it not in these days thought to be a very great thing if the preacher be properly sustained, and if he be left to be humiliated by debt or to be pinched by want, is it not thought to be a trifling grievance? The last great day alone will reveal the secret sorrows, the bitter anguish through which many a servant of the Lord has had to pass because of the niggardliness of the people who professed to be his loving and faithful flock. "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." 1 Cor. ix. 13, 14. Is not this ordinance of God greatly trifled with? Might it not even be conceived that the churches feel it to be a yoke of bondage, or think it to be better that men should starve of the gospel than *live* of it? If it be our conscientious belief that the pastors of the churches should give their whole time gratuitously, let us say so, and be consistent. If the labourer be not in our esteem worthy of his hire, let us tell him so, and bid him go about his business. Those who deny the right of the ministers to temporal support fly in the teeth of Scripture, but they are at least consistent in withholding their money; but to hold with a paid ministry, to make even more than commendable stir about electing a pastor, to expect him to be instant in season and out of season, in the pulpit, and from house to house, and then to deny him even enough of bread to eat, and raiment to put on, is shameful. One would imagine from the excitement frequently attending the choice of a minister that the office was held in the most eminent esteem, but alas! the wretched contributions prove the reverse. For this there is no excuse. If you will have the man, be honest enough to pay him. What right-minded man would wish another even to do the work of his scullery for nought? Who

would consent to be pauperized by receiving another man's labour without returning him a recompense? How is it with your consciences, ye non-subscribing church-members, or have ye no consciences at all?

Some hearers appear to imagine that all their duty towards their ministers lies in criticising them, and they judge themselves to have done the preacher a great service if they speak a good word of his discourses. They use the preacher as the old carriers did their pack-horses, when they heaped heavy burdens upon their backs, and afterwards hung bells at their ears to make them music. As an old writer says, "Ministers empty their books, empty their veins, and empty their brains, but they must feed upon turnips and leave their posterity beggars." The world maintains its players and fiddlers far better than the Christian church remunerates its ministers; and a dancer or an actor will receive more than the most learned and edifying divine. Many farmers spend more on their dogs than upon their minister, and one dinner will cost some traders as much as a year's gospel; and yet these persons would be in a fine fever if their piety were doubted. The lives of many professors, so far as their gifts to the Lord's cause are concerned, would, if fairly written out, read like a libel upon human nature, and would be a mere burlesque of Christianity. Many, it is to be hoped, have never thought upon this matter carefully. Would to God it were in my power to let those who withhold from thoughtlessness see the sorrow which they inflict upon those whom they respect. The ambassadors of peace do indeed weep bitterly with a weeping which is neither profitable to themselves nor convenient for us. At the present moment the great advance in the price of all the necessaries of life is very keenly felt in the pastor's house; but has the fact been taken into consideration by the churches? The wages of workmen have advanced, but not the incomes of the workers for God. Bricklayers, carpenters, printers, all draw their extra pay at the week's end, but there is no increase to the scanty quarterage of the poor preacher. Even kind friends forget this, and unkind ones only remember it to make cruel remarks thereon. Meanwhile the evil recoils; the poverty of the minister is visible in the flock. *He* is meanly fed temporarily, and they are scantily fed spiritually. They give unto the Lord scant measure, and even so it is measured unto them again. Want of books must impoverish the hearer quite as much as the preacher; debt must distract the thoughts, and so impair the discourse; children poorly clad, and rent unpaid, must injure the mind and so the sermon. I do not ask luxuries for my brethren, although many of them might claim even these; but I would with all my heart and soul say, "Deacons of churches, stir up the members, and set the example yourselves of giving our preachers at least a generous supply of necessaries." You, the deacons of our churches, know from your own experience, that £100 per annum, for a man with a wife and children, is not wealth, but far from it, and yet how many ministers would be happy if their incomes came near to this moderate sum. We are asked repeatedly to send students to spheres where £40 is mentioned as if it were competence, if not more, and those who so write are not always farm-labourers, but frequently tradesmen, who must know what penury £40 implies. A church contributing £70, frequently counts itself munificent, but many of its members must

know that such a sum is not respectability, nor much less than hard, pinching, but covert want. I heard the other day of a minister whose congregation would be shocked to know it, and I hope ashamed also, who very seldom sees a joint of meat, except on other people's tables, and is indebted to gifts from friends in other denominations for parcels of left-off clothing, which are made up for his otherwise ragged children. With desperate self-denial alone is he kept from debt; comfort he never knows. If these things needed to be so, it were a theme of rejoicing that our brethren are honoured to endure hardness for Christ's sake, but these are in many cases needless hardships, and should not be inflicted upon our honoured brethren. If their Master called them to it, well and good, but it is not the Master, it is the thoughtless fellow-servant who puts them to so severe a trial. Persuaded that a great reform is needed, I propose to publish such cases of deep necessity as may be supplied to me by Baptist ministers and are well authenticated. The names and addresses shall be sacredly kept secret, but the facts shall be published that holy shame may induce a speedy amendment. Any person can reprint this article, and the more widely it is distributed the better. I speak not without abundant cause. I am no retailer of baseless scandal. I am no advocate for an idle and ill-deserving ministry. I open my mouth for a really earnest, godly, laborious, gracious body of men, who are men of God, and approved of his church. Are these for ever to be starved? Shall the ox that treadeth out the corn be always muzzled? Shall he who planteth the vineyard eat none of its fruit? It is our shame as Baptists to be mean towards our pastors. Brethren, help to roll away this reproach at once and for ever.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Pulpit Power.

YOU know, my clerical brethren,* "the Fourth Estate" has made itself merry of late on the great number of sermons annually preached in this supposed sermon-ridden realm of ours. You have been told that one of the greatest modern miracles is the sublime patience of church and chapel-goers, whilst listening to the ordinary compound of small conversational talk, theological technicality, evangelical mediocrity, or diluted Scripture-paraphrasing which it is said so largely prevails in these latter days. Sermonising is, say your critics, a degenerated art; and it is confidently stated that the power of the pulpit will never be so great as it was before the days when the Press reared its head in conflict with a long-established monopoly. Learned men, the best scholars, and literary minds, are divorced from the church; and—whether for the wholesomeness of the world or not, is not apparent—are linked with the grandees of a modern estate, which is exercising far greater influence than its

* It would seem that the author throughout this paper, by a pleasant fiction of the imagination in which the Grub-street fraternity sometimes indulge, conceives he is addressing a clerical assemblage. The paper has *not* been read before any such audience, as will be seen from the following note which the writer has left on the margin:—"November 30. To write a paper on pulpit-power; thankful I have not to read it to any audience, clerical or non-clerical."

once formidable rival. Caxton has beaten Chrysostom from the field; and long primer and bourgeois have put down sounding boards and red cushions. "The common run of sermons," observes a popular magazine, noted mostly for its sensational novels, "can never have been much better or much worse than they are, and it is curious that people should be surprised at their quality." And again, "The really remarkable point about sermons is, that there are so many preachers who do succeed in getting a certain kind of attention from their hearers;" for preaching "is, in many cases, positively repulsive." This, somewhat refined, is also the outcry of a contemporary magazine of Broad Church principles, which treats its readers to suggestive remedies for pulpit decay, such as, for instance, the necessity of a more judicious adjustment of clerical labour. Some parsons, it assures us, who are eminently fitted for reading the Church services, and attending to visitation and other similar work—to be, as I should put it, the fag-outs of clergydom, never having any innings—are out of their proper sphere in the pulpit. Then, too, Jupiter thunders; and is out-thundered by Jupiter-Junior, who gravely assures us that modern sermons are "fit only for children and sentimental women!" There are several newspaper "Amens" to this judicial decision; and so what with being charged with spiritualising that "blessed word, Mesopotamia," and indulging in universal mediocrity, dreary platitude, and utter want of any copious irrigation of scholarship, the verdict from all the jurors seems to be, that the pulpit must be locked up, and perhaps the church too, or the full tide of fervour turned into other solemnities of public worship, which must receive extra ornamentation to make them attractive to the taste. Or, as those would have it who respect not ecclesiastical finery and sacerdotalism of any sort, but Erastianism and moral teaching pure and simple, it would be worth consideration whether half-hours from the standard divines would not satisfy the common want. This might be properly done, it is thought, were the authorship in every case acknowledged; otherwise that irrepressible Dogberry would exclaim, as he might do even now, of the breach of the Eighth Commandment, "It is flat burglary as ever was committed."

It is very evident, and for your consolation this flattering thought may, my Nonconformist brethren, be nourished, that the complaints of the dearth of sermons of intrinsic merit come from the Episcopal sect. By the side of the conservative and churchy Bishop of Oxford, at the recent Church Congress at York, stood a "layman," who almost unsweepingly condemned the sermons of his church; and declared that they were not "literary compositions," but "rambling, unconnected strings of remarks, good perhaps and valuable in themselves, but cohering by no bond of unity." However desirable it may be to go to public service, to gain, as George Herbert said, "patience and a blessing," there is a disposition abroad to get something more. Dean Alford affords his brethren a glimpse of what has been done by Nonconformist divines, to make amends for the deficiencies of Episcopalianism. Hear him: "Already the Nonconformists have passed us by in Biblical scholarship and ministerial training; the specimens which we have given of their sermons are such as the Church of England in our day could hardly show."*

* Contemporary Review, July, 1866.

Not that Nonconformists have attained that for which they are supposed earnestly to seek, for among many of them there is an inclination to depreciate the pulpit and to exalt the pew. But voluntaryism has largely maintained its position in the world as a power for producing spiritual good; and by it, the pulpit has ever been recognized as the Thermopylæ of Christendom. One distinguished Nonconformist, who, since his new birth, has spent most of his life in the pulpit, recently assured some students for the ministry, that the work of the pulpit was far more important than visitation of the sick, pastoral visitation, the organization of useful and benevolent institutions, platform speaking, magazine editing, or writing. And our conviction as Christian men, anxious for the promulgation of the divine message, the salvation of men, the upraising of God's glory, is—whichever way we turn—that the foolishness of preaching still continues to be the medium for heaven's blessings; and that it would become a serious question, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" were we not persuaded of the full propriety of the only answer that can be truthfully given to it. My literary friend, the power of the pulpit is too immense for it to die out so spasmodically as you may hope it will. The utterance of living, burning thought, will to the end of this world's existence continue to stir or subdue the emotions, influence the conduct, and affect the history of our land; still will it, despite the maudlin sentimentalism of an effeminate vestment-worship, host-elevations, incense-boats on the one side, and classic uniformity and dulness on the other, be the God-accepted means of conveying pardon to every man who will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

On you, however, my clerics, rests a heavy responsibility which nought but constant faith in Omnipotence and incessant activity of thought, sifting enquiry, and close preparatory study of the secondary as well as primary elements of pulpit success, can possibly meet. Having true piety in your hearts, and a distinct call for the work, you have diligently to divest yourselves of all unsuitable qualities, lest you become the unhappy possessor of the far too common "gift of dispersion"

Of the absolutely necessary spiritual and moral qualifications for ministerial work nothing need now be said; to the *method and manner*—important in every aspect of so wide a subject—I shall at this time confine myself. It has been said that preaching is better studied *as an art* on the Continent than here; and we may each profit by the advice of a French Protestant, who recently delivered a course of useful lectures on this subject.* M. Coquerel is well qualified by an experience of more than forty years in the pulpit, close study of the models and masters of eloquence, and long observation of Continental styles of oratory, to give advice to you all, my well-informed brethren. M. Coquerel believes, as we all should do, that preaching is the first duty of the ministry, and consequently he recommends most earnestly the diligent study of the art of eloquence. He believes that to study the science is a most useful means of progress in it. This has been the universal experience of the greatest orators, who have gladly acknow-

* "Preacher's Counsellor, or Practical Observations on Preaching," by ATHENASE COQUEREL, translated by Rev. R. A. Bertram, London: Elliot Stock; to whom I am indebted for early proof sheets of M. Coquerel's valuable and suggestive work.

ledged that good advice has saved them from many painful experiments, and helped them to greater perfection.

I have heard of an English platform orator who acquired his passionate style from "spouting" to the waves on the sea-beach. Many talented ministers of thoughtful, studious habits, find an hour or two's contemplative walking in the fields to be eminently useful in studying for pulpit work. Sermons have frequently been preached to the rooks and sparrows prior to their delivery in the pulpit; and no one ought to be more grateful for this gratuitous service than the farmers, who at such seasons might dispense with the less musical noise of youthful scarecrows. But this practice has, it is said, led to imitation of others' mannerisms. "I do not believe in models for imitations," says M. Coquerel. "No mirror can reflect an orator; look at yourself in a glass while you are reciting or extemporising, and you will no longer be yourself; the image will falsify the reality; the care of paying attention to yourself will take away all that is natural in your delivery, and you will see only a bad substitute for yourself." Indeed, imitation, as we all must know, is so akin to mimickry, that it is a disgraceful resort wholly unworthy of the dignity of Christian workmanship. According to Rapin, M. Amyrault, who spoke through his nose, had some very stupid imitators among certain students. Some of the characteristics of our successful and popular English preachers would scarcely bear imitation without ludicrous results. A very talented Congregational minister has the habit of springing up and down in the pulpit, and in the midst of really noble eloquence his body frequently gravitates towards the head of the unconscious clerk below. All eccentricities of manner should merely be looked upon as curiosities. Then, too, there is a bad habit of using imitative gestures, which in a person who is not essentially dramatic in delivery, is a grave defect. When a fact is simply put before a congregation, it requires no gesture to help to fasten it upon the attention. Monotony is seldom accompanied by a *faithful* government of the expressive movements of the body. On this point Coquerel observes:—"I knew a preacher who never commenced a phrase without passing into the falsetto; another who liked to quote the passage of Isaiah (ix. 6.), 'The government shall be upon his shoulder,' and never quoted it without putting his hand upon his own." Our author sums up strongly against allegorical preaching; but it is the distortion of Scripture that he evidently condemns most—the fictitious allegory, which is inexcusable, because the sacred books "abound in allegories, in apologues, in images of marvellous variety, richness, and beauty, and because an eloquence which has a liking for this kind of pictures has always this inexhaustible source at its discretion. A certain amount of inventiveness is allowable, and a fruitful imagination may draw striking teachings from the simplest incidents. Here is an exceedingly ingenious plan of a sermon, by Bouillier, upon the parable of the Hidden Treasure (Matt. xiii. 44); the fourth point will not, however, bear criticism:—

"1. The value of the doctrine of grace: it is a treasure.

"2. The little attention which is paid to it by the majority of men: it remains hid in a field.

"3. The goodness of God who grants it to us without any right, without any merit on our part: the man finds this treasure.

be allowed. The bare skeleton of a sermon is about the least important part to the hearer. he shuns it as he would the skeleton of a man. Let sermons be well clothed with living thought, and they will fasten themselves on the mind more surely than if the actual construction were vividly seen upon the first hearing. It is the thought which takes hold of the hearer; and the rest follows naturally. Of course, divisions must be resorted to, but they should all be suggested by the text. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." Here, says Teissèdre l'Ange, "let us show in what respect we may call death a sleep; let us prove that this sleep will undoubtedly be followed by an awaking, and that it is necessary to to be a friend to Jesus that this awaking be fortunate." M. Coquerel thinks the following to be a happy and fruitful division from a text, namely, "to lay down the problems the solutions of which it invites us to seek—to give the interrogative form to the thoughts which it suggests: the sermon and its different parts becomes the answer. By this method the ideas present themselves voluntarily." He gives Gen. ii. 17, "Thou shalt surely die," as an illustration. "Questions: Who pronounces this terrible sentence? Against whom is it uttered? What kind of death is spoken of? What is the moment of its execution? How can it be escaped?"

Everything depends upon the order, connection, and gradation of the ideas contained in a sermon. "The hearer," says Coquerel, should "always comprehend by what path he is being conducted," and from the commencement to the close of the discourse, he should be "led on without effort, by natural, easily managed transitions, from development to development, from exhortation to exhortation, until the end is reached." "Let any one represent a discourse," he continues to say with a grim smile, "proceeding in a sense the opposite of natural gradation: the exordium is full of vivacity and heat, the commencement or the entry into the subject is more calm; the end of the discourse is cold and languishes; the peroration is icy, and the sermon expires, like one of the lamps of the foolish virgins, for want of nourishment."

The age, it has been said again and again, does not want scholarship, but popular preaching. Truth to tell, it wants and demands both. The highest attainment of pulpit oratory is that which succeeds in combining both the intellectual and thoughtful with the essentially popular element. Divorce the two, and we have on one side, cold, calculating, critical, and lifeless preaching, and on the other side, the passionate twaddle which may tickle the senses, but will not profit the soul. The pulpit was not designed for the most exalted critics, but for those who can influence the heart and guide the actions aright. The truest inspiration from God is consecrated to the work of unfolding "the unsearchable riches of Christ." "The man who can gather numbers to hear the word of God," says a modern writer,* "and who by his appeals can arrest their attention, convince their judgment, stimulate their conscience, and quicken their whole spiritual being, is in the highest sense of the term, a great preacher." To which we should all heartily subscribe our emphatic "Amen."

EDWARD LEACH.

* British Quarterly Review.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXIV.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David. *From the title we learn nothing but the authorship: but this is interesting, and leads us to observe the wondrous operations of the Spirit upon the mind of Israel's sweet singer, enabling him to touch the mournful string in Psalm twenty-two, to pour forth gentle notes of peace in Psalm twenty-three, and here to utter majestic and triumphant strains. We can do or sing all things when the Lord strengtheneth us.*

This sacred hymn was probably written to be sung when the ark of the covenant was taken up from the house of Obed-edom, to remain within curtains upon the hill of Zion. The words are not unsuitable for the sacred dance of joy in which David led the way upon that joyful occasion. The eye of the psalmist looked, however, beyond the typical upgoing of the ark to the sublime ascension of the King of glory. We will call it The Song of the Ascension.

DIVISION.—*The Psalm makes a pair with the fifteenth Psalm It consists of three parts. The first glorifies* the true God, *and sings of his universal dominion; the second describes* the true Israel, *who are able to commune with him; and the third pictures the ascent of* the true Redeemer, *who has opened heaven's gates for the entrance of his elect.*

EXPOSITION.

THE earth *is* the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

1. How very different is this from the ignorant Jewish notion of God which prevailed in our Saviour's day. The Jews said, "The holy land is God's, and the seed of Abraham are his only people;" but their great Monarch had long before instructed them,—"*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.*" The whole round world is claimed for Jehovah, "*and they that dwell therein*" are declared to be his subjects. When we consider the bigotry of the Jewish people at the time of Christ, and how angry they were with our Lord for saying that many widows were in Israel, but unto none of them was the prophet sent, save only to the widow of Sarepta, and that there were many lepers in Israel, but none of them was healed except Naaman the Syrian,—when we recollect, too, how angry they were at the mention of Paul's being sent to the Gentiles, we are amazed that they should have remained in such blindness, and yet have sung this psalm, which shows so clearly that God is not the God of the Jews only, but of the Gentiles also. What a rebuke is this to those wiseacres who speak of the negro and other despised races as though they were not cared for by the God of heaven! If a man be but a man the Lord claims him, and who dares to brand him as a mere piece of merchandise! The meanest of men is a dweller in the world, and therefore belongs to Jehovah. Jesus Christ has made an end of the exclusiveness of nationalities. There is neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but we all are one in Christ Jesus.

Man lives upon "*the earth*," and parcels out its soil among his mimic kings and autocrats; but the earth is not man's. He is but a tenant at will, a leaseholder upon most precarious tenure, liable to instantaneous ejectment. The great Landowner and true Proprietor holds his court above the clouds, and laughs at the title-deeds of worms of the dust. The fee-simple is not with the lord of the manor nor the freeholder, but with the Creator. The "*fulness*" of the earth may mean its harvests, its wealth, its life, or its worship; in all these senses the Most High God is Possessor of all. The earth is full of God; he made it full and he keeps it full, notwithstanding all the demands which

living creatures make upon its stores. The sea is full, despite all the clouds which rise from it; the air is full, notwithstanding all the lives which breathe it; the soil is full, though millions of plants derive their nourishment from it. Under man's tutored hand the world is coming to a greater fulness than ever, but it is all the Lord's; the field and the fruit, the earth and all earth's wonders are Jehovah's. We look also for a sublimer fulness when the true ideal of a world for God shall have been reached in millennial glories, and then most clearly the earth will be the Lord's and the fulness thereof. These words are now upon London's Royal Exchange, they shall one day be written in letters of light across the sky.

The term "*world*" indicates the habitable regions, wherein Jehovah is especially to be acknowledged as Sovereign. He who rules the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air should not be disobeyed by man, his noblest creature. Jehovah is the Universal King, all nations are beneath his sway: true Autocrat of all the nations, emperors and czars are but his slaves. Men are not their own, nor may they call their lips, their hearts, or their substance their own; they are Jehovah's rightful servants. This claim especially applies to us who are born from heaven. We do not belong to the world or to Satan, but by creation and redemption we are the peculiar portion of the Lord.

Paul uses this verse twice, to show that no food is unclean, and that nothing is really the property of false gods. All things are God's; no ban is on the face of nature, nothing is common or unclean. The world is all God's world, and the food which is sold in the shambles is sanctified by being my Father's, and I need not scruple to eat thereof.

2. In the second verse we have the reason why the world belongs to God, namely, because he has created it, which is a title beyond all dispute. "*For he hath founded it upon the seas.*" It is God who lifts up the earth from out of the sea, so that the dry land, which otherwise might in a moment be submerged, as in the days of Noah, is kept from the floods. The hungry jaws of ocean would devour the dry land if a constant fiat of Omnipotence did not protect it. "*He hath established it upon the floods.*" The world is Jehovah's, because from generation to generation he preserves and upholds it, having settled its foundations. Providence and Creation are the two legal seals upon the title-deeds of the great Owner of all things. He who built the house and bears up its foundation has surely a first claim upon it. Let it be noted, however, upon what insecure foundations all terrestrial things are founded. Founded on the seas! Established on the floods! Blessed be God the Christian has another world to look forward to, and rests his hopes upon a more stable foundation than this poor world affords. They who trust in worldly things build upon the sea; but we have laid our hopes, by God's grace, upon the Rock of Ages; we are resting upon the promise of an immutable God, we are depending upon the constancy of a faithful Redeemer. Oh! ye worldlings, who have built your castles of confidence, your palaces of wealth, and your bowers of pleasure upon the seas, and established them upon the floods; how soon will your baseless fabrics melt, like foam upon the waters! Sand is treacherous enough, but what shall be said of the yet more unstable seas?

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This *is* the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

Here we have the true Israel described. The men who shall stand as courtiers

in the palace of the living God are not distinguished by race, but by character; they are not Jews only, nor Gentiles only, nor any one branch of mankind peculiarly, but a people purified and made meet to dwell in the holy hill of the Lord.

3. "*Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?*" It is uphill work for the creature to reach the Creator. Where is the mighty climber who can scale the towering heights? Nor is it height alone; it is glory too. Whose eye shall see the King in his beauty and dwell in his palace? In heaven he reigns most gloriously, who shall be permitted to enter into his royal presence? God has made all, but he will not save all; there is a chosen company who shall have the singular honour of dwelling with him in his high abode. These choice spirits desire to commune with God, and their wish shall be granted them. The solemn enquiry of the text is repeated in another form. Who shall be able to "*stand*" or continue there? He casteth away the wicked, who then can abide in his house? Who is he that can gaze upon the Holy One, and can abide in the blaze of his glory? Certainly none may venture to commune with God upon the footing of the law, but grace can make us meet to behold the vision of the divine presence. The question before us is one which all should ask for themselves, and none should be at ease till they receive an answer of peace. With careful self-examination let us enquire, "Lord, is it I?"

4. "*He that hath clean hands.*" Outward, practical holiness is a very precious mark of grace. To wash in water with Pilate is nothing, but to wash in innocency is all-important. It is to be feared that many professors have perverted the doctrine of justification by faith in such a way as to treat good works with contempt; if so, they will receive everlasting contempt at the last great day. It is vain to prate of inward experience unless the daily life is free from impurity, dishonesty, violence, and oppression. Those who draw near to God must have "*clean hands.*" What monarch would have servants with filthy hands to wait at his table? They who were ceremonially unclean could not enter into the Lord's house which was made with hands, much less shall the morally defiled be allowed to enjoy spiritual fellowship with a holy God. If our hands are now unclean, let us wash them in Jesu's precious blood, and so let us pray unto God, lifting up pure hands. But "*clean hands*" would not suffice, unless they were connected with "*a pure heart.*" True religion is heart-work. We may wash the outside of the cup and the platter as long as we please, but if the inward parts be filthy, we are filthy altogether in the sight of God, for our hearts are more truly ourselves than our hands are. We may lose our hands and yet live, but we could not lose our heart and still live; the very life of our being lies in the inner nature, and hence the imperative need of purity within. There must be a work of grace in the core of the heart as well as in the palm of the hand, or our religion is a delusion. May God grant that our inward powers may be cleansed by the sanctifying Spirit, so that we may love holiness and abhor all sin. The pure in heart shall see God, all others are but blind bats; stone-blindness in the eyes arises from stone in the heart. Dirt in the heart throws dust in the eyes.

The soul must be delivered from delighting in the grovelling toys of earth; the man who is born for heaven "*hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity.*" All men have their joys, by which their souls are lifted up; the worldling lifts up his soul in carnal delights, which are mere empty vanities; but the saint loves more substantial things; like Jehoshaphat, he is lifted up in the ways of the Lord. He who is content with the husks will be reckoned with the swine. If we suck our consolation from the breasts of the world, we prove ourselves to be its home-born children. Does the world satisfy thee? Then thou hast thy reward and thy portion in this life; make much of it, for thou shalt know no other joy.

"*Nor sworn deceitfully.*" The saints are men of honour still. The Christian man's word is his only oath; but that is as good as twenty oaths of other men. False speaking will shut any man out of heaven, for a liar shall not enter into God's house, whatever may be his professions or doings. God will have nothing

to do with liars, except to cast them into the lake of fire. Every liar is a child of the devil, and will be sent home to his father. A false declaration, a fraudulent statement, a cooked account, a slander, a lie—all these may suit the assembly of the ungodly, but are detested among true saints: how could they have fellowship with the God of truth, if they did not hate every false way?

5. It must not be supposed that the persons who are thus described by their inward and outward holiness are saved by the merit of their works; but their works are the evidences by which they are known. The present verse shows that in the saints grace reigns and grace alone. Such men wear the holy livery of the Great King because he has of his own free love clothed them therewith. The true saint wears the wedding garment, but he owns that the Lord of the feast provided it for him, without money and without price "*He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.*" So that the saints need salvation; they receive righteousness, and "*the blessing*" is a boon from God their Saviour. They do not ascend the hill of the Lord as givers but as receivers, and they do not wear their own merits, but a righteousness which they have received. Holy living ensures a blessing as its reward from the thrice Holy God, but it is itself a blessing of the New Covenant and a delightful fruit of the Spirit. God first gives us good works, and then rewards us for them. Grace is not obscured by God's demand for holiness, but is highly exalted as we see it decking the saint with jewels, and clothing him in fair white linen; all this sumptuous array being a free gift of mercy.

6. "*This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.*" These are the regeneration, these are in the line of grace; these are the legitimate seed. Yet they are only seekers; hence learn that true seekers are very dear in God's esteem, and are entered upon his register. Even *seeking* has a sanctifying influence; what a consecrating power must lie in finding and enjoying the Lord's face and favour! To desire communion with God is a purifying thing. Oh to hunger and thirst more and more after a clear vision of the face of God; this will lead us to purge ourselves from all filthiness, and to walk with heavenly circumspection. He who longs to see his friend when he passes takes care to clear the mist from the window, lest by any means his friend should go by unobserved. Really awakened souls seek the Lord above everything, and as this is not the usual desire of mankind, they constitute a generation by themselves; a people despised of men but beloved of God. The expression "*O Jacob*" is a very difficult one, unless it be indeed true that the God of Jacob here condescends to be called Jacob, and takes upon himself the name of his chosen people.

The preceding verses correct the inordinate boastings of those Jews who vaunted themselves as the favourites of heaven; they are told that their God is the God of all the earth, and that he is holy, and will admit none but holy ones into his presence. Let the mere professor as he reads these verses listen to the voice which saith, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

"*Selah.*" Lift up the harp and voice, for a nobler song is coming; a song of our Well-beloved.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who *is* this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he *is* the King of glory. Selah.

7. These last verses reveal to us the great representative man, who answered to the full character laid down, and therefore by his own right ascended the holy hill of Zion. Our Lord Jesus Christ could ascend into the hill of the Lord because his hands were clean and his heart was pure, and if we by faith in him are con-

formed to his image we shall enter too. We have here a picture of our Lord's glorious ascent. We see him rising from amidst the little group upon Olivet, and as the cloud receives him, angels reverently escort him to the gates of heaven.

The ancient gates of the eternal temple are personified and addressed in song by the attending cohort of rejoicing spirits.

"Lo his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay.
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.'"

They are called upon "*to lift up their heads*," as though with all their glory they were not great enough for the Allglorious King. Let all things do their utmost to honour so great a Prince; let the highest heaven put on unusual loftiness in honour of "*the King of Glory.*" He who, fresh from the cross and the tomb, now rides through the gates of the New Jerusalem is higher than the heavens; great and everlasting as they are, those gates of pearl are all unworthy of him before whom the heavens are not pure, and who chargeth his angels with folly. "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates.*"

8. The watchers at the gate hearing the song look over the battlements and ask, "*Who is this King of glory?*" A question full of meaning and worthy of the meditations of eternity. Who is he in person, nature, character, office and work? What is his pedigree? What his rank and what his race? The answer given in a mighty wave of music is, "*The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*" We know the might of Jesus by the battles which he has fought, the victories which he has won over sin, and death, and hell, and we clap our hands as we see him leading captivity captive in the majesty of his strength. Oh for a heart to sing his praises! Mighty hero, be thou crowned for ever King of kings and Lord of lords.

9. "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.*" The words are repeated with a pleasing variation. There are times of deep earnest feeling when repetitions are not vain but full of force. Doors were often taken from their hinges when Easterns would show welcome to a guest, and some doors were drawn up and down like a portcullis, and may possibly have protruded from the top; thus literally lifting up their heads. The picture is highly poetical, and shows how wide heaven's gate is set by the ascension of our Lord. Blessed be God, the gates have never been shut since. The opened gates of heaven invite the weakest believer to enter.

Dear reader, it is possible that you are saying, "I shall never enter into the heaven of God, for I have neither clean hands nor a pure heart." Look then to Christ, who has already climbed the holy hill. He has entered as the forerunner of those who trust him. Follow in his footsteps, and repose upon his merit. He rides triumphantly into heaven, and you shall ride there too if you trust him. "But how can I get the character described?" say you. The Spirit of God will give you that. He will create in you a new heart and a right spirit. Faith in Jesus is the work of the Holy Spirit, and has all virtues wrapped up in it. Faith stands by the fountain filled with blood, and as she washes therein, clean hands and a pure heart, a holy soul and a truthful tongue are given to her.

10. The closing note is inexpressibly grand. Jehovah of hosts, Lord of men and angels, Lord of the universe, Lord of the worlds, is the King of glory. All true glory is concentrated upon the true God, for all other glory is but a passing pageant, the painted pomp of an hour. The ascended Saviour is here declared to be the Head and Crown of the universe, the King of Glory. Our Immanuel is hymned in sublimest strains. Jesus of Nazareth is Jehovah Sabaoth.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 4.—Heaven is not won with good words and a fair profession. The doing Christian is the man that shall stand, when the empty boaster of his faith shall fall. The great talkers of religion are often the least doers. His religion is in vain, whose profession brings not letters testimonial from a holy life.—*William Gurnal.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The great Proprietor his estates and his servants, his rights and his wrongs.

Verse 1.—"*The earth is the Lord's.*" I. *Mention other claimants.* Idols: pope, man, devil, etc. II. *Try the suit.* III. *Carry out the verdict.* Use our substance, preach everywhere, claim all things for God. IV. *See how glorious the earth looks when she bears her Master's name.*

Verse 1 *(last clause).*—All men belong to God. His sons or his subjects, his servants or his serfs, his sheep or his goats, etc.

Verse 2.—Divine purposes accomplished by singular means.

Founded on the seas. Instability of terrestrial things.

Verse 3.—The all-important question.

Verse 4 *(first clause).*—Connection between outward morality and inward purity.

Verse 4 *(second clause).*—Men judged by their delights.

Verse 4.—"*Clean hands.*" I. How to get them clean. II. How to keep them clean. III. How to defile them. IV. How to get them clean again.

Verses 4 *and* 5.—Character manifested and favour received.

Verse 6.—Those who truly seek fellowship with God.

Verse 7.—Accommodate the text to the entrance of Jesus Christ into our hearts. I. There are obstacles, "*gates*," "*doors.*" II. We must will to remove them: "*lift up.*" III. Grace must enable us: "*be ye lift up.*" IV. Our Lord will enter. V. He enters as "*King*," and "*King of glory.*"

Verse 8.—The mighty Hero. His pedigree, his power, his battles, his victories.

Verse 10.—The sovereignty and glory of God in Christ.

Plymouth Brethren.

WE have been requested to reply to a small tract which has been given away at the door of the Tabernacle, by one of the "Plymouth Brethren," but it is so devoid of all sense, Scripture, and reason, that it needs no reply. We have not learned the heart of beating the air, or replying to nonsense. The only meaning we could gather from the rambling writer's remarks was a confirmation of our accusation, and a wonderful discovery that a long controverted point is now settled; *the unpardonable sin is declared to be speaking against the Darbyites.* Our portion must be something terrible if this be correct, but we have so little faith in the spirit which inspires the Brethren, that we endure their thunderbolts as calmly as we would those of the other infallible gentleman who occupies the Vatican. Another of this amiable community, having detected an error in one of our printed sermons, has most industriously spread the tidings that Mr. Spurgeon is a blasphemer. At the doors of their meetings, and by inclosures in letters, this sweet specimen of Christian charity is abundantly distributed; more to their shame than to our injury. We are persuaded that neither the writer of that cowardly anonymous fly-sheet, nor any other Plymouthist, believes in his heart that Mr. Spurgeon would knowingly blaspheme the glorious name of Jesus, and therefore the issue of the pamphlet is, we fear, a wickedly malicious act, dictated by revenge on account of our remarks upon their party. Our name and character are in too good a keeping to be injured by these dastardly anonymous attacks. Neither Mr. Newton nor Mr. Muller would sanction such action; it is only from one clique that we receive this treatment. It is worthy of note that even the printer was ashamed or afraid to put his name to the printed paper. Our error was rectified as soon as ever we knew of it, and being fallible we could do no more; but these men, who pretend to be so marvellously led of the Spirit, have in this case deliberately, and in the most unmanly manner, sought to injure the character of one who has committed the great sin of mortifying their pride, and openly exposing their false doctrine.

The Lord's Work in Europe.

THE late lamentable war in Germany has been not wholly without its religious fruits. Whilst it was raging, an opportunity occurred to the brethren of various foreign missions of distributing the Scriptures and preaching the gospel where it might not otherwise have been heard. Now the war is over; and it is confidently believed by our Brothers Lehmann of Berlin, and Oucken of Hamburg, that a greater increase of religious liberty will result from the success of the Prussian armies. We hope their expectations may be realized, for Europe at present is shrouded by much darkness, and God's servants are still persecuted in many places where Popery and rationalism abound. The last quarterly reporter of the German Baptist Mission presents some very striking facts, which show that the agents of that worthy enterprise are much troubled by the enemy. In one case we read of the police interfering with a tract distributor, then of a non-commissioned officer with thirty men driving the good man before them till they all fell together into a moat. In Saxe-Altenburg the preaching of the Word of God has met with such success that the local government have interfered with the services in a most unjustifiable manner. They compelled the friends to worship with closely-locked doors, and prohibited them from admitting any but their own members: this was done because whole families left the State Church to join the Baptists. The prohibition was not heeded, and the brethren were fined; and having refused to pay the money, they were locked up in prison. These good Christian people were "very happy indeed," albeit they were in durance vile, and the jailer declared he never had such God-fearing criminals before; so he allowed them to hold a service in the prison, and the Lord's presence was so manifestly enjoyed, that the brethren declared "it was good to be there." The wife of the jailer seems to have taken an interest in the service, and there were visitors present who "heard gladly." The gospel seems to make but slow progress in Poland, and in some cases the magistrates persecute our Baptist brethren for no other reason than that they have administered a scriptural ordinance in the old apostolic way. Mr. Alf records a very striking case of enmity changed to friendliness. He says, "One man who two months before had, full of fury, bound my hands with cords behind my back and brought me to our mayor, to-day for the first time bent the knee with us and was quite friendly. 'Lord, how great are thy works!'" Mr. Liebig has been preaching in Turkey with great success; and it would seem from his account that a great work is likely to be done in that benighted land. Altogether, the German Mission is doing the right kind of work in Europe—not sacrificing the preaching of the Word, as is too often the case, to tract distributing, but preaching in season and out of season, wherever and whenever the slightest opportunity presents itself.

Female Criminals.

WE learn that the prisons of this country contain on an average about 5,000 criminal women, of whom 1,200 are confined for terms exceeding three years. From 300 to 400 are annually discharged on ticket-of-leave, and what becomes of these fallen ones is known but to few of us. Anyhow, we have them in our midst, prowlers who impose on the credulity or simplicity of others, pouncing on anything convertible into money, or devoting themselves to the pursuit of evil of many kinds. "When women are bad, *they are bad*," is a stereotyped but significant form of expressing what is a painful truth. The highest angels in heaven were guilty of conduct that brought them to delight in the depravities of hell. Women are the worst in sin without doubt. They baffle all the inventiveness of man when he attempts to adequately punish

them. In prison, the most incorrigible women repeatedly tear their clothes, and when with arms fastened by straps, they are placed in dark punishment cells, they sing, dance, whistle, and swear, as none but the devils elect can do. Their language is sometimes so foul that the matrons confess they are obliged to run away with disgust. It takes many months of hard drilling to bring these women to a partial reformation; and even then, they are subject to outbreaks of the most uncontrollable passion. For some of their acts no sort of pretence can be found. A Government inspector states that, "one who has behaved so well as to be put in the first class, and on whom apparently every dependence may be placed, will suddenly break out, give way to uncontrollable passion, and in utter desperation commit a succession of offences, as if it were her object to revenge herself upon herself." On the other hand, we ourselves once met with a woman who had spent the best part of her life in prison, who was incorrigible and vicious when at liberty, but a woman of almost model conduct when in jail. A prison medical officer believes that the cause of the outrageously bad conduct of female convicts is due to the fact they do not bear imprisonment so well as the male prisoners, and thus they become restless, irritable, and excitable; always, in consequence of their sedentary employment, dwelling on what each woman terms "her time." Criminal women are mostly imprisoned for thieving, and large numbers of them are abandoned characters. Generally, they carry their vanity to absurd lengths. To a literary gentleman who visited the Female Convict Prison, at Brixton, the matron remarked, that the detestation of the women of the straw bonnets they have to wear when about to visit the doctor is very great. "One woman, I give you my word, took the ropes off her hammock and put them round the bottom of her dress, so as to make the skirt seem fuller." By-the-bye, this practice is as excusable as similar ones to which others than female convicts addict themselves. "Another," continued the matron, "had filled her gown with coals round the bottom for the same object; and others, again, have taken the wire from round the dinner cans, and used it as stiffners to their stays. One actually took the tinfoil from under the buttons, to make it into a ring. You would hardly believe it, perhaps, but I have known women scrape the walls of their cells and use the powder of the whitewash to whiten their complexion. Indeed, there is hardly any trick they would not be at if we did not keep a sharp eye upon them."

The difficulties attending any mission to such depraved women may be imagined. We are assured, that the only instrumentality that is fitted to approach them is the evangelist of their own sex, some of whom have a special gift in this direction. Our attention has been called to a mission,* which seems to have met the difficulty in a satisfactory manner. There is a "Home" connected with this effort, and to it are invited the most degraded. A remarkable work has been going on at this Home, and God has signally blessed the earnest prayers of the sisters engaged in it. We have been informed of some remarkable cases in which the hearts of the callous have been broken under the message of pardon and love. From the diary of one of the agents, we catch a glimpse of the sort of work that is done in the Kensington Park Mission. Here is an extract:—"K. L., was three years in prison, and oft in the blackhole. She is very violent; some of the keepers felt her power. I was told before I saw her that she could fight. E. M. came and told her she was going out to rob a sailor, and asked her to accompany her. 'You will not strike me,' she asked, and the reply was, 'I will not strike or get drunk to-day, and I don't care if I go back to Brixton.' Pretty Jane, a woman belonging to another house, was reported as having gone to Tower Hill to rob sailors, a large trader having come in, and the crew being paid off. The rooms of these women were not poor, and were filled with foreign articles." These women are by no means unkind to the missionaries, and they frequently confess their sinnership. "It is all true that you say," they will answer, "but we cannot do as you would have

* Mrs. Meredith, of 16, Kensington Park-terrace, W., is the Hon. Sec.

us." It is evident, that the more determined characters are restless after spending a few days in the Home. "I can't stop here: I must go," exclaimed a woman who had been a few days in the Home. "What to sin again?" said the missionary. "Well, I can't help it, I must," was the answer; and she threatened to insult any one who spoke to her on religious subjects. Her subsequent conduct was most annoying; but after an afternoon's service, a change was discovered in the woman; she began to be anxious for the divine forgiveness. Her cry was, "My heart is so bad," and on her knees she sought for a change of feeling. The mercy was not long in coming, for the poor woman thankfully rejoiced that her burden was gone, and that her heart leaped for joy.

With great wisdom and mercy our Government now provides a most useful resource for the well-conducted and improved women, who, in prison, show themselves anxious to leave off crime. They are forwarded to the Carlisle Memorial Refuge, in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, and are thus fitted for honest living by industrial employment. But the residue remains; and for those lost ones, the mission we refer to has been established. Strong in faith, earnest and incessant in application to the God who blesses all enterprises carried on in his name, the agents of this mission will, we doubt not, be largely blessed to the conversion of the impenitent.

E. L.

Lessons from a Rock.

A FEW days since, the writer received from a friend a very homely-looking stone, with a message that it might be interesting as having belonged to one, who, being an unbeliever in God and revelation had, by the study of geology, overcome all his doubts, and became a firm and devout believer. Here was food for reflection! Turning over the stone which, although a piece of ordinary limestone, belonged to the formation geologists term *Devonian*, has a history of its own quite independent of that of its former possessor, we could not but send the mind back somewhat towards the period when this fragment had no existence as a rock, except that which it obtained from being the base upon which coral-like animals flourished in some genial ocean. It became a stone. Tossed about by the waves, rolled amidst thousands of its fellows, its corners were rubbed down, and it was at last picked up as a pebble by the geologist, who, it appears, attempted to cut it, that the interior might be displayed, but a sterner and more ready workman than he arrested his hand, and, leaving only the mark of the tool upon the stone, he passed away from earth to realize the truths to which similar stones first led his enquiring mind.

Surely, we thought, this case should be a rebuke to some, who, fearing that scientific investigations may run counter to the dogmas they have been taught to believe, are ever ready to decry science as being contrary to revealed truth, and calculated to lead men into the regions of scepticism and error; while the fact is that there are plenty of "Sermons in Stones," and to him who will open his mind to perceive it there is "good in everything" that has emanated from the divine Father.

"The works of the Lord are great," but they must be sought out, and to those who take pleasure therein, the search will reveal many facts of great interest, and some probably that will excite no little surprise. So vast and grand are the revelations of creative power exemplified in the starry heavens and the planetary bodies, whence issue that divine "music of the spheres" to which only properly attuned mortal ears can listen, that we are all ready to admit an undevout astronomer must be mad; yet the clay of which we make our bricks, the stones used to erect our buildings, or the marbles with which they are adorned, could each and all eloquently discourse of that superintending

Hand which has through long eons of ages been preparing the crust of our earth as a habitation for man.

As the science of astronomy deals with numbers so great and spaces so profound that the intellect is bewildered in the attempt to grasp them, so does the history of this globe, a mere point amid the celestial splendours, open to us periods so vast that no human mind has hitherto fully realized them. It is no part of the business of geologists to explain when the earth first came into existence; its birthday is known only to its Maker; or, if the secret has been confided to its own keeping, no amount of probing, or digging, or splitting, or of search amongst the fragments, has hitherto succeeded in extracting it from its bosom. We can boast of but a very small acquaintance with the earth upon which we tread, and with those rocks, which for want of a better term, are named the earth's crust; but we find in these abundant evidence of the vast antiquity of the globe, and of the great changes which have been wrought upon it chiefly by the action of water and fire.

When it is remembered that by very far the largest proportion of rock-masses with which we are familiar are composed of minute fragments, which have been torn from preceding rocks, then ground into sand more or less fine, carried by the agency of water, and deposited in the bed of some estuary, sea, or ocean; then that these rocks now exist, having, in some instances, a thickness of several thousands of feet, we may well imagine that no small amount of time would suffice for their deposition, consolidation, and upheaval.

Our fragment of stone not only impresses the mind with its antiquity, but it teaches the changeable character of the earth's surface. "As firm as the rock," "the everlasting hills," "the unyielding earth," and many similar expressions must be relegated to the vocabulary of the poet, for in the light of geology they are mere figures of speech. Not once or twice only, but many times have portions of what we now call the British Isles undoubtedly been down deep under the surface of the ocean, then upheaved to be for a time dry land, and again to sink, while islands have appeared elsewhere. Changes which have converted sea bottoms into arid sandy deserts or heaths, or river-courses into lovely English valleys or Scottish straths, may not, at least in some instances, be of the antiquity which some of the rocky ribs or back-bones of our islands can boast, for within the period of human history extensive alternations of land and sea have occurred; the deep waves now rolling in solemn grandeur over the sites of once fruitful fields, as well as villages, in which men dwelt and laboured, not excepting the sacred edifices in which they met for purpose of worship. A poet quoted by Mr. Page says:—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree;
O earth, what changes thou hast seen!
There where the long street roars, has been
The stillness of the central sea.

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands—
Like clouds they shape themselves and go!"

It is, perhaps, fortunate that the range of human vision is limited, and that the utmost stretch of mental powers fail to take in all the varied agencies in operation to produce new arrangements of the surface of the globe. Were the action of electricity and magnetism, the wind in the tempest and the hurricane, the falling rain, the summer's heat, the winter's cold, the rending power of frost, the grinding force of the moving waters as they are drawn after the moon, or dashed against the coast by the turbulence of the storm; were all these and many more as constantly present to our minds as they are unceasing in their work in breaking down and remoulding the materials of the earth, we might well doubt the stability of that which is ordinarily regarded as the most firmly established.

But our piece of stone is composed chiefly of animal remains. Creatures they were which flourished during a very early chapter of earth's physical history, as it is revealed to us in the stony records of the past; but early as was the time, and comparatively few as were the species of creatures, so far as we can discover, which inhabited the seas of that period, we do not (we speak it with all humility) discover such signs of imperfection as might reasonably be expected if Nature was then just trying her powers at creative work, or if, as many would have us to suppose, that some early form of animated being was "struggling for existence," and in its struggles feeling after a higher form of animal life. No, here are corallines as perfectly developed for the place they had to fulfil in the grand scheme of creation, as are their congeners which now luxuriate in the tropical seas of the Pacific Ocean; the animals gathered from the waters of the seas in which it flourished, the lime of which it built gigantic reefs which have since become vast hills, precisely as great islands are being formed in many parts of the ocean coralline at this day.

This comparatively humble coralline entombed, so to speak, amid its own labours, affords as clear an indication of the divine power as any animal of modern times. We cannot admit that any "law of selection" produced these creatures, nor that the rock of which they formed so large a part was the result of any fortuitous combination of atoms; nor that the changes which have occurred, or are now taking place, are without law and without order; but the lesson this rock teaches is one pre-eminently exemplified by geological science, namely, that "before the mountains were settled, before the hills were brought forth, while as yet he had not made the earth nor the clouds," the Lord was! No one, we should suppose, can regard the "Testimony of the Rocks" without concluding that from everlasting He has been God, and deriving therefrom the assurance that His benign and merciful rule shall be as enduring in the future as it has been in the past. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God, and beside thee there is none other."

W. R. S.

Should an anxious Enquirer be exhorted "to pray"?

IN ANSWER TO HIS ENQUIRY, "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

BY PASTOR FRANK WHITE, OF CHELSEA.*

TO this question I would reply—If crying to God be in any sense prayer, a truly anxious soul will not need such an exhortation; he must pray. A wounded man will feel pain, and feeling sin will cry for help; he will do this involuntarily. So, when a soul is pierced with a sense of sin, he will cry with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and this, not so much from the conviction that he *ought* to do so, as from a feeling that he *must*. Indeed, it is hard to believe a man to be really concerned about his soul's salvation of whom it cannot be said, at the very earliest stage of his professed awakening, "Behold, he prayeth."

Many call themselves anxious enquirers who give very little proof of anxiety They show clear enough that they know how an anxious enquirer *ought* to feel, and that is all you can say. These need the truth presented to them, not so much as a "telescope" by which to view the Lord Jesus as saving all who believe on him, but rather as a "mirror" in which to expose their own wretched and ruined condition in the sight of God. They need to know themselves rather than to know Christ, save only as the knowledge of him is the surest way o a right judgment of one's self. Still, "a man must be broken *for* sin ere he

* We welcome this paper by our dear and honoured brother Mr. White, and insert it, ot because we precisely agree with its statements, but in order to invite further brief communications from earnest workers upon this most important topic.

will be broken *from* sin;" and a broken-hearted sinner will straightway pray, must pray, cannot help praying, and should be encouraged so to do; but, *at the same time*, reminded that, since "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams," God will never accept the most fervent praying in the stead of believing; for "without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God *must believe* that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

There is such a thing as "unbelieving earnestness;" and this, it would seem, is much valued by some who forget "that by the commandment of the everlasting God the gospel is made known for the obedience of *faith*;" that "to him that worketh not, but believeth on him who justifieth the ungodly, his *faith* (*not* his earnestness in praying) is counted to him for righteousness." Jesus did not say, "He that heareth my word and prayeth so much, hath everlasting life," but, "He that heareth my word and *believeth*," etc. John v. 24.

It may be urged—Is it not written in the Scriptures, Rom. x. 13, "Whosoever shall *call upon* the name of the Lord shall be saved"? It is; but what is this calling on the name of the Lord? Certainly not the praying of an unbeliever; for in the next verse the question is asked, "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?" and in the eleventh and twelfth verses of the same chapter it is said, "Whosoever *believeth* on him shall not be ashamed, for the same Lord is rich unto all that *call upon* him. Thus it is clear that *calling on the name* of the Lord implies *believing* in or on that name. Indeed, the two acts (*i.e.* of calling upon and believing), if not identical, are without doubt inseparable; for no sooner does a man believe on the Lord Jesus than he calls upon his name. "Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him," John ix. 38, belongs to the history of every man whose naturally blind eyes have been opened by him in whose touch there is both life and light.

A man who with the heart believes unto righteousness will confess with the mouth unto salvation, and will openly acknowledge or confess Jesus in his death and resurrection as the sole foundation of his trust before God and man for salvation. Ceasing from his own works he enters into rest. Instead of going about to establish his own righteousness (whether by praying or by any other so-called good work) he submits to the righteousness of God, taking his stand upon the Word of God, which declares *Christ* to be the "end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Simply to exhort the anxious enquirer to pray in order to obtain peace with God, is to send him up into heaven to fetch Christ down from above; whereas, "the righteousness which is of faith (*i.e.* the plan or doctrine of justification by faith) speaketh on this wise, "Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring down Christ from above) . . . . The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Thus a heart belief in Christ, and a lip acknowledgment of the same, are declared to be the sole conditions of salvation.*

Many are told that since they cannot believe of themselves, "they must pray for the Holy Spirit to enable them to do so." I hesitate not to say, a most unscriptural exhortation to give to an enquirer. It is true, no man calleth Jesus Lord but by the Spirit, but this is not the truth I am sent to the anxious soul with; my business as an evangelist is rather to press upon his acceptance

* Doubtless a lip confession of Christ was made at baptism, and indeed, immersion is the outward and divinely-appointed acknowledgment of faith in Christ, and consequently union with him in his death and resurrection, and as such is obligatory upon every believer; but the confession spoken of in this passage is something which is made by the believer prior to any confession or profession before men, viz., an acknowledgment, or confession made to God, not simply of unworthiness, but of entire reliance upon Christ for acceptance, on the ground that He died for his offences, and was raised again for his justification.

the testimony God has given concerning his Son, and to tell him on the authority of Scripture, that there is no medium between his believing that testimony unto eternal life, and making God a liar unto eternal condemnation. 1 John x. Further, I am to assure him, that to as many as receive Jesus, God gives the power and privilege to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; and then, because they *are* sons, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts—the Spirit of adoption, whereby they cry, "Abba, Father." Gal. iv. 6; Rom. viii. 15. Most enquirers fail to distinguish between the work of the Holy Spirit and the work of Christ. They expect the Spirit to work his witnessing work within them before they have believed in the *saving* work of Christ *for* them: no wonder such are disappointed, and have no peace, for the Spirit in their case has nothing to witness to save their unbelief and consequent condemnation. It was not until the Ephesians had heard and *believed* the word of truth, the gospel of their salvation, that they were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise. God's order is the same now.

But must not the enquirer be told to pray for faith, since it is through faith he is to be saved, and that not of himself, it is the gift of God?

To this I reply, no Scripture so instructs him. It contains an instance of disciples praying for an *increase* of faith; but it distinctly declares in Romans x. that *faith* itself cometh, not by praying, but by *hearing*, and hearing by the Word of God. It nowhere tells the sinner to pray for faith, but everywhere exhorts him to act faith; it keeps before him, not so much the truth about faith, its nature, source, &c., but rather the object of faith, which is Christ crucified: the word of faith—the truth that is to be believed for righteousness. That "faith is the gift of God," though a most encouraging truth is not the truth which the Holy Ghost presents to the anxious enquirer, in answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" What did Paul say when the jailer thus questioned him? Did he reply, "In order to be saved you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but as faith is God's gift, go home and pray for the same until you obtain it. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find'"? No. Instead of telling him to pray for faith, he commanded him there and then to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Dr. Bonar in his matchless book for the anxious says, "I do not find that the apostles in dealing with enquirers set men upon this preliminary process for acquiring faith. I find that the apostles shut up their hearers to *immediate faith and repentance*, bringing them face to face with the great Object of faith, and commanding them in the name of the living God to believe, just as Jesus commanded the man with the withered hand to stretch it out. The Lord did not give him any directions as to a preliminary work or preparatory efforts, struggles, and using of means." *

I often meet with the objection, "I cannot believe unless God gives me faith." True, I answer; but remember that whilst faith is unquestionably God's gift, it must be your act; and it is simply wicked to excuse your unbelief behind this or any other truth of God's Word. Your inability to perceive the harmony between a plain, direct command, and truth in another connection, only proves the folly of reasoning where God has enjoined obedience.

When a man pleads, "I would believe if I could," he is deceiving himself. It would be nearer the truth to say, "I could believe if I would." The fact is he does not want to believe, is not willing to accept salvation on such terms as it is offered in the Bible. He does not believe there is a God who so freely receives sinners; thus he makes God a liar, "because he believeth not the record that God hath given of his Son." 1 John v. 10. What the sinner calls his inability to believe, God calls his guilt. John iii. 18. Unbelief is wilful wickedness, a deliberate refusal to receive the testimony of God himself. It counts the ever-blessed God unworthy of credence. The man who says, "I cannot believe!" must be met by the Lord's own words, "Ye *will* not." He has not

* "God's Way of Peace." Nisbet.

yet reached the *cannot*; the *will* not is the real and present barrier. Depend upon it, what Christ said to Jerusalem of old, he will say to every one to whom the offer of salvation has been made—"I would, but *ye* would not."

Oh! strange, unutterably strange, that the sinner should believe in his own willingness to obey the truth and be saved, and yet doubt God's willingness to save him, though He says He will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, and is not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance. Nor let us resort to an explanation of these words, which would imply they were not *sincerely* spoken, and that if a sinner took them too literally and too simply he would be sorely disappointed. When Christ was upon earth he received, and blessed, and healed *every one* who came to him. Divine sovereignty did not hamper divine love, nor did love interfere with sovereignty; each had its own place; there was no conflict between them. Christ spake truly when he said, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him;" and he spake as truly when he said, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."

If this paper should meet the eye of an anxious enquirer, let me entreat him to beware of substituting earnest praying and sorrowful feelings for simple faith in Jesus. Let him realize his position to be analogous to that of the Israelite who had slain another inadvertently, and act accordingly. Would he have strong consolation, let him flee with all possible speed to Christ, his city of refuge. Let him plead for mercy, but not *stay* to do so, but rather go and obtain mercy, remembering there was no escape for the manslayer from the sword of the avenger of blood if overtaken outside the city. So he that believeth not is condemned already, while he that believeth on him is not condemned. John iii. 18.

An elderly lady called on me a few days since, who told me she had been twenty-nine years a professor, and thought that all was right, because she had done no very wrong thing, but "God," said she, "opened my eyes, and made me see I was a great sinner." "What did you do then?" I asked. Her reply was, "I cast my naked soul upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and have been peaceable ever since." Dear anxious one, follow her example, and that of the Philippian jailer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

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Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
Hearken to his cry:

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Sinner, this is all you need,
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Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing, all was done
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Till to Jesu's work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing!
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Cast your deadly doing down,
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Stand in him and him alone,
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A Soliloquy

SUPPOSED TO BE UTTERED BY JOHN BUNYAN'S STATUE IN THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.*

BY W. POOLE HALFERN.

"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes."—1 Sam. ii. 8.

THROUGH all my progress down life's rugged road,
An honest pilgrim to life's fair abode,
O'er hill and dale, through valley and thro' dell
Much I did see beyond what I could tell;
Yet I confess that never did I dream,
That in such shape and spot I should be seen.
This marble statue tho' myself 'tis like,
And looks so pure, yet still it has no life;
And thus methinks it is a figure bold,
And well sets forth a sect described of old,
Who, in all outward things that met the eye,
In height and stature seemed to outvie:
Though all the while like trees without a root,
They were but dead and bore no living fruit.
But still, good Sirs, to be here thus in state,
Amongst your monarchs and departed great,
To me seems strange, because I'm sure in life,
My ways and manners did offend them quite;
And now, methinks, were I once more alive,
Myself and scriblings many would proscribe:
The veriest elf trained 'neath a tutor's thumb,
His pulpit-doors would close against poor John;
A tinker's prate, though full of gospel light,
Would sadly jar and tingle ears polite.
Some of the courtly gents that me surround,
Laugh'd at my book, and on its author frown'd,
And doubtless now, could some of them prevail,
This marble effigy they'd send to jail;
Nor should I think it either strange or rare,
Should some stalk off to breathe more wholesome air;
Or much excited, spit forth an oration
On my position, and abuse the nation.
To place a low-born varlet such as I,
'Neath courtly roof in midst of royalty;
Sure 'tis too bad, I fear they'll be upset,
Nor keep their legs without some swift redress.
Sure of all life bereft they'd need to be,
To patient bear such gross indignity.
Indeed I fear few of the folks I see,
Will find much ease or fellowship with me;
Quite sure I am that I shall not them please,
And I myself shall be but ill at ease;
My wandering habits, and my chief pursuit,
Their love of home and taste will never suit:
E'en by their looks quite clearly I perceive,
To go on pilgrimage would them much grieve;
Though I confess I should be very glad,
If I could coax but one to leave his slab,
And follow me awhile adown that way,
Which in my book they say I "well portray;"
Through yonder slough, nor less the lion's den,
Would much I fear perplex each marble friend:
Methinks it would at once their mettle prove,
Though I perchance much company might lose.
And then how diverse it would plain appear,
In life and object many that stand here;
Who, could they speak, would spurn each other's fame,
Nor in soft whispers their sweet love proclaim;
Yea, I do fear, that had they life and strength,
Some two or three would find themselves full length,
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Man's contrariety here we all may see,
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A surly saint with visage melancholic,
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The common herd with dogmas wild and strange,
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No ponderous tomes ne'er read in vellum bound,
Did I produce, good sense to crump or drown;
I never sang a song to lust or pride,
Nor sought by caustic wit God's truth to hide;
I labour'd not to take up a degree,
Nor to my humble name attached D.D.:
Sweet mercy, free grace was my alma mater,
And here my statue stands to celebrate her;
And to the world it proves what she could do,
Despite the rage of priests and proctors too;
A monument set up by carnal men,
To those great truths which much do them offend:
To show in me fulfill'd the sacred word.
"'Tis not by might or power, saith the Lord."
The world's vain pleasures and its maxims too,
By me were censured and exposed to view;
From men deceived I sought to tear the mask,
Defeat the tempter and expose his art;
I never strove to gain in earthly fame,
Much less to please an idle, empty brain;
To throw across the weary pilgrim's path
A gleam of light to warm and cheer his heart,
This was the object of my little book,
Though much I fear its meaning is mistook;
And this accomplish'd to my heart it brings
A greater joy than name and place 'mong kings;
But if with aims like these I am found here,
'Tis well the frown nor threats of man to fear;
But preach the truth, and leave all else with Him
Who rules o'er all, both peasant, priest, and king.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Sword and Trowel."

59, Bristol Street, Edinburgh, 11th Dec., 1866.

SIR,

Knowing that "for the truth's sake" you are interested in the circulation of your excellent Magazine, I take the liberty of pointing out a method whereby its circulation may be increased manifold if adopted by your readers.

As example has more force than precept, I beg to state that four years ago I began to read your Sermons, and after some time induced another to take them. I acted in a similar way with the "Baptist Messenger" and the "Sword and Trowel," and now, I take every month 108 Sermons, 16 Messengers, and 10 copies of the Sword and Trowel for subscribers, making an aggregate of 1600 copies a-year. I found some too indifferent to watch the day they were issued, who would read and pay for them if put into their hands; consequently, I guaranteed to deliver to each subscriber his own portion as soon as possible after they are issued, and thus keep up the interest at the trifling expense of some personal toil. I may state, that I have got some of these subscribers by using a bait in the shape of a gratis Sermon now and again, till ultimately a taste was created for such reading, and may we not hope that the seed thus sown "may spring up after many days"?

I am a working man with very little time to spare, but I humbly think if your readers who have more time and influence, and value the truths you advocate, would, in a praying spirit, labour in this or some similar way, you would have a staff of volunteer colporteurs, like a network over the kingdom, that would do an incredible amount of good.

If you approve of this method, and see proper to point it out to your readers, I hope there are many who may see it a duty to adopt or improve upon it, and be fellow-labourers in building Zion's wall, in any capacity however menial, which is my fervent prayer and sole aim in addressing you.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

WM. MUNRO.

Mr. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE Church of Christ is a common hospital, wherein all are, in some measure, sick of some spiritual disease or other, that we should all have ground of exercising mutually the spirit of wisdom and meekness.—*Sibbes.*

Reviews.

CORRECTION.—*Last month our printer made us call "The Autobiography of a French Protestant," published by the Tract Society, "a* shilling *narrative;" we wrote "a* thrilling *narrative." If we were to grumble about this blunder, he would tell us that we frequently push him into a corner by the delays occasioned by our many engagements, or he would make some other equally good excuse, so that we had better let it pass or take the blame to ourselves.*

The Children's Hour Annual for 1867. Johnstone, Hunter & Co., Edinburgh.

No child will need urging to read when such a book is before him; it is a tempting, enticing book, and will chime in well with the nuts and the snapdragons. At the same time Master Tommy will have learned a little of everything when he has read through his Annual, and, best of all, he will have heard much of the children's heavenly Friend.

Old Merry's Annual for 1867. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE young folks of this generation ought to be as happy as the birds of the air in the merry month of May. Every day seems to produce new and beautiful books on purpose to make young hearts happier and young minds wiser; brains are racked and the whole world ransacked to find them instructive amusement and amusing instruction. We almost wish we were in jackets again, and if we were we would say, "Please, papa, buy me Old Merry's Annual." It is a beautiful book outside and better still within, and it only costs five shillings.

Dick Ennis, the Village Schoolboy. Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant & Co.

A RUSTIC story with a sound moral lesson. The little book is neatly got up, and we believe the printer will be correct this time if he calls it a *shilling* narrative.

Jonah the Prophet. Lessons on his Life, by Professor GAUSSEN. Addresses delivered to a Sunday-school at Geneva. Translated from the French. Religious Tract Society.

IT was our privilege to know the revered author of these addresses. He was very unlike Jonah, the surly prophet, and far more like John, the beloved disciple; hence his power to interest children. The contents of the little volume before us are not very striking, but are very sound and edifying. We have often wondered why so many books should have been written upon the harsh, unamiable Jonah, and so few upon the loving and lovely Jonathan.

God's Word Written; the Doctrine of the Inspiration of Holy Scripture Explained and Enforced. By Rev. E. GARBETT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

AN argument for verbal inspiration worthy of the respectful attention of those who deny the doctrine, and full of confirmatory reasoning for those who have received it. There is so much ambiguity involved in the terms ordinarily used upon this subject, that the sound man may be he who seems to speak unsoundly, and the errorist may be the greatest stickler for words; hence the need of great candour and charity among Christian controversialists when this point is mooted, and hence, also, the almost impossibility of subscribing to any one man's opinions upon the subject. That the Holy Scriptures were written by inspiration, and are an infallible statement of truth, is, however, a doctrine about which we, at least, have no difficulty. Mr. Garbett's work is likely to nourish a deep reverence for the Word of God, and we commend it to the intelligent reader.

Passages in the Life of an Indian Merchant. Being Memorials of ROBERT BROWN, late of Bombay. Compiled by his Sister, HELEN COLVIN. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

THE memoir of an earnest believer who sanctified a life of business to noblest ends. He could feel the power of spiritual things, and be none the less diligent in selling spelter, shipping linseed, and buying jesamum. There is not much of stirring incident in the story of his days, but those who knew him, and those engaged in similar pursuits will peruse the record with pleasure and profit. He transfigured what with others would have been secular and common-place, and made it sacred and divine.

Reflections on the Illness and Death of a beloved Daughter. By the late Rev. G. Lawson, D.D., New Edition. Wm. Oliphant, Edinburgh.

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A cheap reprint of a little work that has already attained a large sale. It has been added to and greatly improved. We heartily commend it to Sabbath-school teachers of limited means.

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1st, in connection with the opening of a new Baptist chapel, Mr. W. G Lewis, of Bayswater, preached both in the afternoon and evening. Mr. T. G. Atkinson, Mr. E. E. Fisk, of Pastor's College, and Mr. Hawkins, of London, took part in the proceedings. Over two hundred friends partook of tea between the services. The place was well filled, and the collections amounted to about £10. About eight years ago a few members of an adjoining church, residing in the village, commenced holding evening service in one of the cottages, but as their numbers increased, they hired a larger cottage, and converted it into a mission room, where, in December, 1865. they formed themselves into a separate church of fifteen members. They then commenced both morning and evening services. Previous to this they had begun a Sabbath-school, which now numbers about eighty scholars. Since forming the church, ten members have been added, and several candidates are now waiting for admission. From the increasing attendance, the mission room becoming too small, led to the erection of a new building. On Sunday E. E. Fisk preached morning and evening to large congregations.

Pastor William Young, after labouring forty-five years at Alfred Place Chapel, Old Kent Road, has retired from the active duties of the pastorate, and the church has unanimously invited Mr. Henry Buck, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, to become co-pastor. Mr. Buck will commence his stated labours on the first Sunday in December.

On Tuesday, Nov. 27th. a tea and public meeting was held in Drummond-road Chapel, Bermondsey, in connection with the recognition of Mr. J. Alexander Brown, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church. About 350 sat down to tea, which was provided by the ladies; and during the after meeting the chapel was quite filled W. Olney, Esq., occupied the chair, but, being obliged to leave at an early stage of the proceedings, his place was very efficiently filled by J. B. Meade, Esq., Mr. Grose, one of the deacons, gave expression to the unanimity and hope with which the call was given to the pastor; and Mr. Brown briefly stated the reasons that led to his acceptance of it. Earnest prayer for pastor and people was offered by Mr. W. H. Burton, of Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn. Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, then delivered a very impressive charge to the pastor, and Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, gave a most excellent address to the Church. The meeting was addressed also by Mr. A. G. Brown, of Bromley; Mr. G. McAll, of Blue Anchor-road Independant Chapel, and Mr. G. D. Evans, of Upton Chapel, Lambeth. The church, which was formed only in July last of twenty-nine members, now numbers eighty-two. There is a debt of over £500 upon the chapel, but Mr. Olney made the cheering statement that as the church was yet both small and poor, Mr. Spurgeon, with his wonted generosity (in this case unsolicited and unexpected), had promised to give £50 more towards the reduction of the debt, provided that the church and congregation clear off the remaining £450 in ten years. This £450 is lent by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Chapel-building Fund, free of interest. Mr. Mead proposed that weekly subscriptions for the liquidation of the debt should be set on foot, and sums amounting to about £1 weekly were promised by members of the church and congregation. The meeting was closed with prayer by Mr. W. C. Bunning (Ipswich).

A small chapel has lately been supplied by students from the College, with much success, on Streatham Common, and on Sunday, November 11th, thirteen friends were joined together in church fellowship. A tea and public meeting was held on Tuesday, November the 21st. Mr. Cook, deacon of the Tabernacle church, took the chair at seven o'clock. In his opening remarks, he said he had known the chapel for forty years, and had taken a special interest in its welfare. He called upon Mr. Bunning, now of Ipswich, who had preached at Streatham for about twelve months, to address the meeting. Mr. Hanks, elder of the Tabernacle, next spoke, and was followed by Messrs. Mesquitta, Walker, and Walter, students of the College, and Messrs. Tebbatt and Knight, of Streatham Mr Lauderdale, the present minister, briefly addressed the assembly. The chapel was very full, and the meeting was most enthusiastic. The Sabbath services are now crowded. A Sunday-school has been established, and after a long period of anxiety, the Spirit of the Lord has visited this place. Several friends are waiting for baptism, and active endeavours are being made to erect a more commodious sanctuary. Altogether the cause is now in a very flourishing condition.

Our readers will be glad to learn that 103 persons have been received into the church at the Tabernacle during the month of November.

On Tuesday evening, December 18th, a tea and public meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in connection with the Pastor's College. There was a large attendance of friends. After tea, Mr. Spurgeon addressed the meeting, and stated

that since the college had been established, 106 brethren had been settled in different pastorates. Five of them had fallen asleep, ten had become pastors and continued as students in the college, and five were evangelists who perambulated the country, preaching in destitute dist icts. A large number of students had settled during the year, and their names and the names of the churches were mentioned, the peculiarities of each case being given. Mr. Hughes, one of the students, who was pastor of two churches in Devonshire, was seized with illness while officiating at a funeral, and died within three days. A gentleman applied for a student to go to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and enclosed £70 for the passage money. Mr. Stokes had been sent out. God had greatly blessed the labours of the students, and he found that in the twelve months closing last March, 1,235 persons had been baptized by the various pastors, and a clear increase was reported of 1,461 in the hurches. From Mr. Cothers, of St. Helena, he learned that fifty-eight persons had been received into the church during the past year, and at the various preaching stations much blessing had fol wed their brethren's labours. Mr. Spurgeon concluded by thanking God and all who had so heartily helped him in the work of the college, especially the deacons, who always did their utmost in supporting the work. Mr. G. Rogers testified to the satisfaction he felt in his work, and rejoiced in the good the college had been enabled to do. Mr. Rossiter, one of the students, then presented Mr. Selway, the tutor of Natural Philosophy, on behalf of the students, with a handsome time-piece. Mr. Spurgeon announced that two and a half acres of land on Clapham Common had been purchased, on which the orphanage was to be built. The plan proposed was to build at once the schools and chapel, and such other buildings as were absolutely necessary, in the centre of the ground; after that was done, a number of smaller houses could be built as the money came in, so that the boys might live together in small groups, and not be huddled together as in workhouses. Out of the £20,000 given by the lady, £12,000 could not be spent, but the interest, which would amount to £600 a year, would be employed in maintaining possibly fifty orphans. The growth of the institution would then be commensurate with the funds received on its behalf. The rest of the evening was devoted to Mr. Spurgeon's illustrated lecture, entitled, "Sermons in Candles."

On Sunday, December 16, collections were made at the Tabernacle on behalf of the poor of the church and congregation, and the sufferers from the recent dreadful hurricane at Nassau, in the Bahama Islands. Over £150 were collected.

In January, 1865, Mr. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, visited Lochee, near Dundee, in Scotland, to engage in some evangelistic services. He found the people exceedingly cold and dead; but after preaching and lecturing several times, there were indications of improvement, which induced him to seek aid from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; and several students were, in succession, sent to carry on the work. It soon became evident that the thing was of God, and the Weavers' Hall—the only available building in the place—was taken by the friend (Mr. G. Wilson) who first invited Mr. M., that the few who had received benefit might meet together for Christian worship, which they continued to do until December 9th, 1866. Meanwhile, the numbers having increased, it became necessary to seek some more commodious building. None being available, it was resolved to erect a chapel. This was done, and on December 9th, 1866, a very neat and substantial stone structure was opened for divine worship. It is forty-six feet long and thirty-two feet wide; the height from the floor to the apex of the roof being thirty-two feet. The roof is supported by ornamental beams which spring from stone corbels in the walls. The entrance is by the eastern gable, and is approached by steps leading into a spacious vestibule, from the roof of which is suspended a handsome lamp. The building itself is lighted by a chandelier hanging from the centre of the roof, and by massive bronze brackets springing from the walls. There is no pulpit, but the want is supplied by a spacious platform surrounded by a fine Gothic cast-iron railing. In front is the baptistry, and immediately behind are the retiring rooms. Facing the platform, in the eastern gable, is an elegant circular stained glass window, given by one of the members. The opening sermons were preached by Mr. Chas. Hill, Dunfermline, and Mr. J. O. Wills. On the following day, Monday, services were held in connection with the formation of the church and settlement of the pastor; Mr. T. W. Medhurst presided, and gave the ordination charge; after which, Mr. C. Hill addressed the church. On Tuesday evening a public soirée was held; when the newly-elected pastor, Mr. J. O. Wills, presided. Suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Scrymgeour, Medhurst, Miller, Ogilvie, Hill, and Easson. A handsome watch, chain, and appendages, together with a Scotch plaid, were presented

to the pastor; and also a valuable writing-desk to the procurator, Mr. James Wilson. On Wednesday, Mr. T. W. Medhurst preached a sermon; and on Thursday evening delivered a lecture on "George Whitfield, the zealous preacher." The collections at all these services amounted to £58 19s. 2d.

The memorial stone of the new chapel for the church and congregation, under the pastorate of Mr. J. H. Blake, was laid on December 13th by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. At three o'clock a numerous company assembled. After singing, prayer was offered by Mr. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. Mr. Spurgeon proceeded to lay the stone. After a short address the company adjourned to the Lecture Hall, where nearly 250 persons partook of tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of W. R. Marsh, Esq. After prayer by the pastor, addresses were delivered by Mr. W. A. Blake, Mr. B. Preece, Mr. W. Stott, Mr. E. Schnadhorst, A. T. Bowser, Esq., C. S Searle, Esq., the architect, and Mr. Hunt. The proceeds of the day amounted to upwards of £300; of this amount £70 was contributed by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Nov. 20th, to Dec. 18th, 1866.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Feltham	2	0	0
Glasgow	2	0	0
Mrs. Marsh	0	5	0
Miss E. Marsh	0	5	0
Miss Bertha Holturn	0	2	6
Master Watkins Holturn	0	2	0
Miss Anne Cheeseman	0	3	6
Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	7
Mr. J. Banier	1	1	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
Mr. G. Chapman	0	5	0
Miss Lucy Best	1	0	0
Mr. D. Parritt	1	1	0
Mr. A. Sinclair	1	0	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	1
Mr. H. Speight	0	5	0
Mr. J. Acworth	1	1	0
Mrs. Bartlett's Class:—			
Miss Robins, 36/6; Miss Butler, 10/9; Miss Delloro, 15/; Miss Edmeads, 32/7; Mrs. Healey, 130/10; Miss W., 14/; Miss Johnson, 10/; Mrs. Smith, 11/10; Miss Dray, 56/6; Miss Charlton, 56/6; Miss Bradford, 3/; Miss Collins, 4/4; Miss Palmer, 5/3; Mr. O. Thomas, 43/3; Miss Wright, 13/6; Miss W., 30/; Miss Hawkins, 44/3; Mrs. Ingram, 26/6; Miss Norman, 14/6; Miss Munro, 14/10; Miss Hudson, 36/1; Mrs. Newell, 7/; Miss Wildman, 3/6; Miss Errington, 17/6; Miss Humble, 20/; Miss Gray, 25/; Miss Stanfield, 46/; Miss Potier, 6/; Miss Bartlett, 9/; Miss Law, 25/7; Mrs. Leonard. 20/; Mrs. Ferrar, 3/10; Miss Clark, 3/; Miss Shevier, 11/4; Miss Pearce, 30/; Miss H., 75/6; Miss Turner, 18/; Miss Coles, 12/6; Miss Chilman, 5/6; Miss Ivimey, 54/10; Friends, 3/6; Collection in the Class, 163/6; Mrs. Bartlett's Box, £42 15s. 11d.	100	0	0
Friends at Buxhall, per Mr. Hewitt	1	3	0
Mr. J. Belsey	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wyles	1	1	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Miss Emily Ivats	1	0	0
Mr. W. Carter, sen.	2	2	0
A Reader	0	1	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	0	2	0
A Bushel of Wheat, Mr. Bate	0	3	0
Mr. J. Mannington	10	0	0
S. M.	3	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Court	0	10	0
Mr. J. Kirkwood	1	0	0
Miss M. Curling	2	0	0
F. K.	1	0	0
A Friend in Edinburgh	0	10	0
Ewell	0	5	0
W., Llanrapley	0	5	0
Sale of Articles left from Bazaar, per Mrs. Balchin	10	0	0
A Christmas Gift from an Invalid, Tunbridge Wells	1	0	0
Sale of an Antimacassar	0	10	0
Miss Hayward	1	1	0
Mr. Brown, Aberchider	1	0	0
Mr. R. McKeyne	0	3	0
The Liverpool Committee of the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union	20	0	0
Mr. T. Barnes	1	1	0
W. T., Birmingham	0	5	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
E. U.	3	3	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 25	32	6	9
" " " Dec. 3	23	2	10
" " " " 10	54	2	10
" " " " 17	32	6	8
	£322	12	2

For Orphan Home.—Mrs. Rankine, £5; Sale of Antimacassar, 10s.
For Chapel Building.—S. M., £3.
Colportage.—J. G. (acknowledged in error Dec., as 5s.) £5; Two Mites, 3s.; Jane Young, 1s.
For spread of Gospel in London.—A Friend in Edinburgh, 10s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

The Costermongers of London.

MR. ORSMAN'S MISSION IN GOLDEN LANE.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IT is Sunday morning. The bells are chiming. The City is quiet even to melancholy. The haunts of the lords of business are deserted, and seem to possess a mysterious spirit of solitariness. The few straggling persons you meet with are not citizens. Most of them are countrymen, who have just arrived by railway; you know them by the dreaminess and general vagueness with which they look around them—here, there, and everywhere, but the direction in which they are journeying. To those accustomed to the City on business-days, a walk through it on a Sunday morning is as strange as visiting some foreign land, the only knowledge of which you have gathered by photographs and engravings. Here and there you discover to your surprise a post, a letter-box, a railing, an inscription, or an antiquity or architectural object, of the existence of which you were not cognizant, though you had passed the spot perhaps twice a-day for years. During the week, the crowds of business-men who are running against each other, render it necessary for you to be careful to look straight a-head. You are all anxiety to discover some friendly gaps by which you may emerge out of a chaos of black coats, without being subjected to a blow in the stomach from the elbows of some nervous man, whose business anxiety makes him oblivious of all the comforts of his fellow men.

But the bells that are calling together the few people who attend the City churches, are telling us of the obligations of the Day of Rest. We are listlessly threading our way through certain streets leading to a scene as exciting as noise and clamour and overcrowding can make it. We are now in Whitecross-street, Barbican—a long, somewhat narrow thoroughfare, which still continues to be the street-market for the poor of the city. As you enter this street, you hear a hum of voices; and the nearer you get, the louder and more numerous the sounds grow. The shouting is not sufficiently loud to break the tympanum of one's ears, but the hum and bustle, the squeaking cries and burly sounds, mingled with the clatter of crockery, and the testing of

tin-utensils, produce a music which could not be excelled, excepting perhaps in that distant age when the confusion of tongues was created. Crowds of women whose dresses hang around their persons like wet clothes on a drowned body, with no bonnets on, their hair presenting the appearance of a tangled skein of thread, which it would be simple madness to attempt to unravel, and their faces revealing the owner's decided objection to the intrusion of soap and water, are mingling with respectably attired mechanics' wives, who, with the key hanging on one finger, and a huge basket on one arm, are anxiously scanning the contents of each seller's barrow, and counting the halfpence and sixpenny pieces which they have concealed in the palm of their hands. Interspersed with this motley assembly may be seen the daughters and wives of the costermongers who live in this locality, and whose vegetables find their way into all parts of London. These girls have the bloom of youth upon them, and some of them are—pardon the compliment for its truth—enchantingly beautiful, a beauty, however, that fades after a few years of out-door life. They are quiet in their behaviour, shrewd in their dealings, smart in their answers, yet respectful withal, and exceedingly friendly-disposed to all who recognize them. They are true types of the coster-girls, clean, witty, business-like, affectionate, heroic, struggling, and smart; they do not wear bonnets, as a rule, for bonnets belong to the half-caste costers, yet circumstances sometimes demand that they should not altogether be banished into higher circles of life. The costermonger himself is scarcely visible among the mass of street dealers; and I understand he leaves business in this street to the females, while he takes his barrow into other and less supplied localities. But there is a large class of men who lead a nomad life to be found in their places. These fellows, most of whom are dirty, and consequently are an object of dislike to the coster, who believes in cleanliness and despises dirt and slatternly ways, are engaged in a variety of singular occupations. They mostly live in the alleys of the neighbourhood, and many of them make the goods they sell. By the side of a large open umbrella turned inside up, filled with pictures, painted with all the colours of the rainbow, and probably a few more, you may see a dealer in linnets which he sells at twopence each. Stockings of all colours and sizes are sold side by side with oranges, sage, and toys; while interspersed are the coster-girls with vegetables, and Irish women with trays containing assorted groups of onions, carrots, turnips and parsley,—"pot-herbs" as they are called—which are disposed of at a penny a lot. Butchers are shouting "buy, buy, buy; what will yer buy?" while up in a side court is an old clothes mart, where buyers are trying on coats and haggling about the terms. Then we have dealers in stationery, the sheets of which have a dusky tinge, newspaper vendors, dealers in braces, which are suspended on a line in the same way as those gold watches and chains are hung which are "given away for a penny." At a corner of one alley, we saw a large barrow containing a number of putrescible rabbits, which were marked up at 4½d. and 6d. each! Of their appearance and colour we need say nothing, but they were such as to make us heartily pity the stomachs of the poor creatures who could eat them.

Turning up one of the numerous alleys leading out of Whitecross Street,

we pierce our way through a miserable cobweb of courts and avenues that are connected with the main thoroughfares known as Old Street, Goswell Street, Barbican, &c. Most of the houses in this warren are of the old "ramshackle" type so common to localities where the poorest of the poor reside. Some bear a decent appearance, and these are the homes of the costermonger; but a large proportion are so thickly built, and are so desolate-looking, that they strike you at once as the resort of thieves, vagabonds, and social outcasts. And so I find them to be. In one or two courts the houses were built so closely together that the inhabitants of one side might shake hands with those living on the opposite side. The costermongers select those courts where there is a small space for their barrows; and there are a number of squares, paved with the roughest pebbles, which were filled with barrows and covered with vegetable refuse. In a small area there are about 10,000 adults and 4,500 children living in houses in which a family occupies every room. A City Missionary has found that six houses contained *thirty-six* families, and Playhouse-yard contained 180 families, out of which not more than forty people attend the means of grace. "I have called," says this missionary, "upon 150 families before I have found a member of a Christian church." A more neglected district could not be found in London; and were it not for the earnest work of some godly and devoted men, the spiritual condition of this closely-packed and poverty-stricken neighbourhood would be as sad and wretched as in the most degraded heathen lands.

One of the useful evangelists who has helped to bear away this reproach is Mr. W. J. Orsman, a young man who, after the hours of business, devotes his talents and time to voluntary evangelism. Mr. Orsman is an active member of Mr. Spurgeon's church. He has also for some years past been honorary secretary to the Evangelists' Association of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He has had no connection with the Pastor's College, and is to all intents and purposes an evangelist, not a pastor. Yet he has a church, does pastoral work, and has much more of a pastor's cares than some would probably like to bear. Our conviction is, that Christian men may be as interested and as stimulated to honest work as the author has been by learning what a simple-hearted, earnest brother can do for God, by devotedly laying out his abilities for the spiritual and social benefit of what are considered to be "the unreachable masses." Our story therefore will bear that moral.

Golden Lane runs out of Whitecross Street. It is a long, narrow lane of old, squalid houses and shops, closed burying-grounds, with one or two newly-built dwellings; and judging from the habits and attire of the inhabitants of this misnamed street, we should not readily conclude that the colour of *gold* was known to them. In one cellar-sort of shop where there were coals of all shapes and kinds—from a heap of gunpowder dust of strange black-grey-whitey hue to a more reasonable burning size—I saw a grimy old woman, whose appearance approached the typical witches of Macbeth. With arms a-kimbo she was endeavouring to look pleasantly-fierce at us in return for our friendly glances; but the latter half of that descriptive compound word more accurately explains the result than any other I could choose. Most of the other shops are of the same begrimed character; they are devoted to the sale of almost every conceivable object, and the windows are well

stored with a variety of articles about as miscellaneous in character as those found in Aunt Chloe's pockets.

In Golden Lane, a Swiss gentleman, a merchant in Wood Street, Mr. Augustus Viewig, and a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church, has, with a liberality and spirit of enterprise worthy of the highest commendation, erected improved dwellings, baths and laundries for the labouring classes. In the rear of this building is another block, devoted to the same purposes, but possessing in addition a comfortable chapel. This hall is let at a nominal rental to Mr. Orsman, and is used for public services, as a free ragged school, and for other religious and benevolent purposes. A more comfortable room for special services to the poor can scarcely be found. It will hold between 400 and 500 persons; it has a commodious platform, a gallery all round, and at the end and under the gallery is the school-room, which is far too small for the children who listen on Sundays and week-days to the instruction given them. Two day school teachers are supported, and Mr. Orsman is also responsible for the payment of gas and other incidental expenses. A committee of gentlemen occasionally assist him by their advice, and very warm sympathy is manifested towards the work by Mr. Viewig.* The building was erected in 1864, but the mission was commenced in 1862, when Mr. Viewig invited Mr. Orsman to conduct some services in a room on the ground floor of a model lodging house he had built in Bell Alley, Goswell Street. For two years our friend conducted services in the open air and in the little room, visited the families in the adjacent courts, and for a long time was sole teacher in the Sunday-school he established. The work was, perhaps, sufficiently discouraging at first to drive away a man of less faith in God and devotedness and perseverance, but Mr. Orsman was not the man to give up a good work. He was soon blessed with conversions; two Moravian ladies proffered their assistance, and the services and schools were well attended. The court was at that time in a worse condition than it is now, and delicacy would revolt at any truthful description of the sins and practices of the place. Thieves, prostitutes, blackguards of every degree of wickedness, tramps and vagrants found this court a suitable rendezvous. Piles of vegetables invariably lay in various parts of the roadway waiting their turn to be trimmed, and everywhere fast decaying refuse vegetable matter was to be seen filling the air with ill odours and disease. Very little attention was paid to the "*tachers*," as they were called, at first; and, indeed, they were looked upon as curiosities of civilization, who required the infliction of a few practical jokes to bring them to understand the conventionalities of ordinary life. The door of the room was sometimes burst open, and a gang of lads would come tumbling in one over the other, creating dismay and confusion amongst those assembled inside; at other times a few crackers were considered to be best fitted to keep the congregations awake, and failing that, a sort of hoarse music was produced from old tin kettles, and other worn-out articles of domestic ironmongery. With all these and other impediments the good work went on, and the "*tachers*" could hardly be treated with greater respect than they are now.

A congregation was gathered and was transferred in 1864 to the

* The buildings erected by Mr. Viewig have passed into the hands of a company, in which Mr. V. holds £15,000 worth of shares, and takes a part in the directorship.

Evangelists' Tabernacle, which was opened by a sermon delivered by the Editor of this magazine. The mission has since been the means of doing much good in the neighbourhood, and the conversions have been sufficiently numerous to be a great encouragement to perseverance. The congregation is constantly changing, owing partly to the precarious nature of their employment, partly to the fact that whenever they can, converted men quit their old haunts and live in more decent dwellings, and partly in consequence of their joining other churches. Many are rejoicing in hope of heaven who have found the Saviour in the Evangelists' Tabernacle, and Mr. Orsman assures me that a heartier or more loving congregation cannot be found anywhere. One of the deacons was a costermonger at the time of his conversion; the bell-ringer is a coster, and I am informed that among Mr. O.'s ablest assistants at the special meetings is one who was a costermonger, but who has recently "gone into the fried fish line." About forty meet around the Lord's table on the first Sunday evening in the month, and it would seem that so rigid is the abstinence of some, who doubtless have suffered much before conversion from over-indulgence, that to meet their scruples unfermented wine is used.

On the Sabbath morning, prior to the service in the Tabernacle, a number of earnest helpers hold an open air service in the centre of Whitecross Street, and notwithstanding the hubbub around them, they manage to secure a respectable audience. Then the brethren file off to the Tabernacle and hold a prayer-meeting; after which the morning service commences. The audience in the morning is far from being a large one; perhaps 150 persons attend. The men are either at home or with their wives shopping, and the costers—those of course who are mere hearers and not doers of the word—are out selling their goods.* In the afternoon there is a Bible-class, while one of the deacons conducts the Sunday-school, in which there are fourteen teachers, who, with one exception, have sprung out of the congregation. The evening meeting is the most interesting one. A large bell on the top of the building brings together those who, but for the bell, would not know the time of the day or of the service. The service is preceded by a short prayer-meeting held by a number of persons who spend the evening in visiting the tramps and thieves in the lodging-houses, to whom they preach the Word of Life. These men are members of the church, and although scarcely able to read, they yet manage to gain the attention of the vilest scum of the district. One of these visitors fluently converses on religious topics and speaks with considerable skill to the vulgarest outcasts, and yet he is unable to read his Bible, and has to depend on his tolerably good memory for all the aids so necessary in evangelistic work. The thieves abounding in this neighbourhood, infesting the public-houses, sleeping in the commonest of lodging-houses, or in the maze of courts in which the mission hall is situated, where they are comparatively free from the unpleasant visits of the police, have attentively listened to the band of workers, and God has been pleased to manifest his approbation of the efforts put forth by this unpolished machinery.

* It is a great difficulty in all similar neighbourhoods to get a good congregation in the morning. There is a mission hall within a stone's throw from Mr. Orsman's chapel, conducted by some of Mr. Samuel Morley's *employés*, and the attendance there is far from being as good as in the evening.

By seven o'clock the chapel becomes filled with a motley congregation. Numbers are of the poorest class, and some of the women, with their haggard, deep-furrowed countenances, careless, shabby attire, and poverty-stricken appearance, show too plainly the destitution to which they have been brought. On the whole, however, there is a look of tidiness and respectability which could hardly have been expected from people living in so degraded a district. Prior to giving out the opening hymn the well-known "Sanctus" is spontaneously sung to the lead of the harmonium—an instrument which is well appreciated by the people—and the rendering was both solemn and effective. The singing throughout was good; the female voices strong, but not unmusical. The men's——well, they always do their best, and if they are sometimes noisy, their earnestness covers the fault arising solely from a want of musical taste.

Mr. Orsman's addresses are simple, earnest, manly, and straightforward. He eschews all clap-trap, and carefully avoids all oratorical vapouring and sawing the air with his arms, believing, as he does, that the real devils he has to fight against are lodged in more dangerous and secret places than in the atmosphere which his congregation breathes. He keeps to his subject, remembers his aim in all he says, and brings into service the stray thoughts gathered amid the associations of the previous week. Poetical fancies he does not seem to indulge in, and evidently he prefers the magnificent beauty which gilds the promises of the gospel to the brightest coruscations of the sublimest poet. To his mind, everything connected with his work assumes a practical shape. Sin with him is a tangible evil; hell is a reality; eternal death is no fancy. Repentance to be true must lead to practical fruits; conversion and holiness are matters of everyday experience. Hence Mr. Orsman's people do not understand a Sunday religion which has no week-day obligations; and with them it is as much a duty to attend the house of God in the prayer-meeting as on preaching occasions. And Mr. Orsman himself works on this principle,* for his activity is unceasing. Schools to look after, both ragged and Sunday, Bible classes, savings banks, temperance societies, sick-fund, lodging-house visitation, preaching, &c., &c.; all this entails an amount of work upon a young man, who has also to earn his living, that could not be done unless God were truly with him. The poor people appreciate his labours, and indeed are so thoroughly accustomed to a preacher who is far superior mentally to themselves, that they manifest decided opposition to uneducated jargon and vapid talk. They want simple practical preaching, without the flowers of rhetoric, or the top-lofty flights of a giddy imagination, and in their pastor they have all they require.

After the service a prayer-meeting is held, and generally there are over 100 persons present. This meeting will extend frequently to

* At the risk of being stigmatized as a revealer of secrets, I venture to state here that about twelve months ago Mr. O. had £10 in the bank, and thinking it was lying idle, he bought a printing press and stock of types with it. He now prints his own bills, circulars, cards of invitation, &c., and is actually getting up a Hymn-book to consist of 500 hymns, which he purposes selling to his people at One Penny. So that a large sum is thus saved yearly by this devoted act. I have seen this printing stock, and could give interesting details respecting it, but consideration for my friend's delicacy prevents my so doing. I may be gushing, but I think such practical devotedness as this deserves a much higher eulogium than I can dare to give.

two hours; for the poor have wretched homes to go to, and prefer the solemn hour of prayer, where they obtain comfort in their distress, and joy in their God, to gossiping away the remainder of the evening. Not that they are not gossips;—who ever heard of a woman that was worth much who did not "gossip a bit"?—but their conversation is often a worthy type of what godly women should aim at.

But to the costermongers again. You may see them by the score in groups, varying in numbers all the Sunday afternoon, playing at "pitch and toss," or at other games, in which money may be won or lost. The rest of the day is spent at the public house; so that the habits of this class of men are such as to render it difficult to attract them to a place of worship. Yet there is a sort of feeling among them, that religion *may* be a good thing; but then they tell you, "It's nothing in my line, sir." "It don't do for the likes of us poor people." "We ain't got no time to think on them things." "Wot's the use on it all to us?" and so on. The coster is of a practical mind, and he resolves everything into business. "What do the costers think of a future world?" I asked of a converted coster. "Why, sir," he sadly answered, "nothing, only that they will be turned into cabbage-heads." "Will it pay?" is a frequent answer, and whilst they weigh the profitableness of godliness by £ *s. d.*, they are content to remain in darkness. You cannot tell them religion will bring them even the same income as irreligion does, because costers make a good profit—often the best during the week—of their Sunday trade; and they must give up cheating, in which they are as a class so notoriously clever. A costermonger, when he turns to God, has frequently to give up his daily calling, and several that I have met with have become bricklayers' labourers, earning miserable pittances rather than obtain great profits by inconsistency. There is no class of labouring men I would prefer to preach to than the coster. He is a manly fellow, and knows that to be religious he must be consistent in his daily life. I do not know of any class of roughs who would be nobler soldiers of the Cross than these men.

The coster is in his way a happy man; with his pipe in his mouth, his dog at his side—very affectionate is he to his dog—and a spirit of independence within him, he can defy every one to render him ill-tempered *but the policeman*. To the coster the police are worse than a nuisance; they are the cause of his being rude, and saucy, and ill-tempered, and there are but few sins to which the coster is addicted but what he believes he is "egged on" to by the "bobby." And sometimes, I am told, the police do treat the poor fellows shamefully; and as they are obliged to submit, or have their street business privileges greatly curtailed, the coster satisfies his boiling rage by hissing out words that are too sulphureous to mention. Three times in his life the coster attends a place of worship: 1st. To be christened—a solemn obligation with some of them, to which they attach the greatest importance; for unless they have been christened, Mr. Puseyite declines to interest himself in their behalf when ill, or "cracked-up." 2nd. To be married—*i. e.* with those who are married, for the majority do not enter into any such legal contract. 3rd. To accompany his wife at churching—a religious duty with some who believe that an entrance into church three times during their lives

will guarantee their entrance into heaven—if there be such a place. The coster knows what it is to quarrel with the "missus," and alack! he is not sufficiently manly to understand how discreditable it is to colour his wife's eyes. Mr. Orsman has frequently to become the arbiter in family disputes among them; but how he manages to interpose without receiving a discoloured nose is beyond the comprehension of the writer. His advice is sometimes sought as to business-matters, and he has been able to aid some in getting legally married who had been living as man and wife perhaps for years.

Most of the costermongers of Golden Lane buy up the refuse of the London markets at a low figure, and retail them in the streets. Vegetables are mostly sold by them, but their last resort is to sell fish, crockery, and chumps of wood. The coster is a man of monarchical principles, and believes in might as well as right. There is a Prince of the costers, who sometimes attends the Mission Hall, and he is generally called "Crockery Jack." He is a ringleader in wickedness, and a thorough drunkard. He and his young wife were fond of drink; and both might have been seen drunk in the streets, the man alternately beating his wife and selling his wares. Drink brought this woman, who was naturally consumptive, to the grave, but death did not take its captive before she found a Saviour. At first, Mr. Orsman tells me, she was callous and indifferent to earnest entreaty, but on one occasion, after prayer had been offered, the poor creature burst into tears, and begged Mr. O. to remain with her until she died. Her husband was by the bedside drunk, and sobbing like a child. Special prayer was offered up at the Mission Hall, and in the evening of this Sabbath some sign of spiritual perception appeared. Her husband was still drunk. On Monday, sundry little much-needed comforts were supplied, and subsequent visits confirmed the belief that the Lord of all hearts had taken possession of this one. On Wednesday she died. For a time, the husband seemed subdued in spirits, but he ultimately returned to his old vices. Yet he manifests his gratitude to the preacher and attends the congregation, and the heart's desire of many is that he may be saved.

In my next paper I hope to give further details, some of which will better represent the spiritual results of this mission than has been given in this account. Meanwhile, a word or two as to the institution itself. It is at present in its infancy; it has had many local influences to contend against; it has suffered much from want of funds; the people are so fearfully depraved and dissolute that but few care to lend their personal aid; yet the mission has been the means of effecting a marvellous revolution in the hearts of many who were without God. When the Lord sends the means, a night refuge, a soup kitchen, and an industrial school will be started, and other mission rooms opened. To enable Mr. Orsman to carry out the objects which I know to be dear to his heart, at least £200 a-year will be required. No local aid can be expected; from the Christian public the funds must come. Should any reader of the *Sword and Trowel* feel moved to give some help, he or she will not regret it.* *A more deserving mission I have never met with.*

* Mr. Orsman's address is 153, Downham Road, Islington. Mr. Spurgeon's hearty sympathy, I need hardly say, is with this work.

Aaron's Garments.

BY JOHN ALDIS, JUN.

Exodus xxviii. xxix. xxxix; Leviticus viii.

THE daring progress of the Ritualists in the Church of England has created a great sensation of late. The so-called Anglican priests have once more donned the cast-off "rags of Rome," and unblushingly celebrate what they call the "Holy Sacrifice" in vestments of costly materials, gorgeous hues, and fantastic shapes. Once more the swinging censer freely perfumes the churches, and wax candles upon the so-called altars are burned to honour him who is himself the "Light." That such fooleries and mummeries should be tolerated in this enlightened age is strange indeed; that they should be admired and encouraged is stranger still. In one aspect the whole thing is supremely ludicrous, and one can almost join in a laugh over the natural mistake of the little boy, who having been at the pantomime during the week, when taken to the Ritualistic Church on the Sunday, innocently asked, "Papa, where is the clown?"

Were there nothing worse than the ridiculous about this movement, it would be sad to think that when men are professing to worship God, they should degrade their worship by the introduction of such follies. But the ridiculous aspect of these things, sad though that be, is by no means the saddest. So many men of learning have not instituted these shows, merely to win the admiring gaze of a thoughtless multitude; but to teach momentous doctrines, or rather fearful lies. The Ritualists are endeavouring to teach by these displays what the Tractarians endeavoured to inculcate by pen and voice—*the necessity for, the dignity and efficacy of, the human priesthood.* There can be little doubt that the Ritualists connect with their Eucharistic vestments, ideas similar to those which the Roman Catholics associate with theirs. What *they* mean we have recently read:—

"The priest in saying mass represents the person of Christ, who is the High Priest of the new law; and the mass itself represents his passion; and, therefore, the priest puts on these vestments to represent those with which Christ was ignominiously clothed at the time of his passion. Thus, for instance, the amice represents the rag or clout with which the Jews muffled our Saviour's face, when at every blow they bid him prophesy who it was that struck him. St. Luke xxii. 64. The alb represents the white garment with which he was vested by Herod; the girdle, maniple, and stole represent the cords and bands with which he was bound in the different stages of his passion; the chasuble, or outward vestment, represents the purple garment with which he was clothed as a mock king, upon the back of which there is a cross to represent that which Christ bore on his sacred shoulders; lastly, the priest's tonsure, or crown, is to represent the crown of thorns which our Saviour wore."

The Anglican, having discarded the simpler dress of the Reformation, as he celebrates the Holy Communion with the crimson robe upon his shoulders, and the embroidered cross upon his back, *does* pretend, as a priest, to offer to the Father "the Holy Sacrifice" of the body and blood of his Son; and *does* assume, by the symbolic garments, to stand as the representative of Christ among men. How far such pretensions are the result of hypocritical priestcraft, how far they are the vagaries of deluded fanaticism, it is not for me to determine. *But the preten-*

sions themselves are nothing short of impious blasphemy. What! shall sinful men dare in their own persons to symbolize His Passion who "trode the wine-press alone"? Shall they presume to shut the door of free access to the Father which all believers have through Christ; and take his place who is the "one Mediator between God and man"? The verse in the Epistle to the Hebrews is not now true, "No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron;" for these men were never made priests by God. The priesthood found its completion in Christ, since then there has been *no human priesthood.* Ministers of the Gospel are styled bishops, elders, deacons, prophets, pastors, and teachers; *priests* NEVER. By virtue of our union to Christ all believers are in some sort priests. "Ye are an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." 1 Peter ii. 5. For any priestly functions that can be discharged by man, all believers are on *precisely the same level;* and no man can arrogate to himself the office of mediator between God and his fellows, without offering an insult to King Jesus, and provoking the jealous God to hurl heaven's hot thunderbolts upon his presumptuous head. Thus Ritualism by teaching destructive lies provokes the divine displeasure. "When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand? . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; . . . your appointed feasts my soul hateth, they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them."

But whilst these costly vestments are now worse than useless, seeing that the human priesthood they symbolize has passed away, there was a time when priestly robes were appointed by God "for beauty, and for glory," and for the symbolic representation of many precious truths concerning Christ. Had the skill of the exhibitors at the recent Church Congress at York been devoted to the manufacture of a facsimile of Aaron's garments, there would have been far more sense and utility in it, than in a show of albs, chasubles, dalmatics, and stoles; for then the devout student of Scripture, with somewhat of the advantage which Moses enjoyed, who saw the patterns in the mount, might have better comprehended the form and meaning of the robes in which Aaron ministered before the Lord. But as we have not this help, let us turn from the Anglican's pernicious wardrobe, to examine, as best we may, the divinely-appointed robes of Aaron, God's High Priest.

Let us endeavour TO OBTAIN A CORRECT IDEA OF THE APPEARANCE OF AARON'S GARMENTS. They are described at length in Exodus xxviii., but we can best notice them in the order in which they were put on. Aaron, having washed and having put on the linen drawers appointed for the priests, was next arrayed in the coat. This was a long garment, reaching to the feet, with sleeves extending to the wrists; made of fine linen, carefully embroidered, and drawn in at the waist with an elaborately-worked girdle, passing probably two or three times round the body, with the ends hanging down to the feet.

The garment next put on was "the robe of the ephod." This was probably woollen, made "without seam, woven from the top throughout." It was without sleeves, with holes for the arms, and a hole for the neck, securely bound to prevent rending in putting on. It was all one colour, our version says blue; but whether light blue, or dark blue

is intended, we are not able to determine. According to the Septuagint, it extended to the feet; though some suppose it reached only to the knees. From the hem were suspended a number of golden bells, interspersed with embroidered representations of the fruit of the pomegranate.

Above the robe was worn the ephod; which consisted of two scarfs of gorgeous and costly material, reaching from the shoulders to the loins. One hung in front, and the other behind; and being fastened together at the shoulders, they formed one garment. The ephod was kept close at the waist by "the curious girdle of the ephod," made of the same costly materials, "gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen."

In front of the ephod was worn the breast-plate, which consisted of a piece of the same rich texture as the ephod, eighteen inches long by nine inches broad; which, being doubled, formed a square of nine inches. There were golden rings at the four corners, and through the upper rings wreathen golden chains were passed, which fastened it by golden settings to the shoulder-pieces of the ephod; whilst the lower rings were securely fastened by a lace of blue to golden rings in the ephod, beneath the arms. In the breast-plate were fixed twelve precous stones in rows of three, bearing the names of the twelve tribes. The Urim and Thummim were there, whatever those might be: some suppose certain significant marks in the texture; others think two brilliant gems; others again suppose that they were only the names by which the twelve stones collectively were known. Each shoulder too, was surmounted with a precious stone in gold setting, with six of the twelve names engraven thereon.

On the head was worn the mitre, a linen Oriental turban, passing in many folds round the head; and in front a golden plate was fastened with this significant inscription—"Holiness to the Lord." When thus attired, the costly anointing oil was poured upon his head; the bullock for the sin-offering was slain; the ram for the burnt-offering was consumed; the blood of the ram of consecration was put upon his right ear, his right thumb, and the great toe of his right foot; the blood and oil mingled were sprinkled upon him, and upon his robes. And Aaron stood forth in his garments "for glory and for beauty," as God's High Priest, who alone might enter within the vail and offer the incense of intercession, and sprinkle on the mercy-seat the atoning blood, and by Urim and Thummim receive the Divine response.

Let us consider THE TYPICAL RELATION OF THESE GARMENTS TO CHRIST THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST. In a rude age when men were most impressed through that which was sensuous, God condescended to adorn the high priest in this way, in order that they might be led to exalted views of the "Mediator between God and man." But as these honours were adventitious, the people were taught that Aaron had no dignity in himself; the honour that was placed upon him must be immanent in another: as he, not by his own merit was mediator, there must be a Mediator who is really meritorious. No reader of the Epistle to the Hebrews can doubt, that the typical high priest of the Jews was fulfilled in Christ; and it seems reasonable to suppose that his garments, which were made according to the pattern showed in the

mount, should be themselves shadows of heavenly things. At the crucifixion, John carefully noted minute fulfilments of prophecy. As the soldiers brake not the legs of Jesus, John beheld in him the true Paschal Lamb, a bone of which was not broken. In the spear-thrust which poured out Christ's life-blood, he saw that Christ's blood was that true sacrificial "blood which maketh atonement for the soul." And it is not unlikely that he noticed something typical in the fact, that Christ wore a garment like that of the priest; "the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout." In the Revelation he saw "the Son of Man clothed with a garment down to the feet;" and the word used is the same that the Seventy translators have employed to describe the robe of the ephod, and the golden girdle, with which he was begirt, reminds us of the curious girdle of the ephod. The vesture dipped in blood, with which the Word of God was clothed, has another reference; for there the blood is not his own, but that of his enemies, which was sprinkled on his garments, and which stained all his raiment. Isaiah lxiii. 2, 3, and Revelation xix. 13.

The ephod and the robe unquestionably represent the righteousness of Christ. Their costly materials prefigure its costliness:—

"Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness."

They covered the entire person; so Christ's righteousness is complete. And this robe he gives, as Bunyan says, "to the first poor beggar he meets." The pomegranates, no doubt, had a meaning. They appear to be emblematic of beauty and fruitfulness. "He is altogether lovely." "He shall see his seed;" "he shall justify many." So all our comeliness is not our own, but is his comeliness which he has put upon us. We are fruitful branches only through union with the fruitful Vine. There were bells between the pomegranates, perhaps to teach us that Christ's fruitfulness is associated with the sound of the Gospel. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound."

The breastplate possesses much interest. There were the Urim and Thummim; *i. e.* Lights and Perfections (rendered by the Seventy "manifestation and truth;" by the Vulgate, "doctrine and truth;" by Luther, "light and right"). It was suitable for the high priest to wear on his breast the emblem of true doctrine; for Christ is "the Light of the world, and he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness." No less fitting was the emblem of perfection—rectitude of life; for "such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." "He put on righteousness as a breastplate."

But the twelve stones of the ephod interest us most, for they show us how near Christ's people are to his heart. They are all different stones, but all precious; so all his saints are precious in his sight, though they vary in character and degrees of excellence. Like precious stones, they were once rough and in darkness, till the great Lapidary sought them out, and prepared them for the breastplate. Their several names are engraven. "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

"The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he has lost his part."

They are near his heart; they lean upon his breast; they are where they cannot be forgotten; they are the objects of his constant care and tender love. Moreover the breastplate was fastened by golden chains to the ephod, that it might not be separated from it. So believers are attached by the golden chains of his love to the ephod of his righteousness, from which no power can sever them. The high priest bore these precious stones of memorial upon his breast, when he entered within the veil to make atonement and intercession for Israel. So Christ has entered into the Holy Place with his own blood, the redemption price of his people; and there he pleads his own merits, and offers his intercession on their behalf.

The twelve names were not only in the breastplate, but also on the shoulders, engraven on two gold-encircled gems. "He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." We are so weak that we need not only to be near the Saviour's heart, but also upon his shoulders. We shall never rise to God except as we are borne up by Christ. But when the Shepherd finds a lost sheep, "he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." The church "cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved;" and "his grace is sufficient for us; his strength is made perfect in weakness."

"Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need."

On the front of the priest's turban, or tiara, was placed the golden crown, or plate, inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." "It shall be upon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts; and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before the Lord.' Thus, this golden plate teaches us that Christ, God's High Priest, is holy and acceptable to him; and that apart from Christ all our service is unclean. "Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Our spiritual sacrifices are only "acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." In all our service let our eye be fixed upon the golden plate on the High Priest's forehead. In all our unworthiness let us, like Joshua, stand before the Angel of the Covenant as we minister to Jehovah.

When the high priest was thus attired, he was anointed with the holy consecrating oil. So Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, the Lord's Anointed. "God hath anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows." Perhaps the holy oil typifies specially the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Christ having emptied himself of his glory, and having taken the weakness of our flesh, received without measure the Spirit of God to fit his holy manhood for his great work. He was thus anointed at his baptism, and the unction of the Holy One ever rested upon him.

Christ needed not, as Aaron, to be washed with water, and sprinkled with blood; for he was pure and sinless. He must offer blood, but not that of bulls and of goats, which avails nothing; but his own precious blood to make expiation. He must sprinkle this blood, not upon his own raiment, his hands and feet; for this there was no need, since

"His life was pure without a spot,
And all his actions clean."

But "he shall sprinkle many nations," to wash their guilt away. And now our High Priest, glorious in his apparel, victorious over his foes, pleads for us above, and "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Dear reader, is Jesus *thy* High Priest? Art thou clad in his garment, sprinkled with his blood, worn near his heart, carried on his shoulder, hallowed by his brow, anointed with his unction? This is a solemn question, reader. Yes, or no? "He counsels thee to buy of him, gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see."

If Christ be our High Priest, we are priests also. Let us then notice THE TYPICAL RELATION OF AARON'S GARMENTS TO OUR PRIESTHOOD. Of old the promise was addressed to Israel, "If ye will obey my voice, ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation." Through Aaron, as their representative, in a sense they all could draw near to God. But Christians are far more emphatically priests than they; for *the human medium is done away*, and through Christ, the Great High Priest, all believers have equal access to God. "Thou hast made us kings and priests unto our God."

There is some typical correspondence between Aaron's robes and consecration and our priesthood. Aaron had no priestly dignity in himself, but only through the sufferance of the Great Mediator. Thus he had to wear the sacerdotal robes; without them he would die if he drew near. So we in our own merit dare not approach to God; we can have access only through the Great Mediator. Aaron must be washed ere he put on the robes; so "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." The blood, too, was sprinkled on the priest, for his sins needed expiation; so our hearts must "be sprinkled from an evil conscience," as well as "our bodies washed with pure water." Jesus has "washed us from our sins in his own blood" to make us priests unto God. The blood was put upon Aaron's ear, hand, and foot. The ear is the emblem of obedient attention, the hand of active service, the foot of the daily walk in life. Aaron was thus reminded that his obedience, and service, and life, were all imperfect, and needed the blood of atonement. We need, as much as he, the application of Christ's blood to our ear, our hand, our foot.

Aaron had to put on the robe and the ephod, ere he could minister before the Lord. So we must be clothed with Christ's righteousness, or our service will be sin. This Christ gives us without money. Well is it said, "To her was *granted* that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Then we may join in Isaiah's song, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." And let us see to it that there be pomegranates on our robes. Let there be a beauty in our religion which men may admire; let us adorn our profession, and let us be "fruitful in every good word and work." And let not the golden bells be wanting. Let the sound of the gospel

accompany us, so that men cannot be long in our presence without hearing of Christ.

As Aaron wore the breastplate, so must we. The "Urim," the light of doctrine, must be there. "The priest's lips should keep knowledge." We ought to be clear in our convictions as to what is truth, and hold firmly the truth when we know it; not deluded by the lackadaisical notion of these days, that it does not matter what a man believes. There must be the "Thummim" also—integrity of life. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." If our lives are inconsistent and impure, our service as priests will not meet with Christ's acceptance. And let us be girded with the girdle, ready for active service whenever the Master commands. And when attired we shall need the unction from the "Holy One"—the Good Spirit, who helpeth our infirmities; for without this all will be vain.

There is a correspondence, and yet a difference, between the priestly functions which Aaron discharged, and those that fall to our lot. Aaron had to enter within the veil, and sprinkle the blood of atonement. Christ has done that once for all, and we have no share in offering that blood; not one fraction of the ransom to pay. One of the most shocking things connected with this Ritualistic movement is, that in that service, which should be a simple commemoration of the dying love of Jesus, these man-made priests pretend to offer for acceptance to the Father the "sacrifice of the body and blood of his dear Son." What language can be strong enough to express our detestation of, and horror at, so profane an intrusion on that Mediatorial work which Christ has already finished, and finished without human aid?

Yet we may present thank-offerings and supplications, spiritual sacrifices, though not sacrifices for sin. "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name." But we have another priestly function to perform, that of intercession. We sometimes half unconsciously put on the breastplate, when we say, "O Lord, we bear So-and-so on our hearts to the mercy-seat." Well, let us often put it on; and whilst all the twelve stones should be on our breastplate, whilst we should intercede for the whole Israel of God, let there be also a speciality in our pleading. Let there be some whose names are on our hearts, for whom we may plead personally and particularly. Let the saints be worn on our hearts, remembered, loved, and cared for by us. Yea, as far as possible, let them be on our shoulders. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Priests unto God! What an honour! what a joy! that we, who, like Joshua, are clothed with filthy garments, should, as we stand before the Angel of the Covenant, hear the accuser rebuked and silenced; hear the mandate, "Take away the filthy garments from him;" hear the assurance, "Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment;" hear the successful pleading, "Let them set a fair mitre upon his head," so that our priestly attire may be complete. Thus we may minister as priests, while the Angel of the Lord stands by. "This honour have all his saints," and all have it alike. Herbert, no doubt, had some mistaken views about the relation between the Jewish priesthood and the Christian ministry; but if we

eliminate this superstition from his song, and apply his words to our common priesthood as believers, we may with mingled penitence and triumphant gratitude sing—

"Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

"Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest, thus am I drest.

"Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

"Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me e'en dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest.

"So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tuned by Christ (who is not dead;
But lives in me while I do rest),
Come, people; Aaron's drest."

Spiritual Mediums.

BY G. ROGERS.

WE borrow this title from a certain spiritualism of modern times, not with the view of reviving the subject or expressing an opinion respecting it. That there are agencies far more subtle than those of electricity and magnetism we are ready to admit, nor is there any reason to suppose that new and higher orders of agency, in connection with our well-being, may not hereafter be discovered and brought within the compass of scientific laws. The chain of causes and effects between the spirit world and the natural world may be of every possible variety and gradation. Such, in fact, we must presume will be the case if the unseen portion of the series corresponds with that which is seen. The first cause is not less effective in the production of an end because innumerable agencies are set in operation for its accomplishment, but rather the more so. Though less immediate in its action, it need not be less direct, and its direction in truth may be more clearly seen. We do not suppose the predicted event which had to run through many ages of the world's history for its fulfilment, to have been less from God than that which instantly followed the Divine Word. Even so the help of God may not be less direct from him on account of any series of gradations through which it is transmitted to us, or the rapidity or

slowness with which his purpose moves towards us. It matters not where or how his touch is given that secures the result, so long as the whole agency must receive its whole impulse from him. We do not think spiritualism, as recently developed, to be one of those agencies, or the next unknown to that which is known; but though not a truth itself, like certain scientific errors, it may be the shadow of a truth; and supposing it to be a reality, it was quite philosophical in professing to operate more readily through some mediums than through others. It may be that the selection of the mediums through which the spirit-world best operated, as of women rather than of men, of the young rather than of the old, and of the imaginative rather than the sedate, justly awakened much suspicion; but this did not invalidate the doctrine of spiritual mediums. It was only the abuse of it. If there are better mediums for the conveyance of superstitions and imaginary influences, why not of such as are real?

Some men are better mediums, both for the reception and conveyance of electricity, than others. They are differently charged, and some degree of the electric element is probably conveyed from one to another every time they come in contact, to effect an equilibrium between them. Let one be deprived of his natural portion, and the conveyance from another becomes a matter of strong sensation. Some are better intellectual mediums than others. They have a natural tendency to communicate what they know, and to let their minds flow into the minds of others. They are what an apostle calls, "apt to teach." They may not have the best receptive powers, though generally the most receptive and most communicative faculties are combined. All knowledge, human and divine, finds in them a ready medium of outward manifestation. That moral sentiments and feelings have their good and bad mediums among men must be obvious to all. As there are some in whose presence we cannot long be without feeling the effect of their superior intellect, so there are those who instantly impress us with their goodness, and others, too, who taint us at once with their impiety. As we may be long in the society of some intellectual persons without knowing that they are so, we may long be in company with some good individuals without any participation in their goodness. The one are good, the other are bad, mediums. The arts of poetry and oratory chiefly consist in the ready infusion of sentiment and of soul from one man into others.

It would be strange now if other and higher influences upon man were not subject to the same laws. Do we believe Satanic agency to have a place in the moral history of man? This must be by some subtle influence worthy of the prince of the power of the air, and the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience, but scientifically wholly beyond our reach. He soon discovers, without doubt, the best mediums for his influences amongst men. He could enter into Judas far better than into any other of the apostles, not merely because permission was given him, but because there was a natural and moral adaptation for his purpose. Some are good mediums for the spirit-world to act upon from beneath, and probably in more senses than one.

Do we believe in the far higher agency still of God by his Spirit

influencing the minds of men for good, and influencing others through them for the same end? Here the distinction between a receptive and a communicative power must be carefully observed. All are equally unfitted from moral causes for the reception of that influence, but all are not equally fitted for its communication to others, because that depends in a measure upon other qualifications. The very same measure of grace conveyed through the very same medium may suffice to produce repentance, or faith, or regeneration in the hearts of two men, who may instantly prove very different mediums of conveying the benefit of what they have received to others. They may differ as mediums from natural capacity for communicating their own ideas to others, or acquired sympathy with their fellow men. Hence all are not qualified to become public teachers of the truths they have received. The same degree of grace in all may lead to the same desire to become instrumental in the impartation of the same grace to others, but naturally and intellectually as mediums they may differ. What we are to others depends much upon what we are in ourselves. The better we are adapted for the work of the Christian ministry physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually considered, the more we may hope for success in the accomplishment of its design. If the grace of God is to act much upon others through us, it will be by acting much upon ourselves. Though the work can be done without us, and by means least of all adapted to the end, yet as a general rule they who are best fitted naturally and supernaturally for the work are most used by God to convey his renewing and sanctifying influences to the souls of others. There are vessels both of gold and of wood in the Church of God, and the vessels of gold, as in every well-regulated household, are appointed to more honourable use. The Great Head of the church honours those most who are best qualified for honourable service; or, to use his own words, "Them that honour me I will honour." It were easy to show how, through the agency of one man, spiritual power has come down upon the people of which no such manifestation could be obtained by others. Peter was a better medium for the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost than any other of the apostles. Paul, on the whole, was probably a better medium for the continual manifestations of the Spirit of God than Peter. Barnabas was a good medium of the same kind. There had been spirit manifestations in connection with the preached gospel at Antioch before Barnabas had visited them; but from the time that he went amongst them a great revival took place. "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." He was a good conductor of saving influences from above, and therefore many were saved. The whole history of the church shows that some men are better mediums for the Spirit's communications than others, and that they may be found in every degree. We say not whether they are made so by themselves or by God, but simply that such is the fact. We might, perhaps, affirm it to be the result of their own efforts in dependence upon the grace of God; and upon this may be founded an exhortation to every Christian, and especially to every Christian minister, to endeavour to become a good medium from the spirit-world to men dead in trespasses and sins. There are certain qualities common to those who are

thus privileged, the attainment of which may bring us into the same privileged condition.

1. There must be a natural suitability for communicating our thoughts and emotions to others; the improvement of which in a certain degree will be needful to prolonged usefulness. The highest attainments in literature and art are not essential.

2. There must be fidelity to evangelical truths. These in their fulness and their purity must be deeply impressed upon the mind and the heart. There must be a continual experience of their adaptation to our own wants, and of their power; and of our obligations to the grace we have received to make known that grace to others. The love of Christ must constrain us. There must be great confidence in gospel truth as a medium of gospel blessings, and more even when proclaimed from our lips than when taken from the written Word; for so has God ordained, that his own words from believing and loving lips should be a better medium for his converting influence than his words left to themselves, and so in fact it has generally been.

3. There must be an earnest desire to win souls to Christ, a travailing in birth till Christ be formed in them, and a confident expectation of being useful. This must be the ruling passion, to which all intellectual, social, and official pursuits are made subservient. Deep pity for the souls of our fellow men, desire for the divine glory, zeal for Christ, will constitute the main elements of this desire.

4. There must be an entire dependence upon the Spirit of God, a continual communion with the spirit-world by faith and prayer, not on set occasions merely, but particularly when pleading with men for God. It has been well said, "he that saves souls on earth has his pulpit in heaven." It is while in the act of preaching that the fire has to be brought down from heaven. He that is nearest to the heart of God at that time is nearest to the hearts of men. It is then that he has an unction from the Holy One. He feels himself to be a conductor of divine influences to men, and that virtue has gone out of him.

5. There must be a holy walk and conversation. Barnabas was a good man, as well as full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and therefore he was a good spiritual medium. It is a special honour to be greatly useful in bringing souls to Christ. Many seem to possess every qualification of earnest and persuasive preaching for this purpose, and yet little or no manifestation of saving power comes through them. Their daily walk is not sufficiently near the world of spirits to come entirely under its influences when they would. "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting."

The Life Story of Jean Marteilhe.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate issue of the Romeward tendencies of the Anglican community, there is little doubt of the real object of these Protestant traitors of the present day. Union with Rome is now openly, unblushingly, and persistently advocated; and by various arts and insinuations, men are invited to give in their adherence to a system of theology which would require but little addition to make it

correspond entirely with that which has so long rendered Roman Catholicism detestable. England, we have often said, is soundly Protestant at heart; and we have boasted of the strong common sense which has influenced our countrymen in refusing to bend under the yoke of priestcraft: but there is cause for serious reflection and unceasing energy in the signs of the times. The Anglicans who support the distinctive doctrines of the Papacy are proselyting everywhere. Among our young men and maidens they have done much injury. They have taught them first to love the sensuous in religious worship, and have then led them to fall down and worship the dogmas which have ever been connected with the external pomp of religious observances. It is necessary that Christians whose hearts are warmed with love towards the grand old truths for which their forefathers bled and died, should begin again to teach ecclesiastical history to the young—should, indeed, bring before their minds some of those significant facts to be found in history, which will show them what is and has ever been the policy of Rome towards all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth.

For this purpose, we know no work, next to old Foxe's records of the persecutions of the church in all ages, so useful as the "Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Galleys for the sake of his Religion." A translation from the French has just been published by the Religious Tract Society, at a price which will enable persons of moderate means to purchase it. The society has done good service to Protestantism by the issue of this *thrilling* narrative, which is thoroughly authentic and free from animosity towards the bitter persecutors to whose conduct we owe the autobiography.

Jean Marteilhe was born in 1684, at Bergerac, in the province of Perigord. His parents were godly persons, who loved pure doctrines, and did not fail to instruct their children in the Word of God. The circumstances connected with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the religious oppression consequent thereupon, are well known to all who have read the history of this period. Marteilhe was only sixteen years of age when he was forced to fly from his father's house. He left the town at night, without being observed by the dragoons, who were the instruments of the persecutors. Accompanied by a companion he travelled all night through some woods, and arrived at a small town on the next morning. Resolved to continue their journey to Holland, where he and his friend might be out of the power of the Jesuits, they proceeded towards Paris, with only a small sum of money in their pockets. Arrived at Paris, they were recommended by a friend to journey to Mezières, which was at that time the frontier of the Spanish Netherlands. They did so, but had a narrow escape, as the landlord of the inn in which they lodged had made up his mind to communicate with the governor, without whose permission it was ordered, no stranger should be received. By a stratagem, however, the young men escaped, and continued their journey only to fall into the hands of a peasant who led them "into the jaws of the wolf." They were advised to proceed by a certain route to Couvé, at which place they duly arrived, and went further on to Marienbourg. Here they were arrested, taken before the governor, questioned as to their religion, and placed in prison.

The major, it would appear, though obliged to put his charge into "a frightful dungeon," was ashamed of the dirty work forced upon him, and did his utmost to obtain their release. The *procès-verbal* was strongly in favour of Marteilhe and his companion; but their declaration of attachment to the Reformed religion prejudiced the minister of state, who at once ordered the governor of Marienbourg to prosecute them for being found on the frontiers without a passport.

Meanwhile, as their religion was the greatest obstacle to their release, the curé of the town was instructed to bring them within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. This curé is described as "not very clever," for having given the prisoners the alternative of discussing by tradition or by Holy Scripture, they chose the latter, and consequently "floored" their opponent. Finding that all argument was useless, he tempted them with temporal advantages. "He had," says Marteilhe, "a young and beautiful niece, whom he brought one day under the pretext of a charitable visit. He promised her to me in marriage, with a large dowry, if I would conform to her religion, making sure that if he gained me, my companion would soon follow my example." The bait did not take, for Marteilhe "had such a great dislike to all priests and their families, that I rejected his offer with contempt." The curé was thereupon enraged, gave up his conversion-task, pronounced them reprobates, and so had them brought to trial. They were soon after condemned to the galleys, for having been "found upon the frontier without passports from the court," and being of "the pretended Reformed religion, we were suspected and convicted of having intended to escape from the kingdom, against the ordinances of the king who has forbidden it." The sentence had to be ratified by the parliament of Tournay. The prisoners were therefore bound together with cords, fetters being put upon their hands, and the journey was made on foot—a painful infliction, which was heightened by most cruel treatment in the dungeons into which they were thrust every evening while on the route. The curé of Tournay who was as idle as the curé of Marienbourg was ignorant, scarcely spoke to them of religion, so that they were not troubled about defending themselves. Meanwhile, says Marteilhe—"We became so thin and attenuated that we could no longer stand, and were obliged to lie down upon a little damp straw, filled with vermin, close to the door of our cell, through a hole in which our bread was thrown to us as if we were dogs, for if we had stayed farther away from the door, we should not have had strength to go and take it, so weak were we." For a little bread they sold their clothes to the turnkeys, and their plight became inconceivably wretched. The curé mocked them, saying they were not to be pitied as their religious obstinacy was the cause of it all. After six weeks' imprisonment, the jailor one morning "threw us a broom through the door, telling us to sweep out our dungeon well, as they were just about to bring two gentlemen to keep us company." The two gentlemen were Huguenots, men of no fixed religious principle, who afterwards apostatized. Finding Marteilhe and his friend reduced to hunger, the new comers "cut the seams of their belts and hawsers, and the soles of their shoes, and nearly 400 louis d'or fell out." Provisions were soon obtained, and Marteilhe ate so much that if he had not taken an emetic he would probably have died.

The Bishop of Tournay, finding the curé negligent, sent one of his chaplains to convert the prisoners, and afterwards his grand vicar, who was "an acute rhetorician, full of sophistry, wishing only to argue from tradition as we did only from Holy Scripture," but personally he was a man of Christian charity, and behaved generously to his charge. The parliament of Tournay would have released the prisoners, but the king's court decided that they should be condemned to the galleys as convicts for life.

Here, then, the full horrors of their situation dawned upon them. Their subsequent history is one of frightful torture of mind and body. They were confined in a dungeon, compared to which the well-known dark dungeon in the Tower of London was a palace. They could not see each other; the rats and mice ate their bread, and would have eaten them. The inhabitants of this den were such villains that they demanded money of each new comer, and failing to obtain any, would stretch their victim on an old counterpane, which four convicts would raise as high as they could, and then let it fall down upon the stones which formed the flooring of the cell. This horrible punishment almost killed the miserable victims. Marteilhe also suffered much from the cruelty of the officers. The grand provost, however, transferred him and his friend to another part of the prison, where the civil prisoners were confined. Marteilhe was installed provost, and had to attend to the wants and distribute alms to the prisoners. This privilege, unfortunately, was not long extended to him, for the king's commands were imperative, and the prisoners prepared for departure to the galleys. Their experiences and punishments, during the long years of their captivity, form the most romantic portion of the autobiography. Benoît graphically describes the sufferings of the Protestants at this time. He says:—"On all roads of the kingdom, these miserable wretches might be seen, marching in large gangs, burdened by heavy chains, often weighing more than fifty pounds, and so fixed as to give the greatest amount of discomfort. Sometimes the prisoners were conveyed in waggons, in which case these fetters were rivetted to the cart. When they sank down from exhaustion on their long marches, the guards compelled them to rise and resume their journey by blows. Their food was coarse and unwholesome, and insufficient in quantity, for the guards put into their own pockets half the amount allowed for the expenses of the escort. When they halted, they were lodged in foul dungeons, or in barns, where they lay upon the bare earth, without covering, and weighed down by their chains."

One of the dungeons was full of horrors. "It is," says Marteilhe, "a large dungeon, or rather a spacious cellar, furnished with huge beams of oak, placed at the distance of about three feet apart. These beams are about two feet and a half in thickness, and are so arranged and fixed in some way to the floor, that at first sight one would take them for benches, but their use is a much more uncomfortable one. To these beams thick iron chains are attached, one and a half feet in length, and two feet apart, and at the end of these chains is an iron collar. When the wretched galley-slaves arrive in this dungeon, they are made to lie half down, so that their heads may rest upon the beam; then this collar is put round their necks, closed and riveted on an anvil with heavy blows of a hammer. As these chains with collars are about

two feet apart, and as the beams are generally forty feet long, twenty men are chained to them in file." The collar would chain up five hundred men. "There is nothing so dreadful as to behold the attitudes and postures of these wretches there chained. For a man so bound cannot lie down at full length, the beam upon which his head is fixed being too high; neither can he sit nor stand upright, the beam being too low. I cannot better describe the posture of such a man than by saying he is half lying, half sitting, part of his body being upon the stones, or flooring, the other part upon this beam." Marteilhe and his Huguenot companions were chained in this way; and many of the poor old men "cried out every moment that they were dying, and that they had no more strength to endure this terrible torture." Many of these unfortunate men were killed by being placed in this cruel situation, while the others suffered pains which language cannot describe. "One hears in this horrible cavern only groans and mournful lamentations, capable of softening any other hearts than those of the ferocious officials of this terrible place. The scanty relief of uttering these lamentations is even denied to the pitiable slaves, for every night five or six brutes of turnkeys form the guard in the dungeon, and they fall without mercy upon those who speak, cry, groan, or lament, barbarously striking them with huge ox-bones." The "Grey Sisters" brought some food to the prisoners, and instructed them in religious matters. But they were thoroughly incompetent to undertake any discussion on theological questions. Like the man, who, on being asked whether he had heard of Moses, replied, "Yes; he's the great tailor," they recognised the Great Prophet as an impostor, who seduced the Jews, even as Mohammed seduced the Turks. "Oh no, thanks to the Lord," added they, "I am not guilty of such heresy" as to believe in Moses. The Jesuits would come to preach to the prisoners. One of them always preached from the words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He sought to show that the only way to come to the Saviour was by auricular confession, but of course he made a sad mess of it. The Holy Sacrament was brought to the unfortunate wretches, "which they made them take in that frightful attitude, with their heads nailed down upon the beams, a proceeding which appeared most irreverent, even to us who had not such superstitious faith in this mystery as the Romanists have, and which filled us with horror."

The prisoners were subsequently taken to Marseilles. The weight of the chain for each person was 150 lbs. The weather was bitterly cold; yet before arriving at Charenton, the poor fellows received blows which fell like hail upon their backs, while they were ordered to strip off all their clothes, and to put them down at their feet. "We were forced to obey, and we twenty-two, as well as the whole chain, submitted to this cruel treatment. After we were stripped perfectly naked the chain was ordered to march across to the other end of the court, where we were exposed to the north wind for two long hours," during which time the archers searched the prisoners' clothes, taking everything they could find of the smallest value.

Those who were overcome with their sufferings were, in order to put them into the waggons, detached from the great chain, and the persecuting fiends "dragged them by the chain they had round their

necks, like dead cattle, and threw them upon the waggon like dogs, their naked legs hanging out, so that they froze in a short time, which caused indescribable torture; and worse still, those who complained and lamented at the pains they were suffering, were frequently killed by repeated blows of the stick."

Yet, despite their sufferings, the Protestants would not seek the method of escape opened to them. They could only escape by confessing their errors, and clinging to the Romish Church. God strengthened them to endure great bodily and often mental afflictions, and gave them that strong faith which led them to overcome through his name. They repeatedly refused to recant. They were lashed by the bastinado, and many of them died by this means. They were commanded to worship the absurdities of the Romish superstition, but stoutly refused. The favourite words of the major were, "Dogs, down on your knees when mass is being said, and if you won't pray to God in such a posture, pray to the devil if you like; what does it matter to us?" Probably it did not to him, but to *them* conscience was dearer than life. It is noteworthy, that when the king ordered the release of one hundred and thirty-six of the Protestants who were at the galleys in Marseilles, the Popish priests "were furious, saying that the king had been surprised and over-reached, and that to release us would be an eternal blot upon the Romish Church." They obtained a delay of a month, but did not succeed in reversing the king's decision. The men left Marseilles, after thirteen years' imprisonment, and unanimously agreed to sail to Geneva.

Notes of a late Visit to Paris.

LAST Christmas-day we crossed the Channel to seek a little rest on the opposite shore. Smooth water below, a clear sky above, a merry heart within, and good company at hand, are a fair portion for a day of joy. The boat was decked with holly and mistletoe as became the festive season, and nature in her best attire was all in tune with the general gladness. We left Dover's giant cliffs, and entered Calais harbour without a thought of the chops of the Channel, or any other of the disagreeables of life. Yet for all this who cares to be travelling on Christmas-day? Do not all the memories appeal against it? It goes against the grain to be showing tickets, changing carriages, and shivering on landing-stages on a day sacred to plum-pudding and roast beef, family festivities, blazing fires, and household joys. One feels like a barbarian violating the proprieties of civilized life, or a prodigal running away from the fatted calf, and the feasting of the old house at home. Never mind, here we are, with six and twenty miles of brine between us and the old English Christmas logs, and we must catch the train for Paris, or be left among the runaway bankrupts. It is a long and weary journey from Calais to Paris, just a dreary drag over a huge flat; monotonous as the clergyman's tones at Droneton-in-the-Marsh, and two-thirds as dull as his of repeated sermons; but Paris itself is even in winter a full reward for all the tedium of the way. Having from preference visited the gay capital several times in winter, when by the way it is not gay but remarkably

quiet, we do not hesitate to say that we know of no other place where in winter rest and instructive recreation can be so easily blended. As an educational city Paris is complete; it has large and well-arranged museums of every science and art; and within a small radius it contains a wealth of illustration which all Europe besides could not excel. Here the thoughtful observer may study in different museums, zoology, anatomy, comparative anatomy, diseased pathology, conchology, entomology, geology, botany, hydrostatics, agriculture, mining, horology, electricity, and indeed every branch of knowledge; and his studies may be diversified with wanderings among miles of pictures and acres of statuary. The vain may very easily find in Paris a feast for their vanity, but the intelligent may be equally content with the feast of knowledge which its splendid collections afford them. Our readers would not care to hear in detail of the many marvels of a city which they have no doubt superficially seen for themselves; we only suggest that upon their next visit they should become scholars for once instead of mere sightseers, and they will find new pleasure in the very pleasant trip.

On the last Sabbath of the year we were agreeably surprised to find so many shops closed compared with the state of things five or six years ago. We noticed this to a friend well acquainted with the city, and he coincided in the observation. It seemed to us on former occasions as if no shops were closed at all, and workmen were certainly toiling as on ordinary days, but now there is just the shade of a Sabbath, for which step in the right direction one is heartily thankful. We cannot vouch for it that this Sabbatic improvement is general, but it was certainly very marked in the streets which we traversed. We visited our French Baptist brethren in their obscure, out-of-the-way, and dirty room at the back of the church of St. Roch. We sincerely wish that they would come out of that cave of Adullam. We have no objection to worship with them even if they select a stable, but some people maintain the dangerous luxury of a nose, and others have a fastidious liking for fresh air, and these pardonable refinements will be quite out of place in that miserable school-room. The number of worshippers was about the same as when we were there last, something under one hundred; but their zeal and spirit were all that we could wish. A heart conscious of the love of Jesus would soon discover that the Lord is there. A really living church tenants that humble room. Not enterprising and bold, but humbly earnest and stedfast in the faith are these men. So gracious and zealous are they that we can scarcely tell how it is that they do not, for the sake of the good cause, thrust themselves into a position of more publicity. It was with extreme difficulty that we found them out at all upon a former visit, for there was not even a notice-board outside, and one had to turn into a little courtyard and up a winding pair of stairs before the little written notice which tells the hour of worship could be seen. It is as if a tradesman should advertise his wares upon a piece of paper wafered on a pane of the back-kitchen window, where no one would ever see it but his own family: verily the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. The church of God in this case is not a city set upon a hill, but a hamlet hidden in a hole. We imagine that a sense of dwelling under a despotism haunts our French friends, and

makes them fear to attempt anything which might bring down the rough hand of authority upon them; yet as we doubt not, if the hand did fall, they would bear it like true heroes, and derive great good therefrom, they have no cause to be alarmed. The same number of members of our church in the Tabernacle would have hired a large hall, or preached out in the Champs Elysées by now, throwing themselves upon the cheveux-de-frise if they could not scale the wall of difficulties, but our French brethren are content to go on worshipping in dinginess and singing their unmelodious cantiques in peaceful obscurity. We wish they had a little more of the fire, as well as the dew from heaven. They are admirable examples of all the virtues, but courageous enterprise is not their most prominent feature. The pastors and evangelists are indefatigable in their visitations and ministrations, but it would give us unfeigned satisfaction to see a portion of the tremendous energy of our brother Oncken, of Hamburg, infused into them. The American society by which they are sustained should get them a better room, in as public a place as possible, make them known among Americans and English, and push the cause to a success. By God's help, there is the nucleus of a great movement in that handful of people, but the £50 a year expended for a dirty chamber is so much money wasted; if four times the money were spent in rent, or better still, a good plain chapel erected, the larger sum would be by far the more economical investment. Under God, the people are worth spending the money upon, and would abundantly reward the society, and this is more than can be said of every sphere occupied by our American and English societies upon the Continent.

It does not appear clear that the large sums expended by the Congregationalists and Wesleyans are producing an adequate return although their generous efforts are laudable in the extreme. We are informed that the annual expense of the Independent mission is not far short of £25 per head per annum for every member of the church; if they are not first-rate members at that cost they certainly ought to be. English Christianity in Paris in its collective capacity must probably always be a struggling plant, needing much foreign aid, and bearing slender fruit; the majority of our countrymen leave their religion behind them when they go abroad, and those who retain a profession find themselves weakened by the ungenial atmosphere of Vanity Fair. If French churches can be formed of each denomination, and English services be held as adjuncts, there will be a far greater probability of vitality and success; and this is what we anxiously long to see accomplished in the case of our very worthy friends of the Rue St. Roch. Certain funds are in hand for a chapel for them, but the amount is scarcely a fourth of what will be required; meanwhile Pastor Dez is very unwell, and cannot carry on the work of collecting; and the other pastor, M. Le Poids, is fully occupied with the good work among his own flock. Unless a gracious Providence shall interpose, a most hopeful people will linger on in forced obscurity and powerlessness; whereas, if brought out into the light, their progress in all probability would be rapid. They are nearly all converts from Popery, and know how to converse with those who are under that yoke of bondage; their teachings are heard with respect, and the prejudice against them is

almost as much to be rejoiced in as to be regretted, since it excites curiosity, and so brings hearers under the sound of the truth. There appears to be among the French working classes a considerable amount of religiousness of a hopeful kind. They do not much frequent the churches or reverence the priests; they make a distinction between the church and religion, and prefer to be religious in their own way. The story of the love of Jesus is generally received with respectful tenderness, and evangelical truth, if not distinctly styled "Protestantism," usually commands a hearing. The pastor, M. Le Poids, had just returned from a funeral when we saw him, and had been preaching the glorious gospel of immortality and eternal life at the grave, around which a large company gathered, and many Romanists and others came forward at the close to press his hand and thank him for the good word which he had spoken to them. There is a grand field for the gospel in France, but the limited amount of money allotted to the work by those who foster it is the great drawback at present. We are neither requested nor authorized to say this by friends in Paris, but this is our own deliberate judgment, and so assured are we of its correctness that if it were in our power we would remove the difficulty at once.

We traversed the enormous circles of the Great Exhibition. At a distance the erection has at present the appearance of a monster gasometer, but as far as one could judge from walking through it it is well adapted for its purpose, and will be the great wonder of the year 1867. When we went to Paris our heart was set upon obtaining a larger room for our French Baptist friends, in which, during the Exhibition the best known of our English ministers might have held a service for friends of our own denomination. Into this project the committee of the London Association entered most heartily, hoping to be made a blessing to the thousands who will visit Paris to inspect the World's Fair. Finding, however, that the wants of the English will be very well provided for by other denominations, and perceiving no likelihood of drawing our St. Roch friends out of their upper room, we have for the time let the matter drop, unless the providence of God should open a door and clear the path for the further carrying out of the scheme. May the Lord look upon the country which his faithful servants in olden times stained with their blood, and send forth his salvation upon the land! May France rejoice in the Lord Jesus and his salvation!

C. H. SPURGEON.

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(Continued from page 548, vol. II.)

XXI.

LOVE is the omnipotent lever with which, on the unchangeable fulcrum of his Son's sacrifice, God the Father *moves* the world.

XXII.

THE very tide that washes the banks away throws up fresh ones; but we are very prone to forget this in the case of some of the tides of God's dealings with us. They come sweeping along; and away go many of our ancient landmarks;

and we are afraid. But wait a little. They are not gone,—they are only broken up,—and, in another tide, they shall re-appear, the beach more beautiful, and the banks more strong.

XXIII.

The *head* of all wickedness is too big for its *body*; and, so, however tall and erect it may rear itself, it is sure to get out of the perpendicular ere long, and, by very certainty of natural law, topple over—its force of fall in direct proportion to its pretence of lofty security.

XXIV.

Our hardest afflictions are oftentimes but as the walls of our life's garden, not only preventing us from taking ground we have no right to occupy, but actually giving us the means to ripen our choicest fruits.

XXV.

"You must get down to the sea-side," says the physician to a patient dying through *want* of solitude and by reason of *confinement*; and to all who, spiritually, suffer from the same causes, "get down to the sea-side," say I, "and get down at once." Amidst the heated press of cities, and pent-up in the creed-chambers which all cities hold, thou art dying, my friend; and, by-and-by, if ever they take the trouble, they will come and find thee, like a starved prisoner in a frightful dungeon, *still in thy chains, but—dead!* "Get down to the sea-side," my friend, down to the side of the great ocean of God's own truth and teaching, and walk by the beautiful shores, and drink in the glorious breezes, and bathe often in the blessed waves, thou wilt find in plenty there. And soon thou shalt be thyself again, a better self than ever,—with cheeks aglow with health, and pulse emphatic as of yore,—not a nervous dread in all thy thoughts, and thinking such things as thou couldst not think before. The sea! the sea! away to the sea! No artificial waters, in the best of parks, like that. *They* are but as places for the old life to be done up again, and scarcely that. There is *newness of life* in the other. The sea! the sea!

XXVI.

There are men on the mere surface-life of religion like the fishes on the surface of a stream—they *seem* to be constantly jumping heavenward, but they are after the *flies* all the time! They need not be surprised, then, if, like the fishes, they get caught for their pains. The devil's a patient angler; and he baits his hooks with what he knows the fishes will bite. He has even been known, if the fishes will not *rise*, to send down some *worm* of a seeming blessing, about which they grovel for a while, and, then, greedily gorge.

XXVII.

Put a piece of the most transparent glass against a dark object; and, if you hold the glass up to *see*, you shall only see yourself. And so it is with the beautiful transparency of God's Word. Hold it up to the heavens, or hold it up in the light of heaven, and you shall view the object at which you look, and view it clearly; but hold it up against some opaque doubt, or darkness, and all its powers shall be neutralised, and it will show you—only—yourself. This being so, I am not at all surprised that numbers of very clever men detect a good deal of fault in that which they see through it, and declare that there is very little else than ugliness and pretence!

XXVIII.

Whenever the Christian summonses the tempter into God's presence, the frightened defendant always "lets judgment go by default;" and the best way to summons him there is to bring all sorts of godly *actions* against him, leaving him to put his answers into the hands of the court, and giving him no just ground for counter-pleas.

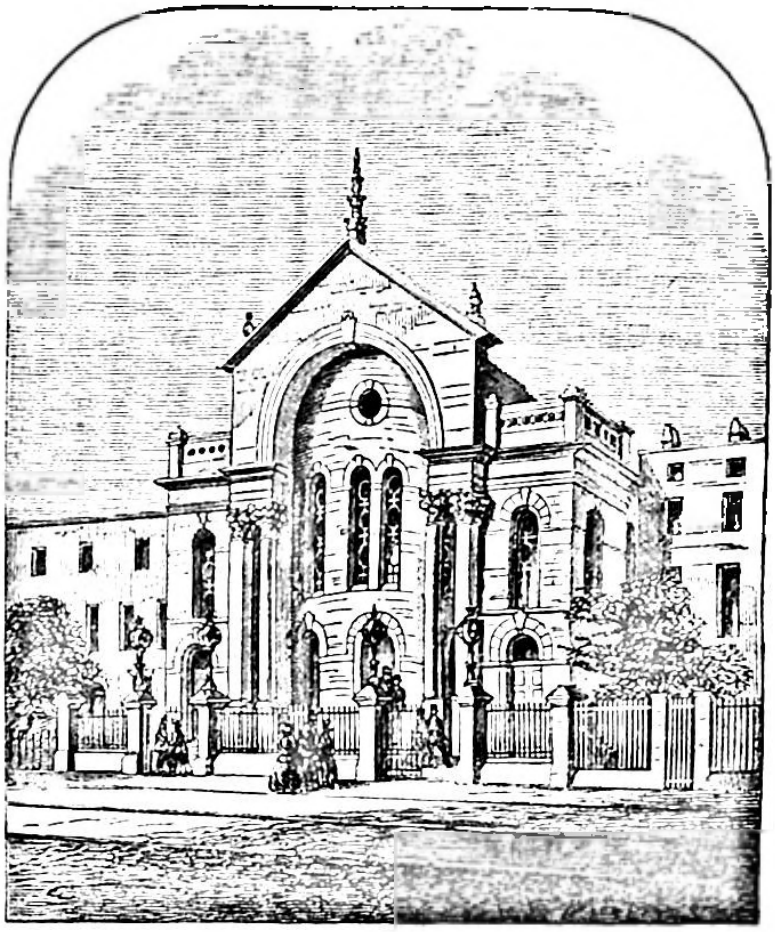
XXIX.

If you turn your back on God *six* days of the week, in *your* house, do not wonder if, on *one* day, God turns His back on you, in *His!*

XXX.

It is only in the dark that the glow-worm is to be seen; and, if you *will* take your lamp to it, you shall not see it. Symbol, truly, of many of the glowing lights of God's truth. Persist in looking at them by the light of *your* lamp, however well trimmed that lamp may be, and you shall not see them at all. They must be looked at in that Great Light which is their own!

The London Baptist Association.



BAPTIST CHAPEL, UPPER HOLLOWAY.

ON the 15th of January the first anniversary of the London Baptist Association was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. In the morning the ministers assembled in good numbers, and enjoyed much hallowed fraternal communion. In the afternoon they were joined by the delegates of the various churches, and the business of the association was transacted. Pastor W. Landels was appointed vice-president, and Mr. Brock was elected president for a second year. The chapel-building of the association proceeds with great vigour. Above we give an engraving of the first new chapel to be built in the Holloway-road by the association, the foundation stone of which was recently laid by Mr. Brock.

In the evening the public devotional meeting was held, at which there was a

very large attendance of persons who were admitted by ticket. Mr. Brock opened the proceedings, and said that it had seemed good to their Father to add to the number of the saved, in connection with their own body, upon a scale larger than they had known before. There was not a Christian in the assembly that would not rejoice to hear that, taking the fifty-nine or sixty churches in connection with their association, there had been an average of twenty-eight added to each of them. He believed that the association had had much to do in bringing about that result. The ministers had met each other at various times in good spirit, and it had done their hearts good to join in importunate pleadings and loving exhortations. If the association had any historical characteristic it would be that of prayer. They had had at their meetings very little oratory, but their engagements had been almost exclusively those of psalmody and supplication. Another thing which should be mentioned with gladness was that their churches had, within themselves, been at peace—not peaceful in the sense of sheer inertness, but peaceful in the proper sense of religious and spiritual peacefulness. Mr. Brock also spoke of the spiritual adversaries against which they had had to contend, and in a warm and earnest manner he expressed his conviction that in dependence upon God's strength they would be able next year to testify that the Lord their God was with them, and that the excellency of the power was with God and not with man.

Mr. G. Gould, of Norwich, then offered up prayer, and Mr. W. Landels gave an excellent and telling address on the necessity of individual Christian effort. We can only faintly indicate the character of this speech: it was full of earnest words that sank deep into the hearts of those present. Mr. Landels said their hearts had been gratified to hear of the progress of the churches of their body in Wales and in the United States, but they had also had brought before them at their gathering that day the most lamentable fact of the spiritual destitution which still existed in the great metropolis. God's power alone could convert, but the divinely-appointed channel for the exercise of that power was the holy, prayerful, devoted efforts of Christian men and women. The whole history of the church showed that it was not often this medium was set aside. Paul was more successful than other apostles because he was "in labours more abundant." Wesley and Whitefield were made blessings to so many souls because they made that the great end of their lives. What a small proportion of church members took part in direct efforts for the advancement of the Saviour's cause! Pecuniary contributions were all that some gave to the service of Christ. His cause, however, could never be promoted by pecuniary contributions alone; every talent must be employed for him. Let them have of paid agency as much as they pleased, but not as a substitute for personal effort. This matter of personal effort was illustrated in various ways, and the address concluded by calling upon the Christians present to exert themselves more than ever in presenting the realities of the future before the minds of the unconverted.

Mr. Spurgeon had been announced to address the meeting, but as Mr. Landels' speech had produced so powerful an impression upon both ministers and people, he suggested that there should be a few minutes of silent prayer, to be followed by special supplication by the brethren for the unsaved. Accordingly Mr. Spurgeon earnestly besought the Lord to save the souls of all present, and a number of ministers and deacons also rose spontaneously, and without ceasing offered up prayer for this one blessing—a blessing which, as Mr. Wm. Olney so well put it, was desired not for those who were the Lord's already, but for the strangers to God's power. In this way the rest of the evening was spent, and a more refreshing season we never had. The Holy Spirit seemed to flood the whole assembly, baptizing it in one common feeling. That our London churches will be benefited by the exercises of the evening we have no doubt; and if it should please our Heavenly Father to grant his ministers more earnestness and faith, the future history of the London Baptist Association will be so prosperous as to cause the devoutest wonder.



THE trees of the world's forest are all marked for the axe; let us not build our nests upon them. They will come down ere long beneath the strokes of time and death, and we shall share their fall if we seek our comfort in them.

Dear reader, set not your affection upon the fleeting things of time, but seek an everlasting portion, which shall be yours when sun and moon grow dim. Jesus, the Son of God, saves all those who trust their souls in his hands. His death upon the cross has made a great atonement for the sins of all those who believe in him. If you have never looked to him for life and pardon, LOOK NOW. Tarry not, for time is short.

In my lonely meditations I heard a voice, as of one that spake in the name of the Lord. I bowed my head to receive the message, and the voice said, "Cry," and when I said, "What shall I cry?" the answer came to me as to Isaiah of old, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass." Then I thought I saw before me a great meadow wide and far reaching, and it was like to a rainbow for its many colours, for the flowers of summer were in their beauty. In the midst thereof I marked a mower of dark and cruel aspect, who with a scythe most sharp and glittering, was clearing mighty stretches of the field at each sweep, and laying the fair flowers in withering heaps. He advanced with huge strides of leagues at once, leaving desolation behind him, and I understood that the mower's name was Death. As I looked I was afraid for my house, and my children, for my kinsfolk and acquaintance, and for myself also; for the mower drew nearer and nearer, and as he came onward a voice was heard as of a trumpet, and it said in my ear what I trust, dear reader, it may say in thine,

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

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Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXV.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David. *David is pictured in this psalm as in a faithful miniature. His holy trust, his many conflicts, his great transgression, his bitter repentance, and his deep distresses are all here; so that we see the very heart of "the man after God's own heart." It is evidently a composition of David's later days, for he mentions the sins of his youth, and from its painful references to the craft and cruelty of his many foes, it will not be too speculative a theory to refer it to the period when Absalom was heading the great rebellion against him. This has been styled the second of the seven Penitential Psalms. It is the mark of a true saint that his sorrows remind him of his sins, and his sorrow for sin drives him to his God.*

SUBJECT AND DIVISION.—*The twenty-two verses of this Psalm begin in the original with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet in their proper order. It is the first instance we have had of an inspired acrostic or alphabetical song. This method may have been adopted by the writer to assist the memory; and the Holy Spirit may have employed it to show us that the graces of style and the arts of poetry may lawfully be used in his service. Why should not all the wit and ingenuity of man be sanctified to noblest ends by being laid upon the altar of God? From the singularity of the structure of the Psalm, it is not easy to discover any marked divisions; there are great changes of thought, but there is no variation of subject: the moods of the writer's mind are twofold—prayer and meditation; and as these appear in turns, we shall thus divide the verses. Prayer from verses* 1 *to* 7; *meditation, verses* 8, 9, 10; *prayer, verse* 11; *meditation. verses* 12—15; *prayer, verses* 16 *to end.*

EXPOSITION.

UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

3 Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

4 Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

5 Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou *art* the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

6 Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses; for they *have been* ever of old.

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

1. "*Unto thee, O Lord.*"—See how the holy soul flies to its God like a dove to its cote. When the storm-winds are out, the Lord's vessels put about and make for their well-remembered harbour of refuge. What a mercy that the Lord will condescend to hear our cries in time of trouble, although we may have almost forgotten him in our hours of fancied prosperity. "*Unto thee, O Jehovah, do I lift up my soul.*" It is but mockery to uplift the hands and the eyes unless we also bring our souls into our devotions. True prayer may be described as the soul rising from earth to have fellowship with heaven; it is taking a journey upon Jacob's ladder, leaving our cares and fears at the foot, and meeting with a covenant God at the top. Very often the soul cannot rise, she has lost her wings, and is heavy and earth-bound; more like a burrowing mole than a soaring eagle. At such dull seasons we must not give over prayer, but must, by God's assistance, exert all our powers to lift up our hearts. Let faith be the lever and

grace be the arm, and the dead lump will yet be stirred. But what a lift it has sometimes proved With all our tugging and straining we have been utterly defeated, until the heavenly loadstone of our Saviour's love has displayed its omnipotent attractions, and then our hearts have gone up to our Beloved like mounting flames of fire.

2. "*O my God.*" This title is more dear and near than the name Jehovah, which is used in the first sentence. Already the sweet singer has drawn nearer to his heavenly helper, for he makes bold to grasp him with the hand of assured possession, calling him, my God. Oh the more than celestial music of that word—"*my God!*" It is to be observed that the psalmist does not deny expression to those gracious feelings with which God had favoured him; he does not fall into loathsome mock modesty, but finding in his soul a desire to seek the Lord he avows it; believing that he had a rightful interest in Jehovah he declares it, and knowing that he had confidence in his God he professes it; "*O my God, I trust in thee.*" Faith is the cable which binds our boat to the shore, and by pulling at it we draw ourselves to the land; faith unites us to God, and then draws us near to him. As long as the anchor of faith holds there is no fear in the worst tempest; if that should fail us there would be no hope left. We must see to it that our faith is sound and strong, for otherwise prayer cannot prevail with God. Woe to the warrior who throws away his shield; what defence can be found for him who finds no defence in his God? "*Let me not be ashamed.*" Let not my disappointed hopes make me feel ashamed of my former testimonies to thy faithfulness. Many were on the watch for this. The best of men have their enemies, and should pray against them that they may not see their wicked desires accomplished. "*Let not mine enemies triumph over me.*" Suffer no wicked mouth to make blasphemous mirth out of my distresses by asking, "Where is thy God?" There is a great jealousy in believers for the honour of God, and they cannot endure that unbelievers should taunt them with the failure of their expectations from the God of their salvation. All other trusts will end in disappointment and eternal shame, but our confidence shall never be confounded.

3. "*Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed.*" Suffering enlarges the heart by creating the power to sympathize. If we pray eagerly for ourselves, we shall not long be able to forget our fellow-sufferers. None pity the poor like those who have been or are still poor, none have such tenderness for the sick as those who have been long in ill health themselves. We ought to be grateful for occasional griefs if they preserve us from chronic hard-heartedness; for of all afflictions, an unkind heart is the worst, it is a plague to its possessor, and a torment to those around him. Prayer when it is of the Holy Ghost's teaching is never selfish; the believer does not sue for monopolies for himself, but would have all in like case to partake of divine mercy with him. The prayer may be viewed as a promise; our Heavenly Father will never let his trustful children find him untrue or unkind. He will ever be mindful of his covenant. "*Let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.*" David had given his enemies no provocation; their hatred was wanton. Sinners have no justifiable reason or valid excuse for transgressing; they benefit no one, not even themselves by their sins; the law against which they transgress is not harsh or unjust; God is not a tyrannical ruler, providence is not a bondage: men sin because they will sin, not because it is either profitable or reasonable to do so. Hence shame is their fitting reward. May they blush with penitential shame now, or else they will not be able to escape the everlasting contempt and the bitter shame which is the promotion of fools in the world to come.

4. "*Shew me thy ways, O Lord.*" Unsanctified natures clamour for their own way, but gracious spirits cry, "Not my will, but thine be done." We cannot at all times discern the path of duty, and at such times it is our wisdom to apply to the Lord himself. Frequently the dealings of God with us are mysterious, and then also we may appeal to him as his own interpreter, and in due time he will make all things plain. Moral, providential and mental forms of guidance

are all precious gifts of a gracious God to a teachable people. The second petition, "*teach me thy paths*," appears to mean more than the first, and may be illustrated by the case of a little child who should say to his father, "Father, first tell me which is the way, and then teach my little trembling feet to walk in it." What weak dependent creatures we are! How constantly should we cry to the Strong for strength!

5. "*Lead me in thy truth, and teach me.*" The same request as in the last verse. The little child having begun to walk, asks to be still led onward by its parent's helping hand, and to be further instructed in the alphabet of truth. Experimental teaching is the burden of this prayer. Lead me according to thy truth, and prove thyself faithful; lead me into truth that I may know its preciousness, lead me by the way of truth that I may manifest its spirit. David knew much, but he felt his ignorance, and desired to be still in the Lord's school; four times over in these two verses he applies for a scholarship in the college of grace. It were well for many professors if instead of following their own devices, and cutting out new paths of thought for themselves, they would enquire for the good old ways of God's own truth, and beseech the Holy Ghost to give them sanctified understandings and teachable spirits. "*For thou art the God of my salvation.*" The Three-One Jehovah is the Author and Perfecter of salvation to his people. Reader, is he the God of *your* salvation? Do you find in the Father's election, in the Son's atonement, and in the Spirit's quickening all the grounds of your eternal hopes? If so, you may use this as an argument for obtaining further blessings; if the Lord has ordained to save you, surely he will not refuse to instruct you in his ways. It is a happy thing when we can address the Lord with the confidence which David here manifests, it gives us great power in prayer, and comfort in trial. "*On thee do I wait all the day.*" Patience is the fair handmaid and daughter of faith; we cheerfully wait when we are certain that we shall not wait in vain. It is our duty and our privilege to wait upon the Lord in service, in worship, in expectancy, in trust all the days of our life. Our faith will be tried faith, and if it be of the true kind, it will bear continued trial without yielding. We shall not grow weary of waiting upon God if we remember how long and how graciously he once waited for us.

6. "*Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses.*" We are usually tempted in seasons of affliction to fear that our God has forgotten us, or forgotten his usual kindness towards us; hence the soul doth as it were put the Lord in remembrance, and beseech him to recollect those deeds of love which once he wrought towards it. There is a holy boldness which ventures thus to deal with the Most High, let us cultivate it; but there is also an unholy unbelief which suggests our fears, let us strive against it with all our might. What gems are those two expressions, "*tender mercies and loving-kindnesses*"! They are the virgin honey of language; for sweetness no words can excel them; but as for the gracious favours which are intended by them, language fails to describe them.

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love and praise."

If the Lord will only do unto us in the future as in the past, we shall be well content. We seek no change in the divine action, we only crave that the river of grace may never cease to flow.

"*For they have been ever of old.*" A more correct translation would be "from eternity." David was a sound believer in the doctrine of God's eternal love. The Lord's loving-kindnesses are no novelties. When we plead with him to bestow them upon us, we can urge use and custom of the most ancient kind. In courts of law men make much of precedents, and we may plead them at the throne of grace. "Faith," saith Dickson, "must make use of experiences and read them over unto God, out of the register of a sanctified memory, as a recorder to him who cannot forget." With an unchangeable God

it is a most effectual argument to remind him of his ancient mercies and his eternal love. By tracing all that we enjoy to the fountain-head of everlasting love we shall greatly cheer our hearts, and those do us but sorry service who try to dissuade us from meditating upon election and its kindred topics.

7. "*Remember not the sins of my youth.*" Sin is *the* stumbling-block. This is the thing to be removed. Lord, pass an act of oblivion for all my sins, and especially for the hot-blooded wanton follies of my younger years. Those offences which we remember with repentance God forgets, but if we forget them, justice will bring them forth to punishment. The world winks at the sins of young men, and yet they are none so little after all; the bones of our youthful feastings at Satan's table will stick painfully in our throats when we are old men. He who presumes upon his youth is poisoning his old age. How large a tear may wet this page as some of us reflect upon the past! "*Nor my transgressions.*" Another word for the same evils. Sincere penitents cannot get through their confessions at a gallop; they are constrained to use many bemoanings, for their swarming sins smite them with so innumerable griefs. A painful sense of any one sin provokes the believer to repentance for the whole mass of his iniquities. Nothing but the fullest and clearest pardon will satisfy a thoroughly awakened conscience. David would have his sins not only forgiven, but forgotten.

"*According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.*" David and the dying thief breathe the same prayer, and doubtless they grounded it upon the same plea, viz., the free grace and unmerited goodness of Jehovah. We dare not ask to have our portion measured from the balances of justice, but we pray to be dealt with by the hand of mercy.

8 Good and upright *is* the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

9 The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

10 All the paths of the LORD *are* mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

These three verses are a meditation upon the attributes and acts of the Lord. He who toils in the harvest field of prayer should occasionally pause awhile and refresh himself with a meal of meditation.

8. "*Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.*" Here the goodness and the rectitude of the divine character are beheld in friendly union; he who would see them thus united in bonds of perfect amity must stand at the foot of the cross and view them blended in the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus. It is no less true than wonderful that through the atonement the justice of God pleads as strongly as his grace for the salvation of the sinners whom Jesus died to save. Moreover, as a good man naturally endeavours to make others like himself, so will the Lord our God in his compassion bring sinners into the way of holiness and conform them to his own image; thus the goodness of our God leads us to expect the reclaiming of sinful men. We may not conclude from God's goodness that he will save those sinners who continue to wander in their own ways, but we may be assured that he will renew transgressors' hearts and guide them into the way of holiness. Let those who desire to be delivered from sin take comfort from this. God himself will condescend to be the teacher of sinners. What a ragged school is this for God to teach in! God's teaching is practical; he teaches sinners not only the doctrine, but *the way*.

9. "*The meek will he guide in judgment.*" Meek spirits are in high favour with the Father of the meek and lowly Jesus, for he sees in them the image of his only-begotten Son. They know their need of guidance, and are willing to submit their own understandings to the divine will, and therefore the Lord condescends to be their guide. Humble spirits are in this verse endowed with a rich inheritance; let them be of good cheer. Trouble puts gentle spirits to their wits' ends, and drives them to act without discretion, but grace comes to

the rescue, enlightens their mind to follow that which is just, and helps them to discern the way in which the Lord would have them to go. Proud of their own wisdom fools will not learn, and therefore miss their road to heaven, but lowly hearts sit at Jesu's feet, and find the gate of glory, for "*the meek will he teach his way.*" Blessed teacher! Favoured scholar! Divine lesson! My soul, be thou familiar with the whole.

10. This is a rule without an exception. God is good to those that be good. Mercy and faithfulness shall abound towards those who through mercy are made faithful. Whatever outward appearances may threaten we should settle it steadfastly in our minds that while grace enables us to obey the Lord's will we need not fear that Providence will cause us any real loss. There shall be mercy in every unsavoury morsel, and faithfulness in every bitter drop; let not our hearts be troubled, but let us rest by faith in the immutable covenant of Jehovah, which is ordered in all things and sure. Yet this is not a general truth to be trampled upon by swine, it is a pearl for a child's neck. Gracious souls, by faith resting upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus, *keep* the *covenant* of the Lord, and, being sanctified by the Holy Spirit, they walk in *his testimonies;* these will find all things co-working for their good, but to the sinner there is no such promise. Keepers of the covenant shall be kept by the covenant; those who follow the Lord's commands shall find the Lord's mercy following them.

11 For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it *is* great.

This sentence of prayer would seem out of place were it not that prayer is always in its place, whether in season or out of season. Meditation having refreshed the Psalmist, he falls to his weighty work again, and wrestles with God for the remission of his sin. "*For thy name's sake, O Lord.*" Here is a blessed, never-failing plea. Not for our sakes or our merits' sake, but to glorify thy mercy, and to show forth the glory of thy divine attributes. "*Pardon mine iniquity.*" It is confessed, it is abhorred, it is consuming my heart with grief; Lord forgive it; let thine own lips pronounce my absolution. "*For it is great.*" It weighs so heavily upon me that I pray thee remove it. Its greatness is no difficulty with thee, for thou art a great God, but the misery which it causes to me is my argument with thee for speedy pardon. Lord, the patient is sore sick, therefore heal him. To pardon a great sinner will bring thee great glory, therefore for thy name's sake pardon me. Observe how this verse illustrates the logic of faith, which is clean contrary to that of a legal spirit; faith looks not for merit in the creature, but hath regard to the goodness of the Creator; and instead of being staggered by the demerits of sin it looks to the precious blood, and pleads all the more vigorously because of the urgency of the case.

12 What man *is* he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way *that* he shall choose.

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

14 The secret of the LORD *is* with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

15 Mine eyes *are* ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

12. "*What man is he that feareth the Lord?*" Let the question provoke self-examination. Gospel privileges are not for every pretender. Art thou of the seed royal or no? "*Him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.*" Those whose hearts are right shall not err for want of heavenly direction. Where God sanctifies the heart he enlightens the head. We all wish to choose our way; but what a mercy is it when the Lord directs that choice, and makes free-will to be good-will! If we make our will God's will, God will let us have our will.

God does not violate our will, but leaves much to our choice; nevertheless, he instructs our wills, and so we choose that which is well-pleasing in his sight. The will should be subject to law; there is a way which we should choose, but so ignorant are we that we need to be taught, and so wilful that none but God himself can teach us effectually.

13. He who fears God has nothing else to fear. "*His soul shall dwell at ease.*" He shall lodge in the chamber of content. One may sleep as soundly in the little bed in the corner as in the Great Bed of Ware; it is not abundance but content that gives true ease. Even here, having learned by grace both to abound and to be empty, the believer dwells at ease; but how profound will be the ease of his soul for ever! There he will enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*;" ease and glory shall go together. Like a warrior whose battles are over, or a husbandman whose barns are full, his soul shall take its ease, and be merry for ever. "*His seed shall inherit the earth.*" God remembers Isaac for the sake of Abraham, and Jacob for the sake of Isaac. Good men's sons have a goodly portion to begin the world with, but many of them, alas! turn a father's blessing into a curse. The promise is not broken because in some instances men wilfully refuse to receive it; moreover, it is in its spiritual meaning that it now holds good; our spiritual seed do inherit all that was meant by "*the earth*," or Canaan; they receive the blessing of the new covenant. May the Lord make us the joyful parents of many spiritual children, and we shall have no fears about their maintenance, for the Lord will make each one of them princes in all the earth.

14. "*The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.*" Some read it "the friendship:" it signifies familiar intercourse, confidential intimacy, and select fellowship. This is a great secret. Carnal minds cannot guess what is intended by it, and even believers cannot explain it in words, for it must be felt to be known. The higher spiritual life is necessarily a path which the eagle's eye hath not known, and which the lion's whelp has not travelled; neither natural wisdom nor strength can force a door into this inner chamber. Saints have the key of heaven's hieroglyphics; they can unriddle celestial enigmas. They are initiated into the fellowship of the skies; they have heard words which it is not possible for them to repeat to their fellows. "*And he will shew them his covenant.*" Its antiquity, security, righteousness, fulness, graciousness and excellence shall be revealed to their hearts and understandings, and above all, their own part in it shall be sealed to their souls by the witness of the Holy Spirit. The designs of love which the Lord has to his people in the covenant of grace, he has been pleased to show to believers in the Book of Inspiration, and by his Spirit he leads us into the mystery, even the hidden mystery of redemption. He who does not know the meaning of this verse, will never learn it from a commentary; let him look to the cross, for the secret lies there.

15. "*Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.*" The writer claims to be fixed in his trust, and constant in his expectation; he looks in confidence, and waits in hope. We may add to this look of faith and hope the obedient look of service, the humble look of reverence, the admiring look of wonder, the studious look of meditation, and the tender look of affection. Happy are those whose eyes are never removed from their God. "The eye," says Solomon, "is never satisfied with seeing," but this sight is the most satisfying in the world. "*For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.*" Observe the conflicting condition in which a gracious soul may be placed, his eyes are in heaven and yet his feet are sometimes in a net; his nobler nature ceases not to behold the glories of God, while his baser parts are enduring the miseries of the world. A net is the common metaphor for temptation. The Lord often keeps his people from falling into it, and if they have fallen he rescues them. The word "*pluck*" is a rough word, and saints who have fallen into sin find that the means of their restoration are not always easy to the flesh; the Lord plucks at us sharply to let us feel that sin is an exceeding bitter thing. But what a mercy is here! Believer, be very grateful for it. The Lord will deliver us from the cunning devices of our cruel enemy, and even if through infirmity we have fallen into sin, he will not leave us to be utterly

destroyed but will pluck us out of our dangerous state; though our feet are in the net, if our eyes are up unto God, mercy certainly will interpose.

16 Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I *am* desolate and afflicted.

17 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: *O* bring thou me out of my distresses.

18 Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

19 Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

20 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

21 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

22 Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

16. His own eyes were fixed upon God, but he feared that the Lord had averted his face from him in anger. Oftentimes unbelief suggests that God has turned his back upon us. If we know that we turn to God we need not fear that he will turn from us, but may boldly cry, "*Turn thee unto me.*" The ground of quarrel is always in ourselves, and when that is removed there is nothing to prevent our full enjoyment of communion with God. "*Have mercy upon me.*" Saints still must stand upon the footing of mercy; notwithstanding all their experience they cannot get beyond the publican's prayer, "Have mercy upon me." "*For I am desolate and afflicted.*" He was lonely and bowed down. Jesus was in the days of his flesh in just such a condition; none could enter into the secret depths of his sorrows, he trod the winepress alone, and hence he is able to succour in the fullest sense those who tread the solitary path.

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door."

17. "*The troubles of my heart are enlarged.*" When trouble penetrates the heart it is trouble indeed. In the case before us, the heart was swollen with grief like a lake surcharged with water by enormous floods; this is used as an argument for deliverance, and it is a potent one. When the darkest hour of the night arrives we may expect the dawn; when the sea is at its lowest ebb the tide must surely turn; and when our troubles are enlarged to the greatest degree, then may we hopefully pray, "*O bring thou me out of my distresses.*"

18. "*Look upon mine affliction and my pain.*" Note the many trials of the saints; here we have no less than six words all descriptive of woe. "Desolate, and afflicted, troubles enlarged, distresses, affliction, and pain." But note yet more the submissive and believing spirit of a true saint; all he asks for is, "Lord, look upon my evil plight;" he does not dictate, or even express a complaint; a look from God will content him, and that being granted he asks no more. Even more noteworthy is the way in which the believer under affliction discovers the true source of all the mischief, and lays the axe at the root of it. "*Forgive all my sins,*" is the cry of a soul that is more sick of sin than of pain, and would sooner be forgiven than healed. Blessed is the man to whom sin is more unbearable than disease, he shall not be long before the Lord shall both forgive his iniquity and heal his diseases. Men are slow to see the intimate connection between sin and sorrow, a grace-taught heart alone feels it.

19. "*Consider mine enemies.*" Watch them, weigh them, check them, defeat them. "*For they are many.*" They need the eyes of Argus to watch them, and the arms of Hercules to match them, but the Lord is more than sufficient to

defeat them. The devils of hell and the evils of earth are all vanquished when the Lord makes bare his arm. "*They hate me with cruel hatred.*" It is the breath of the serpent's seed to hate; their progenitor was a hater, and they themselves must needs imitate him. No hate so cruel as that which is unreasonable and unjust. A man can forgive one who has injured him, but one whom he has injured he hates implacably. "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," is still our Master's word to us.

20. "*O keep my soul*" out of evil, "*and deliver me*" when I fall into it. This is another version of the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"*Let me not be ashamed.*" This is the one fear which like a ghost haunted the psalmist's mind. He trembled lest his faith should become the subject of ridicule through the extremity of his affliction. Noble hearts can brook anything but shame. David was of such a chivalrous spirit, that he could endure any torment rather than to be put to dishonour. "*For I put my trust in thee.*" And therefore the name of God would be compromised if his servant were deserted; this the believing heart can by no means endure.

21. "*Let integrity and uprightness preserve me.*" What better practical safeguards can a man require? If we do not prosper with these as our guides, it is better for us to suffer adversity. Even the ungodly world admits that "honesty is the best policy." The heir of heaven makes assurance doubly sure, for apart from the rectitude of his public life, he enlists the guardian care of heaven in secret prayer; "*for I wait on thee.*" To pretend to wait on God without holiness of life is religious hypocrisy, and to trust to our own integrity without calling upon God is presumptuous atheism. Perhaps the integrity and uprightness referred to are those righteous attributes of God, which faith rests upon as a guarantee that the Lord will not forfeit his word.

22. "*Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.*" This is a very comprehensive prayer, including all the faithful and all their trials. Sorrow had taught the psalmist sympathy, and given him communion with the tried people of God; he therefore remembers them in his prayers. *Israel*, the tried, the wrestling, the conquering hero, fit representative of all the saints. Israel in Egypt, in the wilderness, in wars with Canaanites, in captivity, fit type of the church militant on earth. Jesus is the Redeemer from trouble as well as sin, he is a complete Redeemer, and from every evil he will rescue every saint. Redemption by blood is finished; O God, send us redemption by power. Amen and Amen.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—Cyprian saith that in the primitive times the minister was wont to prepare the people's minds to pray by saying, "Lift up your hearts." The Jews at this day write upon the walls of their synagogues these words:—"*A prayer without the intention of the affection is like a body without a soul;*" and yet their devotion is mere outside, saith one—a brainless head and a soulless body. "This people draw nigh to me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." (Isaiah xxix. 13.) A carnal man can as little lift up his heart in prayer as a mole can fly. A David finds it a hard task; since the best heart is lumpish, and naturally heareth downward, as the poise of a clock, as the lead of a net. Let us therefore lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us; and pray God to draw us up to himself as the load-stone doth the iron.—*John Trapp.*

Verse 3 *(last clause.)*—Let shame be sent to the right owner, even to those that deal disloyally, unprovoked on my part; and so it was, for *Achitophel* hanged himself, *Absalom* was trussed up by the hand of God and despatched by Joab; the people that conspired with him, partly perished by the sword, and partly fled home much ashamed of their enterprise. Oh the power of prayer! What may not the saints have for asking!—*John Trapp.*

Verse 9.—Never will this docility be found in any man until the heart, which is naturally elated and filled with pride, has been humbled and subdued. As the Hebrew word denotes the *poor* or *afflicted*, and is employed in a metaphorical sense to denote *the meek and humble*, it is probable that David, under this term, includes the afflictions which serve to restrain and subdue the frowardness of the flesh, as well as the grace of

humility itself; as if he had said, When God has first humbled them, then he kindly stretches forth his hand to them, and leads and guides them throughout the whole course of their life.—*John Calvin.*

Verse 9 *(last clause).*—Such as lie at his feet and say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," such whose hearts are *supple* and *soluble*, tractable, and teachable, so that a *little child* may *lead them*. (Isaiah xi. 6.) Austin was such an one. Saith he, "I am here an old man ready to learn of a young man, my coadjutor in the ministry, who hath scarce been one year in the service."—*John Trapp.*

Verse 13.—In the reception of the gifts of God they do not devour them without feeling a sense of their sweetness, but really relish, so that the smallest competency is of more avail to satisfy them than the greatest abundance is to satisfy the ungodly. Thus, according as every man is contented with his condition, and cheerfully cherishes a spirit of patience and tranquillity, his soul is said *to dwell in good.*—*John Calvin.*

Verse 13.—*The earth. The earth, or the land*, to wit, Canaan; which was promised and given, as an earnest of the whole covenant of grace and all its promises, and therefore is synecdochically put for all of them. The sense is, his seed shall be blessed. —*Matthew Pool.*

Verse 14.—It is neither learning nor labour that can give insight into God's secrets, those *Arcana imperii*, "The mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xiii. 11.) "The mind of Christ." (1 Cor. ii. 16.) These things come by revelation rather than by discourse of reason, and must therefore be obtained by prayer. Those that diligently seek him shall be of his *Cabinet Council*, shall know his soul secrets, and be admitted into a gracious familiarity and friendship. "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." (John xv. 15.)—*John Trapp.*

Verse 14.—Albeit the Lord's covenant with the visible church be open, and plain in itself to all men in all the articles thereof; yet it is a mystery to know the inward sweet fellowship which a soul may have with God by virtue of this covenant; and a man fearing God shall know this mystery, when such as are covenanters only in the letter do remain ignorant thereof; for *to the fearers of God only* is this promise made, that *to them the Lord will show his covenant.*—*David Dickson.*

Verse 15.—As the sense of sight is very quick, and exercises an entire influence over the whole frame, it is no uncommon thing to find all the affections denoted by the term *eyes.*—*John Calvin.*

Verse 15.—Encouraged to hope for the blessings above mentioned, the lowly suppliant still continues to fix the eyes of his understanding on their proper object, God his Saviour, beholding his glory, attending to his will, and expecting his mercy. An unfortunate dove whose feet are taken in the snare of the fowler, is a fine emblem of the soul, entangled in the cares or pleasures of the world, from which she desires by the power of grace to fly away, and to be at rest with her glorified Redeemer.—*Bishop Horne.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Heavenly machinery for uplifting an earthbound soul.

Verse 1.—Genuine devotion described and commended.

Verse 2.—The soul at anchor, and the two rocks from which it would be delivered.

Verse 3.—Shame out of place and in place.

Verse 4.—Practical divinity the best study; God the best teacher; Prayer the mode of entrance into the school.

Verses 4 & 5.—"*Shew.*" "*Teach.*" "*Lead.*" Three classes in the school of grace.

Verse 5.—I. Sanctification desired. II. Assurance enjoyed. III. Patience exercised.

Verse 5.—"*Thou art the God of my salvation.*" A rich and overflowing text.

Verse 6.—The antiquity of mercy.

Verses 6 & 7.—The three Remembers.

Verse 7.—Oblivion desired and remembrance entreated. Note "*my*," and "*thy*."

Verse 8.—Opposing attributes co-working. God teaching sinners—a great wonder.

Verse 9.—"*The meek.*" Who they are? What are their privileges? How to be like them?

Verse 10.—God's mercy and faithfulness in providence, and the persons who may derive comfort therefrom.

Verse 11.—A model prayer. Confession, argument, entreaty, &c.

Verse 12.—Free will at school questioned and instructed.

Verse 13.—A man at ease for time and eternity.

Verse 14.—I. A secret, and who know it. II. A wonder, and who see it.

Verse 15.—I. What we are like. A silly bird. II. What is our danger? "Net." III. Who is our friend? "The Lord." IV. What is our wisdom? "*Mine eyes*," *&c.*

Verse 16.—A desolate soul seeking heavenly company, and an afflicted spirit crying for divine mercy. Our God the balm of all our wounds.

Verse 17.—Special seasons of trouble and special resort to prayer.

Verse 18.—I. It is well when our sorrows remind us of our sins. II. When we are as earnest to be forgiven as to be delivered. III. When we bring both to the right place in prayer. IV. When we are submissive about our sorrows, "*Look*," *&c.*, but very explicit about our sins. "*Forgive*," *&c.*

Verse 21.—The open way of safety in action, and the secret way of safety in devotion.

Verse 21.—Soul preservation. I. Its twofold character, "Keep and deliver." II. Its dreadful alternative, "Let me not be ashamed." III. Its effectual guarantee, "I put my trust in thee."

Verse 22.—Jacob's life as typical of ours may illustrate this prayer.

Money, and its Use for God.

HOW seldom do we fully and rightly recognise the position in which we, as the creatures of God's power and will, stand in the sight of our Creator! Placed in this beautiful world, with every bodily comfort supplied, with our hands filled with wealth and our barns stored with plenty, we too often dream of full possession bequeathed to us from our ancestors, and forget that we are but God's stewards, of whom a strict account will be required. The first duty of a steward is to use the possessions in his charge so that they may yield the fullest profit and benefit to his master. Is a forest given to his keeping? then he must see that the land is not over-burdened with useless produce, that each part of the domain receives its right and proper attention, that the estate is properly valued, and that the surplus timber is sold at the best market. So should we, whether acquiring, saving, or spending our wealth, lay everything out to the best advantage of our Master. Amongst the early Christians these personal considerations were scarcely needed. Their one common treasury served not only for the maintenance of the whole church, but found aid and assistance for the service of God as occasion required. True, our needs, or rather the needs of the gospel and its glorious cause, have increased with the growth of years, and this should be an additional reason for our giving.

In order to be orthodox we will take a text which shall be the representative of all wealth throughout the civilized world, viz., "Money," and to be further orthodox, we will take for the five heads of our sermon the letters which compose the word.

I. First, then, the letter "M." M stands for *Method*. The best manner of giving to the Lord is certainly by method. But we shall be asked—What method would you recommend? At a Missionary meeting amongst the Negroes some years back, the following three resolutions were carried unanimously:—1. That every one should give something. 2. That every one should give cheerfully. 3. That every one should give as God had prospered him.

"Every one to give something." "Union is strength," and "all" can easily accomplish what a "few" would be unable to perform. "England expects *every* man to do his duty," and God expects no less. Do not say that some gifts are too insignificant to be counted. "*Every* little makes a mickle." It requires an immense number of small bricks to build a large house. Nature teaches us not to despise little things. A few drops of rain and dew on the hill side produce the little rivulet; the rivulet, meeting in its course companion rills, becomes a stream, and the stream with similar conjunction swells into the mighty river, which empties itself into the ocean. "All at it and always at it," is the proper method of aiding the cause of God.

"Every one to give cheerfully." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." There is no State compulsion to make us give, no external or moral force is employed, and it is only a voluntary gift that can be acceptable to God. What an example in this respect do the Israelites set us! When the Tabernacle was to be set up in the wilderness, the question was asked where the material should come from! And to meet this difficulty, the men, women and children, unsolicited and unasked, brought their choicest and best ornaments and laid them at the feet of Moses and Aaron, to be used for the service of God. A preacher once classed the congregation before him as follows:—1. Those whose hearts seemed hard as stone, and out of whom it was almost impossible to wring a penny for the cause of God. 2. Those who, like sponges, would only give when pressed and squeezed a great deal. 3. Those who were like vessels overflowing, who were always ready to give when required, and who had learnt the Saviour's lesson—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"To give according as the Lord hath prospered us." This is the method approved by God in the Jewish dispensation, when he appointed tithes, first-fruits, &c. There are some people up to the present time, who give to the Lord a certain sum each year in proportion to their incomes. Has God prospered our trade, or our family, or our connection, then let us give to him a portion of that wealth he has so lovingly lent us. It is the strong man who is able to bear the heaviest loads, and it should be the richest man who gives the largest donations. A method like this makes giving easy, and it is this method which originated and now supports the weekly offering.

II. We now come to our second head, viz., "O." I think this letter should remind us of our *Obligation* to the Lord. How much owest thou thy Lord, Christian? Let us think for a moment of his mercies. Can you reckon them up? They are as numerous as the pulsations of our hearts, as the seconds into which time is divided. The ordinary mercies of this life, to which we owe our existence; the special personal gifts which we all receive at his hand, and above all, the gift of his Son; the sufferings which that Holy One endured; the salvation which was wrought out for us. Who can rightly or sufficiently understand the great obligations under which we are laid? And as the warm beams of the rising sun draw up the dew and moisture which have been diffused over the earth, so should the days of love and mercy, which descend upon us from our God, attract our gifts and graces in voluntary adherence towards himself. A minister lately observed that collectors for the Lord's cause were often called "beggars." "Beggars!" said he, "do you imagine that the Eternal God will beg of you? Think you that a God who can with a word create a world, will supplicate favours at your hands—a creature of his power?" So it is. If men would more often remember their obligation to the Most High, there would be fewer "*patrons*" of charity and more "*pleaders*" for the same.

Before we leave this head let me ask of my readers not to abuse the letter "O" by raising "Objections," but to seek and improve their "Opportunities" for doing good.

III. We have arrived at the letter "N," which surely means "Now." There's no time like the present. You with money in your pockets, use it for God before you lose it in the world. "The present is ours, the future is God's." The Bible says that, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." And surely we can say the same concerning "giving to his cause." Life, the present, to-day, *now*, "is the time to serve the Lord." A poor minister called upon a rich merchant and asked for a small donation, which was immediately granted. But before the minister left, the merchant received a letter announcing the total loss of one of his largest ships. He asked the minister for his cheque back, saying his wealth was departing. Then, tearing it up, he wrote one for four times the amount, saying, "I must use my money for God *now*, while he allows me to retain any."

IV. Our fourth head is "E," and this letter should remind us that what we do for God must be done "*Earnestly*." "Life is real, life is earnest," and there is

no stopping the moments as they fly into the past. We must have no half-heartedness in God's service. We must give from love to the cause, and an earnest desire for the promotion of Christ's work on the earth. The devil is earnest. We know it by his activity, perseverance and skill. The world is earnest in its business, pleasures, and pursuits. "Life is earnest, passing by, Death is earnest, drawing nigh;" and shall we, who have on our hands and hearts so glorious a cause, be trifling or uninterested? David was earnest in his desire to build the temple. It grieved him that the ark of God should dwell inside curtains. Oh that we too may have a holy grief when we see God's cause standing still, and whether in giving money or lending ourselves for Christ, may we be always in earnest, so as to become like David, "Men after God's own heart."

V. Now for our last head, the letter "Y." Christian reader, remember that all this talk about giving to the Lord's cause applies to *you*. God has delegated the work of preaching and promoting the gospel, not to the world, but to the church, and to you as a member of it. It is your particular and important work, and if *you* neglect it, you are neglecting a solemn office with which God has charged you. Is money required for the cause? then we come to *you* as the chosen channel of God's bounty. There are no exemptions from this list. The "You" includes each member of Christ's church. The pastor should lead the van. "Minister of God, the work of devoting your all to Christ, should be the very aim and object of your existence." Church officers, teachers, church members, to every one of *you* comes the appeal, the *personal* appeal. Father of a family, save up for old age and the exigencies of life if you will, but do not *you* forget to give to God's cause even as he hath prospered you. Remember how at the rebuilding of Jerusalem each man had to work at that part of the wall which was over against his own house. Do not let *your* work be neglected, and do not *you*, whoever you may be, incur the dread sentence given to an unprofitable servant! As the little Sunday-school boy said, as he hurried to the Missionary meeting, *you* have a share in the concern, surely then *you* ought to take a personal interest in the working of the same.

Giving to the Lord is a great privilege; may we use it as such! May we ever remember that precious Saviour who gave himself for us! May we ever be preserved if riches increase, from setting our hearts upon them! What a miserable creature is a selfish man, living neither for his God nor for his fellow creatures!

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, Creation's blank.

"But he who marks his radiant way
In deeds of love from day to day,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God."

W. OLNEY.

Our Meetings for February.

THE Church at the Tabernacle has resolved to set apart the month of February, as on former years, as a time of special devotion. So rich a blessing rested upon us, as the result of the gatherings of 1866, that we could not do otherwise than use the same means during 1867. Will our friends, far and near, unite with us in fervent supplications for a most mighty blessing. A great prayer meeting will (D.V) be held on Monday, February 11th, at seven o'clock, when we hope to see our great Tabernacle full and running over. Tickets can be had on application to the elders and deacons at the Tabernacle, or by letter, enclosing a stamp, directed to Mr. Cook, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.

Reviews.

Hymns of Faith and Hope. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. Third Series. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

We do not consider that our judgment in the matter of poetry is worthy of notice, and therefore we write with respectful diffidence upon this third series of Hymns by our highly esteemed friend. Whatever he writes is good, and if we criticise it shall only be by comparing the present with his former efforts. We conceive that the *poetic* vein of this volume is quite as rich as that of the two preceding; but the freshness of hymnal power appears to us to have greatly declined. There are no compositions in this series which are likely to become popular favourites, and to enrich every Hymn-book, as "I lay my sins on Jesus," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," and others have done. The author's version of some of the Psalms does not attract us; the man is not yet born who shall give us a worthy translation in verse of David's Psalms. Having said thus much honestly, we most cordially add that our heart has been refreshed in perusing these charming sonnets, and we wish the author long life and abundant anointing from the Holy One, that the church may continue to be comforted and edified by his melodious strains. Those who are acquainted with the first and second series will scarcely need our recommendation of the third. Among many gems the following charmed us with its earnest, practical spirit:—

"LIFE'S PRAISE.

"Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise;
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

"Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

"Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

"Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.

"Not in the temple-crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

"Upon the bed of weariness,
With fevered eye and brain;
Or standing by another's couch
Watching the pulse of pain.

"Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and stedfast will;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.

"Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small,
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.

"Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.

"So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

"So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turned into song;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

"So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee."

British Workman, and *Band of Hope Review.* Yearly Parts. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

There can be but one opinion of these unrivalled papers. Their most daring competitors are far behind them. They deserve a circulation of millions. Bound up in yearly volumes, they are among the cheapest and handsomest presents for working men and youths.

The Divine Origin of Mnemonics. By William Stokes. Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

This little treatise clearly shows that what is styled "Artificial Memory" has its origin in the natural laws of the human mind. We are unable to judge of the use intended to be made of it by the author, as it is carefully precluded from his publication.

The Mother's Friend for 1866. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Aims to make the mothers of England mothers in Israel.

The Scattered Nation (Elliot Stock) commences the new year with a good number of well selected papers on the signs of the times with relation to the present condition and future prosperity of the Jews.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Edward Leach has published in a separate form, and for One Penny, the narrative of Mrs. Bartlett's Class, which originally appeared in this Magazine. The pamphlet is entitled *The Earnest Woman;* and Mr. Stock, of No. 62, Paternoster Row, is the publisher. In *The Holy Child Jesus* (Macintosh) we have an excellent Tract by the author of "God loves You," giving in the simplest language the History of our Blessed Lord's Life and Work on earth. *Is your Soul worth Saving?* (Macintosh) by the same author, is a tract enforcing the importance of the truth that "the redemption of the soul is precious." We do not like the title, for we have never met with a thoughtless sinner who did not profess to believe his soul was worth saving; and the object of a good tract is to arrest the attention by a proposition which startles rather than by one which suggests a jest or a mere platitude.

British Workwoman out and at Home. Monthly. One Penny. Job Caudwell, 335, Strand. Simpkin & Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

Following in the wake of that excellent periodical, "The British Workman," as to style, this paper aims to be more distinctively spiritual. The object of the publication has our warmest sympathy. The engravings are frequently of the highest order and are usually good, but we cannot help observing that some few are quite below the mark; our wonder is that anything so good in the matter of engravings can be given at all for such a nominal price, and in such profusion. The matter is highly entertaining and yet solidly useful. The author deserves the aid of Christian people in his effort to introduce the gospel in an interesting manner to the mothers of the million. We trust that he may have sufficient support to encourage him to persevere. We have much the same remarks to make upon "The British Juvenile," which is published by the same house at the same price. There must be a substantial body of godly people in this land of ours to maintain so many useful monthlies.

The "*Sunday Magazine*" for last month contains many instructive articles, nearly all of which display much originality in illustrating Scripture truths. We confess that in a paper upon "How to use the Epistles," we should like to have seen a commendation of Paul's masterly defence of the doctrine of justification by faith in the Epistle to the Romans, and of the doctrine of the atonement in the Epistle to the Hebrews. We are glad the subject will be continued, and hope to find full satisfaction in the sequel. "*Good Words*" has an excellent article on the meteoric shower of last November, adapted to all readers as well as to scientific enquirers. It contains also a full description of the Atlantic Telegraph, traces the history of the discovery, shows its present method of operation, and evinces its capability of further improvement. It has its usual measure of romance, with which we have little or no sympathy, but rather look upon as an outrage upon the title of "Good Words." "*The Mother's Treasury*," "*The Sunday Teachers' Treasury*," and "*The Missing Link Magazine*," retain their full interest. "*Old Jonathan*" is a favourite periodical with us for the purity of its design, and its adaptation to the capacities and means of those for whose benefit it is specially intended.

Songs in Sorrow and Songs of Joy. By C. H. J. A new and enlarged edition. Edinburgh: James Taylor, 31, Castle Street. London: Nisbet & Co.

We know nothing of the author of these hymns and poems, but we make a guess from reading the lines that she is a Christian lady of sound views, elevated piety, and considerable experience. The poetry is far beyond the average, and we wonder why some of the hymns have not been elected into the hymn-books. The style is not equal throughout, and the verses occasionally limp; but, on the other hand, there are bursts and flights which effectually redeem these "songs" from the limbo of mediocrity.

The End of all Things; or, the Coming and Kingdom of Christ. By the author of "God is Love," &c. Third and last Series. Nisbet & Co.

We are drenched with this subject, and must cry, "Hold! Enough!" There are other things to write about besides this millennial business. Our prophetical friends of ordinary capacity, according to their proclivities, will be either shocked or gratified with this volume, while the more profound in prophetic lore will pooh-pooh it altogether. It is not deep or learned, but it is suited for popular reading, and will influence many minds; some will even imagine that it is a fatal blow for pre-millenarianism. It is easy for the author or any one else to raise objections which it would be difficult to demolish, but it is to be remembered that if a truth be taught in Scripture, all the unanswered objections in the world are worth nothing against it. The worst enemies of the doctrine of the Pre-millennial Advent are certain mad or knavish teachers of it; if their misguided tongues could be quieted, sober minds would give it more attention, and fewer would be opposed to it. If we must have books against the doctrine let them be like the present, perfumed with a courteous Christian spirit, and dictated by a sincere desire to promote the truth be it what it may. If no other good shall come of it than cracking some of the theoretical crockery of prophetic writers, we are content. We look for the Lord's coming, but do not speculate as to dates and seasons, and when those who invent schemes have their handiwork smashed to atoms we rejoice. The author's views will be seen by the following extract from the preface:—"It is to me most manifest that the theory of the personal reign of Christ on earth is essentially Jewish. Those who have embraced that error have fallen into the same theory, in a sense, as the Jews did previous to the first coming of Christ. They expected the advent of a Messiah as a temporal prince; the millenarians also expect our Lord to come as a temporal monarch." This is not at all so clear to us, but we are more inclined to wait and see than to dispute upon the matter.

Notices.

THE following services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Henry Dunn from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist church at Hunslet, near Leeds, were held on the 29th and 30th of December last. On Sunday, the 29th, Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, preached in the morning, and Mr. W. Jackson, of Bilston, in the evening. On the Monday afternoon, a service was held, at which Mr. Simon Hill, from near Dewsbury, presided. Mr. J. C. Forth, from Bingley, read the Scriptures and prayed. One of the deacons gave some account of the circumstances which led to the invitation of Mr. Dunn to the pastorate, from which it appeared that the church and congregation, after a long season of depression, had greatly revived under Mr Dunn's ministrations. Mr. Dunn then gave a statement of his Christian experience, his call to the ministry, his compliance with the invitation of that people, and the doctrines he intended to preach. Mr. W. Taylor, of Leeds, offered special prayer for the pastor and his flock. The charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers, and Mr. W. Jackson concluded with prayer. Nearly 300 persons assembled for tea in the school-room adjoining the chapel. At the evening meeting, the chair was taken by Mr. William Best, B.A., of Leeds. Prayer was offered by Mr. Andrew, of Leeds. Mr. Best then welcomed Mr. Dunn, in the name of other ministers and of his own congregation, to the vicinity of Leeds. Mr. Hill gave a congratulatory address. Mr. Jackson then gave an address to the church upon its duties to its pastor. Mr. Forth, Mr. Roberts, of Leeds, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Dunn, also addressed the meeting. The chairman concluded the whole profitable and encouraging services with prayer.

On Tuesday, 4th December, the second anniversary of the opening of Stepney Green Tabernacle was celebrated by a tea-meeting, which was numerously attended, after which the friends adjourned to the chapel. It was encouraging to see such a number, tho area being quite full. Mr. J. Kennedy, of Stepney Meeting, who has before shown his Christian sympathy towards us, kindly presided, supported by Mr. J. Chew, Mr. W. Tyler, Mr. J. H. Blake, Mr. C. Stovel, and Mr. A. G. Brown. Various letters were received from other brethren expressive of their good will but inability to attend. The chairman expressed his pleasure in pre-

siding over the meeting, although not of his denomination, and spoke earnestly of the necessity of all Christians, whatever might be their minor points of difference, to band together in these critical times to fight the Lord's battles and to stem the progress of error. Mr. C. Stovel spoke especially on the subject of Ritualism, which is now unhappily the universal theme. The other gentlemen followed with interesting and profitable speeches. On Sunday, 9th December, the celebration was continued by two sermons, in the morning by Mr. G. D. Evans, of Lambeth, and in the evening by Mr. C. Stovel. The church, since the erection of their new chapel, have in the providence of God been somewhat tried, as when Mr. Joseph Harrison (who resigned by request) left, Mr. Thomas Ness was unanimously chosen, but it pleased God so to afflict him, that he has been compelled to leave in consequence of ill health, after labouring twelve months only. The church now feel they have been divinely directed in choosing Mr. Archibald G. Brown, of Bromley, Kent, who has now commenced his pastoral duties.

Glasgow.—North Frederick Street Baptist Church.—T. W. Medhurst, pastor. Annual report for 1866. We have still abundant cause to thank God and take courage. Forty-eight persons have been baptized, being an increase of eleven over the year 1865. Sixty-nine have been added by letter, making a total of 117 additions during the year. We have lost by dismissions to other churches eleven, by deaths five, by exclusions eight, by names cancelled three; making a total of twenty-seven, and showing a *clear increase* of ninety members. The present number of members on the church-roll is 436. Mr. Medhurst has preached on 2,688 occasions, and has baptized 537 professed believers, since his connection with the college. The church is much hampered with a heavy debt of £1,500, which the members are endeavouring to reduce to £1,000 during the present year. To assist them in their endeavours they appeal to the generous liberality of their friends. Contributions would be gladly received and acknowledged by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, Queen's Park, Glasgow. Mr. Spurgeon says, "I shall be under personal obligation to those who aid this good cause."

Mr. J. Bloomfield, of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, has become the pastor of the ancient church of Westgate, Bradford, of which Mr. Dowson has been for many years the minister. We wish our friend the best success in his new and enlarged sphere of labour.

In the present attitude of masters and men, it is pleasing to be privileged to record a meeting of so interesting and friendly a character as that which took place on the 11th of January at the Crown Works, South Lambeth, the new premises of Mr. W. Higgs, the well-known builder of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. Higgs had invited the whole of his work-people with their wives and friends to a tea meeting, for the purpose of inaugurating a large room on the premises for the use of men in the evenings as a literary institute and for religious meetings. The chair was taken by Mr. Higgs. Mr. Spurgeon opened the proceedings by giving out a hymn and offering up prayer. A journeyman joiner (Mr. Howard) in a few seasonable and well-directed remarks, presented Mr. Higgs, on behalf of the workmen, with a handsome timepiece, as a mark of their respect and esteem. Amid uproarious cheers, Mr. Higgs returned thanks, and assured his people that he was earnestly desirous for their welfare, both in this world and in the next. Mr. Spurgeon then gave in a somewhat modified form his well known "Sermon on Candles," and after sundry votes of thanks the meeting broke up.

On Wednesday evening, January 16th, a tea and social meeting of the Elders' Bible Class was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at which about fifty members and friends were present; the chair was taken by Mr. T. Cook. Earnest and faithful addresses were given by the chairman, Messrs. Stiff, Dransfield, T. Olney, jun., Davis and Macgregor, and also by some of the members of the class; inciting the class to give diligent attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and to the will of God therein revealed, in order that they might be trained for usefulness here and at last meet with the approval of the Great King. Prayer was offered by Mr. Hackett, and the proceedings of a happy and profitable evening were then brought to a close. We would take this opportunity of informing the sons of members of the church and congregation, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, that this class is specially intended for them, and that if they are disengaged on Sunday afternoons, the president will be very pleased to meet them in the deacons' room at three o'clock.

On Tuesday, December 4th, a tea meeting was held in the ball-room of the Music-hall-buildings, Aberdeen, to mark the settlement of Mr. Clarence Chambers as pastor of the John-street Baptist-Congregational church of Aberdeen. There was a good attendance of friends. The pastor gave an introductory address, referring to the

history of the church since its foundation in 1821. and the leading facts in his own career,—the steps which led him to devote himself to the ministry, his period of study at Mr. Spurgeon's College, his call to Romsey, Hants, where he laboured for three-and-a-half years, and his settlement in Aberdeen. Mr. A. Anderson (Gymnasium, Old Aberdeen) next addressed the meeting upon the "Work and Constitution of the Christian Church." Mr. J. C. Macphail (Free Church), Mr. A. F. Moir (Free Church, Woodside), Mr. Holmes (Wesleyan), Mr. T. Gilfillan (Independent), Mr. Crabb (Baptist), Aberchirder, Mr. A. Dickie (United Presbyterian), and Mr. M'Combie (editor of the *Free Press*), one of the deacons, gave some friendly addresses.

In our notice in the last number of the *Sword and Trowel* of the meeting held at the Tabernacle on the 18th December, it was stated that two-and-a-half acres of land had been purchased *on* Clapham Common for the erection of the orphanage. It should have been, in the Clapham Road.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Dec. 19th, 1866, to Jan. 19th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. J. Bell	4	4	0
A Friend	175	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
J. C.	0	5	0
May	0	10	0
Mr. Speight	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jepha	1	3	6
Mrs J. Johnston	1	0	0
E. B.	1	10	0
Mr. H. Clinch	0	10	0
Mr. C. Lovetruth	0	5	3
Mr. R. Law	0	3	1
E. E.	0	3	0
A Thankoffering, Whitehaven	0	10	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies, Bedwas	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	5	0
Mrs. Stevens	2	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. J. Johnston	2	0	0
Mr. Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. McDougal, Rothesay	1	0	0
Mr. McDougal's Bible Class	0	10	0
J. D. A.	0	10	0
Mr. Hanks' Class (making a total of £70 10s. during the year 1866)	35	0	0
Mr. Croker's Class (making a total of £45 during the year 1866)	20	0	0
S. W. L.	16	8	0
A Widow, Perth	1	0	0
Mr. R. Martin	2	2	0
Mrs. Eliza Dowsett	0	10	0
Mr. W. Chisold	5	0	0

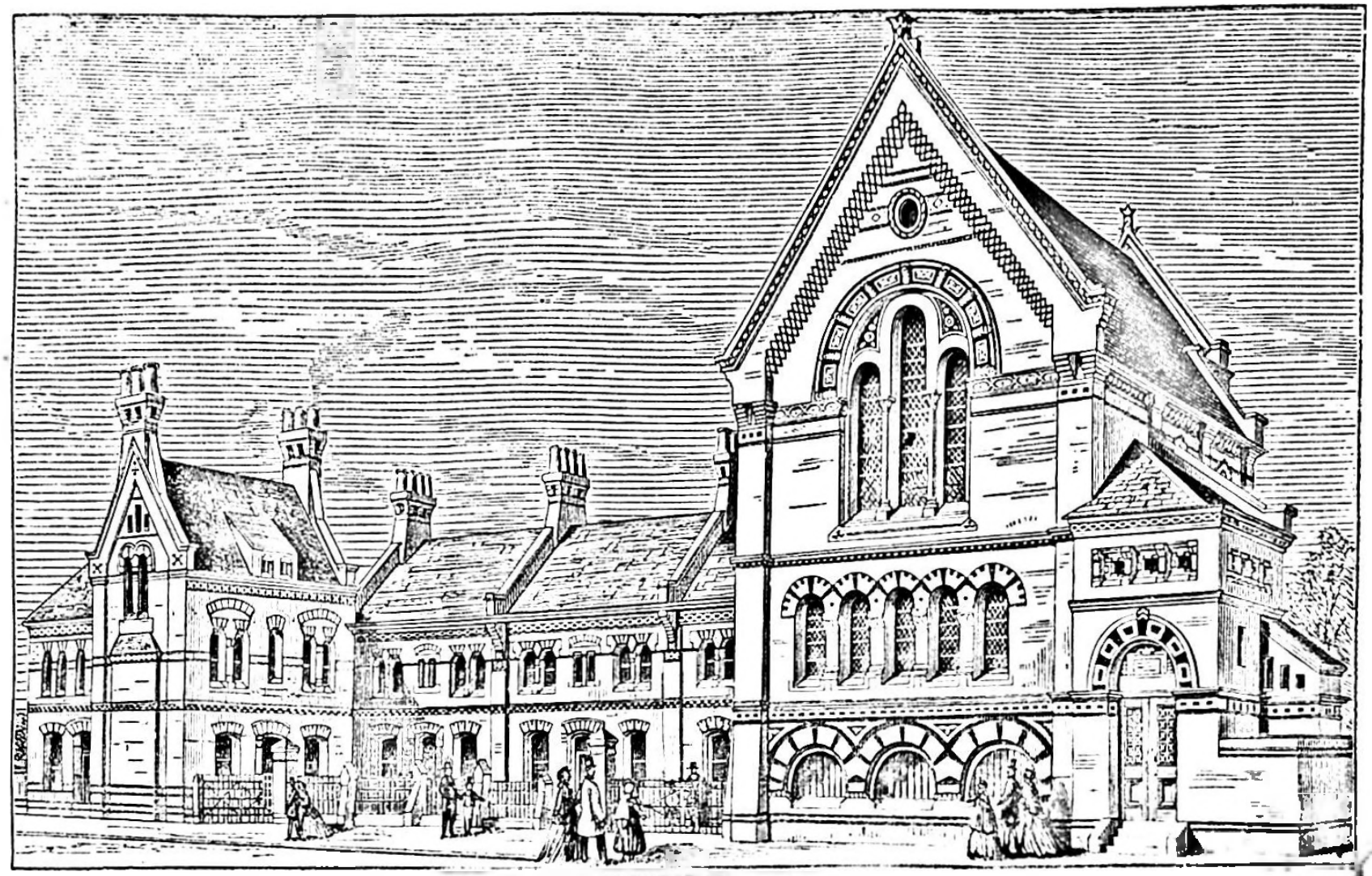
	£	s.	d.
Collection at Bury, per Mr. Knight	1	10	0
Mrs. Almond	5	0	0
Faith	1	0	0
Mr. G. B. Simpson	1	0	0
J. T. O., Newcastle	0	5	0
Collected by a Friend at Hadley Green	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. T. Ledsham	0	5	10
Hopeful	0	2	6
J. J.	0	2	0
Mr. W. Parkes	0	5	0
Mr. J. Daw	0	5	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. Fuller	1	0	0
E. F. and L. S. Powell	1	0	0
M. A., Jersey	0	10	0
C. F.	0	1	6
Two Friends at Manilla	30	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Annie K. N.	0	2	0
Mr. J. Hayns	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Wright, Brabourn	0	10	0
H. A.	0	5	0
A Teacher	0	2	0
Mr. Browning	0	5	0
Mr. Grose	0	5	0
Mr. Colson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wooster	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Dec. 24	24	8	6
" " " " 31	52	10	6
" " " Jan. 7	30	9	10
" " " " 14	34	10	9
	£508	10	3

For Orphan Home.—Mr. W. Salmond, Jun., £10; Mr. W. H. Bilbrough, £1; Mr. J. Blackie, 10s.; Mr. G. Hayes, £1.

For Spread of the Gospel.—L. B. A., 10s.

For General Religious purposes.—Mrs. Agnes Dick, £3 11s.; Mrs. E. S. Palmer, £20; Lieut. Gen. Booth, £50.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.



THE PASTORIS ALMSHOUSES AND SCHOOLS.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1867.

How to Raise the Dead.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE TEACHERS OF THE SOUTH LONDON AUXILIARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,

AT THEIR ANNUAL PRAYER MEETING,

Held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Monday Evening, Jan. 28, 1867.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FELLOW-LABOURERS in the vineyard of the Lord, let me call your attention to a most instructive miracle wrought by the prophet Elisha, as recorded in the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. The hospitality of the Shunammite woman had been rewarded by the gift of a son; but, alas! all earthly mercies are of uncertain tenure, and after certain days the child fell sick and died.

The distressed but believing mother hastened at once to the man of God; through him God had spoken the promise which fulfilled her heart's desire, and she resolved to plead her case with him, that he might lay it before his divine Master, and obtain for her an answer of peace. Elisha's action is recorded in the following verses:—

"Then said he to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child. And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose and followed her. And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice, nor hearing. Wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked. And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands: and stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro;

and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunammite. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out."—2 Kings iv. 29—37.

The position of Elisha in this case is exactly your position, brethren, in relation to your work for Christ. Elisha had to deal with a dead child. It is true that, in his instance, it was natural death; but the death with which you have to come in contact is not the less real death because it is spiritual. The boys and girls in your classes are as surely as grown-up people, "dead in trespasses and sins." May none of you fail fully to realise the state in which all human beings are naturally found. Unless you have a very clear sense of the utter ruin and spiritual death of your children, you will be incapable of being made a blessing to them. Go to them, I pray you, not as to sleepers whom you can by your own power awaken from their slumber, but as to spiritual corpses who can only be quickened by a power divine. Elisha's great object was not to cleanse the dead body, or embalm it with spices, or wrap it in fine linen, or place it in an appropriate posture, and then leave it still a corpse: he aimed at nothing less than the restoration of the child to life. Beloved teachers, may you never be content with aiming at secondary benefits, or even with realising them; may you strive for the grandest of all ends, the salvation of immortal souls. Your business is not merely to teach the children in your classes to read the Bible, not barely to inculcate the duties of morality, nor even to instruct them in the mere letter of the gospel, but your high calling is to be the means, in the hands of God, of bringing life from heaven to dead souls. Your teaching on the Lord's-day will have been a failure if your children remain dead in sin. In the case of the secular teacher, the child's fair proficiency in knowledge will prove that the instructor has not lost his pains, but in your case, even though your youthful charge should grow up to be respectable members of society, though they should become regular attendants upon the means of grace, you will not feel that your petitions to Heaven have been answered, nor your desires granted to you, nor your highest ends attained, unless something more is done—unless, in fact, it can be said of your children, "The Lord hath quickened them together with Christ."

Resurrection, then, is our aim! To raise the dead is our mission! We are like Peter at Joppa, or Paul at Troas, we have a young Dorcas or Eutychus to bring to life. How is so strange a work to be achieved? If we yield to unbelief we shall be staggered by the evident fact that the work to which the Lord has called us is quite beyond our own personal power. We cannot raise the dead. If asked to do so we might each one of us, like the king of Israel, rend our clothes and say, "Am I God to kill, and to make alive?" We are, however, no more powerless than Elisha, for he of himself could not restore the Shunammite's son. It is true that we by ourselves cannot bring the dead hearts of our scholars to palpitate with spiritual life, but, a Paul or an Apollos would have been equally as powerless. Need this fact discourage us? Does it not rather direct us to our true power by shutting us out from our own fancied might? I trust we are all of us already aware that the man who

lives in the region of faith dwells in the realm of miracles. Faith trades in marvels, and her merchandise is with wonders.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibility,
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

Elisha was no common man now that God's Spirit was upon him, calling him to God's work, and aiding him in it. And you devoted, anxious, prayerful teacher, remain no longer a common being, you have become, in a special manner, the temple of the Holy Ghost; God dwelleth in you, and you by faith have entered upon the career of a wonder-worker. You are sent into the world not to do the things which are possible to man, but those impossibilities which God worketh by his Spirit, by the means of his believing people. You are to work miracles, to do marvels. You are not, therefore, to look upon the restoration of these dead children, which in God's name you are called to bring about, as being a thing unlikely or difficult when you remember who it is that works by your feeble instrumentality. "Why should it seem a thing impossible with you that God should raise the dead?" Unbelief will whisper to you as you mark the wicked giddiness and early obstinacy of your children, "Can these dry bones live?" But your answer must be, "O Lord, thou knowest." Committing all cases to the Almighty hand, it is yours to prophesy to the dry bones and to the heavenly wind, and ere long you too shall see in the valley of your vision the signal triumph of life over death. Let us take up at this moment our true position, and let us realise it. We have dead children before us, and our souls yearn to bring them to life. We confess that all quickening must be wrought by the Lord alone, and our humble petition is that, if the Lord will use us in connection with his miracles of grace, he would now show us what he would have us to do.

It would have been well if Elisha had recollected that he was once the servant of Elijah, and had so studied his master's example as to have imitated it. If so, he would not have sent Gehazi with a staff, but have done at once what at last he was constrained to do. In the First Book of Kings, at the seventeenth chapter, you will find the story of Elijah's raising a dead child, and you will there see that Elijah, the master, had left a complete example to his servant; and it was not till Elisha followed it in all respects that the miraculous power was manifested. It had been wise, I say, if Elisha had at the outset imitated the example of the master whose mantle he wore. With far more force may I say to you, my fellow servants, that it will be well for us if, as teachers, we imitate our Master—if we study the modes and methods of our glorified Master, and learn at his feet the art of winning souls. Just as he came in deepest sympathy into the nearest contact with our wretched humanity, and condescended to stoop to our sorrowful condition, so must we come near to the souls with whom we have to deal, yearn over them with his yearning, and weep over them with his tears, if we would see them raised from the state of sin. Only by imitating the spirit and manner of the Lord Jesus shall we become wise to win souls. Forgetting this, however, Elijah would fain strike

out a course for himself, which would more clearly display his own prophetic dignity. He gave his staff into the hand of Gehazi, his servant, and bade him lay it upon the child, as if he felt that the divine power was so plenteously upon him that it would work in any way, and consequently his own personal presence and efforts might be dispensed with. The Lord's thoughts were not so. I am afraid that very often the truth which we deliver from the pulpit—and doubtless it is much the same in your classes—is a thing which is extraneous and out of ourselves; like a staff which we hold in our hand, but which is not a part of ourselves. We take doctrinal or practical truth as Gehazi did the staff, and we lay it upon the face of the child, but we ourselves do not agonise for its soul. We try this doctrine and that truth, this anecdote and the other illustration, this way of teaching a lesson and that manner of delivering an address; but so long as ever the truth which we deliver is a matter apart from ourselves and unconnected with our innermost being, so long it will have no more effect upon a dead soul than Elisha's staff had upon the dead child. Alas! I fear I have frequently preached the gospel in this place, I have been sure that it was my Master's gospel, the true prophetic staff, and yet it has had no result, because I fear I have not preached it with the vehemence, and earnestness, and heartiness which ought to have gone with it! And will you not make the same confession, that sometimes you have taught the truth—it was the truth, you know it was—the very truth which you found in the Bible, and which has at times been precious to your own soul, and yet no good result has followed from it, because while you taught the truth you did not feel the truth, nor feel for the child to whom the truth was addressed, but were just like Gehazi placing with indifferent hand the prophetic staff upon the face of the child. It was no wonder that you had to say with Gehazi, "The child is not awaked," for the true awakening power found no appropriate medium in your lifeless teaching. We are not sure that Gehazi was convinced that the child was really dead; he spoke as if it were only asleep, and needed waking. God will not bless those teachers who do not grasp in their hearts the really fallen estate of their children. If you think the child is not really depraved, if you indulge foolish notions about the innocence of childhood and the dignity of human nature, it should not surprise you if you remain barren and unfruitful. How can God bless you to work a resurrection, when if he did work it by you, you are incapable of perceiving its glorious nature? If the lad had awaked, it would not have surprised Gehazi; he would have thought that he was only startled from an unusually sound sleep. If God were to bless to the conversion of souls the testimony of those who do not believe in the total depravity of man, they would merely say, "The gospel is very moralising, and exerts a most beneficial influence!" but they would never bless and magnify the regenerating grace by which he who sitteth on the throne maketh all things new.

Observe carefully what Elisha did when thus foiled in his first effort. When we fail in one attempt, we must not therefore give up our work. If you have been unsuccessful, my dear brother or sister, until now, you must not infer that you are not called to the work, any more than Elisha might have concluded that the child could not be restored. The lesson of your non-success is not—cease the work, but—change the

method. It is not the person who is out of place, it is the plan which is unwise. If you have not been able to accomplish what you wished, remember the schoolboy's song—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

Do not, however, try in the same way unless you are sure that it is the best one. If your first method has been unsuccessful, you must improve upon it. Examine wherein you have failed, and then, by changing your mode, or your spirit, the Lord may prepare you for a degree of usefulness far beyond your expectation. Elisha, instead of being dispirited when he found that the child was not awake, girded up his loins, and hastened with greater vigour to the work before him.

Notice where the dead child was placed: "And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed." This was the bed which the hospitality of the Shunammite had prepared for Elisha, the famous bed which, with the table, the stool, and the candlestick, will never be forgotten in the church of God. That famous bed had to be used for a purpose which the good woman little thought of when out of love to the prophet's God she prepared it for the prophet's rest. I like to think of the dead child lying on that bed, because it symbolises the place where our unconverted children must lie if we would have them saved. If we are to be a blessing to them they must lie in our hearts—they must be our daily and nightly charge. We must take the cases of our children to our silent couch with us; we must think of them in the watches of the night, and when we cannot sleep because of care, they must share in those midnight anxieties. Our beds must witness to our cries—"O that Ishmael might live before thee! O that the dear boys and girls in my class might become the children of the living God!" Elijah and Elisha both teach us that we must not place the child far from us, out of doors, or down below us in a vault of cold forgetfulness, but, if we would have him raised to life, we must place him in the warmest sympathies of our hearts.

In reading on we find "He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord." Now the prophet is at his work in right earnest, and we have a noble opportunity of learning from him the secret of raising children from the dead. If you turn to the narrative of Elijah, you will find that Elisha adopted the orthodox method of proceeding, the method of his master Elijah. You will read there, "And he said unto her, Give me thy son. And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed. And he cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord, my God, hast thou also brought evil upon the woman with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son? And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord, my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again. And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived." The great secret lies in a large measure in powerful supplication. "He shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord." The old proverb is, "Every true pulpit is set up in heaven," by which is meant that the true

preacher is much with God. If we do not pray to God for a blessing, if the foundation of the pulpit be not laid in private prayer, our open ministry will not be a success. So it is with you; every real teacher's power must come from on high. If you never enter your closet and shut to the door, if you never plead at the mercy-seat for your child, how can you expect that God will honour you in its conversion? It is a very excellent method, I think, actually to take the children one by one into your room alone and pray with them. You will see your children converted when God gives you to individualise their cases, to agonise for them, and to take them one by one, and with the door closed to, pray both with them and for them. There is much more influence in prayer privately offered with one than in prayer publicly uttered in the class—not more influence with God, of course, but more influence with the child. Such prayer will often be made its own answer; for God may while you are pouring out your soul make your prayer to be a hammer to break the heart which mere addresses had never touched. Pray with your children separately, and it will surely be the means of a great blessing. If this cannot be done, at any rate there must be prayer, much prayer, constant prayer, vehement prayer, the kind of prayer which will not take a denial, like Luther's prayer, which he called the bombarding of heaven; that is to say, the planting a cannon at heaven's gates to blow them open—for after this fashion fervent men prevail in prayer; they will not come from the mercy seat until they can cry with Luther —"*Vici*"—"I have conquered, I have gained the blessing for which I strove." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." May we offer such violent, God-constraining, heaven-compelling prayers, and the Lord will not permit us to seek his face in vain!

After praying Elisha adopted the means. Prayer and means must go together. Means without prayer—presumption! Prayer without means—hypocrisy! There lay the child, and there stood the venerable man of God! Watch his singular proceeding, he stoops over the corpse and puts his mouth upon the child's mouth. The cold dead mouth of the child was touched by the warm living lips of the prophet, and a vital stream of fresh hot breath was sent down into the chill, stone-like passages of the dead mouth and throat and lungs. Next the holy man, with loving ardour of hopefulness, placed his eyes upon the child's eyes, and his hands upon the child's hands; the warm hands of the old man covered the cold palms of the departed child. Then he stretched himself upon the child, and covered him with his whole body, as though he would transfer his own life into the lifeless frame, and would either die with him, or would make him live. We have heard of the chamois hunter acting as guide to a fearful traveller, who, when they came to a very dangerous part of the road, strapped the traveller firmly to himself, and said, "Both of us or neither," that is to say, "Both of us shall live, or neither of us, we are one." So did the prophet effect a mysterious union between himself and the lad, and in his own mind it was resolved that he would either be chilled with the child's death, or warm the child with his life. What does this teach us? The lessons are many and obvious. We see here as in a picture,

that if we would bring spiritual life to a child, we must most vividly realise that child's state. It is dead, dead. God will have you feel that the child is as dead in trespasses and sins as you once were. God would have you, dear teacher, come into contact with that death by painful, crushing, humbling sympathy. I told you that in soul-winning, we should observe how our Master worked; now how did he work? When he would raise us from death, what did it behove him to do? He must needs die himself: there was no other way. So is it with you. If you would raise that dead child, you must feel the chill and horror of that child's death yourself. A dying man is needed to raise dying men. I cannot believe that you will ever pluck a brand from the burning, without putting your hand near enough to feel the heat of the fire. You must have, more or less, a distinct sense of the dreadful wrath of God and of the terrors of the judgment to come, or you will lack energy in your work, and so lack one of the essentials of success. I do not think the preacher ever speaks well upon such topics until he feels them pressing upon him as a personal burden from the Lord. "I did preach in chains," said John Bunyan, "to men in chains." Depend upon it, when the death that is in your children alarms, depresses, and overwhelms you, then it is that God is about to bless you. Thus realising the child's state, and putting your mouth upon the child's mouth, and your hands upon its hands, you must next strive to adapt yourself as far as possible to the nature, and habits, and temperament of the child. Your mouth must find out the child's words, so that the child may know what you mean; you must see things with a child's eyes; your heart must feel a child's feelings, so as to be his companion and friend; you must be a student of juvenile sin; you must be a sympathiser in juvenile trials; you must, so far as possible, enter into childhood's joys and griefs. You must not fret at the difficulty of this matter, or feel it to be humiliating; for if you count anything to be a hardship, or a condescension, you have no business in the Sunday School. If anything difficult be required of you, you must do it, and not think it difficult. God will not raise a dead child by you, if you are not willing to become all things to that child, if by any possibility you may win its soul.

The prophet, it is written, "*stretched himself upon the child.*" One would have thought it should be written "he contracted himself!" He was a full-grown man, and the other a mere lad. Should it not be "he contracted himself"? No, "he stretched himself;" and, mark you, no stretching is harder than for a man to stretch himself to a child. He is no fool who can talk to children; a simpleton is much mistaken if he thinks that his folly can interest boys and girls. It needs our best wits, our most industrious studies, our most earnest thoughts, our ripest powers, to teach our little ones. You will not quicken the child until you have "stretched" yourself; and, though it seems a strange thing, yet it is so. The wisest man will need to exercise all his abilities if he would become a successful teacher of the young.

We see, then, in Elisha, a sense of the child's death and an adaptation of himself to his work, but above all, we see *sympathy*. While Elisha himself felt the chill of the corpse, his personal warmth was entering into the dead body. This of itself did not raise the child;

but God worked through it—the old man's heat of body passed into the child, and became the medium of quickening. Let every teacher weigh these words of Paul, "But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children: so being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, *but also our own souls*, because ye were dear unto us." The genuine soul-winner knows what this means. For my own part when the Lord helps me to preach, after I have delivered all my matter, and have fired off my shot so fast that my gun has grown hot, I have often rammed my very soul into the gun, and fired my heart at the congregation, and this discharge has, under God, won the victory. God will bless by his Spirit our hearty sympathy with his own truth, and make it do that which the truth alone coldly spoken would not accomplish. Here, then, is the secret. You must, dear teacher, impart to the young your own soul; you must feel as if the ruin of that child would be your own ruin. You must feel that if the child remains under the wrath of God, it is to you as true a grief as if you were under that wrath yourself. You must confess the child's sins before God as if they were your own, and stand as a priest before the Lord pleading on its behalf. The child was covered by Elisha's body, and you must cover your class with your compassion, with the agonising stretching forth of yourself before the Lord on its behalf. Behold in this miracle the *modus operandi* of raising the dead; the Holy Spirit remains mysterious in his operations, but the way of the outward means is here clearly revealed.

The result of the prophet's work soon appeared, "The flesh of the child waxed warm." How pleased Elisha must have been; but I do not find that his pleasure and satisfaction caused him to relax his exertions. Never be satisfied, dear friends, with finding your children in a barely hopeful state. Did a girl come to you and cry, "Teacher, pray for me?" Be glad for this is a fair token; but look for more. Did you observe tears in a boy's eyes when you were speaking of the love of Christ? Be thankful for it that the flesh is waxing warm, but do not stop there. Can you relax your exertions now? Bethink you, you have not yet gained your end! It is life you want, not warmth alone. What you want, dear teacher, in your beloved charge, is not mere conviction, but conversion; you desire not only impression, but regeneration. Life, life from God, the life of Jesus. This your scholars need, and nothing less must content you.

Again I must bid you watch Elisha. There was now a little pause. "*Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro.*" Notice, the restlessness of the man of God; he cannot be easy. The child waxes warm (blessed be God for that, but he does not live yet); so, instead of sitting down in his chair by the table, the prophet walks to and fro with restless foot, disquieted, groaning, panting, longing, and ill at ease. He could not bear to look upon the disconsolate mother, or to hear her ask, "Is the child restored?" but he continued pacing the house as if his body could not rest because his soul was not satisfied. Imitate this consecrated restlessness. When you see a boy getting somewhat affected, do not sit down and say, "The child is very hopeful, thank God; I am perfectly satisfied." You will never win the priceless gem of a

saved soul in that way; you must feel sad, restless, troubled, if you ever become a parent in the church. Paul's expression is not to be explained in words, but you must know its meaning in your hearts; "I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Oh! may the Holy Ghost give you such inward travail, such unrest, disquietude, and sacred uneasiness, until you see your hopeful scholars savingly converted.

After a short period of walking to and fro, the prophet again "went up, and stretched himself upon the child." What it is well to do once it is proper to do a second time. What is good twice, is good seven times. There must be perseverance and patience. You were very earnest last Sabbath, do not be slothful next Sabbath. How easy it is to pluck down on any one day what we have built up the day before. If by one Sabbath's work God enables me to convince a child that I was in earnest, let me not convince the child next Sunday that I am not in earnest. If my past warmth has made the child's flesh wax warm, God forbid that my future chilliness should make the child's heart cold again. As surely as warmth went from Elisha to the child, so may cold go from you to your class unless you are in an earnest state of mind.

Elisha stretched himself on the bed again with many a prayer, and many a sigh, and much believing, and at last his desire was granted him. "*The child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes.*" Any form of action would indicate life, and content the prophet. The child "sneezed," some say because he died with a disease of the head, for he said to his father "My head! my head!" and the sneeze cleared the passages of life which had been blocked up. This we do not know. The fresh air entering afresh into the lungs might well compel a sneeze. The sound was nothing very articulate or musical, but it betokened life. This is all we should expect from young children when God gives them spiritual life. Some church members expect a great deal more, but for my part I am satisfied if the children sneeze—if they give any true sign of grace, however feeble or indistinct. If the dear child does but feel its lost estate and rest upon the finished work of Jesus, though we only find out the fact by a very indistinct statement, not such as we should accept from a doctor of divinity, or expect from a grown-up person, should we not thank God and receive the child and nurse it for the Lord!

Perhaps if Gehazi had been there he would not have thought much of this sneezing, because he had never stretched himself upon the child, but Elisha was content with it. Even so, if you and I have really agonised in prayer for souls, we shall be very quick of eye to catch the first sign of grace, and shall be thankful to God if the token be but a sneeze.

Then the child *opened its eyes*, and we will venture to say Elisha thought he had never seen such lovely eyes before. I know not what kind of eyes they were, the hazel or the blue, but this I know, that any eye which God helps you to open will be a beautiful eye to you. I heard a teacher talking the other day about "a fine lad" who had been saved in his class, and another spoke of "a dear girl" in her class who loved the Lord. No doubt of it; it would be a wonder if they were not "fine" and "dear" in the eyes of you who have brought them to

Jesus, for to Jesus Christ they are finer and dearer still. Beloved friends, may you often gaze into opened eyes which, but for divine grace owning your teaching, would have been dark with the film of spiritual death. Then will you be favoured indeed.

One word of caution. In this meeting is there a *Gehazi*? If there be among this host of Sunday School Teachers one who can do no more than carry the staff, I pity him. Ah! my friend, may God in his mercy give you life, for how else can you expect to be the means of quickening others? If Elisha had been a corpse himself it would have been a hopeless task to expect life to be communicated through placing one corpse upon another. It is vain for that little class of dead souls to gather around another dead soul such as you are. A dead mother frostbitten and cold cannot cherish her little one. What warmth, what comfort can come to those who shiver before an empty grate? And such are you. May you have a work of grace in your own soul first, and then may the blessed and Eternal Spirit, who alone can quicken souls, make you to be the means of quickening many to the glory of his grace.

Accept, dear friends, my fraternal salutations, and believe that my fervent prayers are with you that you may be blessed and be made a blessing.

A Golden Work in Golden Lane.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

LAST month I endeavoured to describe the social habits of the costermongers of Golden Lane and its vicinity. On the 1st of February a novel and uproarious tea meeting of about 430 of the roughest of this class of street vendors was held in the Evangelists' chapel, and it was the writer's privilege to preside on that occasion. The daily and weekly religious newspapers described the motley assemblage at such length that it is unnecessary to do so in an article which is to be written from original materials. Indeed, to properly describe the peculiarities of the costermongers who were present would require one entire paper. All the speakers dealt out some honest blows at the sins and practices of the guests, who, like some of the swindling tradesmen of South London, only laughed heartily while the tricks of their trade were being exposed and condemned. Some friendly reader may possibly be interested in knowing that the author's first attempt at sermonising was made in this Mission Hall, and that the chapel was filled by a number of poor costers and their wives, who listened with devout attention to the meditation of our Lord's gracious words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and at least one hundred and fifty remained for the purpose of prayer and supplication.

A very curious group of helpers are associated with Mr. Orsman. There are two converted thieves—men not of forbidding, but of genial aspect—a cheap Jack, who can relate an experience of some yards' length of printed matter, a play-actor, an intelligent newsboy, and some sweeps, or as they style themselves, "chummies." These

gentlemen are of considerable service in the open air, where their voices are heard to better advantage than within doors. Whenever they address an indoor meeting they are greeted by their former companions with rounds of applause, and in the streets they are recognised and saluted in a most friendly and jovial manner. These men are possessed of strong common sense, and some of their speeches sparkle with golden thoughts. One of the converted sweeps is a very hearty worker; and he seldom sweeps a chimney without talking to the servant girls about the love of Jesus. It need hardly be said that he introduces his topic in a variety of strategic ways. On one occasion he was asked why the Lord didn't give him more money if he loved him so well as he represented; and his reply was ready in a moment—"'Cos the Lord knows I could'nt keep it if I had more; so he only gives me as much as I can usefully spend." Really that would be a capital state of mind for some money-grubbing Christians, who think more of getting wealth than of serving their Master. The sweep's history is exceedingly interesting, although it is impossible to relate it in his own free racy language. He tells us, "I'm no preacher; I've not bin to college; but I've bin to the Lord Jesus, and he's saved my soul. I'm out of hell, and in the way to heaven." This he says in a quiet, earnest way, with a smile on his half-grimy face; and so far from indulging in oratorical effect, he invariably keeps his hands in his coat pockets. He gravely adds—"When a boy, I had to climb chimneys; I stuck up once, and if my father hadn't pulled me out alive, I should have gone to hell." Another time he was nearly "drownded." The speaker has evidently a profound contempt for the devil, whom he stigmatises as a "great coward." Yet he fears his Satanic Majesty greatly, for he tells you, "he has such crafty ways." When he was twelve years old he was imprisoned in the House of Correction for stealing some wood, but judging from his story, he was more sinned against than sinning. When he got out of gaol the devil tried to tempt him to sin again. "Oh, yes! my friends, the devil is allays ready to shove you down in the mud when he thinks you is weak. The devil is the biggest coward in the world." But though he was weak in himself, his Father had "promised to take him in hand." "The devil is fond of trying to kidnap the Lord's children on the sly, but Jesus is a match for him." The good fellow is quite at home in depicting the glories of heaven, and his analogies are of a somewhat sooty character. "I sweeps chimneys now; but in heaven there is no chimneys; I shan't have these black clothes—no, I shall have a white surplice." The idea of a black sweep wearing a white surplice provokes a broad grin; but we know that the blackest sinners will be clothed in white before the throne of God and the Lamb. He tries to simplify the gospel in an ingenious way. Once he wanted to show that Jesus Christ was the only way—that he was the door to salvation, and he spontaneously illustrated it by saying, "Now, friends, when you come in this chapel, you had to come in by the door." His sentences are short, and generally he is curiously discursive. "Now, mates, you want to go to heaven; I'll tell you how to get there: trust in Jesus Christ; he'll never forsake you. He ain't like earthly friends when you get down in the valley. I, a poor chummy, am glad to wash

my face when my day's work is done, but how much better to have Christ to wash your black soul!" He knows how to use keen-edged satire; for instance, in speaking of the returning prodigal, he remarked, "Giant Despair goes into an awful fit when Christ shines in the heart." He is a strong believer in final perseverance, but he is equally strong in his convictions as to working out his own salvation with fear and trembling. "'How do you know you are going to heaven?' sez my old chums. 'Well,' sez I, 'how do you know whether you've got sugar in your tea?'"—an invincible argument to all who possess the faculty of tasting.

In the *Freeman*, of January 11, there appeared the story of a converted thief, who confesses he has been in every prison in London. He was converted by means of a lad who was addressing a congregation five years ago in Victoria Theatre.

A converted wood-chopper divides his time between Mr. Orsman and Mr. Sawday, of Pentonville. He speaks in a disconnected manner, but his entangled sentences are worthy of being unravelled. "Perhaps you're thinking we're paid for preaching; so we are, but not in the wages of sin—no, it is eternal life we get, the gift of God. We don't boast of our badness because it is pleasant, but because it honours Christ. If you doubt the power of God see it in me; it has made me a good father, a loving husband, and a praying man! The grace of God has made me open my room for a prayer-meeting and myself a preacher." A converted costermonger, of Whitecross Street, has about the same tale to tell. Prior to his conversion he was in the habit of spending his Sundays in bird-catching in Hornsey; now he preaches in the streets. One Sunday he was standing in Club Row, when an open-air preacher offered him a tract: "No use to me, guv'nor." "Why?" "'Cos I can't read"—a very reasonable answer. But the preacher told him of the Saviour of sinners, and he felt the operations of the Holy Spirit upon his heart. He went home and determined to go to chapel in the evening. His wife, who is an ungodly woman, and still leads him a sad life, manifested strong jealous feelings when she saw him dress so scrupulously, and she accompanied him to chapel. He found rest in Christ that night.

A converted thief, who has applied to Mr. Orsman for membership, and whose wife has recently shown signs of a changed life, thus relates his strange experience: "I'm werry glad to be here and sing with you. I was one of the worst of thieves thirteen years ago; I added to my other sins by robbing my own father. I was werry fond o' tossing at the water side, and to get money I nibbled some coal off the barges, but, like the mouses, I nibbled once too often, and was caught. Had thirteen weeks in prison for that. When I came out my old mates were arter me, for they know'd I'd saved some tin. I got in again and again, for I kept close to the devil's heels. At last I heard an open-air preacher on Clerkenwell-green. I was tossing, as usual, but the Lord saved my soul, and now I work for Christ when my day's portering is over. I'm so happy, I'm always singing day and night, and even in my sleep. Now I preaches in the same street I lives in, and I want all my friends to be saved."

There is one curious custom largely prevailing among costermongers

which is not generally known. On Sunday they are in the habit of singing one finch against another for money. A certain singular note comes out in a certain number of vibrations, and the finch that gives the most of these notes within a fixed number of minutes is the victor. Costermongers are exquisite bird-fanciers, and they tramp to a forest and frequently catch thirty birds each on a Sabbath morning.

The Sunday-school work is in a prosperous condition, but it is impossible to accommodate more than the 150 children who attend; if Mr. Orsman had a building which would accommodate a thousand more, he is convinced the scholars would come. It is not easy work to win the attention of such children; but the difficulty has not been so great as in many cases. The day ragged-school is superintended by a most effective lady teacher, who supports herself in this way, and whose interest in the work is not to be measured by pecuniary considerations.

The children meet their teachers on Monday evening for industrial purposes, and it is a pleasant sight to observe them making doormats and patchwork quilts, &c., and to hear them sing little hymns and temperance ditties. One lad was engaged in making himself a pair of trousers.

The spiritual good which our friend's work has been the means of effecting is wonderful. Lives that were spent in unholy purposes, in lust and drunkenness, have been, by God's grace, transformed into lives of purity and Christian devotedness. In many cases the most notorious sinners prove to be the most exemplary Christians—men and women whose delight is in God, and whose hearts are in his service. Considering the singular difficulties attending Mr. Orsman's work, it is really surprising that so much good has been done. The crass ignorance is fearful to look upon; the utter want of perception of spiritual things is so great that it is a work requiring both skill and persistency to make many of these poor creatures understand the simplest of all elementary religious truths.

Cattle-drovers are especially difficult to get at, for they generally work all Sunday night and indulge in slumbers during the whole day. The sandwich men, who carry notice-boards both behind and before them, are obliged to walk in the sloppy gutters, and they are consequently frequently ill and unable to attend any place of worship. These poor fellows are ill-paid—some getting 1*s.* 6*d.* and others 2*s.* per day. Then the costermongers have both crotchets and a supreme contempt for religion, so they have to be caught with guile. One youthful coster of some intelligence refused to attend the Mission Hall till he could understand how there were "Three Gods and yet only one. It wasn't business-like," argued the youthful fellow, for he doubtless chuckled at the thought that when he had three sovereigns they were reckoned to be of more value than one. One of his companions argued with him for one hour, but without enlightening his mind. Mr. Orsman tried to prove the doctrine of the Trinity from Scripture, but that wasn't "business-like." He therefore selected several objects from nature by way of illustration, and only succeeded when he took a lighted candle and showed him that though the candle had grease, a wick, and a light, yet it was but one candle.

Some of the cases I have listened to are exceedingly curious. A woman, whose husband had been recently converted, went to Mr. Orsman and stated that her partner had positively declared he had found peace with God, and was certain of heaven. She said she had been a member of a church for fourteen years, and she could not say that, and nobody ought to say it, for it was awfully "resumptuous." This poor woman was subsequently convinced that she had only been a formal professor, and it pleased the Lord to change her heart.

One case highly amused us. A widow professed to constantly attend ALL the places of worship in the locality, and whenever there was a chance of obtaining a combination of spiritual with temporal food, she certainly presented herself as a candidate for both. In due time she was married to a costermonger, and she became most anxious that he should reap the temporal benefits which she had so long enjoyed in consequence of her religious behaviour. As a means to this end she introduced her husband to Mr. Orsman, so that he might be lectured, for "he's such a bad fellow." Jack immediately repudiated the base "insinivation" by replying, "No, I aint." Mr. Orsman enquired whether Jack believed he was a sinner at all, and he replied by asking, "How do yer make that out, guv'nor? I doesn't swear much nor get drunk—leastways not much—and as for beating the missus, I've only given her one black eye, and then she aggrawated me to it." The *bride* finding that matters were going contrary, whispered to her husband, accompanying her advice with sundry suggestive nudges, "why don't yer tell the good genelman you're a sinner, eh, Jack?" Mr. Orsman tried to explain to the poor fellow what it was to be a sinner, but Jack wouldn't see it at all. "Excuse me, guv'nor," said he, "but I'll tell you why I aint religious: 'cos I'm a coster, and 'ave to work on Sunday. Next, 'cos, if I wasn't to humour the old gals who buys, and tell a lot of lies to them, I shouldn't bring home a empty barra. And then what's the use of it? Why, what would a coster do without his 'baccy and drink, penny-gaff, and Sunday trade? Why, sir, it can't be done. Look at my missus, she aint no better nor I, though she goes round to all the preaching places." At this the wife, who had grown ill-tempered, interfered, and all further conversation was stopped by her constant iteration of "Yer know you're a sinner, Jack; why don't yer tell the genelman so?"

Converted costermongers are invariably most earnest in doing good. A poor woman told me, with tears in her eyes, how nobly she had been helped when in distress by Mr. Orsman's coster deacon; and there are many such cases which are never known to any but the parties themselves. They are equally in earnest in bringing souls to the Saviour. Sometimes they will give away tracts while selling their vegetables. One costermonger is in the habit occasionally of inserting small tracts in his cabbages; and on one occasion a woman was converted by this means, and she always thanks God that ever she bought greens of this good man. A wood-chopper follows the same plan. One day a little girl ran up to him, and said, "Please, sir, will you let father have a bundle of wood with a tract in it?" "What do you want the tract for?" asked the wood-chopper. "'Cos," answered the girl, "the one you put in afore has made father such a happy man, and

he doesn't get drunk nor beat mother now, and please father thinks another tract will do mother good too."

Mr. Orsman has in his congregation two old ladies—crossing-sweepers in Old-street—a poor idiotic man who attends regularly, and a number of homeless people. The other Sunday, at the enquirers' meeting, eight females engaged in prayer, three of them costerwomen who had lately been converted—one of whom works for her husband "'cos he's lost his woice." Many of these poor women are sadly persecuted in consequence of their altered lives, and their husbands consider it to be simple madness for their wives to refuse to indulge in their old vicious courses. Most of them manifest the greatest possible interest in everything connected with the mission, and are so attached to the chapel that no service is too long for them; indeed many linger singing till the last gas-burner is about to be extinguished.

The following letter from a country town was received a short time ago by Mr. Orsman; it is from a mechanic who enclosed one shilling in postage stamps:—

"Dear Sir.—Pleas acpt the in Closed for your nobel instituion from one that as walked the strets and aleys in golden lane beare foot and homeless i was born on the spot and livid a few years my pearrants lay ther i have bean away 30 yers but hav not forgot the place. Pleas acknolig by return i am yours" &c.

Although many of the people attending the Evangelists' Tabernacle have been rescued from the lowest depths of vice, yet the work of grace has in most cases been singularly gentle. There have been few so-called thrilling conversions. There has been a lapse of time between conviction and conversion; between the two great stages of Christian experience, the soul-agony of despair and destraction and the tender rejoiceful dawn of peace and unruffled calm. One man had a companion in the brewery close by the building, who was suddenly killed through the escape of carbonic acid gas. He assisted in taking his companion home, but the sight of the dead man's white face and the touch of his cold hand ever haunted him. He became dejected in spirit; his rest at night was disturbed; he felt he was unprepared to meet death; he remembered Mr. Orsman's address on the previous Sabbath, and his agony of mind increased until it became unendurable. He made resolutions, but they were of no use in quieting his conscience until he cast himself into Christ's dear arms, and found the peace that cannot be measured by the grandest earthly bliss.

A very remarkable instance I will give as an illustration, which Sunday-school teachers may use to advantage. A little child lay dead in a certain room; the disease being the measles. The elder child was sent away for a few days to a friend's house, but hearing her little sister was dead she secretly made her way to her mother's home. The door was open and she went in. The mother was engaged in the next house; but when she returned the little one had removed the coffin-lid, and was kneeling and praying by the side of the dead body. The mother listened to the child's prayer, which was something like this: "Gentle Jesus, come and take little Annie up to heaven to live always with thee and sister Sally. Blessed Saviour, teacher says I am one of thy lambs, so I want to leave this wicked world. Come and take mother too, make her fit to die. Amen." The tears trickled down

the mother's cheeks as the child turning round said to her, "Tell the man to bring me a larger coffin, and tell teacher next Sunday that I'm gone to heaven along with Sally." The child would not leave the room, but sat hourly waiting for her coffin to come. At last she was removed by force. In the night she was taken ill, and the next day she became worse, and on the following day died, singing—

"I love Jesus, Hallelujah:
Jesus smiles and loves me too."

From the day of the child's death the mother became an altered woman; she gave up drinking and swearing, and now she is not only rejoicing in the Saviour, but has been the instrument of leading several costermongers' wives to the Cross of Christ.

It will be seen from our narrative, that the mission is in a most prosperous condition spiritually. I can myself testify to the good done, having carefully watched the work at various times during the past three months. It has been found desirable to visit each house in the district in order to show the poor the necessity and profitableness of a religious life. Prayer and faith are already exercised. A stimulus has only recently been given to the work which cannot but result in great good. Already larger numbers attend the Sabbath services than heretofore; and a deep feeling seems to possess some who have been drunken with iniquity. Mr. Orsman deserves our prayers and our support; he has generously, nobly worked—worked not as a blind fanatic—there is little of fanaticism in him; but with a steady determination, a fixed purpose, a noble resolve, a single eye; and God has blessed him, and will yet further bless him. Whatever will be the future history of this mission, God alone knows; but *I part with it under this solemn conviction, that it will grow and expand until Golden Lane will be filled with golden sheaves for God.* Good Master! make it so, since it is thy own delightful work!

Fellowship with God.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us."—1 John i. 5—10.

IT is said in Genesis, "Enoch walked with God." It is one of the most wonderful passages in the Bible. Enoch walked with God—a child of darkness with a God of Light—a worm of the dust with a holy God. This passage explains it, and shows us, beloved, how you and I may walk in the same light and enjoy the same holy fellowship. Notice:—

I. THE GOD WITH WHOM WE ARE TO WALK.—Verse 5. "This then

* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript.

is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." This is the testimony of the Son concerning the Father. Christ knew well what was in the Father, and here he makes it known. It is sweet to receive the testimony of Christ concerning God; for we know it must be true. He is compared to light.

(1.) *On account of his perfect knowledge.* Just as the light pierces into the darkness, so God's eye sees daily into the darkest and deepest recesses of the human heart. "He revealeth the hidden things of darkness." Just as the rising sun discovers all that was before hid by the thick curtains of night, so the Lord's eye discovers all that is hidden under the deepest shades of darkness. If the sun were to rise at midnight over this town, what frightful scenes of wickedness would it not expose! And yet there is one bright Sun shining all the night long. God's eye sees all the night; the darkness and the light are both alike to him. "There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

(2.) *On account of his joy.* Light is a cheerful, happy thing. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." So "God is light," and dwells in light. "Thou clothest thyself with light as with a garment." There is no unhappiness in God. He is full of pure, clear, calm, undivided, unclouded joy. It is heaven to be near him, for that is to share in his light. The angels are angels of light. Heaven is the inheritance of the saints in light. Light is in the dwellings of Israel. The pillar of light.

(3.) *On account of his holiness.* It is bright unsullied purity. In 1 Tim. vi. 16, it says, "Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." This was represented by the raiment of Christ at his transfiguration. "His countenance did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." Just as there is no darkness in light, so there is no sin in God. There is perfect holiness in God—perfect purity: love of all that is truly lovely, and abhorrence of all that is sinful, even the least sin. There are dark spots seen on the sun, and dark spots on the moon; but there is no spot seen on God. In him is no darkness at all. My dear friends, this is the God with whom you have to do. If you are Christless, how will you stand before him? If you die Christless, how will you shrink away from his presence! You will call on rocks and mountains to cover you. Beloved believers, this is the God with whom you have fellowship. "Enoch walked with" this God of light, and so may you share in his light, and get to dwell in his light for ever. I remark—

II. FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD IS NOT WALKING IN SIN.—Verse 6. "If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." Alas! there are many who say they have come to Christ, and that they have fellowship with God, who yet walk in sin. These are liars, practical liars, they do not the truth. O that the Lord would make this a searching word to you all! All were not saved amongst you who went to ministers and godly elders and told their experiences. You profess that you have been awakened by the Spirit of God—that you have felt yourself lost and undone—that the

Lord Jesus has revealed himself to your soul—that you have found peace in believing—that you hope you are pardoned, and have come to God. You say you have fellowship with him, yet the same night you go home and live in sin. You would be ashamed to be seen by the minister doing what you did that night. You go and live in darkness. Dishonest in business, tale-bearers—delighting in scandal, telling lies. Ah! how plain is it that you are a mere professor—a hypocrite, you "lie, and do not the truth." Again, are there not some of you who say to the world you have fellowship with God? You seem to men to love the house of prayer. All that the world sees of you is fair. In meetings for prayer you seem to come near to God; you seem to have a holy familiarity and nearness to God, and your companions often wish they could get as near to God as you seem to do. You go to the Lord's table, and seem to enjoy it, and yet, when you go home from all such meetings, you know quite well, you indulge in secret sins. If only you get out of sight of men, you can indulge in secret, abominable sins, or you indulge in heart sins, pride, lust, covetousness. You are secretly walking in darkness, while at the same time you are walking, in profession before the world, with a God of light. Ah! you are the very souls mentioned here, you "lie, and do not the truth." "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." Remember the word of Jesus, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

III. SHOW WHAT TRUE FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD IS. It is walking in the light as God is in the light. It is sharing in God's holiness. When a sinner is brought by the Spirit into the holiest of all, through the rent veil, he comes near to the Father of light. The full light of God's reconciled countenance shines in upon his soul; the light of God's holiness beams into his heart. His heart is filled with the very same light that is in the heart of God. He walks in the light as God is in the light. When you open the shutters of a room to the rays of the midday sun, the light is poured into the room, illuminating its darkest corner. The room shares in the light of the sun, so is it with a sinner brought nigh to God. There is no light in the room itself, it has no light of its own, it receives all. Even so, there is no holiness in the sinner's heart of his own, he receives all. O beloved, let me urge you to this blessed fellowship with a blessed God. Come with your dark, empty hearts, empty of all good, full of all sin. Come near to the Father, and he will fill you with his own pure light. Open thy heart wide and God will fill it. The reason why Christians are so unholy and unlovely is, that you receive so little from God. You live far from him, you do not come near and receive out of his fulness. Oh! come and get your hearts filled out of God's heart; his heart is an inexhaustible fountain of light, of life, of holiness. Come and get your heart filled out of his, and walk thus in the light, as he is in the light. Some will say, "But, how dare I come near to a God of holiness, my life has been all sin? My heart is brimful of sin, how can I come near to this God of light?" *Answer.* "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Ah! there is no walking with God without this blood. The high priest of old never dared to go within the veil without blood.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Speak unto Aaron thy brother, that he come not at all times into the holy place within the vail before the mercy seat, which is upon the ark, that he die not" (Lev. xvi. 2), and then compare Heb. ix. 7, "Into the second went the high priest alone once every year, NOT WITHOUT BLOOD, which he offered for himself and for the errors of the people." I fear there are many amongst you who try to go into the holiest of all without the blood. I fear there are many of you who think you can pray to God, and go to God when you die, that have never come to the blood of Jesus—who have not "washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh! tremble, whosoever thou art, for it is written, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Is it not a wonder that some of you do not drop into hell when you are upon your knees in prayer, yet without blood, when you thus dare to come into the holiest of all without blood? Some of you bring in your tears and amendments, but that is not blood. Oh! fly to the blood of the Son of God, sinners. By Jesus we have access to the Father. All that have come into the light of God's countenance have been washed in the blood of the Son of God. But observe that they wash every day. "*Cleanseth* us." If you walk with God there must be a continual cleansing of your soul in the blood of the Lamb. The blood must never be off your conscience. When the high priest went into the holiest of all he took a basin of blood along with him, and he sprinkled it seven times upon the mercy-seat, and before the mercy-seat. This is the very way you must walk with God. You must show the blood seven times a day. You must continually apply to the blood that it may be cleansing you. Every morning and every evening the Jews were commanded to offer up a lamb at the altar. This represented the daily application of a believer to the blood of the Lamb, every morning to blot out the sins of the night, every evening to blot out the sins of the past day. There is no walking with God without this. O dear believers, let every sin in your past life, and every sin in your present heart, bring you to the blood of the Lamb, then you will be white as snow before the Father, and will come under his full smile. Let every new discovery of sin unknown before be a new-found reason for your going to the blood of the Lamb. Then will the Father say, "I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from them." John wants to make plainer this wonderful walk with God, so that none may misunderstand him, and this leads us to remark—

IV. THAT IT IS NOT BY SAYING WE HAVE NO SIN. Verse 8.—"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Verse 10. "If we say that we have not sinned we make him a liar, and his word is not in us."

Every believer is conscious of past sins. Those who walk nearest to God, and share most in his holiness, are most conscious of their past sins. See Ezekiel xxxvi. 31. I fear some think to walk with God by forgetting their past sins. Some of you cast a mantle of delusion over your past transgressions. You rush into business, you have constant meetings with worldly men, or you run into amusements and company, or you run to preachings and prayer meetings—always hearing, never reflecting—and this just in order that you may hide your sins; and thus you keep your conscience easy. This is making "God a liar." He says you are

all covered over with sin, and that you must come to the blood to be purified and forgiven. *Not so with God's children.* You know that you have sinned. The nearer you come to God, the more of his light you receive—the more you see of your past sins; then you will remember and be confounded, and never open your mouth any more, because of your shame. Even in heaven the redeemed will not say, "I have never sinned." Even there they will remember, and it will give a deeper and more solemn tone to their song of glory, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Every believer is conscious of present sins.—Verse 8. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves." I fear that many amongst you are ignorant of the sin that dwelleth in you. In every natural heart amongst you there is as much sin at this moment as may sink you to hell even if you had no past guilt at all. Suppose your past guilt were all forgiven you, still there is as much sin in your heart just at this moment as will sink you to the lowest hell. Just as a ship that is overloaded sinks to the bottom of the sea, so there is as much pride, lust, selfishness, forgetfulness of God, hidden in your heart at this moment as might sink you to eternal perdition. Why should you not be moved by this? You do not weep as others do, yours are the marble cheeks and the tearless eyes, and the iron unmelted hearts. You are the souls that never feel under sermons—that are never affected by a sense of the love of Christ, you deceive yourselves. Believers are not so. Every believer that walks with God knows that he has sin dwelling in him. The nearer he comes to God, the more clearly does he see it as Job, "Behold, I am vile." You that have come to God, know that you have *imperfections* in you. Your *faith* is imperfect faith—"O ye of little faith," how little of God's Word do you truly believe! There is abominable imperfection in your faith most dishonouring to God. Your *love* is most imperfect. You have some love to Christ, and to God, and to believers; but, oh! how small it is—it is cold love. Are you not deserving to be cast away on account of the imperfection of your love? *You know that you have sin*—a "body of sin and death." You know that you have sin; for all the members of your natural heart remain. You know that you have the fountain of every corruption in your heart. The more you have of God's light in your heart, the more you will see your own native darkness. The more you see of the fulness of God's Spirit, the more you will feel the plague of your own heart. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Ah! there is much of sin in us for which we should be cast away yet.

V. What does a believer do with his sins?—If he has past and present sins, how can he walk with God? *Answer.* "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Ah! this is the secret of a child of darkness walking with a God of light. When any of the children of Israel offered a burnt offering to God, he used to lay his hand upon the head of the lamb, and confess his sin over it. This is the thing, believer, which you must do to walk with a God of light. Bring out all the sins of your youth, all the sins of your riper years—sins against the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit; all the black sins, the lusts of the flesh, and the lusts of the eye; all the present corruption that you feel, bring all out and lay it on the head of the lamb, confess all

your sins over him. Let me urge you to this, for if you do not lay them on Christ's head, they will lie upon your conscience. Remember, unconfessed sin is unforgiven sin. Oh! will you not search your past life as with candles? Will you search into your corrupt heart, and bring out all to be carried away in the blood of the Lamb? Will you not tremble lest you should have any sin unconfessed? Oh! will you not cast all upon the head of Jesus? If you do, HE is faithful and just to forgive. He is "*faithful*" to his own word. His word about Jesus is true. Christ has already made his soul an offering for sin. His word will not change—Christ will not cast you out.

"There be some that trouble you."

THE early history of the Christian church bears a remarkable witness to the profound reverence with which Gentile believers honoured the names of the venerable fathers of the Jewish people. These grafts from an alien stock into the true vine felt peculiarly sensitive on the question of pedigree. The argument so plentifully employed by the apostle Paul to prove that in Christ Jesus there is no difference, sufficed not to disabuse their minds of inferiority. Just as we can now suppose that generations must elapse before the negro, not only liberated, but enfranchised, will cease to feel that his sable skin betrays a debased ancestry; so then, there was a sense of shame when, reflecting on themselves, and a sense of envy when regarding their Jewish brethren, which prompted the converts of the gospel—whether Greeks or barbarians—to seek out and establish some points of alliance with the blessed patriarchs and prophets of the Israelitish faith. Their very credulity is instructive. You might easily persuade them to submit in ripe years to the ordinance of circumcision; they would willingly observe any fasts or feasts, undertake long and tedious journeys to Jerusalem, or conform to any Judaical usages, lured by the tempting bait of association with the favoured race "to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever."

The epistle to the Galatians was written with an express purpose to check the Judaizing tendencies of those churches. In prosecuting this object, the apostle used extraordinary severity while denouncing the false teachers. But his tender sympathy towards the weak consciences of disciples is no less conspicuous. He gives and repeats assurance after assurance that their apprehensions of disability were groundless. They possessed an indefeasible title to all patrimonial and federal blessings. This was sealed by the Spirit of God, and would rather be compromised than confirmed by any carnal acts.

"IF YE BE CHRIST'S, THEN ARE YE ABRAHAM'S SEED, AND HEIRS ACCORDING TO THE PROMISE."

An error of an opposite kind has attained some notoriety in our day. The Gentile element is predominant almost to exclusiveness in the Christian Church. Occupying a place of privilege which our forefathers knew not, there have arisen among us certain brethren who

stealthily at first, and afterwards more boldly, have disparaged the Jewish patriarchs, and vaunted for themselves a superior claim to the love of God, and a higher place in the destinies of heaven than they deem it possible for the saints of the pre-Christian era to inherit. Profane rivalry! not more pretentious than unwarranted; not more audacious than unscriptural. Does the proposition admit of debate, or is it necessary to do more than refer every enquirer to the plain, unequivocal testimony of the New Testament? So we thought at first, as our spiritual instincts revolted at the heresy. In obedience to the divine counsel—"foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strife"—we would have contented ourselves with warning the flock we delight to feed. For divers reasons, the obligation of another article is forced upon us. We give place to no one in the intense sympathy we feel with the honest scruples of every soul that conscientiously seeks the light of truth. If he be a penitent who has stumbled on the very threshold of revelation, or if he be a believer who has fallen into the hands of unsafe guides, and become embarrassed in the effort to find his way into the deeper mysteries of its inner courts, we would offer our prayer to God for the Spirit of wisdom that shall enable us to direct him aright.

From the tenor of the correspondence we have received, we infer that there are not a few such sincere believers in Christ, who have had their minds unhinged by the various tracts and publications which have been, for the most part, anonymously put into circulation. Their question is—"In view of the various dispensations under which it has pleased God to gather an elect and faithful people out of the world, has it not been reserved to the Christian dispensation to furnish the privileged company which, in their unity, is called 'the Church,' 'the bride of Jesus,' 'the Lamb's wife?'" We have already refuted this notion. Still it appears that stumblingblocks have been laid in the path of those who diligently search the Scriptures, which, by the grace of God, we will endeavour to remove.

And first of all, do not, we beseech you, be cajoled by any appeal to "God's dispensational arrangements," knowing that, however various they may have been, his covenant has endured the same through them all. It is a mere truism that Abel was not circumcised, that Noah did not observe the passover, and Abraham was not baptized.

Difference of dispensation does not involve a difference of covenant; and it is according to the covenant of grace that all spiritual blessings are bestowed. So far as dispensations reach they indicate degrees of knowledge, degrees of privilege, and variety in the ordinances of worship. The unity of the faith is not affected by these; as we are taught in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews. The faithful of every age concur in looking for one city, and that city is identically the same with the New Jerusalem described in the Apocalypse as "a bride adorned for her husband." Surely, beloved brethren, you ought not to stumble at the anachronism of comprising Abraham, David, and others, in the fellowship of the Church! If you can understand how we, who live under the present economy, and unlike those Jews have never been circumcised, are nevertheless accounted the true circumcision, who worship God in the Spirit, and not in the flesh—you can have very little difficulty in perceiving that those Old Testament saints, who were

participators in the faith of Christ's death and resurrection, were verily baptized into him according to the Spirit. Neither time nor circumstance bounded the faith of Abraham. He rejoiced to see Messiah's day; and he saw it, and was glad. He believed in God who "calleth those things that be not as though they were." It were well for us to walk in the footsteps of this same faith. Dispensations are not like individuals, the day of whose birth and the day of whose death can be accurately chronicled; they are rather like generations which are gradually dissolved; they do not terminate abruptly, but one melts and fuses into another. Would you tell us when the Abrahamic dispensation began and when it closed?—we had rather you did not attempt to guess for fear of a fresh strife. If you were to say it began on the day that Abraham received the sign in his flesh, we should remind you that it was not imposed on Lot, though he was a believer. Or would you tell us when that same dispensation closed, equal differences of opinion might arise? Only one dispensation was like a walled city; and our Lord Jesus Christ broke down the partition-wall of that, in order to unite Jews and Gentiles in one body.

It was doubtless with an advance of knowledge, privilege and worship, beyond measure bright, that the Christian dispensation, like the kingdom of heaven upon earth, was ushered in. We may regard it as inaugurated by the personal ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ himself, attested by his resurrection, and unfolded by the Spirit of God. But who among us will venture to think that this economy, under which we are called, in contrast with the economies that preceded it is perfect? Perfect in what? Are we perfect in knowledge? We know in part, we prophesy in part; when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Are we perfect in privilege? Alas! the great majority of believers walk in bondage, failing to enjoy a clear assurance of their pardon, a thorough immunity from the fear of death, or a joyful anticipation of the glory that is yet to be revealed. Would you drear that we are perfect in organisation? In how few instances are all th component offices of fellowship filled by men who are moved an actuated by the Holy Spirit! Is there in any one of the churches, that claim allegiance to the commandment of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, such a complete presence of true believers and such a complete exclusion of all unholy persons, as to warrant our supposing that that particular church represents the bride of Christ? Was it anticipated in the parables of "the kingdom of heaven," that there ever would be?

Let the Plymouth Brethren define "*the church*" from which, by injunction or consent of their leaders, Abraham, Moses, David, and others, "as individual servants," are to be kept aloof. Their "*plain papers*" will tell us, "it is the actual living unity with Christ and with each other of those who, since Christ's resurrection, are formed into this unity by the Holy Ghost come down from heaven." Turn aside now and see this great sight. Where is it to be beheld? In the œcumenical church of Rome! In the Episcopal church of England, by law established! In the sections of Presbyterianism! Among the Methodist societies! Among the Congregationalists! Or is it, after all, among the Plymouth Brethren themselves, whose diversities and disunion are so notorious? We venture to suggest that the church, which is the bride,

has not her counterpart on this earth. While Christ who is our life is absent, the life of the saints is hidden—hid with Christ in God. The new Jerusalem is out of sight. The Epiphany of the church is a feast yet to be celebrated. That fair damsel has not yet (in the language of courtly fashion) come out. She has not been introduced. Her appearance will be the signal for nuptial festivities. Not all who claim to be church-members on earth, because they live under this dispensation, will be acknowledged in the day of the Lord. Nor will the accident or circumstance of having lived before this dispensation, preclude the recognition of any saints in living unity with Christ at his appearing.

Who hath bewitched you, ye simple-hearted Christians, that ye should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits? There be some that trouble you. Do not these crudities proceed from individual professors of an unincorporated society, which has not at present sufficient development to be reckoned in law, in equity, or in reason among the sects or sections of the visible church? If they have any organisation, is it not of the lowest type—based upon the incipient pre-Pentecostal model of discipleship? Had they received the gifts of the Spirit, would they not fill those offices in the body which they not only neglect but ignore?

It is high time we asked these specious agitators to declare themselves. Are they phantoms flitting across our path? They come in such a questionable shape. In simplicity and godly sincerity, let a statement of their principles, and, if need be, a register of their individual names and acknowledged communities, be published. For their own welfare it should be done without delay. Why do they not say with the apostle, "We write none other things unto you than what ye read or acknowledge, and I trust ye shall acknowledge even unto the end?" A "so-called brother," is an untangible style of subscription; it savours neither of flesh nor spirit. Yet the folly of some in this matter does not pertain to all who have attempted to foist this novelty upon our churches. We extract the following note from the January number of "Things New and Old," the editor of whom is a gentleman to be easily recognised by his initials as well as his name:—

"'M. G.' Your kind communication did not reach us in time for our December issue. The difficulty of your friend arises, very much, we should say, from not seeing that the church, as such, is not before the apostle's mind in Galatians or Romans. He is speaking of believers, and the ground on which they are individually justified before God. They are justified by faith, as Abraham was, and, hence, are morally the children of Abraham. And, further, though Abraham did not and could not belong to a body which had no existence, save in the purpose of God, until the Head ascended into the heavens, still, most assuredly, Abraham and all the Old Testament saints will share in the heavenly glory. Very many, we doubt not, are perplexed as to this point, because they make it a question of comparing individuals one with another. If it be a question of personal worthiness, holiness, or devotedness, Abraham might stand above the most holy and devoted amongst us. But it is not so at all, but simply a question of God's dispensational arrangements; and if any be disposed to find fault with these, we are not at all disposed to argue with them. Some, now-a-days, have a way of turning the subject into ridicule, which savours far more of wit than of spirituality or acquaintance with the Word of God. But we trust that we shall never surrender the truth of God in order to escape the shafts of human ridicule."

Here is the very gist of the matter. But as for the remark that the

apostle Paul was handling "*simply a question of God's dispensational arrangements*," this view is so contrary to that which he has himself put forth in his "Notes on Genesis," that we need only refer our readers to his own commentary on the sixteenth and twenty-second chapters of Genesis for a candid admission that Paul's allegory drawn from the history of Hagar and Sarah referred to the covenants, and not the dispensations. We may, however, still be allowed to express our profound astonishment at the declaration that the church is not before the apostle's mind in either the epistle to the Galatians or that to the Romans. If "Jerusalem which is above which is free," does not mean "*the church*," what does it mean? We are aware that some annotators have interpreted it of the church militant, and others of the church triumphant. The news had yet to reach us that "individuals justified before God" were alluded to in this maternity. Supposing that "the church" is not the mother of us all, the inference stands transparently forth, "Abraham is the father of the faithful, but each justified man is his own mother:" *q. e. ducens ad absurdum*.

Let this suffice. We have no intention to open the pages of this magazine to vain jangling. An earnest study of those Scriptures which disclose "the everlasting covenant" as it was gradually but distinctly revealed, will do more than any arguments of ours to dissipate the mist of those strange doctrines we have referred to. That covenant was declared to Noah; it was still further opened to Abraham and Isaac; it was confirmed to David; Isaiah rejoiced in its sure mercies; Jeremiah was privileged to relate many of its special provisions; and Paul avers in his epistle to the Hebrews that this is the covenant, under the provisions of which the precious blood of Christ was shed: it is the blood of the new covenant. The priesthood of Christ is declared to be after the order of Melchizedec; it was, therefore, revealed in the days of Abraham. The word of the oath by which he was consecrated is communicated to us in the 110th Psalm; and so it was well known to David. In like manner, the gift of the Holy Spirit, though not bestowed till after the ascension of Christ, was explained by the apostle Peter, on the day of Pentecost, to be a fulfilment of prophecy that was spoken before the incarnation. The dispensational succession of events does not affect the covenant. If it did, then Abraham could have no more interest in the Jewish than in the Christian economy, Canaan not having come into possession of his posterity till centuries after the patriarch's sojourn on earth had terminated. Had none of those believers any interest in the death of Christ, they must have died in their sins; but if they were interested in his death, why not in all the blessings that ensued? Is it pretended that though their welfare was deeply involved in the fact that "Jesus should die for that nation, and not for that nation only," they are wittingly excluded from participating in the immediate consequence—"that also he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad"? According to the terms of the everlasting covenant, and not according to the law, nor yet according to the tenor of any transient dispensations, the Old Testament saints were justified by faith and accepted of God.

The testimony to the bride is not peculiar to the New Testament. Her praise and her destiny were sung by those who went before. And it does appear to us that the whole discussion that has been raised should excite a sigh deep and solemn in our breasts. Where has

humility fled? Has it ceased to be a cardinal virtue among the followers of the Lamb?

When our readers lay down this magazine, let them take up the gospel of Matthew and read at the eighth chapter, and the eleventh verse: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Mark the words "kingdom of heaven" so often used by Christ to signify the gospel dispensation. The next words make this construction more obvious: "But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Let us implore you to invert the question you have propounded to us. Those blessed patriarchs are undoubtedly heirs of the promises. Christ has acknowledged them. You need not ask whether they shall sit down with you, but your enquiry may well be whether you shall sit down with them in the kingdom of heaven.

James Nisbet: a Study for Young Men.*

BY DAVID GRACEY.

IN seeking for instruction from the lives of others, it is by no means necessary to confine our search to the memoirs of those few men who have stood first in the very foremost rank of their fellows. If it be true, and many well-known examples seem to favour the opinion, that superiority of mind chiefly consists in the power of attention, that "genius is industry," or, as one phrases it, "an infinite capacity for taking trouble:" then the life that has been spent in activity and usefulness is, above all others, the safest pattern to follow, and its lessons the wisest for youth. And such a life was that of James Nisbet, the eminent publisher. Viewed from the opposite stand-points of commerce and Christianity, it is alike interesting and instructive. To a large class of readers, no tale of distant lands, of ancient times, of wandering knight or wandering Jew, could possess more attractions than the record of the "ins" and "outs" of a popular publisher's life. They would like to detect the instinct which infallibly guides him to fill continually the covers of his octavos with brilliant paragraphs; to discover how he gauges the literary taste of the nation; how he ascertains the preponderance of the religious, the intellectual or the sensational element; how he adapts his volumes, even to the colour of their binding, and the finish of their edges, to the affections, the faith, or the reason of the reading public. They would not rest contented till they had witnessed his interviews with favourite authors, his shrewd dealings with the "hacks" of literature, with the new aspirants in the world of letters, until they had inspected all the secret processes and curious details of the traffic in brains. As such readers, however, are not likely to visit these pages, I shall not spend time in spreading a repast for their curiosity. It is to other traits in Mr. Nisbet's character, other employments of his talents and energies, I would direct attention—traits and employments which

* Lessons from the Life of the late JAMES NISBET, Publisher, London. By the Rev. J. A. Wallace. EDINBURGH: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

grew side by side with his successful business, but which always rose above that business and covered it with their shadow. To the story of his Christian life I would invite the Christian for a while to listen: and for this purpose, that he may hear how fully, how extensively, how honourably, a loving and diligent disciple, without extraordinary talent, learning, or wealth, may serve his Master.

James Nisbet was born on the 3rd of February, 1785. His father was at that time the tenant of a small farm at Spylaw, in the neighbourhood of Kelso. He afterwards entered the army, and served for upwards of fifteen years in the 15th Foot, when he was discharged, in consequence of a wounded and broken arm, with the rank of sergeant. Subsequently he seems to have held various posts in connexion with some of the important garrisons of the kingdom. Upright in the discharge of duty, and amiable in their demeanour, his parents early instilled into their son that love of integrity, of truth, and of kindliness, which ruled the whole of his future life. Their religion, however, could claim no kindred with vital godliness. They were thoroughly imbued with the principles of the old moderate school of Presbyterianism, which has its synonym on this side of the border in the Low Church party of the Anglican Establishment; both of which appear, from their strong family likeness, to be lineal descendants, by the father's and by the mother's side, of those nine ungrateful lepers who, though they received healing from the Saviour's word, never followed in his footsteps, nor published his praise. Accordingly, though cleansed from the leprosy of immorality, James Nisbet's parents had no conception of the necessity of the Holy Spirit's work in the heart, of the sprinkling of the Saviour's blood, of becoming an evangelist, when you become a believer in Jesus. Not knowing how to guide to Calvary, it is no matter of surprise that they should seek to chill the love that had been kindled there. James was roundly told by his father, when the first fruits of the Spirit began to appear in his life, that he would be very sorry if he should happen to preach in the streets of London, as he never received his education for that purpose; that God Almighty never desired man to spend all his time in godliness; that too much religion for some young people turns their minds, and cuts off their days while they might have been useful members of society.

At the time (1808) when these careful counsels were given, James had been five years in London. He had been brought into contact with living Christianity; he had begun to form habits after the spirit of the gospel; he had found out companions who talked often one to another of the things concerning the kingdom; he had ventured to teach in the Sunday School, and to distribute tracts, and above all, what rendered these things possible, he had been preserved from falling a prey to the sins of the Metropolis. That night when, as a youth of eighteen, lately arrived from Kelso, he was exposed to the peril of the first temptation in the great city, stands forth in his history, as the crisis of his career. "A young acquaintance, whom he had known in his own country-side, took him out to see some sights, and at last their walk ended in a blind alley, and a strange-looking place. Some instinct told him it was the house of the destroyer; and as, at a signal made by his companion, the door opened, he started back in horror. He entreated his companion to come away, but he laughed at him and went in, leaving him to find the

best of his way through the unknown streets. I have heard him tell," continues Dr. Hamilton, "how desolate he felt as he wandered back by himself that dreary night. It seemed to him as if the city to which he had come must be a sort of Pandemonium. Already it had transformed into a profligate the companion, whom, ere leaving home, he had known as a virtuous youth, and his fancy was oppressed by a vague fear of evil—mysteries of iniquity, and shadowy apprehensions of snares and pitfalls. He felt as if he too might at last yield to the terrible fatality. The whole thing was too painful for him, till he went into the sanctuary. But on the next Sabbath he found his way to Swallow Street. The Scotch Psalms were sung, prayer was offered, and a sermon was preached by a venerable and affectionate pastor. The little church soon brightened into a Bethel, and he was reassured and comforted to find that even London had spots of which it could be said, 'Surely God is in this place.'"

Whence he derived the strength that sustained him in that dark hour of trial, is made plain by the breathings of his spirit, recorded in a little journal kept about that time: "Lead me, O Lord, in the light of thy salvation, and make me to rejoice in thee all my days." "Sanctify me wholly, O God, and subdue the vile corruptions of my heart." "May the Lord ever guide me by his counsels, and lead me in the way everlasting." "I am indeed poor, but blessed be the Lord, who heareth the cry of the poor and needy." "Oh! charming, charming promise—'Fear not, for I am with thee!'" Remembering the tempter's guile and power, his own happy deliverance, and the bitter fall of his companion, he sought out, in future days, young men as they came to London to pursue their worldly callings, welcomed them to his table and fireside, brought them under the influence of Christian society, and thereby shielded many who would otherwise have stood friendless and alone, face to face with those cruel seductions that blast the fair promise of the young and unwary.

After he had been for some time in London, Alexander Russell, a son of the Rev. John Russell, of Stirling, was introduced to him. They occupied lodgings in the same house, they sat in the same pew at Swallow Street Presbyterian Church, and their habitual intercourse tended to develope and strengthen each other's piety. Soon young Russell's health gave way under the late hours and severe labours of a clerk in the East India House. During the progress of the disease, and till it terminated in death, James Nisbet was his unwearied and loving attendant. And when we hear the venerable minister of Christ mingling with his last farewell to friends and family on earth, a blessing upon that young man, who, twenty years before, had nursed with more than brotherly tenderness his son Alexander, on his dying bed, far distant, in the great Metropolis, from a father's, or a mother's, or a sister's care, we can understand how fully he appreciated James Nisbet's love, and sympathy, and watchfulness over those of the same years, of like passions and temptations as himself.

These early acts of service led the way to more extended usefulness. The Fitzroy schools, established by a few young men about the beginning of the present century, had already outgrown the place of their nativity—a carpenter's shed in an obscure court. To provide increased accommodation, a meeting of ministers and others was called. It was suggested,

as recorded in the handwriting of James Nisbet, that a penny a week subscription should be set on foot. The suggestion was adopted. The plan succeeded. Its operation extensively enlarged the design, changed the whole aspect of the undertaking, and transformed, in course of time, a struggling Sunday School into a great Educational Institute, equipped with a large library, a friendly society, an efficient staff of teachers; which, according to its report of 1853, had sent out not less than fourteen thousand, fitted by Christian culture for a course of life at once useful to others and honourable to themselves. This success was, in a great measure, owing to the energy and zeal of James Nisbet. He acted as treasurer and secretary for the long period of forty years; taking the liveliest interest in all its affairs, and contributing largely to its funds when only he and two others of the first supporters remained. The original aim of these schools—to impart on the Sabbath-day instruction to the children of the poor—first won Mr. Nisbet's sympathies. He loved to labour for the Saviour among the young. "I was always delighted," he says, "with the work of Sabbath School instruction, and never got weary of it. My own soul was often refreshed by it." From the grey dawn of spiritual religion upon his own heart—ere he could clearly read his own title to salvation—to the very close of his life, Sabbath Schools ever found in him an ardent advocate and a liberal supporter. He mainly contributed, in conjunction with Mr. William Brodie Gurney, to the formation and the wide-spread influence of the Sunday School Union. At the time when it was formed, the Heralds and Magazines for the children, the notes, and hints, and books of reference for teachers, now so abundantly supplied, were utterly unknown. Teachers were driven hard to find clear interpretations and suitable illustrations of truth; while the children, from lack of interest, became unruly and boisterous. "I used to rise," says Mr. Nisbet, "at four o'clock, to study the chapters which had been appointed as the lessons for the next Sabbath in the School, lest I should be asked questions by any scholar that I could not readily answer; but even then," he naïvely adds, "I found that the boys would ask questions which I could not very well answer."

It might not perhaps be incorrect to trace to the remembrance of these early difficulties, that generosity which, in after days, led him to furnish, with useful publications, many a village or Sunday School Library, at a very cheap rate, or altogether gratuitously. Yet to regard his general liberality as dependent upon external or accidental circumstances, would be to underrate, if not to misunderstand its nature. It was not created by unexpected appeals or appalling distress, but welled up from the depths of his own benevolent and generous heart. It was not a rare, fitful, or intermittent overflow of heated feeling, or sudden prosperity; it was the law of his being, the rule of his actions. Accordingly, in reading his history, you have not to wait till the country lad becomes a citizen of London, till the clerk becomes a prosperous publisher, till the tradesman gains the esteem and friendship of some of the noblest and most honoured of his contemporaries, before you see a man who has learned to devote his substance to the Lord, and to fulfil the offices of love to his fellow-men. The success that attended his exertions when he commenced business for himself gave wider scope and greater munificence to his liberality; but he was generous before he became rich, he

was liberal without being importuned. It is with unmingled pleasure that we read of such noble donations—over and above his ordinary subscriptions to the various charitable institutions—as £230 for the Regent's Square Church; £300 for the Building of the Free Church at Hawick; £1,550 for the North Parish Church at Kelso; £1,000 at the Disruption, fo the Free Church of Scotland. Besides, by personal exertion, he collected from other parties £210 for the Idiots' Asylum; £297 for the Presbyterian Church at Woolwich; £800 for the North Parish Church, Kelso; and subscriptions for the Caledonian Asylum which yield a yearly revenue of £245.

Still, one might find a deeper, though a simpler pleasure in witnessing the sowing of the seeds of Mr. Nisbet's generosity in the opening days of his discipleship to Christ. Before he had purchased the commodious premises and comfortable home in Berners Street, where so many have shared his hospitality, before he had reached any reputation as a publisher of religious works, even before he opened his small booksellers' shop in Castle Street, we discover acts of kindness and of self-denial, full of the promise of a bountiful giver, and which prevent surprise at the noble contributions mentioned above. When his yearly salary as a clerk to Mr. Hugh Usher, a West India Merchant, in Moorfields, was £54 12s., then £60, then £70, then £100, and after that £120, the following items are found amongst his gifts and charities:—£15 to his father; £6, with Brown's Bible, to his mother; two guineas to his aunt; and two guineas to his cousin; Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, 10s. 6d.; subscription to the Friend-in-Need Society, 4s.; Missionary collection at Tabernacle, 5s.; donation to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, 7s.; annual subscription for Salters' Street School, 10s. 6d.; British and Foreign Bible Society, 10s. 6d.; Tottenham Court School, 10s. 6d. Subscription for aged widow and daughter, £1 1s.; share of Dinner for Sabbath School children, £1 1s. 9d.; subscription for Mrs. Helm, 10s. 6d.; wine and jelly for little Mary Morgaunt, 5s.; Kelso Friendly Society, £1 11s.; bottle of wine for Mrs. Mott, being ill, 4s.; subscription for Cleveland School Building Fund, £2 3s. 6d.; Missionary collection, 7s. 6d.; Tabernacle Society, 12s.

And here I would diverge slighuly from the plan laid down at the outset, and lift up the veil for a moment off Mr. Nisbet's business transactions, that no one may suspect his as a liberality only for parade. The same spirit that kept him from a miserly and stingy religious conduct, also kept him from sharpness and meanness in his commercial dealings. It was no unusual thing for an author, after he had sold to Mr. Nisbet the copyright of his book on terms highly advantageous to himself, to receive again and again, the most liberal advances when the profits of the work exceeded the publisher's expectations. Such strange and preposterous dealing drove the good nature of some authors into open rebellion. One was compelled to expostulate with such fervency, that I cannot refrain from transcribing his note to Mr. Nisbet, if not as a literary, at least as a commercial curiosity:—"I shall agree to accept a hundred guineas, but no more. . . I had no reason to expect anything for this book. You remember our conversation about the price of it? Then, I do not think you can afford it. Should there ever be so much profit on it, I shall be very glad. You have taken such pains with my little productions, and given such a quantity away, that I should

be very glad if this one brought in a few pounds' profit to the good old house of James Nisbet and Co. They will do good with the money. But I should be very unhappy in accepting a sum which made this impossible. I remember writing the same way about the tracts, and you gave the money in my name to different objects. But, for the reason now stated, I do not wish this either. I deeply feel the generosity and personal kindness which have prompted you and your worthy partners to make such an offer; but the half of it is all that I can take. It will defray the journey I am now about to take, and will be as seasonable as more would be oppressive. Now, my dear friend, I hope you understand the business part of this letter, and that you will make me happy by letting me have my own way for once."

It would be far beyond the limits of this paper to trace Mr. Nisbet's long and honourable connexion with the church at Regent's Square; to tell of his tender solicitude for the moral and spiritual welfare of his native town, now, by the labours of Dr. Horatius Bonar there, turned into a household word wherever the Christian hymns are sung; to describe his frequent and manly and prevailing applications to the Duke of Buccleuch, for the erection of a Church at Hawick; to relate his unwearied and self-denying labours to assuage the sufferings of the poor when the cholera broke out in the neighbourhood of Middlesex Hospital; or to recount his vigorous endeavours to help forward the cause of the Free Church at the Disruption. Even to give the names of the benevolent schemes, societies, and institutions, of whose committees he was a member, to which he was a trustee, or secretary, or treasurer, or manager, or governor, or director, or president, would occupy considerably more than a page.

The manner of Mr. Nisbet's death was much in accordance with his life, and with his own desires. All his lifetime he felt a secret dread of death, but when death actually came it was divested of all its terrors. "On Tuesday, the 7th of November (1854), he went as usual before breakfast to the Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, and in walking rapidly up the avenue, he complained of pain about the region of the heart. But he went through the business in hand, and afterwards attended a committee meeting in the City, when he came home, and having partaken of a little refreshment, he went to bed. As a precautionary measure, Dr. Stewart, his medical adviser, was sent for, but neither he nor any of the family were apprehensive as to the issue: he himself seemed so cheerful, and complained so little of his ailments. When the doctor called next day about two o'clock, he raised himself on his elbow, and conversed for some time with great buoyancy, but in a moment, suddenly he again complained of the pain, laid his head back upon the pillow, closed his eyes, and quietly fell asleep. There was no articulate prayer, no parting counsel to surrounding friends, no dying testimony. Nor was this needed."

As it has not been my object to pursue James Nisbet in all the details of his life, so neither will I venture to rake out the failings, nor depict all the excellencies of his character. One leading feature deserves a moment's consideration. Nothing extraordinary in itself, no extraordinary method of action has been observed in the whole of his life. Wherein, then, lay the grand and real success of that life? In this: he put the whole force of his being into everything he did. He accepted

facts, and made the most of them. Even trivial matters were magnified by his energy into importance.; and the common pebbles on life's highway were turned into brilliants. One cannot help contrasting the plan and issue of such a life as Mr. Nisbet's with that of those who are always looking out for uncommon and romantic occurrences wherein to employ their talents, and will not stoop to the humble, everyday service, that may be done for the Saviour. They of the practical, realistic school; tread in the ordinary paths of life, but strew them with flowers and gems; engage in ordinary occupations, but light them up with honour; perform ordinary deeds of mercy, but transform them into the fountains of an ever-swelling stream of benevolence; seek at their foot and at their hand in the occurrences and circumstances which the passing hour deposits there, the call for activity, the opportunity for usefulness, and the material for future influence and honour. In such a life each deed, each circumstance, is invested with an importance not its own: like as words viewed by themselves may have little charm, or little meaning, yet, when under the spell of the poets' genius, assume a beauty and significance that will adorn and immortalise the pages of an epic. But they of the opposite description, the fanciful and sentimental, are continually sighing, who will show us any good? continually longing for unreal circumstances to display their capabilities of service to the Saviour; continually asking Who will show us something to do worthy of our powers, and as no one ever does, they never do anything in proof of their vital union to Christ, or of their sincere concern for his kingdom. Rather let ours be the adopted motto of James Nisbet, "Up and at it, all at it, and always at it."

Apology for omitting the Exposition of the Psalms.

WE must beg the forgiveness of our readers for omitting the Psalms for this one month; the fact being that, through more than ordinary pressure of labour, we were not able to get it ready. We will not let this occur again if we can possibly avoid it, and will endeavour to give two Psalms instead of one as soon as convenient, so as to expound not less than twelve Psalms in the course of the year. Those who know our multiplied cares, will not be slow to accept our excuse.

The Pastors' Advocate.

WE do not intend to let this matter drop; we are only waiting for more information, and meanwhile, as a further instalment upon the subject, we print the following letters, which bear well-known signatures:—

My Dear Brother,

In common with very many of my brethren, I feel deeply indebted to you for taking up the question of Ministers' Salaries, and dealing with it as you have done in the January number of "The Sword and Trowel." No one is in a better position for speaking, and to some purpose, on this most important matter. I trust that the earnest, kind appeal which you have made will be followed up, and that good results will accrue to multitudes of ministers who are sending up, in silence, but constantly, "the cry of the labourer." I will venture to reduce the knowledge I have acquired into a series of statements, for each one of which I can adduce, I am sorry to say, an overwhelming

amount of painful evidence. But it may be well that I should state that whatever I have to write on this topic will be penned in no bitter or fault-finding spirit, but in love I shall endeavour to put down the little which I have to say. Without doing more than mention that most ministers have made, and are still gladly making immense sacrifice in the way of foregoing business, that they may devote themselves to the work of the Lord, I wish to call attention:—

I. To the smallness of ministers' salaries compared with the ability of our churches. In some of our churches there may be fewer wealthy men than formerly, but of scarcely any church can it be said that, as a whole, its members are as poor as they were a few years ago. It is undeniable that there is a vast deal more wealth among our members in general than there was say fifteen or twenty years ago. But how stand ministers' incomes? Why, they are to-day at the same figure at which they were, perhaps, thirty years back. Is this just? I do not ask if it is generous—is it just? The income of all classes has increased; but ministers, though the expense of living is much greater within a few years, have the same narrow, insufficient support as of old.

II. I wish to call attention to the lack of consideration and generosity *often* evinced when some unusual outlay has to be made by ministers. The best way certainly would be to give such support that each man might be able to meet the extra draws which are now and again made on his purse; but as there are *very* few churches which act so generously, one has a right to expect a lift when there is a run on the pastor's bank. How few of our brethren ever receive anything in the shape of a present of books—how *rarely* does any one put a few pounds into his hand that he may have a short respite and season of refreshing for mind and body? I have only heard of one church, or rather body of deacons, in our denomination who practically remembered that an increase among the "olive branches" implied an additional expenditure.

III. A matter from which ministers suffer very much is the irregularity with which the pittance of support is paid. In many cases I have known a month, or even two months pass, before the quarter's money came in. And even after long delay the money has been handed over in driblets. I do know one instance where the salary is paid three months in advance, and always paid on quarter-day; but over against this I can set scores of cases where men are put to the utmost straits merely because some deacon has not received or has not found time to pay the money. Our treasurers and deacons should be generous men, who devise liberal things, and who discharge their duties with delicacy as well as with faithfulness. Many of them have very much need to study the admirable paper with which Mr. Benham favoured us at the Union Meetings in Liverpool. If the suggestions and directions given in that paper were acted upon, our churches would readily respond to the appeal and lead of their officers to benefit the pastors.

IV. One topic more. Many of our older churches have endowments for the minister. Do not the officers and members frequently take the benefit by lessening what is justly due from them to the minister? The members say, "We pay our minister so much per year." Whereas, perhaps, one-third, or it may be half, the inadequate income has never come from the members' pockets. Endowments are generally used to lighten the contributions of the people, and not to add to the comfort of the pastor. Again, are there not cases where the income from endowments is misapplied, or dealt with just as if it did not belong to the minister at all? All such moneys should be fully and regularly accounted for. It would obviate suspicion, and prevent endowments being abused, as they are so frequently.

Yours, &c.,

W.

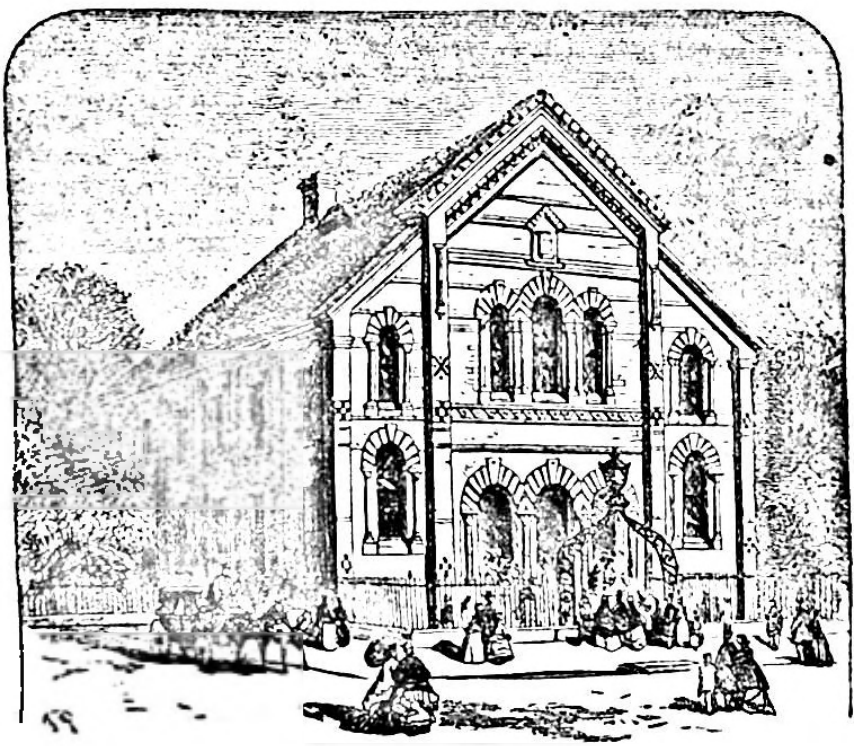
Another Baptist Minister writes thus:—

"I have been pastor over various churches for a period of thirty years, during which time it has been one continued struggle with poverty. My average income has never exceeded £40 per annum; but, for some years, it has not been above £30. There have been in my family births and deaths, nurses,

medical bills, and taxes to pay, leaving but little with which to purchase the necessaries of life.

"As the result of inadequate remuneration my dear wife has had to work hard, my children have not had the advantage of being sent to school, but compelled by stern necessity to leave home for service long before they ought; books, so necessary to a minister could not be purchased; and as for a joint of meat, such a thing has not been on my own table for years; and for weeks during the present winter we have been without animal food, dining frequently off potatoes and salt, to prevent the contraction of debt. The privations of myself and family have been known only to God."

[It is very painful for me to be able to corroborate the above statement, for a friend called upon me a few days ago with a note from this very minister, asking him to take his daughter, of twelve years of age, as nurse-girl in his family. Some little assistance has been sent. C. H. SPURGEON.]



Penge Chapel.

THE late severe gale has seriously damaged this rising edifice, and blown down a considerable portion of the wall which had not had time to dry. The interest progresses most satisfactorily under the energetic care of Mr. M. Cox, one of the students of our College, to whose indefatigable labours this church owes its origin and rapid growth. Funds are gradually coming in, but a great effort will be needed if the house is to be opened free of debt. We shall be glad to receive donations. Penge is a rapidly increasing suburb: the new chapel will stand in the midst of a large working population, and there is no fear of its being filled with hearers. All we need is present aid to finish the structure, which strikes us as being neat and simple, and yet sufficiently ornamental. The friends intend holding a Bazaar in the building, in the Easter week, and Mrs. Spurgeon, who is the president of the Ladies' Committee, will be very much obliged to friends who will send help, either in money or goods. London's needs are growing, and we would fain do all we can to meet them. Who will lend a hand?

The Pastor's Almshouses and Schools.

BY the good providence of God one of the schemes laid before our readers a few months ago is now fairly on the way to actual execution. About £1,000 more is wanted, and the buildings can be completed without debt. Provision will be made in the buildings, of which we give an engraving in this number, for 18 almswomen, poor members of our church, above the age of 60. May the last days of many of the Lord's poor be happily spent in these little rooms. We have not the means to endow them all, but doubt not that Christian friends will be found in the course of time who will do so. The schools on the right will be large airy rooms for two hundred or more children, and will be used as day schools and Sabbath schools; the house on the left is for the schoolmaster; and there are small playgrounds behind. May the rising race be here instructed in heavenly wisdom. Mr. Thomas Olney, our venerable deacon, will soon lay the first stone, and we expect that the works will proceed at once; the contract being accepted for £4,500. It is no small joy to the pastor to see such an institution springing up, which will remain to bless the church when we have long slept with our fathers: it is our only regret that we cannot make it as large again. May the eyes and heart of God be towards the place.

Mr. Newton and the "Brethren."

To the Editor of the "Sword and Trowel."

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much satisfaction, your able remarks in the February number of the "Sword and Trowel," on the dastardly attack which has been made upon you by some of the "Brethren." They richly deserve the castigation you have given to them. It will, I hope, have the effect of putting a stop, in some measure, to the false charges and unfounded accusations which they have been in the habit of making against those who faithfully expose the dangerous tendency of their peculiar and novel doctrines. No one has done this more effectually than Mr. Newton, and, consequently, no one has suffered as he has from their systematic persecution and unprincipled statements. They have, to a great extent, succeeded in getting the brand-mark of heresy attached to his name and writings. In one of their widely circulated and calumnious pamphlets his views are described as "deep, damnable, fundamental denial of Christ;" "strange and poisonous doctrine about our Lord;" "blasphemous and heretical statements;" and he is stigmatised as "the heretic;" "teacher of blasphemy;" "the false teacher;" "the evil doer." The Darbyites have been for the past eighteen years zealously engaged in carrying out a decree of their leader, in accordance with which, they labour to oppose Mr. Newton in every possible way, and perpetuate the false charges of heresy and blasphemy which have been maliciously brought against him. The case is, I believe, without a parallel. One who has recently left the Darbyites says, that his heart has been withered in this work, and that he cannot any longer pursue it.

Any one who reads Mr. Newton's writings, soon discovers how grossly he has been misrepresented and maligned, but many implicitly believe the false statements, and are prejudiced against him and his work. Unfortunately, too, for Mr. Newton, he is generally supposed still to belong to the "Brethren," but this is altogether a mistake. Nearly twenty years ago he entirely disconnected himself from them, in consequence of the introduction of the novel views and doctrines which now peculiarly characterise them, and against which he has always strongly protested.

I have thus referred to Mr. Newton, because you have mentioned his name in your remarks in such a way as may lead to the impression that he is a leader

of one party of the "Brethren." The fact is, that on almost every important point, he is altogether opposed to their views and practices. Your love of truth and righteousness will, I feel sure, readily lead you to correct the wrong impression which may thus have been formed in the minds of many of your readers.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

17, Palace Gardens Villas, Kensington, JOHN COX, JUN.
24th January, 1867.

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(Continued from page 77.)

XXXI.

"MUSICAL boxes" would be all very well, *but they are wound up.* And so is it with the godliness, so called, of a great many professors. Their piety would be all very well, but, then, it is wound up. It is not the even music of their daily way—it is the result of a winding; and it stops when the winding's done. It may not go wrong, perhaps, so long as it does go; but it goes by machinery, and, of course, it stops when the machinery stops. People may *look* at it, but they do not *love* it; and the Great Master of all music, who ever listens, as only a master could, or would, to the heavenly melody of the lowly and gentle life he has set to his own strains, shall break and burn these mere "boxes of so many tunes!"

XXXII.

THE birds, which fly so near heaven, often roll themselves in the dust: and do not think, therefore, when you feel yourself very low, that you can *never* rise again, nor, when you feel yourself very high, that you can *never* fall.

XXXIII.

THERE is a penumbra around each one of us; and, around some of us, it is very black and dense; but know you not that it is around the brightest stars that, in the dark night, the firmament *looks* the darkest? Could we get near enough, however, we should find those very stars the bright sources and centres of unceasing light; and, even so, if, in the dark sphere of thy life and labour, thou art playing a sun's part, care not though thou art only thought a star!

XXXIV.

Do you think that, when we get to heaven, we shall have any *time*, as we find out that we were right in this or that thought, to say to each other, "I *said* it would be so! *Just* as we said! Don't you remember that we had this in our *articles*? One of our principal *points* this! We were very *strict* upon this matter!" and so on? For my part, I suspect that we shall all find ourselves wrong in so much that we shall be very glad to say nothing about the little in which, without any credit to ourselves, we may prove to have been right!

XXXV.

IT is one thing to *undertake* a service; but it is a very different thing to *overtake* it. There are those who are very ready at the first that are very poor hands at the latter. They seldom undertake a service that they do not immediately proceed to put underground; for the works that they undertake are generally *dead*. To overtake a real active living duty would be a task impossible to them.

XXXVI.

THERE are some good people who, likening the work of Christ to a sort of staircase from earth to heaven, would seem to think that, in course of time, the steps have worn away, and that aspirants must now climb up on their knees, or as best they can. I prefer to think, if of a staircase at all, of one on which God is graciously pleased to descend, and take us to himself; and I dare not think of *this* staircase as *less* eternal than the sin and sinfulness from which it is the only escape.

XXXVII.

THE hot days bring out the flies; and the *proof* of many a joy is in its *penalty*.

XXXVIII.

How many of our troubles, now, like the cuts we get upon our fingers, are more than "skin-deep"! Not one in every ten, I'll be bound; and, yet, what a noise we make about them, and what a tying-on of old rags, and what an offering and reception of friendly commiserations! Next morning, we find out the truth, and laugh at ourselves for having wept for ourselves the night before!

XXXIX.

THE reflection on the sky of a highly illuminated city suggests a truth concerning the church. If *that*, the city of God upon earth, be only lighted by the illumination of his spirit, the heavens will not fail to reflect the brightness of the light, and earth, which would not look at the light itself, shall stand admiring the reflection!

XL.

IT is a household proverb that, once begin to break, and there will be no stopping. The proverb applies to more kinds of *earthenware* than one. Once begin to break off many useful ties, and there is no saying where the breaking will end.

XLI.

THE growth of trees is no less *complete* than it is *constant;* and, though it be little, it is a little all over. An apt illustration of all growth, of all culture, which is real. It is not merely the growth of one faculty of the soul, but it is the cultivation of the whole soul itself; and, though it be not much, it should be more *and* more. Even so, the foliage shall be fuller, the flowers more numerous, and the fruit more plentiful; and, as in the case of the tree, every year shall leave its ringed-record of expansion, and enlarged stem and lengthened branches shall tell of seemly and shapely growth. The trimly-cut pollard, on the one hand, and the stalk all awry, on the other, may tend to vary the view; but they are miserable warnings, after all! *You* are not growing unless it is *you* that grows.

XLII.

You know the double-circular that, upon a dissolution of partnership, or transfer of business, is usually sent round to the friends and customers of the firm; and, therein, the old business is recommended by the new managers, and the new managers by the old ones. Everything is friendly, and full of mutual approval; and, to judge from what, in many cases, one is obliged to see, one would almost be led to think that the same sort of thing took place when Christ "takes the business" of the heart so recently possessed by Satan. But there is no "dissolution of partnership" in such cases, for Christ and Satan never could be in partnership; and there is no "transfer of business;" for there could never be the slightest negotiation between them. No! There must be utter bankruptcy under the old direction ere the premises can be bought up by the new; and the business altogether must be something as entirely different.

The Nazarite, or one Separated.

SELECTIONS FROM ONE OF THE "FAITHFUL WORDS" OF JOHN OFFORD.

"I raised up of your young men for Nazarites."—Amos ii. 11.

THE institution and the rules of the order of the Nazarite are given in the sixth chapter of Numbers. We must therefore turn to that chapter for an explanation of our text. There are three words used concerning this divine ordinance of which we will give the import. 1. Nāh-zar'—used in verses 2, 3, 5, 6, &c. In verse 2, When either man or woman "shall separate" themselves, In verse 3, He "shall separate" himself. In verses 5 and 6,

he "separateth" himself unto the Lord. 2. Neh'-zer—used in verses 4, 5. 7, &c. In verse 4, All the days of his "separation." In verse 5, All the days of the vow of his "separation." In verse 7, the "consecration" of his God is upon him. 3. Nah-zeer'—used in verses 2, 13, 18, &c. In verse 2, to vow a vow of a "Nazarite." In verse 13, this is the law of the "Nazarite." In verse 18, And the "Nazarite" shall shave the head of his consecration. The latter form of the word is given in Gen. xlix. 26, and in Deut. xxxiii. 16, in reference to the patriarch Joseph, "him that was separated from his brethren." The first form of the word signifies "to separate," or "set apart," and so "to consecrate" a person or thing unto God. The second form of the word signifies the state of being separated, or set apart, or "consecrated" to God, that is "consecration," or "Nazariteship." The third form of the word points out the person set apart unto God, "the separated one" or the "Nazarite." We proceed to consider the subject of our address.

I. Who can become a Nazarite, or one especially consecrated to God? This ordinance was appointed for God's people Israel, and for those who had, in his own way, joined themselves unto them. It was therefore an ordinance for a redeemed people; for those who had been placed under the shelter of the blood of the slain Lamb, and who had fed upon the paschal sacrifice; for those who had been preserved from the doom of Egypt, and who had been rescued from the power of its mighty monarch. Here, then, is the answer to the enquiry, Who can become a Nazarite? None but those who have already trusted in the precious blood of Christ; who have laid the hand of faith on the head of the holy Lamb; their confessing their sin, and thus becoming reconciled to God by the death of his Son. No unsaved soul can be a Nazarite to God.

Yet it is not all believers who are, in the strict sense of this word, truly separated ones. All Israelites were not Nazarites. All Christians are not thus specially devoted to God. Taking your place before the cross of Christ, as a self-judged sinner, and resting your soul in faith on him who died there, you become a believer, a saved man; but it is not until you learn the power of that cross upon your spirit, to deliver you from the attractions of the world—in short, to crucify you to the world, and the world to you—that you become a thorough disciple, or a truly separated one.

II. How does a saved man become a Nazarite? The directions given by Moses imply that it must be a voluntary and deliberate act; the consecration of the will; and as an act of the renewed will, the consecration of the whole man to God. This will arise from the prayerful consideration of the claim of God upon us, as his redeemed ones, and of the blessedness of the thing itself. Pondering such Scriptures as these: "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's,"—"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ,"—"Be ye holy; for he that hath called you is holy;"—pondering such truths as these, the Christian will determine in the fear of God, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to consecrate his body, soul, and spirit, his faculties, affections, and members, wholly to his Father's will and service. Moved by the all-constraining love of Christ, his heart will yield itself to him, and his will be bowed to his gracious, gentle, and resistless sway.

III. Wherein consist the characteristics of a true Nazarite? They are threefold—abstinence from wine, and all that appertains to the vine tree, the allowing of the locks of the hair to grow, and the avoidance of death.

1. Thus runs the divine canon: "He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried. All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk." This is the first law of the Nazarite.

Wine is the emblem of earthly pleasure. The vine is the symbol of natural joy. "Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" "He watereth the hills from his chambers .... that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man." Jesus told his disciples that he would no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until he should drink it new with them in his Father's kingdom—implying that this earth would afford him no joy until the kingdom of God should be established, the enemy bound, and himself, with his glorified saints, reigning over the children of men. Clearly, then, the vine and its fruits are the symbols of this world's joys and pleasures. In the language of the New Testament it would read, "All that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, and the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life—is not of the Father, but is of the world." The pleasures which the Father has not originated, into which his hand would not guide his children, and in which his presence would not cheer them; the pleasures which men love rather than God; all that from which the cross of Christ would bound off the crucified members of Christ; all that from which the pleasures which are at God's right hand would attract the risen sons of God; these, all these, are of the vine of earth of which the Nazarite must not taste; for they are pleasures apart from God, and are therefore the pleasures of sin. Perhaps we should not travel out of the records if we were a little to particularise the illustrations here given.

Wine may be said to symbolise the more refined and elegant of the joys of earth. The pleasures of song, of the opera, of the theatre, and of the ball-room; the pleasures of the novel and the romance; the subjects of taste and beauty, which fascinate the eye, and entrance the ear, and enchant the imagination, and which fill the sensuous part of man's being with manifold delights; things which it would be deemed the height of self-righteous pride to withdraw from, save by those who see them in the shade cast over them all by the cross of the rejected Son of man, and who look upon them in the light of the coming glory.

Strong drink may characterise the more high-minded and ambitious pleasures of mankind, referred to by the apostle John as "the pride of life." The kind of honour laid at the feet of Moses, who refused to be called "the son of Pharaoh's daughter." The pleasures which gratify the intellect and the higher aspirations of the natural man, and which stir the deepest passions of his being. The lust of power, of distinction, and of greatness; all that stands at the antipodes of the character of the meek and lowly Son of man.

The vinegar of wine and of strong drink may represent the rougher and the ruder joys of a like kind with the preceding, with which the less refined and the less exalted of the human race seek to satisfy their craving for pleasure. Yet equally with the others, the pleasure of sin sought to be enjoyed apart from him who is the only source of all true and lasting joy.

The liquor of grapes, the moist grapes and dried, may characterise the ordinary, every day, and less intoxicating gratifications of social life. The enjoyments with which men seek to make present existence happy, by which they modify its sorrows and cares, and whereby they drive away from them all intrusive thoughts of God, of truth, and of eternity. While the kernel may fitly symbolise the very essence of this world's joys, which can only be participated in by those of its devotees who possess the highest order of taste, and who have the most refined sense of its choicest pleasures.

But of the husks—what shall we say of them? Are they not the pleasures sought and indulged in by those who dwell among the swine? Are they not the food of the fornicator, the covetous man, the drunkard, the gambler, the glutonous man? Are they not the things which gratify the filthier lusts of the flesh, in all their abominable hideousness in the sight of God? concerning which the inspired apostle would say, "Let them not be once named amongst you, as

becometh saints." Thus much for the first rule of the holy order of the Nazariteship.

2. The second law of the Nazarite is, that the locks of the hair should be allowed to grow. Three things are represented by the hair—strength, comeliness, and subjection. Strength, as in the case of Samson, against which no power of the uncircumcised Philistine could prevail. Comeliness, as in the case of Absalom; for "in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty: from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. And when he polled his head, he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels." Comeliness, as implied in the words of Jeremiah, "Cut off thine hair, O Jerusalem, and cast it away, and take up a lamentation on high places;" and in the words of Isaiah, "Instead of well-set hair, there shall be baldness." Subjection, as taught by the Spirit in the epistle to the Corinthians, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her: for her hair is given her for a covering." "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head, because of the angels."

The spiritual truths taught in the second rule of Nazariteship are, then, these: that the Nazarite will become strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; that he will be beautiful in the eyes of the Lord, as he beholdeth in him the features of the character of the perfect one, whom he seeks to follow; and that he is wholly subject to his God in all things, and alway; that all his strength and comeliness are yielded up to God for his sole service and glory. Not that there is any strength in himself; not that there is any comeliness in himself; for he is perfect weakness, and in his flesh good doth not dwell; but so far as Christ's strength is perfected in his weakness, so far as Christ's comeliness is developed in his character, he can render himself to God as his faithful and devoted servant, set apart to him according to this holy ordinance.

3. The third rule of Nazariteship was, that the separated one should come at no dead body. Thus ran the divine canon, "He shall not make himself unclean for his father, or for his mother, for his brother, or for his sister, when they die; because the consecration of his God is upon his head." Holy, solemn, and searching words! It is often through the nearest and dearest ties of earth, in the society and through the influence of loved and cherished ones, that we consciously or unwittingly compromise the principle of practical obedience to God. But these words warn us of the possibility, yea, of the probability, that our dearest friends may become the means of drawing us from our true Nazarite position. On the other hand, it is in the family that the Nazarite, as other Christians, is tempted to allow hastiness of spirit, feelings of unkindness, and words of carelessness to have place. It is often amongst those dearest to us that we show our real selves, and betray our true state, rather than to those outside the home circle.

Many a Christian parent or master may have a good report of them that are without, whose domestic character may not accord with the description of the true Nazarite. But this holy rule applies everywhere, alike in the world, in the household, and in the church. We will let the New Testament teaching instruct us on this part of our subject. The holy doctrine therein prescribed is practical separation from all that would cause spot or stain to the spirit or conscience; from all that has in it the nature of death. One word will suffice. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

IV. The Nazarite may lose his position. A prayerless, unwatchful mood of mind, the intermingling with society into which the hand of the Father would not lead his little ones, the neglect of the word of truth, carelessness of walk, may bring about this sad result. Indulgence in the wine cup of earth's joy, eating the husks of the vine tree, seeking the sensuous pleasures of the world, contact with the defiling evil of the flesh, repose in the Delilah lap of pleasure, will shear us of our strength, cause our comeliness to lose its bloom, and render

our subjection to God a difficult and a pleasureless task. In vain does the shorn Nazarite essay to meet his enemies, and to do battle for his God, as at other times. And often the saddest part of this sad story is, that it must be said, as of Samson, "He wist not that his strength was departed from him;" and so he falls an easy prey to his vigilant and vigorous foes. Time forbids our lingering over this part of the picture; but we must urge each one of you to deal with his own soul in this matter.

V. The Nazarite position can be restored and regained. For this great mercy the Lord has made provision. Let us see what that provision is, and how happily it is adapted to meet the failure, and to restore the practical standing of the fallen one. "If any man hath defiled the head of his consecration, then he shall shave his head in the day of his cleansing; on the seventh day shall he shave it." This is the first thing to be done. On the day of rest, indicating the complacency which a holy God ought to have in his separated one, and the rest which the Nazarite ought to have in the favour of his God—on the day of rest he is to stand bareheaded before the Lord. Every vestige of strength put off, every symbol of loveliness laid aside, and nothing but weakness and uncomeliness presented to the holy eye of God. The solemn confession, that in all things he has failed, that his subjection to his Lord has been grievously neglected, that he has become unclean, and that the repose of his soul in the light of the divine face has been disturbed; the heartfelt acknowledgment that all has been lost. The Nazarite, bowing his bared head before God, presents a striking and fitting type of the self-judging saint, in the presence of his holy Father, confessing his sin, and avowing that he has defiled the head of his consecration of the strength and the beauty that were dedicated to God. How many professedly separated ones this position becomes! and how often it becomes them, let each seek by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, to learn; and let none neglect to make it, from high-mindedness, or wrong thoughts of truth on the one hand, or from a sense of shame and worthlessness on the other.

But vain would be this act, were not the offerings provided through which renewed cleansing can be justly effected. "In the eighth day"—the day after the Sabbath, when the great Surety, with all his Church, came forth from under sin and death into the resurrection state—"he shall bring two turtles, or young pigeons, to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation: and the priest shall offer the one for a sin offering, and the other for a burnt offering, and make an atonement for him." Thus he shall come, appreciating the great truth of his resurrection in Christ; realising that Jesus has borne the guilt of his failure; confessing that that failure sprang out of the sin of his fallen flesh; but in faith avowing, that nevertheless, in the fragrance of the great ascending offering, his God still regards him, and that this alone is the atonement, the covering for him. Putting all in the hands of the great High Priest to offer on his behalf before the Lord. "And he shall consecrate [or separate] unto the Lord the days of his separation [or consecration], and shall bring a lamb of the first year for a trespass offering." Thus, while avowing that trespass has been committed, for which the trespass offering alone could atone, again cherishing and expressing the sincere and earnest desire to be afresh devoted to the service of his God. And how blessed the result of taking this place of lowly self-judgment, with the head thus bared before the Holy One! for thus runs the holy canon, he "shall hallow his head that same day." All the preciousness of Christ, the ascending offering, shall consciously rest upon him; the sin shall be covered, and the trespass set aside, the stain cleared away, and God shall again look upon him as his consecrated servant.

If your sermon is sufficiently clear, earnest, natural, literal, and appropriate for efficiency, neither you nor your hearers will find much difficulty in remembering it; but if it is made of dry abstractions, you will have to write it out in order to remember it yourself, and it don't make much difference whether the people recollect it or not, as it does not contain enough of practical power to do their souls much good.—*W. Taylor's Model Preacher.*

Reviews.

Trust and Triumph, or Memorials of Robert E., a Convert from Romanism. Morgan and Chase, London. P. 68.

HERE we have a brief account of the conversion from Romanism of a man who ultimately became of much service in Ireland, in winning poor Irish Catholics to Christ. The extracts from Robert E.'s Diary are exceedingly interesting.

The Mission Hymn Book. Jarrold & Sons. Price 2d.

A WELL selected collection of well-known hymns, admirably adapted for cottage and city missionary meetings.

Sunday Scholars' Annual. Second series. Elliot Stock.

TWELVE interesting stories for young people, and likely to be a useful book for the little ones.

The Story of Jesus, in verse. By EDWIN HODDER. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A "JINGLE of words," intended to furnish the nursery with a condensed life of our Lord, in rhyme. We cannot congratulate the author, as we think the gospel narrative much more simple and interesting.

Theodosia Ennest; or, the Heroine of Faith. Elliot Stock.

AN American novel, to illustrate and enforce the doctrine of Believers' Baptism. Having read the book, we were induced to ask ourselves to what class of readers the author was speaking? Not to earnest seekers after truth, for they would never take up a novel to glean in its stubble, when so many fields full of riches are waiting to be reaped. Nor yet to inveterate novel readers, for they would never think of wading through all the mass of theological discussion to trace the thin thread of a very improbable story. The main points in the controversy are generally fairly put, and dealt with in a familiar and forcible manner.

From Pole to Pole. A Handbook of Christian Missions. By JOHN HASSELL. James Nisbet & Co.

A FIRST-CLASS book, which has been much needed. It has long been a question with students, Sabbath-school teachers, and friends anxious for information on missionary subjects, where can we find a brief history of the work of the different missionary societies all over the world? This admirable work will give, we think, a satisfactory answer. The compilation from many sources has been carried out in a patient, scholarly, and catholic spirit. We hope the work will be widely circulated, as it will greatly conduce to the quickening of a missionary spirit among the churches.

The Church between two bridges. By C. P. B. ALSOP, with the experience of the Author—his call to the ministry, &c., &c. J. Paul, Chapter-House-Court. Price Sixpence.

BRETHREN of course follow their own tastes in printing their own experiences; but, we think, not always their discretions. With all respect to the author of the present production, we do not see the special purpose to be answered by publishing to the world much of which is here put into print. It will please his immediate friends, but we fear will not do much more: we trust that a path of usefulness will open up before him, and that he may be made growingly useful, and if so, he will probably before long be of our present opinion, viz., that some experience is more instructive to a man's own heart than it ever will be to his neighbours. The following is an amusing picture of the author delivering his first sermon:—

"It was my intention to quite electrify the people, and make them open their eyes and ears as they had never done before; so I thought it would not be right to go and preach before them until I had tried my hand at it before I went there; so I made up my mind to go down stairs where no one could hear me and see me; so I stood before the coals, and fancied them to be my congregation; they were all very quiet, but looked dreadfully black at me; but nevertheless, nothing daunted, I commenced my discourse, finished it all very well, no one saying whether it was good or bad; but I concluded it was first-rate, and intended to come out and astonish the people; and so I did, for I don't suppose they will ever forget my first sermon as long as they live. Well, the night came, I went according to engagement, took my stand in the little

square box; after the minister prayed, I read very nicely, prayed, sang again, then I gave out my text, not forgetting to put my notes before me. Once more I repeated my text, 'Sirs, we would see Jesus,' then I would hem, ha, hem, 'Sirs, we would see Jesus,' hem, hem'; then I would scratch my head and bite my lips; once more, 'Sirs, we would see Jesus,' hem, ha, hem; once more, 'Sirs, we would see Jesus,' look at my notes, but could not read them, it all seemed double; I then looked at the people, all their heads seemed double too; I look at the people again, and I tell you they looked at me. Once more, 'Sirs, we would see Jesus.' hem, hem, hem. Getting quite desperate with myself, and with my notes, I took hold of them and threw them behind me, and said, 'Botheration to the notes, I cannot manage at all with them, my friends; I have been bothering my head with these notes.' All at once these words came to my mind, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ came into the world to save sinners' My soul found liberty, my tongue was like the pen of a ready writer, I rattled away without stopping, and I should say, for about twenty minutes, during which time I stamped with my feet, and threw my arms around in all directions, knocking the book down on my toes; in fact, I got dreadful hot over my work, what I said I do not know, I seemed lost for the time; but the people said they had been very much blessed, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and prayed for God to bless me, and make me a blessing."

Faithful Words, or the Inner Life: its nature, fruits, and conflicts. By JOHN OFFORD, Minister of Palace Gardens Chapel, Kensington. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

BELIEVERS who delight to study the word thoroughly, and are not content with mere superficial reading, will take much delight in Mr. Offord's "Faithful Words," whether they hear or read them. His matter is weighty and full of unction. He is a preacher to preachers, rather than to the common run of hearers. There is rather too much than too little in his discourses. Like the prophet of old when he makes a feast for the sons of the prophets, he cries, "Set on the great pot," but we bear most decided witness that he watches the contents so that no wild gourds may be poured into it. We have our friend's name near our heart, and esteem him highly in love for his work's sake. His present work is deeply experimental and instructive; it is what an old friend of ours calls, "a *live* book," and will be most prized where spiritual life is in the most vigorous condition. We hope the sale of the work will be such as to encourage its author to give to the church of God through the press, more of such solid Scriptural instruction. We have taken the liberty to give the substance of one of the chapters in another part of the magazine, and we are sure that like the bunch from Eschol, it will excite a longing to possess the garden wherein such goodly clusters abound.

New Illuminated Texts. Thomas Nelson and Sons, 29, Paternoster Row.

WE can recommend these texts to those who have a taste for such decorations in their dwellings, both for the selection of Texts of Scripture, and the artistic and attractive manner in which they are ornamented. They are not mere coloured printing on an uncolonred surface, but are executed in the purest style of modern illumination.

Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship. Nisbet & Co.

A PSALTER and Hymn Book for the use of the Presbyterian Church in England, compiled by a number of ministers and elders, and used according to the instructions of the Synod. The music appears on each page, and we are sorry to see that chants are added. The volume has only just been handed to us, and we must take time to try the tunes and read the hymns before we say more.

A Suggestive Commentary on St. Luke. By Rev. W. H. VAN DOREN. R. D. DICKINSON, 92, Farringdon Street.

THIS commentary is novel of its kind, and well sustains its title as suggestive. No part of the text escapes explanation, as every term has its separate notice.

Praying to Christ. A Reply to Bishop Colenso. By C. SCHWARTZ, D.D. Elliot Stock.

ONE of the seed of Abraham speaks in these two sermons, and proves out of the Scriptures that this is *the* Christ, and that we are to worship him and call upon him as the one true God. We heartily commend this tractate as a valuable contribution to the cause of truth.

Alice Thorne, or a Sister's Work. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., Edinburgh. P. 206.

THIS is a simple tale for girls, illustrative of youthful benevolence and kindly feeling. All the good little children in it do not die, which fact is of itself a recommendation of the tale. It is too churchy for our children; the author makes her little heroine thoroughly conversant with collects, the burial service, and the ecclesiastical anniversaries, with which we Nonconformists are not troubled.

Hymns not Ancient, but Modern, for Rome and the Ritualists. By W. POOLE BALFERN, Author of "Glimpses of Jesus." Elliot Stock.

Mr. Balfern's Anti-Ritualistic poems are full of thought, aptly, musically, and tenderly expressed. They deserve wide circulation: the first poem on "The Cross," is perhaps, the best of the series, and if we had space, we would gladly quote it entire.

Bunyan's Life and Death of Badman, with prefatory note by D. SMITH, Esq., Glasgow. London: Houlston and Wright. Glasgow: G. Gallie. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

IT is well done to reprint this curious but useful work which is comparatively little known, but deserves the widest circulation. The present reprint should be very cheap for it is very ugly. We suppose that it is well to run off large editions of good books upon thin paper, with indistinct or battered type, and with poor binding, for so the emptiest pocket is tempted by low prices, but we sometimes wish that the rule, "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well" would hold good financially as well as morally.

Hannah's Home. W. Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh. Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

A SKETCH from the life. A touching natural, unexaggerated picture of the household. Just the kind of book to be read aloud at mothers' meetings among the poor.

NOTE.—We have been somewhat behindhand in our Review of Books, but trust in the next number to overtake our work. We desire to notice all proper books as early as we possibly can after receiving them, but when they come in great numbers we must be allowed time enough to read them, for we are not as some who merely cut a page and smell the knife, and so judge of the quality of a volume. We and our assistant reviewers, try to get a fair view of books submitted to us.

Notices.

AS we are going to press the special services at the Tabernacle are being held. We hope to give full particulars of these meetings in our next number. The meetings commenced on the evening of the 8th of February, when the pastor, deacons, and elders assembled together for prayer and conference. On Monday, the 11th, some of the deacons and the pastor addressed the friends at the prayer-meeting upon the revival of religion. On the following day the undecided of the congregation met the deacons and elders for prayer; the young people who are not yet decided were present on the succeeding day when earnest prayer was offered up to God on their behalf. In the afternoon of the Lord's day, Feb. 17, deputations from the church officers visited Mrs. Bartlett's, Mr. McGregor's, and Mr. Croker's classes. Monday was set apart for fasting and prayer, and in the evening the Tabernacle was crowded from top to bottom. Earnest supplications were made by various brethren, and the meeting was felt to be of a most solemn character.

Mr. Gordon Furlong sends us an interesting account of the good work which is being done at Carlisle. A collier from Scotland has joined Mr. Furlong and nightly meetings have been held since the beginning of the year. At first the meetings were small, but they gradually increased, and now about 500 persons are present every week-night, and on Sundays the chapel is quite crowded. The other evening, about 200 persons remained at the enquire's meeting; many remaining for the sake of their friends, others were young believers who had found the Saviour on previous nights, and many were older saints waiting to assist. Mr Furlong adds:—"We hope we are on the eve of a much deeper work and a solid work. It is the first time Carlisle has seen such meetings, lasting as they have now for above three weeks, and every promise of the work deepening."

The following students in the Pastor's College have accepted invitations to the Baptist Churches named:—Mr. W. Julyan, to the pastorate of the church at Pinner,

Middlesex; Mr. J. Cruickshank, to the pastorate of the United Baptist church of Prescot and Uffculme, Devon; Mr. H. W. Simmonds, to the pastorate of the church at Collingham, Notts; Mr. W. J. Stevens, to the pastorate of the church at Arlington, Fairford, Gloucestershire.

On Monday, Feb. 11, the first anniversary of the Baptist Church meeting in Oakshaw street, Paisley, was celebrated by a *soiree* held in the Abercorn Rooms. There was a numerous attendance. The pastor, Mr. John Crouch, presided, and was supported by Mr. R. Glover, and Mr. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, and several Nonconformist ministers of Paisley. Mr. Crouch gave a brief address, reviewing the progress of the church since its formation. It then numbered 82. There had been added by baptism 12, otherwise received 13, two had been dismissed to Greenock, making the membership at the close of 1866, 105. The church and congregation had raised for all current purposes to the same date £200, and had resolved upon the building of a place of worship, towards which £300 have been subscribed. Several interesting addresses were given, after which the meeting terminated.

In the autumn of 1865, a few Christians, living in Barking, near London, lamenting its moral darkness and spiritual destitution, opened a room for the preaching of the Gospel. They have been supplied by students from the Pastor's College. By the blessing of God upon this evangelistic effort, the morning congregations are very encouraging, while, in the evening the place is frequently inconveniently crowded. It is now felt desirable to make some special effort for the erection of a permanent building, where a Baptist church upon open communion principles can be formed. The friends themselves are chiefly of the working class, and unable to raise the necessary funds, and, therefore, confidently appeal to earnest Christian brethren to help them in this work of faith and labour of love. The building will be put in trust and secured to the denomination immediately upon its completion. Mr. W. Bentall, Church Road, Barking, Essex, is the treasurer.

At Billingborough, near Folkingham, Lincolnshire, a new Baptist church was formed by Mr. G. T. Ennals, of the Pastor's College, on Sunday evening the 3rd inst. The newly-formed church and congregation worship at present in the public hall. Mr. Ennals has accepted the pastorate of this church.

On Wednesday, February 20, a tea and public meeting was held in connection with the bible class at Kingsland Tabernacle, of which Mr. D. Paterson is the pastor. Mr Edward Leach presided. The secretary reported the progress which the class had made during the past twelve months. The average attendance had been 200. Many of the members are workers in the church. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Messrs. Paterson, Orsman, Green, and Rawlings, and the meeting was of a most encouraging and interesting character.

Pastor's College Account

Dr. *For the Year* 1866. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	6	0	9	By Salaries	948	5	0
„ Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle...	1,630	1	5	„ Students' Board and Lodging 3,131 10 2			
„ Donations	2,948	16	4	„ Less Amount Contributed by Friends ... 129 5 0			
„ Collections and Proceeds of Lectures, by Mr. Spurgeon ... 268 14 5					3,002	5	3
„ Less Travelling Expns. 20 12 6				„ Books, Stationery, and Printing ... 565 8 9			
	248	1	11	„ Less Books purchased by Students... ... 191 14 1			
„ Collections by former Students...	125	5	7		373	14	8
				„ Preaching Stations	74	17	3
				„ Medical Attendance and Funeral of Student	33	10	3
				„ Clothing	107	0	6
				„ Apparatus for Scientific Lectures	21	13	6
				„ Sundry Payments	182	4	11
				„ Balance in hand	153	3	9
	£4,056	15	0		£4,056	15	0

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the Vouchers, and found correct, leaving a Balance in hand of One Hundred and Fifty Three Pounds, Three Shillings, and Ninepence.

Jan. 21, 1867.

WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*
ROBERT ROWTON, }

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Jan. 20th, to Feb. 18th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. J. Turner, £1; Mrs. C. J. Turner, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, £1; Mr. Griebal, 3s; Mr. H. White, £1; Mr. J. N. Osborn, £1 1s.; Mr. Boot, sen., £1 1s.; Mr. Prebble, £1 1s.; Mr. H. White, jun., £1 2s.; Mr. W. Smith, £1; Mr. C. F. Underwood, 5s.; Mr. H. C. Smith, £1; Mr. Addley, £1; Mr. T. Summerfield, £1 1s. 6d.; Mr Court, £1; Mr. C. Brown, £1 1s.; Mr. Hanks, £1; Mr. J. Pope, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Hunt, £1; Mr. A. Parker, £1 1s.; Mr. J. T. Dunn, £1 0s. 6d.; Mr. McMillan, £1; Mr T. Spry, £1; Mr. Bowker, £1; Mr. J. Haydon, £1; A Friend, 10s.; Mr. G. W. Gregory, £1 7s.; Mr. Yeoman, £1; Mr. J. Pyne, 17s. 6d.; T. S. H., £1; Mr. E. Hall, £1; Mr. C. H. Price, £1; Mr. Fryer, £1; Mr. Fawkes, £1; Mr. W. R. Selwood, £1; Miss Figg, £1; Mr. G. Browne, £1 1s. 6d.; Mr. H. Morgan, £1 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. Boxall, £1; Mr. J. W. Dickson, £1; Mr. Haynes, £1 1s; Mr. S. Limebeer, 6s. 6d.; Mr. H. O. Hall, £5 5s; Mr. B. Corrick, £3; Mr. G. Edwards, £1; Mr. J. Garland, £3 5s; Mr. J. Smith, £1 1s.; Mr. R. Marshall, £1; Mr. M. Leak, £1 5s.; Miss E. Bunser, £1; Mr. J. R. Reach, 5s.; Mr. W. Harrison, £1; Mr. A. Weeks, £1 5s.; Miss H. Gregory, £1 11s; Mr. E. Hall, £1; Mr. E. Bowen, £1 4s. 6d.; Mr. Freeston, £1; Mr. J. C. Samuel, £1 2s.; Mr. R. Watkins, £1; Mrs. Carruthers, £2; Mr. G. Pasfield, £1; Mr. Mann, 2s. 6d.; Mr. S. W. Longbotham, £1; Mr. P. E. Pullman, £1; Mr. H. Matthews, £1; Mr. W. Woodman, 6s.; Mr. G. Rittell, £1 3s.; Mr. Padgett, £1; Mr. Nightscales, £1; Mr. J. H. Padgett, £1; Mr. Padgett, £1; Mrs. Wm. Chilvers, £1; Mr. Gregory, 10s.; Mr. J. B. Crathern £1; Mr. Todd, £1 4s; Mr. Shepherd, £1; Mr. Dransfield, £1; Mr. J. B. Mead, £1; Mr. A. Boot, £1; Mr. Evan Watkins, £1; Mr. Croker's Class, £1; Mr. C. Brittain, £1 1s.; Mr. F. Kersley, £1; Mr. J. G. Best, £1 0s. 6d.; Mr. J. Bull, 10s.; Mr. T. Lardner, £1 5s.; Mrs. Edwards, 10s.; Mr. J. Frost, £1; A Friend, 4s.; Mr. W. Potter, £1; Mr. F. Grose, 10s.; Miss Lockhard, £1 1s.; Mr. H. Heath, £2; A Friend, 14s. 6d. ...	100	0	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	4	0
Mrs. Bloss	1	1	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
A Friend, Nova Scotia, per Miss Dransfield	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey	0	7	6
Mrs. Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Mrs. Caroline Crundwell	0	2	6
Mr. Mayo	1	0	0
Miss Louisa Phillips	0	5	0
Mr. Speight	0	5	6
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. Brangwin	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Miss Spurgeon	0	10	0
J. B.	0	10	0
H. E.	1	0	0
Miss Heath	1	0	0
Mr. J. Salvage	1	1	0
Mr. H. Street	1	0	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	1
Mr. T. M. Ferris	2	2	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Coleraine, per Mr. Tessier	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Mr. Starling	3	17	8
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Bedford, per Mr. Speed	2	4	8
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Chelsea, per Mr White	7	0	0
Mr. Jackson	5	0	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	0	10	0
Miss F.	10	0	0
Ormskirk	0	10	0
Lilah	1	0	0
Mr. M. Fulks	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Fulks	0	5	0
Mr. Braggins	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Ewing	1	0	0
Quartus	0	10	0
From a Poor Widow	0	1	0
Miss Davis and Miss Pomton	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Bunning	0	10	0
Mrs. Maria Bolton	0	4	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	6	0
A Friend, per Mr. Ker-	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. G. Rogers	5	0	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward, Slawston	5	0	0
R. W. G., Birmingham	0	2	6
C. S. F., Liverpool	0	5	0
J. L., Bethnal Green	0	1	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
M. A., Jersey	0	12	0
May	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans	1	1	0
Colonel Morrison	5	0	0
A Friend, Scotland	10	0	0
Proceeds of Tea Meeting at Tabernacle	150	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan. 20	29	10	7
" " " " 27	30	3	10
" " " Feb. 3	20	3	11
" " " " 10	28	7	8
" " " " 17	30	3	10
	£486	2	9

For Orphan Home.—A. W. K., 2s. 6d.; Collected at Newtonhill, per Mr. J. Smith, 15s.; A Friend, Nova Scotia, per Miss Dransfield, 10s.; A Friend, Scotland, £10.

Pastors' Advocate.—A Friend, per Miss Barber, £2; Mr. Cannon, 10s.; A Friend, Blandford, £5; H. B., 10s.

For the Poor.—Mr. Mason, £5; A Friend, Scotland, £5.

For Mr. Orsman's Mission and Ragged School, Golden Lane.—T. S. B., £5; Rev. D. Ashby, 2s. 6d. Mr. Heeley, 5s; T. Dowd, £1 1s.; H. Bevis, 2s.; Mr. B. Vickery, 10s.; Joseph Wilson, £5, A Friend, Melbourne, 10s.; Henry Hobson, £2; A Friend, 5s.; The Misses Broughton, 10s.; J. S. B., 5s.; E. D. A., 1s. 9d.; David Lamb, £1 1s.

For Colportage Association.—A Friend in Scotland, £5; Colonel Morrison, £1; Anonymous 2s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1867.

The Gipsies of London.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

"OUTSIDE the pale of Christianity," is a phrase in common use among those who believe that certain classes of people are irreclaimably bad. Many good Christians who accept in theory the truth that no man, however degraded, is out of the reformative power of the gospel, are somewhat loath to carry their belief to a practical conclusion. There is a mental morbidity which, while seeing sin abounding and spreading its influence through every vein of mortal life, narrows its vision of the great ocean of grace, until it appears the meanest of streams; such persons will incredulously smile at the least intimation of the existence of godliness among the lowest of the socially low. Godly costermongers! —Christian gipsies!—seem to be absolute contradictions—affirmative negations. Possibly, those few who lovingly cherish the dogma of reprobation as a satisfactory settlement of every evil, will judge us fanatical for indulging in the hope of the conversion to God of a race so morally and religiously abandoned as the gipsies. To those, however, who conscientiously aim at a practical development of their convictions, our position will be less a matter of doubt than surprise. Remembering what even so charitably disposed a person as Rowland Hill said of these wild tribes, namely, that they ought to be punished by the magistrate before any means were used for their spiritual improvement, it may too readily be concluded that all missionary attempts must end in disappointment.

But the gospel we hold dear is as suited to the wants, and is as likely to meet with the generous approval of the most deplorable vagrants, as it is of the sympathy of many by whom it has already been received. Our friend Mr. M'Cree, recently preached to a large audience composed of wretched "casuals," who had repudiated that virtue which is next to godliness, as though the connection had never existed, and they thankfully, tearfully, and nobly received the divine message. Our great encouragement, my labouring brother, in the

work of evangelising, is the steady faith in the ability of Omnipotence to effect purposes incomprehensible to the natural mind.

Gipsies in London! Are there any? a reader may enquire. We seldom, perhaps never, discern them in, at least, the heart of the metropolis, or, if we do, it is under different circumstances to those which obtain in the provinces. This is true. The gipsy *in* London is vastly different to the gipsy in the country. He is far more civilised and is less conspicuous outwardly when sojourning in more enduring habitations than wicker-framed tents. His habits are less free, his freedom is more restrained; his restraints more marked in the city than in the roadside, or forest and field. In the former condition he is more difficult to influence than when roaming about. On the Sabbath he disturbs the quiet of his neighbours by fiddling, dancing, and gambling; and these highly intellectual pursuits he infinitely prefers to the more sober attractions of a preaching-house. In the winter, a number of gipsies live in some of the courts and alleys of Golden Lane, and Old Kent Road, and in Shoreditch, where they make cane chairs, and other similar articles. But, as may be supposed, there are larger numbers dwelling in the suburban fringe of the metropolis than in the city itself. Indeed, it is estimated that there are at least 400 gipsy families living in the suburbs.

The reader may skip this paragraph if he chooses, although the writer must not so treat his subject as to denude it of its historical aspect. Who are the gipsies? Where did they come from? It is said that the word gypsy—you can spell it with a *y* or an *i*, with far more reason than Mr. Weller could find for his *nonchalance* about the importance of *v* or *w*—is a corruption of *E-gypti-an*, which is exceedingly probable. Not quite so probable is the conjecture that they came from Egypt. They may have been fugitives from Hindustan to Europe; but whether they with wandering steps and slow, from Egypt or the Promised Land, took their solitary way, is not quite clear to the writer, or anybody else. Two facts of importance are indubitable. 1. Nearly all their Christian names are of Hebrew origin —Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, with names of patriarchal or prophetical fragrance, are common among them. 2. Their language is called "Romany," and is almost entirely of Hindustanee origin;* and gipsies, naturally a suspicious people, have great confidence in he who endeavours to understand their language. A friend, who knows English gipsies well, believes that they were among the Egyptians denominated "a mixed multitude," who left the land of tyranny for the land of promise (Exod. xii. 38). Supposing that to have been the case, we must construct some theory to account for their disseverance from the Israelites, and determination not to return to their own country. Whether they felt the indescribable horror with which Scotchmen resident in England are credited when in prospect of returning to the "Land o' cakes," or were disturbed by the emotions which led Pliable to desist from his troublesome journey, cannot be ascertained; but according to my friend's theory, they were probably

* I am indebted to the missionary, whose name I mention further on, and not to books, for this information respecting the origin of gipsies; but on referring to an article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on Gipsies, I find that Grellmann, who is the most learned writer on the subject, comes to the same conclusions, without much variation.

dissatisfied with the circumstances incident to the travellers in the wilderness, and so left them, and probably wandered in distant lands, until they found an entrance into India, from whence they distributed themselves over the globe. I leave this theory with the ingenious, only remarking that were one-half the conjectures of those modern prophets who most resemble the Norwood gipsies, as plausible or as symmetrical, we might hold out the hope of being converted to their views.

Mr. Crabb, a minister in Southampton, was, we believe, about the first person to exert himself on behalf of the gipsies. In 1827, he began to devise a plan which might, under the blessing of his Master, benefit the souls of these outcasts. He visited their encampments in Shirley Common, near Southampton, and although he did much good, he could not raise Christian enthusiasm on the subject. In 1857, the work of the "Institution for the Evangelisation of the Gipsies," was delegated to the London City Mission, and from that time to the present, a missionary has been supported whose work it is to travel in different parts of suburban London, visiting the camps of the gipsies and their wretched homes, which are always in the most crowded and hidden courts or lanes that can be found. The present missionary is Mr. Burns, an intelligent, unassuming, thoughtful man, who has spent seven years in this work, and whose influence with the race is as great as it is encouraging. An unreserved manner begets confidence in a gipsy; and to have broken down the natural distrust which he has to civilised men is a work of no mean importance. Gipsies are necessarily driven about by the police; and as they have always been punished by the law for their trespasses and crimes, they look upon most men as their enemies. Hence, the missionary is at first treated with considerable suspicion, and Christianity is considered to be a part and parcel of the system of oppression from which they suffer. As they want more liberty or license than a Christian country can possibly allow, they have strong prejudices against the gospel of Christ. Yet, any one who, with consideration, goes to them with the message of salvation, will generally be received with cordiality; and Mr. Burns assures me that an act of kindness done to a gipsy will warm his heart with lasting gratitude and affection. Until they thoroughly understand the object of the missionary, they fail to sympathise with him; when, however, his motives are comprehended, they will treat him as a friend. Mr. Burns is known among them as their *rashai*—a word which comes from a corruption of rajah, or chief, head, or minister.

Gipsies are remarkable for their olive complexion, jet black hair, dark, piercing eyes, and white teeth; and some of them are exceedingly handsome. Their gestures are very graceful, and they are far more polite and considerate in their manners than are some of the boors of London. To do justice to our subject, we must divide the race into three classes.

First. There are those gipsies who live in comparative affluence. They are mostly horse-dealers, who buy up broken down horses that are woefully reduced in flesh, in the North, and in Wales, and bring them to London, after they have been "polished up" and made to look smart. Such horses are sold to great advantage; and a few months ago one gipsy shipped forty such horses on board a vessel bound for

Canada. We congratulate the Canadians on their bargain. This class of gipsies live mostly in tents, when they are not in their town residences. They dress respectably, look more like horse-dealers than gipsies, and are not timid about appearing in "society." Their fine appearance makes them an object of attraction, if not admiration, to people in the country, who, I am informed, frequently go out of town to see them. They resemble the upper class of costermongers in many respects: certainly in cleanliness. They are remarkable, as a class, for sobriety. There is but little unblushing immorality among them, and they disown all females who break the laws of chastity. Owing to their mixing up with persons of superior habits, they have learnt most of the customs of civilised life. It is somewhat singular that they should have a marked regard for the Sabbath-day; but it is with them merely a matter of custom, not of religious feeling. There are some peculiar traces of superstition among them. They have a strong dislike to eating meat on Good Friday, considering it to be no less than cutting up the flesh of our Saviour. One respectable gipsy remarked to Mr. Burns, on one occasion, that he should like to be shut up for twelve months so that he might think and talk about religious things with the missionary, as though it were an impossibility for a man to be converted unless he had a long preparatory training. Happily there is a growing enlightenment among this class, and it is believed that there are a goodly number of Christians among them, though they manifest an uncommon shyness about entering places of worship.

The *second* class consists of those gipsies who are constant attendants at fairs, race-courses, picnics, &c., and who gain a decent livelihood by letting out their donkeys for riding purposes. These gipsies are tolerably well known at Sunday-school summer gatherings. They look out for excursions, and by travelling all night, if necessary, they are sure to be in readiness for a job. When in a forest they will send out a few scouting parties to report the precise position of excursionists, and in this way they do a profitable business. This class is not so scrupulous as to breaking the Sabbath. Indeed, they run their donkeys on that day as on others, while the girls and boys take charge of certain poles, which are crowned by hollow cocoa-nuts, the purpose of which they publicly announce by a shrieking cry, "Three shies a penny." They are inferior intellectually to the more aristocratic gipsies; they believe in God, in heaven, and hell, but as to any knowledge of redemption, and the gospel-revelation, they are perfectly ignorant. "We were like heathens a few years ago," said one gipsy woman speaking of her family, "and we should still have been like them if God hadn't sent the missionary to us." These words read coldly perhaps; but they were most lovingly, and heartily uttered. Some of the gipsies go to a christening to give their children a name—"that's all we can do for them," gravely remarked a gipsy, on one occasion, to the minister—and to weddings, when those rare occurrences are known to take place; but this is the extent of their religious observances.

The *third* class consists of the lowest type of gipsies. In the winter there is no distinction between the second and third classes; for they both herd together when living in houses. But this last class are distinguished from the others inasmuch as they have neither horses

nor donkeys of their own, and so, as my friend assures me, "they shift as they can." Indeed, in that homely phrase is comprised all their doings both of honesty and rascality. They cane chairs, sell skewers, rob poultry-yards, steal the smallest trifles, and tell fortunes. The gipsies who sell brooms, mats, &c., and travel in vans, are provided with a license, and these persons can hardly be denominated London gipsies, as they are essentially roving tradesmen. The women feel it a necessity, pleasant or not, it matters but little, to support their husbands, who nurse the babies, make skewers, or idle about while their acknowledged wives prey upon the credulity of servant girls.

I have said "acknowledged wives." It is necessary that the impression which seems to prevail extensively, that gipsies are notorious for chastity, should be set right. It is to be regretted that so far from this being the case, gipsies are, with certain honourable exceptions amongst the more respectable, almost dead to all moral perceptions. Nor do they attempt to conceal their iniquity. A missionary, finding that two young persons, about seventeen years of age, in whom he had taken some interest, were disposed to be married, asked the consent of the boy's father to the union. The father replied that he should first let them go into the country to live together for three months, by way of trial. The reader would be shocked to learn the unblushing depravity which exists among this class—a depravity due undoubtedly to the constant association in one tent, or in one small room, of perhaps fourteen or fifteen persons of both sexes. With some women a month's acquaintance with a man is long enough, especially if another one will, at the end of that time, "make love to them." Some of the poorer classes would probably be married were it not for the fees. One of the City Mission's agents took seventeen couples to a church where they could be married for nothing, the mission paying the requisite small registration fee. Few of this lower class of gipsies can read, and those who do have been taught by the missionary.

Among all classes fortune-telling prevails—the second and third class mostly. Some of these fortune-tellers pay a given sum for the right of carrying on their business in pleasure-grounds and tea-gardens —and a more reprehensible practice, attended as it often is by the vilest evils, cannot be imagined. Of course, the greater number gain access to servant girls under the pretence of selling useful articles, and so prey upon their weak-mindedness. These impostors often get considerable sums of money in one day; indeed, one gipsy acknowledged that she deemed it "a bad day" if she did not get £5 by her acuteness and other people's folly. I enquired of Mr. Burns how it was they were able to discern the mental weakness of their dupes. He informed me, in reply, that one woman sounded the girls (obliquely I suppose) at first, and when she found them "soft," took more money from them. Frequently, however, they gain a clue to the character and circumstances of their dupes, and they will obtain in a kind of mystic byplay, further particulars from the girls themselves. Consequently their victory is frequently easy. Two or three curious instances have been mentioned to me, which though laughable in themselves, have a sad aspect. A young man on horseback met a

gipsy, who offered to tell him his fortune. Instead of accepting the offer, he gave the woman half-a-crown to go to a certain house and tell the fortune of a servant girl who was about to be married in a few days to a person whom he described. Through this girl, she was requested to obtain access to the young mistress, to whom the gentleman in question had ineffectually paid his addresses. The gipsy succeeded admirably with the servant, who, wild with surprise at the truthfulness of the gipsy's revelation to her, ran up stairs to the young mistress, who, thereupon, ordered the gipsy upstairs. The fortune-teller, after the preliminary incantations (or whatever they are termed), assured the young lady that she had had two offers of marriage from a handsome gentleman (describing the rider on horseback), and she would soon have a third offer from the same person; but if she rejected it she would never receive another proposal. It is hardly necessary to add that the young man's griefs were quickly at an end, and the marriage bells soon told out their pleasant tales. This instance is only one out of several I could give; but I have better things in hand.

The state of religious knowledge among the gipsies may be gathered from the following incidents:—Speaking to a lad about fifteen years of age, a missionary said that, when he asked him concerning his soul, the boy turned upon him a pair of penetrating eyes, and said, "A soul! what's that?"—"Did you never hear of the soul which we all have in our bodies?" "No, sir." "What becomes of you when you die?" "I goes under the ground," he replied, pointing at the same time to the earth. "Did you ever hear of heaven or hell?" "No!" "Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No!" Mr. Burns once visited a man in a tent, in Rotherhithe, and talked to him, while he was engaged in making skewers, respecting the death of Jesus Christ on the cross. He was interrupted by the man calling out in amazement, "Bless me! is that good man dead? I never heard of it before." This ignorance, however, is far less difficult to deal with than cases similar to that of a woman occupying a very small shop, who, in answer to the question, "Whether she ever read the Bible," replied "No; she liked Genesis, but she didn't care for the New Testament, which would do for the lower classes of people."

My friend, the missionary—who is a type of what such a person should be in kindness of heart—enlists the sympathies of the gipsies in various ways; and he finds out his parishioners (pardon the expression) by asking, "Do you know any friends you would like me to talk to?" By occasionally carrying messages to and fro, he secures the friendship of all parties, who rejoice in him and in his ministrations. At Epsom races he will visit some two hundred families, many of whom come from a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. By a new-comer he is at first treated with indifference, yet always with a certain measure of respect. In one case he read the circumstances connected with the death of Lazarus, when he was told that all he had said was suitable enough for rich people like the selfish man in torments, for they wanted it most: rich people nowadays wouldn't let a poor man beg for a crust of bread." Mr. Burns replied that, "The rich men could read their Bibles and have their ministers to tell them what was right; but the City Mission did not want the gipsies to

be without the benefits of the gospel, and so they had sent him among them." The men, thereupon, listened attentively, and one was converted, and soon after, on his death-bed, testified to the blessedness of the change that had been wrought in him.

One good feature in a gipsy is his desire of acquiring knowledge. They confess their delight in hearing the Scriptures expounded, and, indeed, this is the general feeling of all illiterate persons. They frequently ask the meaning of the words, "being converted," "born again," and so on. One gipsy, a fortune-teller, enquired of a missionary what was the meaning of Christ's words, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." The reply was that, "If sin was as dear to a person as his right hand, he was to cut it off." The woman said, "I see it entirely. My sin of telling fortunes must be cut off, although it has been as dear to me as my right hand, since by it I have supported my husband and nine children." From Mr. Burns's unpublished journal, I learn that fortune-telling is greatly encouraged by ladies:— "Mrs. —— during my visit, told me of the temptations she had from ladies to go back to her sin of fortune-telling, but she had answered them that she would die in the workhouse before she would go back to serve the devil, or to please them. They offered, she said, to support her and her family if she would but tell them their fortunes, and nobody's else. But no! 'she would not falsify her word.' They then said, 'If the queen was to come, would you not?' She replied, 'No!' 'But the queen could compel you!' This roused her indignation, and opening the door, she said, 'Good bye, ladies, I hope I shan't see you no more.' So they departed and have not troubled her since." Of course, fortune-telling is given up immediately after conversion. One converted gipsy-woman has lost £100 by her consistency in this respect; and this firmness of principle is a noble trait in their Christian character. They know how to make sacrifices for the truth, and prefer the washtub and poverty to sin and riches, when once they have tasted the freedom of Christ's gospel. When they are thoroughly enlightened on the truths of redemption, they acknowledge their responsibility to God. "If I am not saved, I know it will be my own fault," remarked one to the missionary, "for I know many things now which I never knew before." They are also acute in most matters. A traveller, but not a pure gipsy, boasted that she had once beaten Dr. Wiseman, before he was a cardinal, in an argument she had held with him about the Bible. The children are quick in receiving truth, and in giving it some practical issues; in this way, under God's blessing, mothers and fathers have been brought to a knowledge of the gospel.

Mr. Burns has a happy method of conveying instruction. He once found a gipsy making beehives. He began to tell him of the busy bees which would some day inhabit the hive, and of their method of treating the "shining hours," pressing upon him the necessity of improving his opportunities for eternity ere they flitted away. He finds the historical portions of the Scriptures the most acceptable to those ignorant of the Word, and the story of Joseph's life is most greedily devoured by them. Although it cannot be ascertained how many conversions have taken place, yet there is little doubt that this one missionary has done much good in enlightening the dark minds of

many of this race. There is a desire for listening to the good news of salvation, and it is most cheering to witness a group of gipsies listening to the golden truths of the gospel.

I have seen several letters addressed by converted gipsies to their missionary, and the spelling, writing, and composition, are exceedingly creditable to their authors. Such hearty letters would gladden any evangelist's heart. They are grand evidences of the irresistible power of divine grace in the souls of this supposed dangerous class of outcasts. The following letter was written by a young gipsy, of comely appearance, and considerable intelligence, who occupies a comfortable situation in the city. He is a member of a Christian church, and occasionally, I believe, he preaches:—

"My dear Sir,—I thank God I have the blessed privilege of writing to tell you a little of my experience. I feel, too, sir, I am saved through the blood of Jesus Christ. I am nothing of myself. If I was left alone I should soon go wrong; but I trust in Jesus our Saviour. I don't want only to profess religion, but I want to show it in my daily walk, that my life may be a profitable sermon. I am very much in the office alone, and when I am alone and without occupation, something tells me to pray. Well, I think to myself, some one might come in and catch me; still I cannot rest until I do, and I am very much blest. One day when I was praying, I felt as if I saw Jesus and angels on the ceiling, I felt so happy I did not know what to do. In fact, whenever I pray, it appears I speak to Jesus individually. But I often have dark clouds come over my mind, and then I pray, and they are soon dispersed. Thanks be to God for this blessed religion. I used to be afraid of death, but now death will be joy to me—what a blessed thing this is! It appears to me now as if I should be happy, if I only had dry bread to eat.

"Dear Sir,—If it pleases God, when I become a man, or as soon as I can, I will be a missionary. It appears to me as if there is something very often saying to me as follows: 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' Matt. xxi. 28. Therefore I feel it is my duty to work for my Father, my everlasting Father!"

I intended closing this paper by commending the work of the City Mission to the sympathy and support of the reader; but there is little or no need to do with words what facts can best perform. The quiet, almost unobservant, character of the work done by the missionaries employed by this excellent society, carries with it its own commendation. Thousands will have to acknowledge their best indebtedness to the faithful teaching of the simple-hearted men who, with no great intellectual gifts, but with the graces of a meek and lowly spirit, and the gift of earnest Christian activity, search for lost pieces of silver from the dust-heaps of sin and iniquity. Such work carries its own reward—such work claims our Christian regard and support. Three hundred and seventy-one missionaries are engaged in this service every day, and the amount of good done among the homes of the poor cannot be fully estimated until the day arrive when all secrets shall be revealed. Of some of the special works of those missionaries I hope now and then to inform the indulgent readers of the *Sword and Trowel*.

United to God.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John iv. 13—16.

I SHOWED you last Sabbath† that a redeemed soul will be brought far more into the likeness of God than unfallen Adam ever was, or ever could have been. I showed you that this was perhaps one of the reasons of the fall: that God let the pleasant vessel fall out of his hands and be dashed in pieces, just that he might gather some of the broken fragments and make them up into a new vessel, reflecting his own lovely image far more than the first ever did, or could have done. To-day I would show you another reason of the fall. God seems to have permitted man to fall in order that he might bring up fallen man into a *far closer union to himself than unfallen Adam ever could have been.* God seems to have let the vessel fall and be dashed in pieces that he might gather up some of the vile fragments, and out of them make a new vessel, to swim in the ocean of his love for ever—to be filled with himself—that we might dwell in God and God dwell in us! Unfallen Adam was very closely united to God. *He was the creature of his hand.* God was his Creator. God's finger had moulded his features, and he had breathed into him the breath of life.

He was his friend. Adam walked with God in the garden as a man walketh with his friend. The garden of Eden was like the lower chambers of God's palace. And if Adam had persevered in holiness, he would, no doubt, have been admitted into the highest chambers of God's presence. But all this is little compared with the union of a redeemed soul to God. The poorest believer among you is more closely united to God than unfallen Adam ever was, or ever could have been. You are united to Christ as closely as the members of the body to the head, or the branches to the vine-tree. You are united to Christ by the tie of Redeemer. You are united to the Father, not as a creature to a creator only, but as a child to a father. He is your Father—Christ's Father. You are united to the Holy Spirit by his dwelling in you, as much as the oil is in the lamp, or the sap is in the branch. You dwell in God, and God dwells in you. Oh! blessed fall, that brought us up so high. Oh! infinite wisdom, that made our divorce from God the reason of a closer union than ever. Oh! amazing love, that brought us up from the depths of guilt and sin—lower than devils—to sit nearer to God than unfallen angels; for Christ sits next to the Father, and we sit next to Christ.

Notice three marks of this union to God, one taken from each person of the blessed Trinity.

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* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript.

† See "Sword and Trowel" for 1866, p. 241.

I. The indwelling of God's Spirit. Verse 13.—"Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." Natural men have none of the Spirit of God. They may have much of a *human spirit*. They may be kind to the sick, to the poor and unfortunate. They may be ready to shed tears at a tale of distress. They may have much of an *heroic spirit*, as great warriors have had, that never heard of the name of Christ: many an unconverted man has been willing to die for his country. They may have much of a *prudent spirit*, so that they do nothing rashly: many an unconverted man is a prudent adviser in a time of difficulty; but no natural man has one spark of the Spirit of God in him. This is plain from Jude, the 19th verse, where unconverted men are described as "sensual, having not the Spirit." It is not said they have little of God's Spirit, but they have none at all. So in John xiv. 17: "The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him." There is an actual impossibility of the Spirit of God dwelling in an unconverted man. He "cannot receive" him. As fire and water cannot dwell together—as a lamp cannot burn when it is put into water—so the Spirit of God is quenched in an unconverted heart. So we find in Matthew xxv., that the foolish virgins had everything but the oil in their lamps; they had a lamp and a wick, and a flame, but "no oil." "Give us of your oil," they said, "for our lamps are gone out." Unconverted souls, you may have a lamp of Christian profession, a wick, a flame. A dry wick sometimes gives a great blaze: but you have none of the oil of the Spirit in your hearts. The moment a sinner is united to Christ, the Holy Spirit takes up his dwelling in the heart. He does not tarry, but takes up his abode with that soul. He cannot condemn, for God hath justified; and since he is a loving Spirit, he cannot be restrained from rushing into that heart to renew it. He takes possession of that soul.

The soul that has come to Christ begins to pray, and his first cry is, to be saved from sinning any more. He prays for the Spirit, and the Spirit cannot but come. When a soul comes to Christ, he is like the golden candlestick under the boughs of the olive-tree (Zech. iv.) The olive tree empties the "golden oil" out of itself into the golden candlestick. It is the same oil that is in the tree and in the lamp. In the olive-berries it is native—in the lamp it is received: in the olive-berries it is dropping down from above—in the lamp it is burning upward in a flame. Still in both it is the same oil. So it is the same Spirit that is in Christ and in the believing soul. In Christ it is native—in the believer it is received: in Christ it is dropping down from above—in the believer it is burning upward in a flame of love. Still he is the same Spirit. "He hath given us of his Spirit." When Jesus came unto his disciples, he breathed on them, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." So he does to all his disciples. He breathes on them, and just as the warm breath comes from the body of Jesus, so does the Holy Spirit come from the heart of Christ, and dwells in the hearts of his disciples. Tell me, has Christ breathed upon you? Have you received the very breath that animated the heart of Christ? Have you received the same oil that is in the olive-tree? Have you received of his Spirit? I do not ask if the Spirit of God has been striving with you. Alas! I know that there are many with whom he has striven, who are

filled with the spirit of the devil. But does he dwell in you? "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." If you have received the Spirit, "what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" If the Lord Jesus were always walking by your side, unseen by the world, but seen by yourself, how careful it would make you. Would you venture into evil company? Would you speak idle words? How guardedly you would walk. Now, beloved, you have the Spirit of God, the equal of Christ, within you. "Ye are the temple of the living God;" as God hath said, "I will dwell in them and walk in them." O walk gently and holily. Keep separate from sinners. If you defile the temple of God, God will destroy you.

Dear, unconverted souls, how sad your case is. You have no more of the Spirit of God than a stone, or a tree, or a beast. You cannot walk purely, nor lift up your heart from your sins. You have no heart for prayer. If you die thus, you will perish. "If you live after the flesh, you shall die." O bring your dry lamps to Christ, and he will put oil in them. What signifies the blaze of a dry wick? Such is your hollow profession of being a Christian. Come, give up your dry lamps to Christ, and he will put oil in them. Bring your dead hearts to Christ, and he will put life in them.

II. Confession of Christ. Verses 14 and 15.—"And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world," &c. Unconverted souls have never seen Christ nor confessed him. The eye of a natural man cannot see any beauty in Christ. So it was in Isaiah's time: "He shall grow up before him as a tender plant. . . when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." Some read the Bible and never find Christ in it; they cannot comprehend why ministers always speak about "Christ and him crucified." The veil is upon their hearts. Some read about Christ, and hear about Christ, and seem to understand the way of salvation by Christ, so as to be able to tell others, and yet they have never seen the glory of God in the face of Christ themselves; they have never seen anything in Christ to give rest to their souls. The veil is upon their hearts too. Some know that Christ is a Saviour to others, but they cannot see that he is a Saviour unto them; they have never seen him as the Saviour of the world. The veil is upon their hearts also. Neither do unconverted souls confess Christ; they do not love to speak of him; they do not take their children on their knee and tell them of a Saviour; they do not confess him before their family; they do not confess him before their bosom friends. They may write many letters breathing the most ardent friendship, still they do not confess Christ in them. They do not whisper his name into the ear of those they love best, saying, "This is my rock." Does your feet stand upon the same foundation stone with mine? Ah! no. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him." But all that are Christ's, have seen him and confessed him. This is my beloved—my friend. This is the very point of union to God, when the soul discovers Christ to be the Son of God; the sent of God, and the Saviour of world. There is not a more wonderful event in the world than just the rending of the veil from an unconverted soul. I had rather see it than all the wonders of the universe. Just think how it would be with the dying thief when first he saw the Saviour pale and racked upon the cross. He saw no beauty in him; he

did not know it was the Lamb of God, bearing away the sins of the world; he did not know it was the rose of Sharon, breathing its fragrance so near him; he joined with his brother thief in reviling him—casting reproach in his teeth. But when the Spirit tore the veil away, he saw that this was the Son of God. When he observed the dark eclipse that covered the sun, when he heard him cry, "Eli! Eli! my God, my God," he felt, he saw that *this was the Son of God*. Why, then, is he here? Why is the maker of the world thus lifted up between heaven and earth? Why are these nails in his hands and in his feet? Why does the blood of the Son of God thus stream from his royal veins? Ah! he is on a divine errand. *His Father has sent him.* He is the surety. He is dying in the stead of sinners, in the stead of such as we. He is the Saviour of the world. Then did the cry come from his lips, "Lord, remember me." My dear friends, have you been brought to a saving sight of Christ? Have you had the dying thief's look at Christ? He looked to *him alone* for righteousness. He had nothing but sin to look to in himself, he had no change of heart to look to, no holiness to look to, nothing but sin in himself. He looked to Christ above as a surety. "Lord, remember me." Look you in the same way. In yourself you will find nothing but sin—in Christ all righteousness. *Now* confess him, say, "Lord, remember me." Look up to him this moment, and call him, "My Saviour." And thus you will know that you dwell in God, and God in you. But as the most have never seen Christ, the most, I do fear, will die like the other thief, seeing no beauty in him that they should desire him; the other thief sank into hell though he was within arm's length of Christ. I fear many of you will perish, though within arm's length of a Saviour. O bring your veiled hearts to God, that he may rend them, that you may see and confess Christ to be your Saviour.

III. Dwelling in the love of the Father. Verse 16.—"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Unconverted souls do not dwell in the love of God. They have never come under his holy smile. They are like the prodigal in a far country, out of sight of their Father's house, and their Father's smile. They do not know what it is to have the Father's arms underneath them; they do not hear his voice speaking in love to them; they fly away from God, dislike prayer and nearness to him. An unconverted man would rather go near the devil than near God. He may be in the love of man, but not in the love of God. His parents loved him and fondled him; his children love him; his friends love him. He feels how sweet it is to be in their love; but he does not feel the love of God. He feels the affectionate arms of man around him: he does not feel the arms of God. But every soul that comes to Christ, dwells in the love of God. It is like coming into the sunshine. It is the most amazing change in this world. When the prodigal was in his father's arms, he dwelt in love; when he felt his father's gentle kisses, and heard his words of joy, then he knew what it was to dwell in love. As he sat at his father's table, he saw that his father was all love to him: love was in his eye, love in his word, love in his hand, love in every movement. So is it with a soul in Christ; he finds that God is love to him: his all-seeing eye is bent over him in love. The almighty hand is a shield for his soul; the everlasting arms are underneath

him. Even his afflictions come from the love of God. "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." Dear friends, do you feel that God is love to you? He was once a consuming fire to you; but now, in Christ, "God is love." O then, keep yourself in the love of God. Be not drawn away from Christ. Do not doubt his love. When difficulties come round you like waters, when many will rise up against you, and say, "Where is thy God?" lift your eye above the waters and say, "*Thou* art my shield, my glory, and the lifter up of mine head." When afflictions come, sickness, pain, bereavement, do not doubt his love. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "God is love." If you are in Christ, God is nothing but love to you. Poor unconverted souls, if you come not to Christ, you will find God is wrath. Oh, when love is angry, it will be a dreadful anger! When the Lamb pours down his wrath, it will be a fearful wrath! O taste and see that the Lord is gracious—that "GOD IS LOVE."

Slippery Places.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT was as much as we could do to keep our feet upon the splendid mosaic floor of the Palace Giovanelli, at Venice: we found no such difficulty in the cottage of the poor glassblower in the rear. Is it one of the advantages of wealth to have one's abode polished till all comfort vanishes, and the very floor is as smooth and dangerous as a sheet of ice, or is this merely an accidental circumstance typical of the dangers of abundance? Observation shows us that there is a fascination in wealth which renders it extremely difficult for the possessors of it to maintain their equilibrium; and this is more especially the case where money is suddenly acquired; then, unless grace prevent, pride, affectation, and other mean vices stupify the brain with their sickening fumes, and he who was respectable in poverty, becomes despicable in prosperity. Pride may lurk under a threadbare cloak, but it prefers the comely broadcloth of the merchant's coat: moths will eat any of our garments, but they seem to fly first to the costly furs. It is so much the easier for men to fall when walking on wealth's sea of glass, because all men aid them to do so. Flatterers haunt not cottages: the poor may hear an honest word from his neighbour, but etiquette forbids that the rich man should enjoy the like privilege; for is it not a maxim in Babylon, that rich men have no faults, or only such as their money like charity covereth with a mantle? What man can help slipping when every body is intent upon greasing his ways, so that the smallest chance of standing may be denied him? The world's proverb is, "God help the poor, for the rich can help themselves;" but to our mind, it is just the rich who have most need of heaven's help. Dives in scarlet is worse off than Lazarus in rags, unless divine love shall uphold him.

Nor is wealth the only slippery pathway—the road to honour is quite as dangerous, if not more so. Ambition, a good enough thing within reasonable bounds, is a very Apollyon among men, when it gets the mastery over them. Have you ever seen boys climbing a greasy pole

to reach a hat or a handkerchief? If so, you will have noticed that the aspiring youths for the most part adopt plans and tricks quite as slimy as the pole: one covers his hands with sand, another twists a knotted cord, and scarcely one climbs fairly, and he is the one boy whose chance is smallest. How plainly see we the politician's course in these young rascals; the Right Honourable Member for the town of Corruption vies with the equally Right Honourable representative for the county of Bribery; the most noble Conservative place-hunter will not be outdone by the Liberal office-lover; a man must have done a world of planing and shaving, chopping and chiselling, before he can reach the Treasury Bench. Nor less so is it in the path of trade. Small dealers and great contractors eager to rise, are each in their measure to Satan what a covey of partridges are to a sportsman, fair game if he can but reach them. The hasty desire to rise is the cause of many a fall. Those who see the glittering heaps of gold before them are frequently in so much haste to thrust their arms in up to the elbow among the treasure that they take short cuts, leave the beaten road of honest labour, break through hedges, and find themselves ere long in a ditch. It is hard to keep great riches without sin, and we have heard that it is harder still to get them. Walk warily, successful friend! Growing wealth will prove no blessing to thee unless thou gettest growing grace. Prosperity destroys a fool and endangers a wise man; be on thy guard, good friend, for whether thou be the one or the other, thy testing hour is come.

After crossing the Grimsel, on the way down towards Handeck, the traveller traverses a road cut in red marble, so smoothly polished that, even when it is divested of its usual thin coating of snow, it is dangerous in the extreme. Notwithstanding that steps are hewn, and rough marks made across the granite, he would be foolhardy who should try to ride along the slippery way, which is called Helle Platte, or Hell Place, for reasons which glisten on its surface. "Dismount," is the word, and none are slow to obey it. There are many such Hell Places on the road to the celestial city—smooth places of pleasure, ease, flattery, self-content, and the like; and it will be the wisest course if any pilgrim has been fond of riding the high horse, for him to dismount at once and walk humbly with his God. That enchanted ground of which Bunyan tells us that the air naturally tended to make one drowsy, is just the spot to which we refer; men had need be watchful whose path lies through that deceitful country.

It has been said that in a calm sea every man is a pilot, but we take leave to doubt it; calms have dangers quite unknown to storms, and rocks and quicksands are none the less perilous because the deceitful sea which covers them smiles softly on the mariner. Not to be tempted is a great temptation. Safety breeds carelessness, and carelessness is the mother of ruin. When Mansoul was at peace, Mr. Carnal-security invited her citizens to his fatal feasts, and the Prince Immanuel withdrew himself; let the result warn us against a repetition of the evil.

When cast by providence among sinful persons who respect us, we ought to be peculiarly watchful. The hatred of the ungodly when poured upon Christians in the form of persecution, is seldom harmful to their spiritual nature, but the friendship of the world is always to be suspected. When the servants of the high priest allowed Peter to warm

his hands at the fire, had Peter been a wise man, he would have been afraid that evil would come of it. We are disarmed by kindness, but it is never safe to be disarmed in an enemy's country. "Who," saith the old proverb, "could live in Rome and yet be at war with the Pope?" Who can have much to do with sinners and not have something to do with their sins? The smiling daughters of Moab did more mischief to Israel than all Balak's frowning warriors. All Philistia could not have blinded Samson if Delilah's charms had not deluded him. Our worst foes will be found among our ungodly friends, for they who are false to God, are not likely to be true to us. Walk carefully, believer, if thy way lie by the sinner's door, and especially if that sinner hath acted a friendly part to thee.

Yet should such smooth places lie directly in the road to our eternal mansions, we have no cause to be timid at the prospect of passing over them—caution we must cultivate, but courage we must cherish. We have a guide who is well able to secure us from fatal slips: with him for our companion the way grows safe; should he conduct us over mountains of ice, he will cut steps for our feet, and give us his stout arm to lean upon; and he who leans on that never falls. We have the alpenstock of faith shod with never-failing promises, which will often give us a hold and a stay in the most slippery places. He who knows how to use this staff aright, shall walk uprightly where others fall. Looking to the road immediately beneath us, satisfied with the sufficient evil of the present day, we need not make our heads to swim by gazing down terrific precipices, or enormous crevasses, but may advance step by step, until we reach our journey's end. Hundreds have trodden the way before us—from the celestial hills we may hear them singing; let us press forward till we gain their blissful seats.

Moravian Brethren.

A SKETCH BY J. A. SPURGEON.

OUR Lord's promise to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," has been fulfilled in the experience of the church; for we can prove, beyond a doubt, that the chain of witnesses for the truth has never been broken, and that by the grace of our Lord, the life of the church on earth has never been extinct. Rome may ask us tauntingly, where was your religion and church before Martin Luther? We reply, "In the Bible you will find our religion, and on the page of history you can read the record of our martyred brethren—of those many holy men whose lives were as lamps amidst the darkness, and shone to the glory of our Lord, when all else was wrapped in deadly gloom." We purpose sketching briefly the history of one of the most persecuted and godly band of Christians which the world has ever known; hoping that the memory of their loving deeds and patient sufferings may stimulate us to be followers of them, who through faith and patience, now inherit the promises.

We gather from the New Testament, that the gospel was preached in the times of the apostles in Illyria and Dalmatia (Rom. xv. 19; 2 Tim. iv. 10); and with such success was this preaching crowned from

on high, that so early as the second and third centuries, we read of bishops, and also of martyrs, in those countries. They seem to have retained their simplicity of worship amidst the prevailing corruption of the rest of the church, for we find their bishops declining to attend the council of Constantinople, in the year 680, because they would not in any way countenance the worship of images. In the ninth century the Moravians as a nation, embraced Christianity, mainly through the instrumentality of Cyril and Methodius, two pious and learned Greek ecclesiastics, who were introduced by the king's sister. From Moravia the truth spread into Bohemia, amidst fearful persecutions, which lasted for several years. After some time, another princess visiting Rome was so impressed with the splendid pomp and ostentation of the Papal court and Latin worship, that on her return she would not rest till she induced her brother to form the fatal resolution of introducing the Romish religion into his dominions.

The states of Bohemia resisted these innovations, and a lengthy discussion ensued between the successive Popes and the Bohemians, which was terminated, after a century of correspondence, by the following letter of Gregory VII., sent in reply to Prince Wratislaus, upon his making renewed efforts to obtain for the Bohemians, their former liberties, and the use of their own language in the conduct of public worship:—

"Gregory, bishop, and servant of the servants of God, sends greeting and benediction to the Bohemian prince Wratislaus. Your highness desires that we should give permission to your people to conduct their church service according to the old Sclavonian ritual: but know, dear son, that we can by no means grant this your request; for having frequently searched the Holy Scriptures, we have there discovered that it has pleased, and still pleases Almighty God, to direct his worship to be conducted in hidden language, that not every one, especially the simple, might understand it. For if it were to be performed in a manner altogether intelligible, it might inevitably incur contempt and disgust; or, if imperfectly understood by half-learned persons, it might happen, that by hearing and contemplating the word too frequently, errors would be engendered in the hearts of the people which would not be easily eradicated. Let no one pretend to quote as a precedent, that formerly exceptions were made in favour of new converts and simple souls. True it is, that in the primitive church, much was conceded to upright and well-meaning people; but much injury was done, and many heresies thereby created; insomuch, that when the Christian church spread more and more, and became more firmly established, it was plainly perceived, from the root of such ill-timed indulgence, many errors had sprung up, which required great labour and pains to destroy. Therefore, what your people ignorantly require, can in no wise be conceded to them; and we now forbid it, by the power of God, and his holy apostle Peter; and exhort you, for the honour of Almighty God, that you oppose such folly by every possible means in conformity to this our command. Given at Rome."

In such language as this was the truth suppressed by the Church of Rome. Her policy was attended with some success at first, but a goodly number of the Vaudois having emigrated from the valleys of Piedmont, these holy men encouraged the Bohemians to cleave firmly to the truth. Many of the Waldensians found refuge from the perils of persecution in Bohemia, and it is probable that their great leader Walde himself, was of the number, and that he died there in exile. The fusion of these two bands of Christians, produced the happiest results. United in the fear and pure worship of God at home, they reached out

the hand of help and salvation far and wide. Missionaries were sent to many countries, and our own land was included in the circle of their Christian effort.

After a period of peace and prosperity, a fearful storm arose, which scattered the church and drove the lovers of the simple worship of Jesus to dens and caves to celebrate in secret the communion of our Lord. About this time, God raised up a bold preacher of the truth in Prague, John Militach, a man of noble birth, and well qualified to occupy a foremost place. His frequent and earnest preaching, joined to a holy and consistent life, produced marvellous results. In one case, where three hundred prostitutes had lived together, he succeeded in changing the house into a place where they obtained an honest living, and called it the church of St. Mary Magdalene. He furthermore established at Prague, an institution for the education of young men, and their instruction in Scriptural divinity, he thus recognising the necessity for a "Pastor's College." Joined to this holy man were others like-minded, who discovered the corruption of the Church of Rome in Bohemia, as Wickliff was also doing at the same time in England. Of all other names, John Huss, claims a foremost place, and as the "Unity of the Brethren" springs from results of his preaching, we shall give a short sketch of his life and character. He was born of poor parents in a village called Hussinez, in 1373. After receiving a liberal education, first at a public school, and afterwards in the service of a professor at Prague, he became himself a professor of divinity in the University of Prague, after taking his degree of Master of Arts. Being chosen confessor by the Queen of Bohemia, John Huss became possessed of much influence at court, which he wielded for the service of truth. He openly attacked the vices and follies of the age, and distinguished himself by his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, his commanding eloquence, and his holy life.

The writings of Wickliff came, about this time, into his hands; at first he was startled at the boldness of the reformer, but the more he read, the more he was convinced of their truthfulness, and at once boldly announced his opinion that Wickliff was a true and godly man. This testimony was the more remarkable, as the University of which Huss was a professor had already condemned the works of Wickliff as heretical, and forbidden anyone to teach them, under pain of being burned to death.

So long as Huss attacked only the sins of the people, the priests were prepared to defend him, because he had taken an oath "to speak the truth without respect of persons," and were only enraged when he turned his assault upon them, and the king refused to silence him on the same grounds. He was driven, however, from his post of duty in the city, and compelled to preach the gospel in the fields and villages, so that, as is so often the case, his expulsion contributed to the spread of the gospel. During this time the church of Rome was herself in great trouble, owing to the rival claims of three Popes, who desired the Christian office of being able to condemn all others in peace and quietness, and were engaged, meanwhile, in excommunicating and anathematizing each other with a vigour which promised well for the exercise of those apostolic powers on any unfortunate heretics who might

at future times come under their paternal discipline. John Huss was summoned to attend a council of the church, which was about to assemble at Constance, on the 1st Nov., 1414, to consider the state of the church, as thus divided by faction, and excited by the preaching of evangelical truth. Relying upon the guarantee of the Emperor's safe conduct, Huss presented himself before the council. In violence of faith and truth, they accused him of heresy, and threw him into a vile and loathsome dungeon, in a monastery on the Rhine, where he was soon dangerously ill. He was denied the assistance of an advocate, and most shamefully insulted. Huss was after a time removed to another prison, and to show the uncertainty of human affairs, the Pope who condemned him was also brought there as a prisoner, having, meanwhile, fled in disguise, hoping to escape his enemies and save his life. The letters of John Huss, written during his six months' confinement in this prison at Gottleben, are fine specimens of firm faith and fervent piety. Another godly man was also in prison, Jerome of Prague, who, with John Huss, had relied in vain upon the protection of the Emperor's safe conduct. At last, after many trials of "cruel mockings," and laying to his charge "things which he knew not," John Huss was condemned to die. He heard his sentence with Christian resignation, and then exclaimed, "O Lord God, I beseech thee, for thy mercy's sake, to pardon all my enemies, for thou knowest that I have been falsely accused, entangled by false witnesses, overwhelmed with calumnies, and at last unjustly condemned. But do thou forgive them this sin, for thy mercy's sake." After dressing him as a priest about to perform mass, they commenced the ceremonies of degradation.

"The Archbishop of Milan, and the Bishop of Besançon approached him and took the cup from his hands, saying, 'Accursed Judas, who hast forsaken the council of peace, and allied thyself with the Jews; behold, we take from thee the cup in which the blood of Christ is offered for the salvation of the world: thou art no longer worthy of it.' Huss replied, with a loud voice, 'I place all my confidence and hope in God, my Saviour, I know he will never take from me the cup of salvation, but that by his grace I shall drink it to day in his kingdom.' The other bishops then came forward, and taking from him, and one after another, some part of the sacerdotal vestments, they each pronounced a different malediction. Huss answered, 'Most gladly do I endure all this reproach for the love of the Lord Jesus Christ.' It only now remained to deprive him of the tonsure, and here a violent dispute arose among the bishops, whether they should use the razor or the scissors for this purpose. After a long debate, they declared for the scissors, and with them they cut off his hair in the form of a cross. They also scraped the nails of his fingers with a knife to take from him the holy oil, and to erase the pretended character of the priesthood."

After this they put upon his head a paper mitre, about two feet high, on which were painted three devils, and an inscription in large characters, *Heresiarch*—Arch-heretic. Huss, on seeing it, comforted himself with these words, "My Lord Jesus bore for me, a poor sinner, a much more painful crown of thorns, and even the ignominious death on the cross, therefore, for his sake, I shall most cheerfully bear

this, which is much easier." Followed by a great concourse of people, he was led to the place of execution. Having been made to walk three times round the stake, the executioners took him, and bound him to the post with wet ropes. But as his face happened to be turned to the east, an honour of which some thought he was unworthy, they unbound him and turned his face to the west. They afterwards fixed round his neck a black rusty chain, on which he said, smiling, "My dear Master and Saviour was bound for my sake with a harder and heavier chain than this. Why should I, a poor simple creature, be ashamed of thus being bound for his sake?" The executioners then began to put the wood in order. They placed some bundles of light wood under his feet, and heaped straw and large wood around him up to his neck. Before they set fire to the pile, the Count Palatine, and the Marshal of the Empire, exhorted him to recant his doctrines, and to save his life. Huss cried aloud from the pile, "I call God to witness that I have never taught the errors which my enemies falsely lay to my charge; I have, in all my discourses, aimed at nothing but to deliver men from the bondage of sin, therefore I joyfully confirm this day, by my death, the truth which I have taught and preached." The pile was then lighted, but Huss began to sing and to pray aloud several times in these words, "O Christ, Son of God, have mercy upon me." When he afterwards endeavoured to speak again, the wind drove the flames in his face, and stopped his utterance; still, however, his head and his lips were observed to move as if in prayer, for a short time, when the Lord ended the sufferings of his faithful servant, and called his soul to eternal rest.

The Count Palatine being informed that one of the executioner's servants had preserved Huss's cloak and girdle, ordered them to be burned with everything belonging to him, fearing lest the Bohemians should venerate them as sacred relics. When all were burned, the executioners put the ashes of Huss into a cart, with the earth on which he had been executed, and threw the whole into the Rhine, which flows near, that every possible trace of this holy witness for the truth might be obliterated. But, as an elegy composed at that time expresses, "His ashes will be scattered over every country; no river, no banks will be able to retain them; and those whom the enemy thought to silence by death, thus sing, and publish in every place, that gospel which their persecutors thought to suppress."

Nor was John Huss the only one who was then called upon to suffer for the truth's sake. His followers were persecuted, and even children fell victims to the cruelty of the ungodly. To mention one instance: A faithful minister was placed on the pile, with three peasants and four children, shortly before the fire was applied, they were asked to recant and abjure their heresies, their good pastor replied, "God preserve us from it. We are ready to suffer death, not once only, but, if it were possible, even a hundred times, rather than deny the divine truth, which has been so clearly revealed to us in the gospel." Then taking the children in his arms, as a shepherd folding his lambs, or a mother her babes to her breast, he joined with them in a hymn of praise, and together they ascended in the chariot of fire to heaven.

It was cruelties like these which led for thirteen years, to a war of merciless barbarity, in which the persecuted performed prodigies of

valour; alas! that the assassin's knife should ever have driven meek and inoffensive men to use the sword in defence of friends and children. Woe to him by whom such an offence cometh. Internal dissensions arose after a time, and greatly weakened their testimony, and alas! led even to their being parties to an open war. A dispute arose about the celebration of the Lord's Supper, whether it should be in both kinds, that is to say, whether the people should have the cup as well as the broken bread. The church of Rome was not slow to avail herself of the division, and led the one party, called the Calixtines, against the purer and more Christian remnant who were called Taborites, which is derived from "*Tabor*," which in the Bohemian language means a "camp."

Out of all this strife and turmoil, a little band arose who were determined to give up worldly warfare, and in a settlement on the borders of Silesia and Moravia, to seek to live a quiet Christian life, and to suffer all things rather than depart from the truth, or take up arms against their enemies in its defence. Selecting their pastors from their own little church, they determined to conform themselves to the teaching of the New Testament. After about three years of peace in their new-found home, a fearful assault was made upon them by their enemies. The good work of grace had shone forth from their borders, and several other small communities had arisen in different parts of the land; this aroused the opponents of truth, who strove to extinguish the light before it should become too bright a flame. Unheard of cruelties were inflicted upon these poor devoted people. Multitudes perished of cold and hunger. Many had their hands and feet cut off, others were dragged to death on the ground, or quartered and burnt alive, and those spared actual death, were sent home spectacles of suffering, calculated to excite in the minds of all feelings of horror and dread. In the hour of persecution they were comforted by the brotherly love of the Vaudois Christians, who themselves had to suffer for their Christian charity, and the fugitives from this latter body helped greatly to augment and strengthen the church in Bohemia. How cheering to notice these two lights in the dense darkness, cheering each other amidst all the gloom of reproach, suffering, and death, which they alike endured for the Master's sake!

A long and troubled period of their history we must pass over, as our space will not permit us to enlarge. Amidst wars and confusion they multiplied and were greatly strengthened. It is worth noting that they were the first people in Europe who printed a Bible in the language of their own country, which they were enabled to accomplish during a brief space of quiet, and the impression was made in Venice.

Many striking displays of divine goodness are on record, where God confounded the malice of the church's foes, and showed that vengeance belonged to himself; so much was this the case, that it became a proverb amongst the people, that "if any man was weary of life, he had only to persecute the Brethren." It is cheering to notice that the church increased yet more and more, despite all these tribulations, so that before ever Luther or Calvin came forth into public notice, as many as two hundred societies of the Brethren, fully and regularly constituted as Protestant churches, were to be found in Moravia and Bohemia.

(*To be continued.*)

Priestism brought to the Touchstone.

"Search the Scriptures."

1. No person in the Christian church, whether he be an apostle, an elder, or an evangelist, is ever spoken of in the New Testament as a *priest;* nor do we find the most distant allusion to the appointment of an order of *priesthood.*

2. For the work of the ministry, Christ "gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;" but never do we read of his giving *priests.*

3. The apostle wrote Timothy and Titus particular directions relative to the appointment of bishops, deacons, etc.; but no mention is made of *priests.*

4. And why this silence of Scripture? Simply because the office of priests was unknown in the primitive church; and, moreover, in no way needed, for the weakest and humblest believer may now enter with boldness, even into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus.

5. Having so great a High Priest as Jesus the Son of God, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and "ever liveth to make intercession for us," what need we of any earthly priest?

6. Priestly confession is not needed; for if we confess our sins to the Lord, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9.

7. Priestly absolution is not needed; because the blood of Jesus Christ, and that alone, "cleanseth us from all sin."

8. Priestly intercession is not needed; for "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

9. "No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron;" but this cannot be said of any humanly-appointed priest.

10. Every priest under the law was ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices for sin, and "without shedding of blood is no remission;" but no such sacrifices are now offered, nor are they needed, Christ "hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and "by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

11. But the Scriptures distinctly teach, that all believers, by virtue of their union with the Lord Jesus Christ, are made kings and priests unto God, a holy and a royal priesthood, "to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." 1 Pet. ii. 5, 9; Rev. i. 6.

12. From all this it clearly follows, that a humanly-appointed order of priesthood is a deceptive invention of man, and directly opposed to the teaching of Holy Scripture.

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isaiah viii. 20.

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Home Affairs.

IN answer to several correspondents, we append a list of the Baptisms at the Tabernacle, from January 1st to March 7th, which is as follows:—January 3, six; January 31, twenty; February 14, eighteen; February 21, eight; February 28, seventeen; March 5, seventeen.

The annual statistical account of our membership has also been asked for, and we gratefully publish it for the honor of the Lord our God. The net increase is small, and we trust it always will be, for our object is to induce our friends to swarm off into new hives, as they have done this year. We have greatly contributed to the membership of the new churches at Drummond Road, Claremont Room, and Stockwell, and hope in years to come to send out successive bands of converts to till the waste places, and, by God's grace, to make them blossom as the rose.

Received:—		Left us:—	
By Baptism	359	By Deaths	37
,, Restoration	18	Names removed on account of Emigration, Removal to a distance, or continued Absence	68
From other churches ..	100	Joined other Churches (principally being groups organised to form new Churches)	188
		Excommunicated	19
	477		312

Net increase, 165, *for year* 1866.

We are now worshipping in the enormous area of the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which much reminds us of the great Amphitheatre at Milan. Paul was in such a place, we suppose, when he fought with beasts; it is our prayer that in these happier days those who have fallen almost as low as beasts, may yield to the gospel and be turned into men.

Friends will be glad to hear that the Trustees for the Orphanage have been appointed, the property properly transferred, and the deeds executed; and thus the generous Christian lady who offered to devote so large a sum to this noble object has fulfilled her promise. We hope we shall not be long without further assistance from those of our readers who are both opulent and charitable.

You think I undervalue an educated ministry! You are far beyond the mark. I value it greatly. It is only when confined to educated men, that I consider it wrong. Educated ministers are for educated congregations; and when such men walk humbly before God, they are a real blessing. The apostle Paul was an educated man, and his ministry was the most blessed of all the apostles.

It is one thing to be taught the doctrine of election by "Elisha Cole," but it is another thing to come into the region of my own heart, and in my poverty to say, "If God had not chosen me, I had not chosen God."—*Harrington Evans.*

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXVI.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David. *The sweet singer of Israel appears before us in this Psalm as one enduring reproach; in this he was the type of the great Son of David, and is an encouraging example to us to carry the burden of slander to the throne of grace. It is an ingenious surmise that this appeal to heaven was written by David at the time of the assassination of Ish-bosheth, by Baanah and Rechab, to protest his innocence of all participation in that treacherous murder; the tenor of the Psalm certainly agrees with the supposed occasion, but it is not possible with such a slender clue to go beyond conjecture.*

DIVISION.—*Unity of subject is so distinctly maintained, that there are no sharp divisions. David Dickson has given an admirable summary in these words:—"He appealeth to God, the supreme Judge, in the testimony of a good conscience, bearing him witness;* first, *of his endeavour to walk uprightly as a believer, verses,* 1, 2, 3; secondly, *of his keeping himself from the contagion of the evil counsel, sinful courses, and example of the wicked, verses,* 4, 5; thirdly, *of his purpose still to behave himself holily and righteously, out of love to be partaker of the public privileges of the Lord's people in the congregation, verses,* 6, 7, 8. *Whereupon he prayeth to be free of the judgment coming upon the wicked, verses,* 9, 10, *according as he had purposed to eschew their sins, verse* 11; *and he closeth his prayer with comfort and assurance of being heard, verse* 12.

EXPOSITION.

JUDGE me, O LORD; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the LORD; *therefore* I shall not slide.

2 Examine me, O LORD, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

3 For thy lovingkindness *is* before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

1. "*Judge me, O Jehovah.*"—A solemn appeal to the just tribunal of the heart-searching God, warranted by the circumstances of the writer, so far as regarded the particular offences with which he was wrongly charged. Worried and worn out by the injustice of men, the innocent spirit flies from its false accusers to the throne of Eternal Right. He had need have a clear case who dares to carry his suit into the King's Bench of heaven. Such an appeal as this is not to be rashly made on any occasion; and as to the whole of our walk and conversation, it should never be made at all, except as we are justified in Christ Jesus: a far more fitting prayer for a sinful mortal is the petition, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant." "*For I have walked in mine integrity.*" He held integrity as his principle, and walked in it as his practice. David had not used any traitorous or unrighteous means to gain the crown, or to keep it; he was conscious of having been guided by the noblest principles of honour in all his actions with regard to Saul and his family. What a comfort it is to have the approbation of one's own conscience! If there be peace within the soul, the blustering storms of slander which howl around us are of little consideration. When the little bird in my bosom sings a merry song, it is no matter to me if a thousand owls hoot at me from without. "*I have trusted also in the Lord.*" Faith is the root and sap of integrity. He who leans upon the Lord is sure to walk in righteousness. David knew that God's covenant had given him the crown, and therefore he took no indirect or unlawful means to secure it; he would not slay his enemy in the cave, nor suffer his men-at-arms to smite him when he slept unguarded on the plain. Faith will work hard for the Lord, and in the Lord's way, but she refuses so much as to lift a finger to fulfil the devices of unrighteous cunning. Rebecca acted out a great falsehood in order to fulfil the Lord's decree in favour of Jacob—this was unbelief; but Abraham left the

Lord to fulfil his own purposes, and took the knife to slay his son—this was faith. Faith trusts God to accomplish his own decrees. Why should I steal when God has promised to supply my need? Why should I avenge myself when I know that the Lord has espoused my cause? Confidence in God is a most effectual security against sin. "*Therefore I shall not slide.*" Slippery as the way is, so that I walk like a man upon ice, yet faith keeps my heels from tripping, and will continue to do so. The doubtful ways of policy are sure sooner or later to give a fall to those who run therein, but the ways of honesty, though often rough, are always safe. We cannot trust in God if we walk crookedly; but straight paths and simple faith bring the pilgrim happily to his journey's end.

2. There are three modes of trial here challenged, which are said in the original to refer to trial by touch, trial by smell, and trial by fire. The psalmist was so clear from the charge laid against him, that he submitted himself unconditionally to any form of examination which the Lord might see fit to employ. "*Examine me, O Lord.*" Look me through and through; make a minute survey; put me to the question, cross-examine my evidence. "*And prove me.*" Put me again to trial; and see if I would follow such wicked designs as my enemies impute to me. "*Try my reins and my heart.*" Assay me as metals are assayed in the furnace, and do this to my most secret parts, where my affections hold their court; see, O God, whether or no I love murder, and treason, and deceit. All this is a very bold appeal, and made by a man like David, who feared the Lord exceedingly, it manifests a most solemn and complete conviction of innocence. The expressions here used should teach us the thoroughness of the divine judgment, and the necessity of being in all things profoundly sincere, lest we be found wanting at the last. Our enemies are severe with us with the severity of spite, and this a brave man endures without a fear; but God's severity is that of unswerving right, who shall stand against such a trial? The sweet singer asks "Who can stand before his cold?" and we may well enquire, "Who can stand before the heat of his justice?"

3. "*For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes.*"—An object of memory and a ground of hope. A sense of mercy received sets a fair prospect before the faithful mind in its gloomiest condition, for it yields visions of mercies yet to come, visions not visionary but real. Dwell, dear reader, upon that celestial word *lovingkindness*. It has a heavenly savour. Is it not an unmatchable word, unexcelled, unrivalled? The goodness of the Lord to us should be before our eyes as a motive actuating our conduct; we are not under the bondage of the law, but we are under the sweet constraints of grace, which are far more mighty, although far more gentle. Men sin with the law before their eyes, but divine love when clearly seen, sanctifies the conversation. If we were not so forgetful of the way of mercy in which God walks towards us, we should be more careful to walk in the ways of obedience towards him. "*And I have walked in thy truth.*" The psalmist was preserved from sin by his assurance of the truthfulness of God's promise, which truth he endeavoured to imitate as well as to believe. Observe from this verse, that an experience of divine love will show itself in a practical following of divine truth; those who neglect either the doctrinal or practical parts of truth must not wonder if they lose the experimental enjoyment of it. Some *talk of* truth, it is better to *walk in* it. Some vow to do well in future, but their resolutions come to nothing; only the regenerate man can say "*I have walked* in thy truth."

4 I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

5 I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

So far from being himself an open offender against the laws of God, the psalmist had not even associated with the lovers of evil. He had kept aloof from the men of Belial. A man is known by his company, and if we have kept

ourselves apart from the wicked, it will always be evidence in our favour should our character be impugned. He who was never in the parish is not likely to have stolen the corn. He who never went to sea is clearly not the man who scuttled the ship.

4. "*I have not sat with vain persons.*"—True citizens have no dealings with traitors. David had no seat in the parliament of triflers. They were not his boon companions at feasts, nor his advisers in council, nor his associates in conversation. We must needs see, and speak, and trade, with men of the world, but we must on no account take our rest and solace in their empty society. Not only the profane, but the vain are to be shunned by us. All those who live for this life only are vain, chaffy, frothy men, quite unworthy of a Christian's friendship. Moreover, as this vanity is often allied with falsehood, it is well to save ourselves altogether from this untoward generation, lest we should be led from bad to worse, and from tolerating the vain, should come to admire the wicked. "*Neither will I go in with dissemblers.*" Since I know that hypocritical piety is double iniquity, I will cease all acquaintance with pretenders. If I must needs walk the same street, I will not enter the same door and spend my time in their society. The congregation of the hypocrites is not one with which we should cultivate communion; their ultimate rendezvous will be the lowest pit of hell, let us drop their acquaintance now! for we shall not desire it soon. They hang their beads around their necks, and carry the devil in their hearts. This clause is in the future tense, to indicate that the writer felt no desire to begin an acquaintance with characters whom up till then he had shunned. We must maintain the separated path with more and more circumspection as we see the great redemption day approaching. Those who would be transfigured with Jesus, must not be disfigured by conformity to the world. The resolution of the psalmist suggests, that even among professed followers of truth we must make distinctions, for as there are vain persons out of the church, so there are dissemblers in it, and both are to be shunned with scrupulous decision.

5. "*I have hated the congregation of evil doers.*"—A severe sentence, but not too severe. A man who does not hate evil terribly, does not love good heartily. Men, as men, we must always love, for they are our neighbours, and therefore to be loved as ourselves; but evil doers, as such, are traitors to the Great King, and no loyal subject can love traitors. What God hates we must hate. The congregation or assembly of evil doers, signifies violent men in alliance and conclave for the overthrow of the innocent; such synagogues of Satan are to be held in abhorrence. What a sad reflection it is that there should be a congregation of evil doers as well as a congregation of the upright, a church of Satan as well as a church of God; a seed of the serpent as well as a seed of the woman; an old Babylon as well as a new Jerusalem; a great whore sitting upon many waters, to be judged in wrath, as well as a chaste bride of the Lamb to be crowned at his coming. "*And will not sit with the wicked.*" Saints have a seat at another table, and will never leave the King's dainties for the husks of the swine-trough. Better to sit with the blind, and the halt, and the lame, at the table of mercy, than with the wicked in their feasts of ungodliness, yea, better to sit on Job's dunghill than on Pharaoh's throne. Let each reader see well to his company, for such as we keep in this world, we are likely to keep in the next.

6 I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O LORD:

7 That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

8 LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

6. "*I will wash mine hands in innocency.*"—He would publicly avow himself to be altogether clear of the accusations laid against him, and if any fault in other

matters could be truthfully alleged against him, he would for the future abstain from it. The washing of the hands is a significant action to set forth our having no connection with a deed, as we still say, "I wash my hands of the whole business." As to perfect innocence, David does not here claim it, but he avows his innocence of the crimes whereof he was slanderously accused; there is, however, a sense in which we may be washed in absolute innocence, for the atoning blood makes us clean every whit. We ought never to rest satisfied short of a full persuasion of our complete cleansing by Jesus' precious blood. "*So will I compass thine altar, O Lord.*" Priests unto God must take great care to be personally cleansed; the brazen laver was as needful as the golden altar; God's worship requires us to be holy in life. He who is unjust to man cannot be acceptably religious towards God. We must not bring our thank offerings with hands defiled with guilt. To love justice and purity is far more acceptable to God than ten thousands of the fat of fed beasts. We see from this verse that holy minds delight in the worship of the Lord, and find their sweetest solace at his altar; and that it is their deepest concern never to enter upon any course of action which would unfit them for the most sacred communion with God. Our eye must be upon the altar which sanctifieth both the giver and the gift, yet we must never draw from the atoning sacrifice an excuse for sin, but rather find in it a most convincing argument for holiness.

7. "*That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving.*" David was so far instructed that he does not mention the typical offering, but discerns the spiritual offering which was intended thereby, not the groans of bullocks, but songs of gratitude the spiritual worshipper presents. To sound abroad the worthy praises of the God of all grace should be the every-day business of a pardoned sinner. Let men slander us as they will, let us not defraud the Lord of his praises; let dogs bark, but let us like the moon shine on. "*And tell of all thy wondrous works.*" God's people should not be tongue-tied. The wonders of divine grace are enough to make the tongue of the dumb sing. God's works of love are wondrous if we consider the unworthiness of their objects, the costliness of their method, and the glory of their result. And as men find great pleasure in discoursing upon things remarkable and astonishing, so the saints rejoice to tell of the great things which the Lord hath done for them.

8. "*Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house.*" Into the abodes of sin he would not enter, but the house of God he had long loved, and loved it still. We were sad children if we did not love our Father's dwelling-place. Though we own no sacred buildings, yet the church of the living God is the house of God, and true Christians delight in her ordinances, services, and assemblies. O that all our days were Sabbaths! "*And the place where thine honour dwelleth.*" In his church where God is had in honour at all times, where he reveals himself in the glory of his grace, and is proclaimed by his people as the Lord of all. We come not together as the Lord's people to honour the preacher, but to give glory to God; such an occupation is most pleasant to the saints of the Most High. What are those gatherings where God is not honoured, are they not an offence to his pure and holy eyes, and are they not a sad stumbling-block to the people of God? It brings the scalding-tear upon our cheek to hear sermons in which the honour of God is so far from being the preacher's object, that one might almost imagine that the preacher worshipped the dignity of manhood, and thought more of it than of the Infinite Majesty of God.

9 Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:
10 In whose hand *is* mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

9. "*Gather not my soul with sinners.*"—Lord, when, like fruit, I must be gathered, put me not in the same basket with the best of sinners, much less with the worst of them. The company of sinners is so distasteful to us here, that we cannot endure the thought of being bound up in the same bundle with them to all eternity. Our comfort is, that the Great Husbandman discerns the tares from

the wheat, and will find a separate place for distinct characters. In the former verses we see that the psalmist kept himself clear of profane persons, and this is to be understood as a reason why he should not be thrust into their company at the last. Let us think of the doom of the wicked, and the prayer of the text will forcibly rise to our lips; meanwhile, as we see the rule of judgment by which like is gathered to its like, we who have passed from death unto life have nothing to fear. "*Nor my life with bloody men.*" Our soul sickens to hear them speak; their cruel dispatches, in which they treat the shooting of their fellow-men as rare sport, are horrifying to us; Lord, let us not be shut up in the same prison with them; nay, the same paradise with such men would be a hell, if they remained as they now are.

10. "*In whose hands is mischief.*"—They have both hands full of it, plotting it and carrying it out. "*And their right hand,*" with which they are most dexterous, "*is full of bribes;*" like thieves who would steal with impunity, they carry a sop for the dogs of justice. He who gives bribes is every way as guilty as the man who takes them, and in the matter of our parliamentary elections the rich villian who gives the bribe is by far the worse. Bribery, in any form or shape, should be as detestable to a Christian as carrion to a dove, or garbage to a lamb. Let those whose dirty hands are fond of bribes remember that neither death nor the devil can be bribed to let them escape their well-earned doom.

11 But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

Here is the lover of godliness entering his personal protest against unrighteous gain. He is a Nonconformist, and is ready to stand alone in his Nonconformity. Like a live fish, he swims against the stream. Trusting in God, the psalmist resolves that the plain way of righteousness shall be his choice, and those who will, may prefer the tortuous paths of violence and deceit. Yet, he is by no means a boaster, or a self-righteous vaunter of his own strength, for he cries for redemption and pleads for mercy. Our integrity is not absolute nor inherent, it is a work of grace in us, and is marred by human infirmity; we must, therefore, resort to the redeeming blood and to the throne of mercy, confessing that though we are saints among men, we must still bow as sinners before God.

12 My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the LORD.

The song began in the minor, but it has now reached the major key. Saints often sing themselves into happiness. The *even place* upon which our foot stands is the sure, covenant faithfulness, eternal promise and immutable oath of the Lord of Hosts; there is no fear of falling from this solid basis, or of its being removed from under us. Established in Christ Jesus, by being vitally united to him, we have nothing left to occupy our thoughts but the praises of our God. Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, and when assembled, let us not be slow to contribute our portion of thanksgiving. Each saint is a witness to divine faithfulness, and should be ready with his testimony. As for the slanderers, let them howl outside the door while the children sing within.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 4.—"*Dissemblers.*"—The hypocrite has much angel without, more devil within. He fries in words, freezes in works; speaks by ells, doth good by inches. He is a stinking dunghill, covered over with snow; a loose-hung mill that keeps great clacking, but grinds no grist; a lying hen that cackles when she hath not laid.—*Thomas Adams.*

Verse 6.—By the phrase of *compassing the altar*, either he alludes to some Levitical custom of going about the altar, as the priests did in the oblation of their sacrifices; and the people, especially those of them who were more devout and zealous, who

possibly moved from place to place, but still within their own court, that they might discern what was done on the several sides of the altar, and so be the more affected with it; or rather he implies that he would offer many sacrifices together, which would employ the priests round about the altar.—*Matthew Pool, in loc.*

Verse 10.—"*Bribes.*" They that see furthest into the law, and most clearly discern the causes of justice, if they suffer the dusts of bribes to be thrown into their sight, their eyes will water and twinkle, and fall at last to blind connivance. It is a wretched thing when justice is made a hackney that may be backed for money, and put on with golden spurs, even to the desired journey's end of injury and iniquity. Far be from our souls this wickedness, that the ear which should be open to complaints should be stopped with the earwax of partiality. Alas! poor truth, that she must now be put to the charges of a golden earpick, or she cannot be heard!—*Thomas Adams.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1 *(last sentences).*—The upholding power of trust in God.

Verse 1.—I. *Two inseparable companions*—faith and holiness. II. *The blessedness of the man who possesses them.* He needs not fear the judgment, nor the danger of the way. III. *The only means of procuring them.*

Verse 2.—*Divine examination.* Its variety, severity, searching nature, accuracy, certainty: when to be desired, and when to be dreaded.

Verse 3.—Delight for the eyes and safety for the feet; or the good man's sweet contemplation and holy practice; or the heavenly compound of godliness, motive and motion, enjoying and acting, love and truth, free grace and good works.

Verse 4.—"*Vain persons.*" Who they are. Why they are to be avoided. What will become of them. "*Dissemblers.*" Describe this numerous family. Show what their objects are. The mischief done to believers by their craftiness. The need of shunning them and their fearful end.

Verse 5.—*Bad company.* Cases of its evil results, excuses for it answered, warnings given, motives urged for relinquishing.

Verse 6.—The necessity of personal holiness in order to acceptable worship.

Verse 7.—1. The believer's calling—a publisher. II. The author selected, "*Thy works.*" III. The mode of advertising—"*voice of thanksgiving,*" "*tell,*" etc.

Verse 8.—God's house. Why we love it. What we love in it. How we show our love. How our love will be rewarded.

Verse 9.—See "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," No. 524.

Verse 11.—The best men needing redemption and mercy; or the outward walk before men, and the secret walk with God.

Verse 12.—Secure standing, honoured position, grateful praise.

Verse 12 (*last clause*).—Congregational Psalmody, and our personal share in it.

The Joy of the Lord is your Strength.

(Nehemiah viii. 10.)

JOY in our labour, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, is the best guarantee that all the available powers we possess will be cheerfully thrown into our labour, and joy thus becomes one of the chief elements of success in work of any kind. The world, which is wise in its generation, knows perfectly well the power of this element, and it has become a proverb, that it is useless to put a boy to an occupation he dislikes; and the great aim is first to impress youth with the necessity of labour, and then find the occupation which is most likely to be agreeable to his tastes, and therefore the one which is best calculated to enlist all his energy and secure success. Experience teaches us the same thing, for often with a light and cheerful heart we have been able to perform, with ease and comfort, what, at other times, with a sad and heavy heart, we have not dared to attempt.

Of all labourers, he who labours in the spiritual field stands in the greatest need of joy in his work, because of all labour it is that which brings the greatest amount of care, disappointment, trial and suffering. He who labours in the

merely intellectual field finds little to retard his steady progress; his is certainly an ascending path requiring patience and hard toil to master its difficulties, but it is a decidedly pleasant path, and free from ruggedness and pitfalls, and every ascent gives a more extended view, and stimulates to further progress; and he who travels it, generally meets with encouragement from fellow-labourers and applause from the world, and the higher he ascends the more honourable and distinguished does his position become. But it is very different with the labourer in the spiritual field—disappointment, opposition, trial and persecution from without, and temptations, weakness, fears, doubts and troubles from within, are what is expected by him who labours earnestly in the Lord's vineyard; but as the sufferings of Christ abound in him, so his consolations also abound by Christ, so that after all, the Christian labourer ought to be the most joyful in the whole world. The joy of the spiritual man in the exercise of the power of the Spirit which has been imparted by God, is far higher and diviner than that which results from the acquisition and exercise of intellectual knowledge and power, even as that is superior to the joy (if it may be called such), which is produced in some minds by the display of mere brute force; for as the soul is the highest and noblest part of man's being, and that which is destined to live for ever, he only who has been raised to spiritual life, knows the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory, for he only knows what it is to *live* in the highest and noblest sense of that term.

But while we assert that of all men the Christian should be the most joyful, we feel there is ground for the charge often brought against us, that we are the most melancholy. It is too often the case that when we come together for worship, for prayer, or for breaking of bread, there is very little joy and rejoicing amongst us; thankfulness, gratitude, and a certain degree of joy no doubt exist, but our meetings are rarely joyful meetings; there is more generally a mourning the absence of the Lord, rather than a rejoicing at his presence. That God would not have his children destitute of this joy of the purest, highest and most invigorating kind, we are assured by his Word; and being such an important element in the success of those who labour for him, we do well to ascertain from the Scriptures how we may each strive to promote this joy in the hearts of our fellow-believers, and especially in the hearts of those who watch for our souls, that they may do it with joy and not with grief, for that is unprofitable for us, for the joy of the Lord is their strength.

There was once a marriage-feast where they wanted wine which maketh glad the heart of man, and we have an account of the manner in which that want was supplied. Christ was there, and we have his promise "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The mother of Jesus was there, who could claim a closer relationship to Christ than any other being, yet he says, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" so that where there is a company of believers with but one thoroughly earnest soul who lives near to God and enjoys much communion with Christ, there is hope for that church, for it is in no worse condition than the company at Cana of Galilee. The mother of Jesus evidently believed in the power of Christ to supply the want of the assembled guests, and she as evidently believed in his willingness, for when he said, "My hour is not yet come," she did what she could to hasten the hour; and as she felt she could not go to the governor of the feast nor to the guests, she went to the servants and exhorted them to look to Christ, and not to look *only*, but "whatsoever he saith unto you, *do* it." Too much stress cannot be laid on the points contained in this exhortation, it is a perfect model for our guidance and imitation, "*Whatsoever he saith* unto *you*, *do* it." The eyes of the servants were then directed to Christ, and they had not to wait long for instructions; they being desirous to learn, his hour was come to teach; and his telling them first to fill the waterpots with water, teaches us the necessity of first seeking the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The picture given us of the servants (most likely their number was very small), in obedience to Christ, filling the

waterpots with water, is a great encouragement to God's people to meet together, if they be but few and of humble position, to seek the outpouring of the Spirit into their own souls, that they may have faith to pray prevailingly that the blessing of God might descend on the preacher and the preaching of the Word, that in God's own appointed way, the whole company of believers might be blessed and made to rejoice. Perhaps when God often blesses the preaching of the Word, to the astonishment of the preacher himself, the last day will reveal the fact, that two or three humble disciples, having faith in God's promises, had long met together for prayer and supplication—and although the ruler of the feast knew not whence the good wine came, the servants who drew the water knew—and so did they know and rejoice in the fact that God had answered their prayer, and revealed himself to them as a faithful and promise-keeping God, and perhaps it will be said of such as it was of the poor widow, "Verily I say unto you, this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury."

There is encouragement here for every believer who feels that the hearts of God's people are too much set on worldly things, and that God's cause, therefore, is in a low and feeble state; for until believers are led to joy and rejoice in Christ and in doing his will, work for Christ and for his church will never be done in a manner either pleasing to God or profitable to men; for God loveth a cheerful giver and cheerfully-rendered service, and that can never proceed from a divided heart. As the company at Cana had good wine ministered to them through the instrumentality of one individual, the Word of God teaches us how by faith in Christ, we may one and all seek to do the same service to the church, however poor and humble we may be in this world's goods, and this world's estimation.

Our February Meetings.

IN our last number, we promised to give an account of the remarkable Meetings which were held at the Tabernacle during the month of February. The Lord God of Israel be praised that we have such a record to present to our readers. The meetings commenced on the 8th of that month, when the pastor, deacons, and elders, spent the evening together in prayer and conference, and many earnest supplications were offered for the bestowment of the Divine blessing upon the special services that were about to be held. An interesting feature of this gathering was the presentation by Mr. Olney, senr., to the pastor, of a handsome time-piece, which had been subscribed for by the deacons and elders. The pastor, who had no idea that such a presentation was intended, was deeply affected by this generous token of the affection of his fellow-labourers, of whom he said, "No man had a better staff of helpers or a firmer band of friends." May other churches be blessed with officers as affectionate and devoted as these brethren!

On the 11th, the church officers met the pastor for supplication to God, preparatory to the special prayer-meeting. Two deacons from the church at Waterbeach were also with the brethren, and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost were felt in the little assembly. As we announced last month, the Tabernacle was well attended at the prayer-meeting, and the prayers offered by Mr. Spurgeon and the various brethren, were most fervent and solemn. Many were savingly impressed on that solemn occasion.

On the following day (Tuesday), the deacons and elders, having previously met for one hour's prayer, assembled with the undecided of the congregation. Many persons were moved to tears during this solemn service, and the deacons devoted one hour to personal conversation with those who remained behind. Mrs. Bartlett, with her usual holy zeal, was occupied with a room full of trembling seekers. Much fruit was *seen* on this occasion. On Wednesday,

the young people of the congregation met Mr. Spurgeon and the officers for tea, after which, the lecture-hall was filled with a most attentive audience of young people, who were deeply impressed with the remarks made; some have since come forward and offered themselves to the church. It is pleasing to record that the deacons and elders have had a blessing upon their own families. On Sunday, the 17th, deputations from the church officers visited the classes presided over by Mrs. Bartlett, Mr. McGregor, and Mr. Croker. The addresses at these prosperous classes, were marked by great earnestness and pointedness, and it is hoped that the good done on this occasion will be recorded in heaven.

Monday, the 18th, was set apart for fasting and prayer. From seven in the morning till nine at night, the flame of devotion burned on steadily and vehemently. There was no pause, no breaking up for meals, no idle talk, but a whole day of prayer; a blessed day indeed! Those who shared its deep convulsions of sorrow, and bursts of joy, will never forget it while memory holds her place. There were of course comers and goers all day long, but this created no disturbance; and those who came in but for one hour were so in tune with the rest, that it was evident that all the members, whether in the meeting or at their several callings, were in a spirit of prayer Throughout the day it was felt that the presence of the Lord God of Hosts overshadowed the place. The evening meeting in the Tabernacle was a most remarkable one. The prayers for the conversion of souls were unusually fervent, and the Lord was pleased to grant the request of his servants, even as he always does listen to the desires of believing hearts, in the salvation of precious souls. Of this there were happy proofs on the succeeding night, when the unconverted were invited to meet the officers for exhortation. The marked, devout, and eager attention of those present was very gratifying, and the tears that were visible told the tale of soul-sorrow and soul-joy. Broken-hearted ones were led to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and Mr. Spurgeon has seen several who are anxious to find peace, and others who wish to join the church.

There was an interesting gathering of the parents of Sabbath-school children on the 20th, when the pastor and deacons, with the teachers, gave special addresses in the lecture-hall, which were well calculated to arrest the attention and impress the hearts of those present. The tutors and students had tea with the pastor on the 22nd, when addresses were given by a number of friends, the object being to excite in the college the same zeal which glows in all the other branches of the church. On the following Sabbath, two deacons visited Mr. Hanks's classes, and also the senior classes of the Sabbath-school, with the view of arousing souls and urging an immediate decision for Christ. On the 25th, the ordinary prayer-meeting assumed a very solemn character, all the addresses being directed to the unconverted, and being delivered by our elders, were more novel and interesting than if they had come from ministers.

On the 26th, the Evangelists, Loan Tract Distributors, Missionaries, and Bible-women, connected with the church, took tea together. After tea, about 250 assembled in the lecture-room. The pastor presided, and expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing so many of the members of his church voluntarily engaged in evangelistic work. He hoped that wherever they pushed the gospel-plough, they would make deep furrows in the hard soil; and that they would sow nothing else but the seed of divine truth. He was delighted to find that many of the present members of the church had been converted through the instrumentality of the evangelists. He believed the Metropolitan Tabernacle owed much of its prosperity to the self-denying efforts of its members who were engaged in carrying the gospel to the poor in the streets and byways of this great metropolis. He hoped that those who were not in earnest in their work would follow Mr. Orsman's example, in his noble mission which his friend Mr. Leach had aptly denominated "A Golden Work in Golden Lane." Addresses of an encouraging and stimulating character were then delivered by Mr. W. J. Orsman, Hon. Sec. of the Evangelists' Association; Mr. Stringer, Mr. Carpenter

City Missionary, Mr. Cooper, elder, Mr. W. Olney, Mr. Aldbury, who related some rough encounters he had had with the bargemen at his open air services by the river's-side, and a gentleman from New York.

On the 1st of March, the Sunday-school and Ragged-school teachers assembled together at tea, when most encouraging addresses were delivered by the pastor and others. The meetings were concluded on Monday, the 4th, by breaking of bread and thanksgiving, and those who were present found the opportunity one of great spiritual enjoyment. The king himself was there, and we said in our hearts, "He brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

We feel thankful at the remembrance of the various joyful and refreshing influences which clustered around the above gatherings. The blessing which has already attended these special efforts is but a foretaste of what we may expect. We know and are persuaded that a mighty blessing is in reserve for a praying people.

Mr. Spurgeon among the Costermongers.

ON Tuesday, the 12th of March, Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon to the street vendors of Golden-lane and its vicinity, in the Evangelists' Tabernacle, where Mr. Orsman conducts his mission. On the previous Sunday morning, tickets of admission were distributed among the street dealers of Whitecross-street, and the result was, that by far the majority of those who attended were of this class. A goodly number of the regular attendants at the Mission-hall were absent, as they denied themselves for the sake of others. Some of the dealers came with unwashed faces and uncombed hair, but the majority were dressed in their best clothes; and those who could not recognise them, would hardly think that some were costermongers' wives. There were several in "the fried fish line," two or three "pickled whelks" *merchants*, a number of cabbage and vegetable dealers, coke sellers, wood-choppers, picture dealers, &c., and some representatives of street-sweepers. The bell was rung as usual to let the neighbours know that the time for service was come; for Golden-lane Tabernacle has its bell, with a fine clear throat, and rivals the parish church in this respect; this seemed much to amuse Mr. Spurgeon, who said in the vestry that he had no idea that he was among such aristocratic people, who made so much noise in the world. At seven o'clock, Mr. Spurgeon ascended the platform and opened with prayer. Then a hymn was heartily sung, and a chapter read and expounded. The preacher's prayer was frequently responded to; and when reference was made to the bodily aches and pains which so many suffered, and the poverty experienced by others, there were many deep sighs. Of course, Mr. Spurgeon arrested their attention, nor did he find any difficulty in making his audience understand what he had to tell them. Street vendors are very much like other people, only they are more acute than most persons will give them credit for. Our honoured friend's easy delivery, rapid flow of words, masculine thought, earnestness and directness, were thoroughly appreciated; and the little anecdotes, homely illustrations, and forcible "hits," were much enjoyed. The text was St. John's Gospel, iv. 15; and having briefly and plainly stated what the gospel was, the preacher showed how it might be compared to water. Water satisfied the thirst of man; often saved his life; took away filth; put out fire—the fire of temper, lust, &c.; it softened things, &c. He then encouraged them to believe that if they desired this grace, they would have it, and lastly, concluded by showing how he himself had found this "living water." One or two illustrations were evidently much liked. Referring to the satisfaction which the soul felt when convinced that all its sins were atoned for, Mr. Spurgeon remarked that he saw a long file of bills at home the other day, but when he was told they were all paid ones, he did not care how

many they were. Again, there was a certain fire that was felt early in the morning in the throats of some persons, who had to go to a neighbouring fire-shop to get it quenched, and that fire seemed to burn most furiously on Saturday nights when the wages were just received—an allusion to their social habits which made many laugh. Sacramental efficacy had a blow. Water could go up as high as the source from whence it came, and so could God's grace; but any grace they fancied they might get from a priest or minister, could only go up as high as its source—which was the height of the priest. These and a number of other illustrations were so much admired as to make many give a friendly nod of approbation to those sitting by their side. The appeal to their consciences made a deep impression. After Mr. Spurgeon had concluded, over two hundred remained for the purpose of prayer. For an hour and a quarter earnest supplications were offered. Some begged that the brethren would pray especially for them, others, who had never made supplication in their lives before, expressed their wants in deep sighs, or in gentle, solemn responses. It is believed that several were convinced of sin during the services, and certainly Mr. Spurgeon's appeals will never be forgotten by many who had been unaccustomed to sympathetic, earnest entreaty.

One curious bit of criticism we heard from several costermongers. A coster's living depends largely upon his "woice." He, therefore, knows the value of good lungs, and is a connoisseur in voices. The preacher's voice was eulogised as "wonderful," "stunning," "I never," and other equally significant phrases. One coster had lost his voice, and probably he envied the preacher's gift. Another poor fellow—a follower of Joanna Southcott—retired from the hall expressing great disappointment because no reference had been made to his own people—the Jews; and nothing had been said about the millennium, the teaching of which, he declared with much earnestness, always led the way to conversion!

The writer takes the present opportunity of personally thanking those readers who so generously responded to his appeal in the February number of this Magazine, on behalf of Mr. Orsman's mission. He hopes that other friends may be led to assist Mr. O. in carrying on and extending this noble and much-needed work.

E. L.

The Lord's Work in Canada.

WE have been much refreshed by reading the various reports of those of our Baptist brethren in Canada who are devotedly, and with great self-denial, labouring in home missionary spheres. The church's work in Canada is essentially of an aggressive character. Although highly favoured as the land where the gospel is faithfully preached, Canada is yet a wide field for missionary effort. Tens of thousands are living without God, while, as the "Canadian Baptist Register" states, "We have rationalists and sceptics here; infidels from France, and neologists from Germany; priest-ridden Papists and worshippers of Mammon; heretics of almost every name, and even within a day's sail from Owen Sound, Indians on the Great Manitoulin Island, who are the sincere and devout worshippers of the Devil." Our Baptist brethren are fully alive to their responsibilities, and are increasingly desirous of entering the mission-field with greater zeal than ever. While they feel pain arising from the want of greater results, and pleasure because the work of the Lord has prospered during a year of unusual religious drought, they are not content to rest upon past successes—and this alone is an omen for good in any living church. The Baptist Missionary Convention of Canada West has 28 missionaries, who have preached the gospel at 94 stations, to congregations averaging in all, 5,994 persons. The missionaries report having made 5,320 pastoral visits to the

families connected with the mission churches and congregations; and, it is to be understood, that by a pastoral visit is meant a visit during which the missionary has conversed with the family on religious subjects, read the Word of God to the family, and offered prayer to God on its behalf—not a mere call. In the discharge of their various duties they have travelled 31,308 miles, to a very great extent, too, over very rough roads and amidst the darkness of the night, exposed to those storms which all have seen and felt the effects of, to some extent at least, during the past year. The number of persons baptized into the fellowship of the churches, on a credible profession of faith, during the year, has been one hundred and thirteen.

We find that there are in all 183 pastors of regular Baptist churches in Canada; 275 churches, and 15,091 church members, while there are of course a number of ministers without pastoral charges. Still, there is a great dearth of pastors, owing, it is believed, mainly to the rapid increase of the churches. Few ministers go to Canada from Great Britain; and the churches are therefore desirous of raising up a native Canadian ministry. It is pleasant to find in looking over the reports of the missionaries, that most of the churches, even the most youthful, are struggling to become self-supporting, and that efforts are made in many stations to enlarge their borders. We regret, however, to observe that so many ministers find it necessary to change their spheres of labour, and that consequently the churches suffer from the want of a settled ministry. Judging from our brethren's own testimony, we should say that the present crisis in the history of the Baptist denomination in Canada West, is an important one—since "one year's faithful labour now expended upon the population of our rising towns and villages, and rural districts, will accomplish more for the establishment of churches formed after the primitive and apostolic model, than could be accomplished by five years' labour in the same localities ten years hence." We are glad to see this fact recognised, and that a spirit of zeal for the Lord of Hosts is animating the Lord's people in the province.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the "Sword and Trowel" is being circulated in Canada, and that already there is a growing demand for our Magazine.

Missionary Work in China.

CHINA has at length become familiar to Europeans. No longer does it wear the hue of mystery it wore before the eyes of the world of the Cæsars when its silks were purchased for their weight in gold by the noble matrons of Rome. Descriptions of its wide provinces, their products, and their people, no longer wield the power to amaze possessed by the recital of Marco Polo's travels in the thirteenth century. Yet at no former period has China exhibited features of greater interest to the world at large and especially to the friends of Jesus than at present. Rents and fissures may be detected here and there in the old policy of isolation pursued by the natives towards foreigners. The ports have been thrown open to merchants, and missionaries have travelled far into the interior. The good seed of the kingdom, long sown with but scanty signs of fruit, is now beginning to yield a cheering harvest to the later labourers in the field. The "Narrative of the Mission to China of the English Presbyterian Church"* might be brought forward as a striking example of this, whilst it reveals also a scale of economy perhaps without a parallel in the management of modern missions. It may be as well to at once give the figures. In the year 1864, with an income of £3,748, the society maintained nine European missionaries and twenty native Evangelists, defrayed expenses for gospel boats,

* By Donald Matheson, Esq.

travelling, and chapels, besides £101 of home charges, and had £101 in hand at the close of the year.

Twenty years have elapsed since William C. Burns, the first missionary of the society, set sail for China. His name will be well remembered by many from his zealous labours during the revival at Kilsyth, and other parts of Scotland. The island of Amoy was ultimately fixed upon as the basis of his operations. For seven years he preached the Word of Life incessantly, and only "the blossoms and buddings of the spiritual vintage" were seen. Then the Spirit of God began manifestly to work. "What I see here," he writes, "makes me call to mind former days of the Lord's power in my native land. In my own circle, I have hardly seen the same promising appearance of the coming of God's kingdom since I came to China." These remarkable awakenings took place at Pechuia and Baypay. "The meetings were crowded, and the desire to hear the Word not easily satisfied." "Yesterday," again he writes, "we had a good day here. It was one of the market days . . . and the people came in, as usual, in numbers to hear. Most of those interested in the truth were also present. The work of preaching all devolved on myself, and I felt supported more than usually. In the afternoon, I went alone to visit a village in the neighbourhood; and in my absence a number of the enquirers, &c., met here for worship of their own accord. When I returned, they were joyfully engaged in singing hymns, studying the Scriptures, &c., and continued so during the most of the evening. I have not witnessed the same state of things in China before. It is said among the people that we have some mode of enchanting those who come to us. In no other way can the blind world account for the impressions made on some of those who are receiving the truth."

Several young persons were brought to the Saviour at this time. One was a youth of twenty, named Lam San, who afterwards became a medical missionary. "On the occasion of the birthday of the god of the furnace, he took the god and put it in a pot boiling on the fire. The idol having been thus defaced was afterwards found by his mother, and both parents beat their son unmercifully for his conduct. Some of the other enquirers going to comfort the son under this treatment, so reasoned with the parents, showing that if the idol could not take care of itself, it surely did not deserve their protection, that their views underwent a sudden and entire change, and in a day or two afterwards they, with their four sons, brought all their idols and ancestral tablets, and publicly destroyed them in the view of the people." "Another family, consisting of an old father, the mother, He-Se, and their three sons, Gong-lo, Kwai-a, and Som-a, all became Christians. Even before their conversion, there was much real union and affection between them. When the old father was going to Amoy to be baptized, Som-a asked to be allowed to accompany him for the same purpose. He was told he was too young, and that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply, 'Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me.'"

In four months after this awakening, twenty persons were baptized. The new converts carried the knowledge of the One Mediator wherever they went, and spread in their simple way the doctrines of salvation. A singular instance is given by Mr. Douglas of the way in which the Lord sends his truth to find out his people. "We found," he says, "also another old man, a cloth pedlar, who heard the gospel in a very singular manner. He heard it not from a Christian, but from one of the vegetarian Buddhists, and that man also had not heard it from a Christian, but only from a strolling story-teller—a class of men who make a living by reading old stories, or telling exciting stories in the streets—who had been going to the chapel at Amoy. These two men, through the medium of whom the account of God's truth had reached the pedlar, were never even specially interested, and cared nothing about the gospel. But he from the time he heard it, about ten years ago, had been endeavouring to pray to the living God. At last, a few weeks ago, he met with the men of the river gospel-

boat, who instructed him more thoroughly. All the Sabbaths that we were there, he spent with us. He seems quite decided."

These simple extracts may be taken as outlines of the leading phases of the results of evangelistic labours in China; perhaps if a few glimpses of the converts' faith in its trials and triumphs were introduced, it would make the outlines more complete. These, however, must be passed by. It will have been noticed that progress has been represented as very gradual. The pace of the gospel in China has been uniformly slow; seldom has it run; seldom has it taken long strides; but seldom has it retraced its footsteps. From the days that Xavier breathed his last sigh from Sancian towards the Chinese coast and then expired, to the days of Morrison and Milne, and Medhurst, and to the days of Burns, the glad tidings of salvation have been steadily winning their way, and piercing the very foundations of the superstitions and idolatries of the proud Chinese. Still, little progress, you say, has been made. Little progress! There can be no little progress of the gospel in China; any progress there is great. Look at the perplexities and impediments, of a kind peculiarly their own, that crowd around and fain would paralyse the efforts of the missionary.

Glance at the character of the Chinaman, comprising traits seemingly destructive of each other. To a civilisation more refined than that of Greece or Rome, he unites the stolidity of the Esquimaux; capable as the South Sea Islanders, of violence and plunder, he is complete master of his passions; professing a religious creed the purest of heathen nations, he is found the victim of vices the foulest of depraved humanity. Viewed at a distance, his careful training, his love of order, his reverence for virtue appear as so many shining inlets to the light of truth; but examined more closely, they shine with the brightness of the brazen door that repels, and not with the transparency of the crystal that admits, the doctrine of the cross. He listens to high moral precepts, but in nothing is their spirit akin to the spirit of the gospel. He is educated, but his education enchains instead of liberating the mind; it fixes finality upon the intellect instead of sowing the seeds of independent thought. He lives in a land where men are mere embodiments of custom, the frigid impersonations of technicality and rule; where the religion of the present generation consists in extolling and worshipping the worthies of the past; where antiquity is the only ruling god, on whose altar mental and material treasures are alike laid; where, instead of the Athenian thirst for something new, the cry ever is, who will show us some old thing; where precedents petrified by thirty centuries defy innovations, and laugh at change; in a word, the Chinaman is yoked to the machinery of a society so cumbrous that to move it onward means to break it. I say, then, that to make any headway against such gigantic powers of resistance and repulsion as Chinese manners and customs present, is to achieve a *great* success; and it appears all the greater, when we bear in mind that but a handful of men labour amongst a population verging on *four hundred millions*. It is a token for good that the missionary band increases. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who sailed for Ningpo in May last, with their family and their fifteen male and female missionary helpers, are still fresh in our memories. Are there no others whose hearts the Lord has touched with a similar desire to win the Chinese for our Saviour God? To bring about the prediction, "Behold these shall come from far; and, lo, these from the north, and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim?"

There can be no sin offering where there is no imputation of sin. Had not sin been charged upon the Victim, it would have been an act of wanton cruelty to put it to death; there would have been no reason for it. True justice can no more punish one who is legally innocent, than it can acquit one who is legally guilty.

If there is one truth more precious than another, it is this—The unpurchased and the unpurchaseable love of God.— *Vintage Gleanings.*

To Young Men.

IT may spare our time and that of many young men who apply to us to enter our College, if they will carefully read the following letter, a copy of which we always send by way of preliminary information to all applicants. Those whose cases are not here included had better not waste their time in applying to us; but we are glad at any time to encourage all young men who are really called to the Lord's work, however poor or uneducated they may be:—

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your inquiries as to the Pastor's College, the following information may be of service:—

Our object is to give further instruction to those who have already proved themselves to be efficient preachers. As we cannot attempt so large a work as the training of men for all denominations, we confine ourselves to those who are connected with those believers called Baptists. None are eligible but believers in the Lord Jesus, members of Christian churches, men of known character, and of earnest spirit. Such men, holding what are popularly styled Calvinistic views, and having been more or less constantly engaged in preaching for two or more years, are admitted upon showing satisfactory testimonials. Want of education, or poverty, are no obstacles, but every one must contribute if able to do so. Single men are preferred. The course is ordinarily two years. The course of study varies according to each case.

Yours very truly,
C. H. SPURGEON.

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(Continued from page 135.)

XLIII.

YOU have seen the boys playing at snatch-apple,—you have seen how, notwithstanding many a blow, and many a vexing disappointment, they have kept on snatching,—and you have seen how, swinging to and fro, the fruit has looked so ripe and luscious that you ceased wondering at their eagerness, and felt your own mouth watering like theirs. At last, one of the lads, with a desperate effort, has seized the fruit; and lo! how woe-begone he looks, and into what laughter the others burst; for the apple is as full of loathsome rottenness as it *seemed* to be full of sweet and juicy flesh. Fit type of the devil's dealings with us all. He swings some good-looking fruit before us; and, by provoking us to snatch, he provokes us to seize. And the fruit looks so beautiful, and seems to be so desirable, and causes one's mouth so to long for its enjoyment; and, at length, we *do* snatch, and, in time, we *seize*. Deep, deep, we bite, thinking to satiate ourselves in its fruity depths; but lo! we are almost choked and covered by a noxious cloud of grave-like dust. *We* gnash our teeth in bitter disappointment; but our late companions stand by and grin! Direst lesson of all sinfulness in all time!

XLIV.

HAVE you never noticed that, while our blessings come in showers, our curses so-called, come in storms. The latter, by their very fury, spend themselves and are gone,—their stern mission of reproof and chastisement swiftly executed —while the former, by their frequent and gentle falling, sink into the very heart of the soil,—their kindly errand of comfort and consolation lovingly and lingeringly discharged. If only willow-like and pliant, we shall bend readily to the unmitigated storm, and revive speedily under the mingled shower and

sunshine,—in the very midst of which the rainbow of God's good covenant shall appear,—but, if we are not so, and if, instead thereof, we are stubborn and selfwilled, it is right (as it is true) that we shall break away, and fall utterly to the ground,—the succeeding showers of God's rich blessings actually hastening our decay!

XLV.

YONDER devoutest disciple thinks himself a mere cipher; and so he is, and so are we, and so are all the faithful, from the highest to the lowest—ay, and very worthless ciphers, too,—if we separate ourselves from the grand unit of the heavenly gift of God's own Son, or place ourselves before that unit; but, with the divine unit *prefixing* the numberless figure of the human soul, the more of such figures and the better for each, as, also, for the greater glory of the unit itself. Every cipher added *after* the unit-figure adds to the real value of the whole; but, put *before* the unit, they add nought to *it*, if they subtract nought, and make *themselves* ridiculous. There are those, however, who, placing themselves in this position, are actually content to gain a *degree* of value, no matter however small that degree may be, by prefixing the whole sum with that sign of the decimal which, whatever it means to them, means, to the whole, total depreciation,—the only way, forsooth, in which they are willing to depreciate themselves,—a depreciation, in nowise a virtue, but, of all vices, the most monstrous and absurd.

XLVI.

LIKE children, we are very fond of getting up on all sorts of three-legged stools,—of self-righteousness, it may be, of self-opinionativeness, of self-comfort, of this or that,—and, like children, we are amazingly liable to get knocked over, and to be left to suffer for our pains.

XLVII.

THERE is one task that, I am afraid, would be found a hopeless, if not a horrible, task for some of us; and that is—the "calling-in" of all the "base coin" we have "issued" in the shape of "mere hints, things that we could say, circumstances that we hope have not occurred, matters that it is just as well that we should be on our guard against," and even still fouler coin of nodding, winking, shrugging, self-convicting, ashamed of itself, contemptible, wretched, mistrust and suspicion! Task? Ay, *task* indeed; for, like all base coin, such things are generally passed in the dark, and on the sly; and, therefore, you might just as well think of recovering the bad breath you respire. Be on thy guard, then, and know that words of slander, once spoken, are, by their very nature, too snake-like to recall. It is a very notable fact, too, that coiners of base coin have got repaid sometimes, and that in very large amounts, in their own money! Just because they *pay* in the safety of secrecy, they very often get *paid* in the irretrievable certainty of the same way. Hold back, then, that which, having issued, thou shalt helplessly desire to get back again; and put into circulation, and extend the circulation of, and give the largest circulation unto, those good pieces of the pure coinage of charity and confidence which, for their own sake, shall always be accounted value, however worn or pierced, and which shall always be worth taking when, as is certain, they are offered to thee in return.

XLVIII.

IT is a welcome thing, after a long absence, to get back *home*; and I do not wonder that *some* natures ardently long for *heaven!*

XLIX.

THERE is nothing to pay for sending any message to heaven; but every message sent there must be franked, and that can only be done by one personage. The

name of that personage is Jesus Christ; and you have only to ask him to frank your letter, and it is done. Nay, you may frank it, in his name, for yourself; and he, at the other end, will make it right!

L.

Though the night is very dark, and the road very dangerous, yet, if you have good hold of, or, better still, if you are well held by, the hand of a guide who knows the road, and all its dangers, and, relatively speaking, can see in the darkness, it matters very little—save that you are saved the sight and fright of scenes and dangers that might affect you even unto fainting and falling. Keep good hold, then, of the Father's hand,—walk, as it were, arm in arm with him,—and, though darkness and danger overtake thee, he will bring thee through, and the very darkness (against which you are strongly tempted to complain) shall hide your danger, and, thus, be an actual boon. Fear not, I say; for he knows the way, and can see all along it! Have we not, when children, walked home, in the black night, and by a strange road, resting on the arm, or holding by the hand, of our earthly father; and have we not shut our eyes, and pressed them close to, as if to make the darkness surer, and our confidence more entire? And has not our kind parent *felt* our faith, and been cheered by it; and has he not "brought us home" at last, ever so lovingly? Oh! let us but be children still; and the great Father of all fathers,—ay, and of the fatherless,—shall be "Our Father." In trusting for guidance, we are guided already.

The Chelsea Pensioners.

THE other day we received a letter from our excellent friend, Mr. Frank White, in which we were informed:—"We have an old Chelsea College Pensioners' Tea, on Wednesday next, 4 p.m. I think if you were to come, you would see and hear much to interest. There have been some to wait among them. Several are godly but more ungodly. We have one of Havelock's saints, a rare fine old Christian man: but come and see." Of course we did, and a pleasant sight it was. Those of our readers who have seen the chapel in which our good brother so earnestly labours, cannot fail to consider it as a model of what a Baptist chapel should be. And then the large school-room is so far from being one of the old orthodox fungus-smelling dungeons, which were built by our fathers and grandfathers, that it presents as comfortable an appearance as the chapel itself. On the occasion of our visit, the school-room was half-filled with a number of aged pensioners from the adjoining Royal Hospital, or Chelsea College, an engraving of which was given in our Magazine of last year (p. 88). The Chelsea pensioners are tolerably well-known to West-enders; and most of them are welcomed by their neighbours whenever they are met with on their walks. Indeed, these old veterans, with their genial faces, are favourites with the public, who visit their gardens and purchase flowers of them—of course at fancy prices—and otherwise manifest their kindness towards these worn-out soldiers. Mr. White's chapel is within a short distance of the college, and hence he is brought into almost daily contact with many of its inmates; he is thus enabled to speak to them respecting their souls, and to warn them of the judgment to come. It is scarcely necessary to add that this is done with earnestness and wisdom, for Mr. White loves the souls of his fellow men too well not to entreat them with passionate tenderness to seek the Saviour whom he delights to serve. Occasionally free teas are given for the benefit of these aged men, and these meetings are always blessed of God. The company who were invited the other afternoon, consisted of perhaps the most aged, and numbers of them were ungodly. Some of the old men are great sinners, and are still addicted to that common

vice of warriors—drinking. On the faces of some you could see the effects of this coarse habit; but the majority were remarkable only for quiet and respectful demeanour. There were but few "from whose gravity, Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation;" for a broad smile could be easily extracted from the faces of most of the aged men. One or two were quite blind, and had to be conducted into the room, and one was accompanied by a small puppy, who, like most puppies, made himself obnoxiously fast, caressing the lady-waiters, insisting on partaking of plum-cake, and cheering the speakers by his approving barks. Tea over, a hymn was sung; only a few voices had any music in them. Then, after a suitable prayer, the pastor gave an address marked by tenderness of feeling and earnestness of spirit. Following this, a gentleman who had been in the habit of addressing younger soldiers, gave some of his experiences. Then Mr. Sawday, of Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, urged the "dear old men," to decide for God, at once, and evidently an impression was made upon many. The oldest pensioner in the room—more than eighty years of age, was desired, if he would, to give his comrades some good advice. The good old man feebly, yet with much zeal, prayed for a blessing—and in the middle of his prayer described his conversion in this way—"It was thirty-five years ago, when a minister passed by thy unworthy dust, and said, 'William, you are very high, but you will have to come down low,'" and then he related how God fastened these remarkable words upon his mind until he was brought to Jesus. He then continued his prayer, which was faintly but feelingly uttered. The next speaker was not quite so old. He was a fine handsome old man—a Christian in his appearance, and had four medals on his breast. He had served under Havelock, and as he told us privately, he had just seen his late commander's statue in Trafalgar Square, and had thought while looking upon it, "Ah, my master has gone home before me; but I shall soon be with him again." He very feelingly addressed his "comrades," and almost preached to them. There was a time when he could not speak thus to them, he said, for he drank in iniquity like a horse drank in water; but Jesus himself had called him from that state, and had given him the assistance of his Holy Spirit. He had had narrow escapes of being eternally lost. He was once in the midst of a fortress blockaded for six months, by a cruel enemy—and he knew not God then. There was a time when the place where he was, was visited by a fearful earthquake. Some officers were swallowed up; but he was preserved; and yet that did not save him. But—and here the good man's countenance brightened until it shone with delight—it was a moonlight night when the Lord manifested himself to him. He did not think the moon ever shone brighter than it did that night—it was a beautiful night—and so on. In conclusion, the speaker observed, with marked emphasis, "The Lord heard my petition, and he has never forsaken me to this day." Really it cheered our young hearts, to hear this veteran's emphatic testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God. Surely, thought we, here is another good argument against future mistrust.

A handsomely-printed card, with silk ribbon, to enable the pensioners to hang it up in their little rooms, was given to each person. This card invited them to attend a Bible Class held for their benefit on Thursday evenings.

That the meeting did good, we had good reason to believe from the testimonies we heard from several of the pensioners, as they left the room. That our friend the pastor, may be greatly blessed in his work of gathering in these precious souls, is our hearty desire. He has uphill work among a poor people, and deserves the generous aid of all who love to assist true workers.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Superstitions of the Anglican Church.

* BY JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., MINISTER OF STEPNEY MEETING-HOUSE.

NO better proof can be had of the essential idolatry of the worship that is offered before the altar of the Eucharist than the many superstitions to which it has given birth. Well did the framers of the Twenty-eighth Article declare that the doctrine of the change of the substance of bread and wine is not only "repugnant to the plain words of Scripture," but "hath given occasion to many superstitions." In our day, and notwithstanding all the safeguards which the intelligence of the age furnishes, this doctrine still gives occasion to many superstitions. I know that superstition is a thing not easily defined. But I will leave it to your own Christian sense to determine whether the practices of the Ritualists are superstitious or not.

The presence of Christ on the altar is held to be a reason why there should be the most august and elaborate and painstaking ceremonial and ritual around that altar. But such, we say, is not the sort of worship which the true Christ required of the early churches. And if the voice of the true Christ could be heard from that altar it would be to say, "Who hath required this at your hands? God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

I can give you no idea of the minute prescriptions which are given as to the proper construction and adorning of the altar, and of all its surroundings, or as to the various dresses of the celebrant, the epistoler, the gospeller, the thurifer, and others, dresses which I am sure it would require a long apprenticeship to be able to make. But let us suppose all things now ready. The altar is complete. The two lights are there, symbolising the two natures of the God-man. The altar cross is there with its representation of the crucified Lord, "jewelled," if the wealth of the worshippers can afford so to adorn it. The piscina is at hand, or stone basin for water, in which to wash the priest's hands. Care has been taken in the construction of the chalice, that the foot of it shall extend considerably beyond the bowl to prevent the possibility of its being upset. The hour may be from break of day till twelve o'clock—the communicants are or ought to be fasting, for the holy bread and wine, containing the Body and Blood of Christ, should not be mingled with ordinary food. The priests are in their places. What "reverences" they are to make as they approach the altar, and what steps they are to occupy, and what sides of the altar, I shall not seek carefully to define, but they are in their places. The service book is to be laid on the palm of the left hand of the celebrant and held steady with the right. The place in which every part of the service is to be read, on what side and at what corner of the altar is particularly prescribed. The number of collects used must be *uneven*—it may be *one*, in honour of the One God, *three*, in honour of the Trinity, *five*, in honour of the fivefold passion of Christ, or *seven*, in honour of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, but never more than seven. In reading the Creed, at the words "Maker of heaven and earth," the priest should join his hands. At the words "And was made man," he will either bow profoundly or genuflect (bend one knee)—as will also the deacon and sub-deacon. At the words "worshipped and glorified" all three will bow reverently: and at the words "Resurrection from the dead," they are to draw the sign of the cross on their breasts.

I hesitate to proceed with a description of the service as laid down in the Anglicanum Directorium. But there are some things which I cannot omit. At a certain stage of the service the priest is to wash his hands, "a very proper and highly typical ceremony," and it is to be done not by the immersion of the fingers, but by an assistant pouring water on the four fingers and thumb of the celebrant. Great care is to be taken that the sign of the cross, which often occurs—sometimes on the forehead, the mouth, and the breast in succession—

* Extracted from "Shall we go back to Rome?"

shall be properly made, so as as not to form a circle in the making of it. The very finger or fingers to be used in making it are prescribed. In reciting the words of the Institution, at the words "Body" and "Blood," the priest should make a cross over the elements. At the words, "Who, in the same night," he should rest his elbows on the altar, bowing down. After the words "This is My Body which is given for you," the "Hostia" (a slight disguise for "Host," the Roman name for the transubstantiated bread) should be placed on the paten, and the celebrant with his assistants should reverently genuflect. Then rising, the celebrant should at once elevate IT with the first finger and thumb of both hands, for the worship of the faithful (I am using their own words), while he is saying, "Do this in remembrance of me." "The lay assistants at the altar and members of the choir should be instructed to bow profoundly at the consecration and elevation." After the consecration prayer "it is most desirable that no person passes before the Blessed Sacrament, without genuflecting, bowing, or some token of reverence."

I will not recite the provision which is made for the consumption of any portion of the consecrated bread and wine which may remain after the communicants have partaken—how "any particles of the Blessed Body and Blood which may have adhered to the priests' fingers," are to be "reverently removed over the cup"—how the chalice is to be rinsed with water which the celebrant is to drink, until not a particle shall remain unconsumed. Nor will I recite the instructions that are given for various emergencies, as when the priest remembers after the words of consecration that he is not fasting; when a spider, or fly, or any such thing chances to fall into the chalice; and many other things. But one extract I must give you. I shall do it without the omission or addition or change of an iota. I cannot do it without deep pain, but I do not know how otherwise to exhibit the superstition in which Ritualism is steeped.

"If the consecrated Host on account of cold or any other cause, slips from the priest's (hands) into the chalice, whether before or after the dividing of IT; he ought not to take it out of the Blood, nor to reiterate anything by reason of this, or to change aught concerning the celebration of the Sacrament; but he must proceed in making the sign of the cross and in other matters as if he held It in his hands.

"If the Eucharist hath fallen to the ground the place where it lay must be scraped, and fire kindled thereon, and the ashes reserved beside the altar.

"Also: if by negligence any of the Blood be spilled upon a table fixed to the floor, the priest must take up the drop with his tongue, and the place of the table must be scraped, and the shavings burnt with fire, and the ashes reserved with the relics beside the altar, and he to whom this has befallen must do penance forty days.

"But if the chalice have dropped upon the altar the drop must be sucked up, and the priest must do penance for three days.

"But if the drop have penetrated through the linen cloth to the second linen cloth he must do penance for four days. If to the third, nine days. If the drop of Blood have penetrated to the fourth cloth, he must do penance for twenty days, and the priest or the deacon must wash the linen coverings which the drop has touched three times over a chalice, and the ablution is to be reserved with the relics.

"Also: if any one by any accident of the throat, vomit up the Eucharist, the vomit ought to be burned, and the ashes ought to be reserved near the altar. And if it shall be a cleric, monk, presbyter, or deacon, he must do penance for forty days, a bishop, seventy days, a laic, thirty.

"But if he vomits from infirmity, he must do penance for five days.

"But who does not keep the sacrament well, so that a mouse or other animal devoured It, he must do penance forty days.

"But whoever hath lost it, or if part thereof have fallen and cannot be found, he must do penance thirty days. That priest is worthy of the same penance by whose negligence the consecrated Hosts have become corrupted. But during

the aforesaid days the penitent ought to fast, and to abstain from communion and celebration. However, when the circumstances of the fault and person have been weighed, the aforesaid penance can be diminished or increased according to the judgment of a discreet confessor. But this is to be observed, that wherever the *species* of the sacrament are found in their integrity, they are severally to be consumed; but if this cannot be done without risk, they are still to be reserved for relics." *

There is more of the same order, but I forbear. Is this, I ask you, a true Christianity, or a degrading superstition? Where shall we find its parallel? Not in the minutest directions of the Levitical Rubric, far less in the simple worship of the New Testament. Some parallel may be found to it in that intolerable pharisaism on which our Lord pronounced His severest anathema. But a complete parallel to it is to be found only in the lowest superstitions of the middle ages. It is in fact but a reproduction of these superstitions. No wonder that the men who do these things yearn for re-union with Rome. Their proper place is in the Church of Rome, and not in the Church of England. May God deliver our country from their evil influence, and from what their own Articles call "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

The College Annual Festival.

THE annual supper, so generously provided by one of the deacons, Mr. T. Phillips, was held on the 19th of March, in the Lecture-hall of the Tabernacle. There was a large company of the friends of the College present, and the meeting held prior to the supper was of a most enthusiastic description. Mr. Samuel Morley (we wish we could add M.P.), presided. Mr. H. Varley, of Notting Hill, offered up prayer, and Mr. Spurgeon followed with an interesting address. Mr. Rogers, the theological tutor, referred to his connection with the College during the past ten years, expressed his intense satisfaction with its present mode of working, and gave an interesting and cheering account of the work done by those students who had settled in various spheres of usefulness. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, as one of the tutors, spoke to the same effect. Mr. C. B. Sawday gave an account of his work at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville. The chapel which, three years and a half ago, was almost empty, was now over-crowded, and more accommodation was greatly required. He did not think a single week, or a single service passed away without its conversions: 650 persons had applied for membership since he commenced his labours, and the conversions were found to be genuine. Mr. Wright, of Brabourne, followed with an equally interesting account of the progress of the work in his chapel; and Mr. Cuff gave a racy description of the way in which he became a minister and the pastor of the church at Ridgmount; Mr. Crouch, of Paisley, and Mr. Griffin, of Sandhurst, followed. The chairman then expressed his thankfulness for the invitation which had been sent him to take the chair on the present occasion. He congratulated Mr. Spurgeon on the work that had been done by the College, and said he felt that Mr. S. had discovered, to some extent at least, the solution to one of the most important but difficult problems of the day; namely, how to get at the masses. Mr. Fowler, of the Society of Friends, also expressed his gratification at being present, and rejoiced in the work of the College. After an interesting speech by Mr. Spurgeon, the company adjourned to the Lecture-hall, where the cloth was laid for 400 persons. After supper, Mr. W. Landels made an interesting speech, and addresses were given by Mr. Morley, Mr. W. Lewis, of Bayswater, and Mr. Henry Allon, of Union Chapel, Islington. The collecting papers showed that the large sum of over £1,100 had been collected during the evening.

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* The Directorium Anglicanum. Third Edition. Edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L., pp. 114—116.

Mr. Spurgeon at the Agricultural Hall.

ON Sunday, March 24th, the first of the five special services to be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, during the repairs of the Tabernacle, took place. The area of the large building was provided with seats for about ten thousand persons, and there were between eleven and twelve thousand persons present—a number far greater than has ever listened to a Christian minister under one roof. The sight was, we need hardly say, most imposing. The arrangement of seats was admirable, and the ease with which everything was managed was creditable to all concerned. There was no collision between the public and the friends who conducted them to their seats; and when the great crowd surged in at ten minutes to eleven o'clock, the anxiety for first places did not manifest itself in a disorderly manner. An orchestra for the singers had been fitted up in the centre of the building, at the north side, and the singing throughout was almost perfect. Upon the entrance of Mr. Spurgeon, the buzz of excitement was immediately hushed, hats were doffed, seats were occupied, umbrellas that had been up to shield the owners from the rays of the sun which were streaming in at the glass roof were shut up, coughing suppressed, and when the words were emphatically pronounced, "Let us pray," the dropping of a pin might almost have been heard. Throughout the attention was kept up, and we believe that nearly every word was distinctly heard in all parts of the building. Mr. Spurgeon's delivery was of course slow, measured, and emphatic; but nothing seemed laboured, nor did the voice lose any of its accustomed music. It was clear as a bell, and from where we sat, which was three parts of the way down the building, it sounded with peculiar mellowness and sweetness. The 103rd Psalm was read, and suitable comments were made. The prayer which followed the reading of the lesson, was peculiarly fervent and solemn, and at the time Mr. Spurgeon was earnestly pleading for a blessing upon the neighbouring ministers, most of them were engaged in praying that strength might be given him who was addressing so mighty a concourse close by. The text was taken from the 21st chapter of Matthew, 28th—31st verses, and the discourse, which was of a most impressive character, was specially addressed to the unconverted. The Sermon has been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

In the evening, two services were conducted in the lecture hall and schoolrooms of the Tabernacle, by Mr. George Rogers, and Mr. Wildon Carr, of Newcastle. Through the kindness of Mr. Newman Hall, Surrey Chapel has been opened for the use of the congregation on Thursday evenings.

Reviews.

The Preacher's Counsellor; or, Practical Observations on Preaching. By ATHENASE COQUEREL. *The Model Preacher.* By W. TAYLOR. 16th thousand. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE first of these works on preaching was referred to at some length in our January number; an English translation is now published in a cheap form by Mr. Stock. Mr. Taylor's work on the same subject has had a large sale. We are not prepared to accept all the advice given in both works; but we can testify that they abound in suggestions more or less valuable.

The Domestic Circle: or the relations, responsibilities, and duties of Home Life. By Rev. JOHN THOMSON, Paisley. Johnstone and Hunter, Edinburgh.

EXTERNALLY, one of the most handsome books produced this season at so low a price as Three Shillings; *internally* of the utmost value for practical usefulness. This neat volume would make a pretty marriage gift, or be quite as much in keeping as a present to parents. The good advice which it contains, if put in practice, would make every home a paradise.

Outline of the Lord's Work by the Pastor's College, and its kindred organisations, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Passmore and Alabaster. Price Sixpence.

THOSE who wish to have a full view of our College work, will find in this cheap sixpennyworth just what they want. We shall be happy to send it post free for eight stamps, to any one who will send his address to Mr. J. Balchin, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S. To our regular contributors a copy will be sent in due course. We think it will encourage all helpers to continue their kind aid.

The Martyr Shepherd: A Story of the Scottish Covenanters.—The Race for Gold.—The Goldsmith's Widow, and other Stories. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Co.

WE class these three distinct story-books together, as the purpose of each is the same: they are books likely to be in great favour with intelligent children, and for manliness and vigour they are far superior to most of their kind. "The Martyr Shepherd" is a record of the heroic conduct of an humble godly Covenanter, who was shot down by Charles the Second's dragoons because of his attachment to "kirk and covenant," as the inscription on his grave, in a village not many miles from Edinburgh, tells us. The author, Mr. Moncrieff, has told the story in a way most likely to arrest the attention of boys.

Lyra Evangelica. Hymns translated from the French of the late Dr. Malan. By JANE E. ARNOLD, with prefatory memoir of Dr. Malan. London: Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

ANY productions of the sanctified pen of Dr. Cæsar Malan are sacred to us. Geneva hardly knew his value till he was called to his rest. We remember his reverend face, and the snowflakes which crowned his brow, and better still the stern steadfastness of his testimony to the truth. He was no advocate of compromise or suppression; he spake with energetic boldness because he believed with full assurance. In conversation with him we were at home and at our ease, having so much of deep conviction upon divine truth in common, that difference of age seemed to disappear and our hearts embraced without suspicion. In the present volume the grand old man sings to us songs of his pilgrimage with which he was wont to cheer his heart amid the conflict and the darkness. Songs these are which are sound in doctrine and full of truth; songs of one who rejoiced in electing love and immutable grace, and is now among the happy songsters before the throne.

Sparks from the Anvil. By ELIHU BURRITT. Illustrated edition. London: S. W. Partridge.

NEEDS no commendation. A favourite with a well established reputation. Glad to see it in so neat a form, embellished with such capital woodcuts. May the sparks fly upwards, downwards, and on all sides.

The Bible Pattern of a Good Woman. By Mrs. BALFOUR. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

LIVELY and practical, Mrs. Balfour's style just suits such a theme. Those who wish to make happy homes for working people should see that every mother has this book; the next best thing is to have it read at mothers' meetings. Mrs. Balfour knows the interior of English houses well, and touches them off with a most amusing gravity, which is next akin to wit; she makes us think of those old Dutch pictures which are so precisely true to Flemish life, that one seems to be peeping through a key-hole, and is afraid to laugh for fear of being caught peeping.

The Child's Gospel. By Rev. JOHN STOCK. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

AN attempt to give the whole evangelistic narrative in words adapted to the comprehension of children; being at once a new translation into children's language, a gospel harmony, and a comment. We conceive the work to be well done, but are not yet sure that it was necessary that it should be done at all. The narratives in the New Testament are, to our mind, plain enough already, but some may read them in this form who may have neglected them in their genuine shape, and therefore we wish well to the work.

Antetypical Parallels; or, the Kingdom of Israel and of Heaven. By Gershom. S. W. Partridge.

We have seldom read a book which was more wearisome to the flesh and less profitable to the spirit than this large and handsome volume. We could have wished that the matter had corresponded with the maps, plates, and letter-press, all of which are first class; but the author has contrived to make as unreadable a book as we have ever waded through. His object is to show that the whole of the Old Testament history is typical of what has taken place since the advent of Christ, or which will transpire in future times. The author's definition of types will serve to illustrate his singular style of thought, argument, and expression.

"Whenever, in the Old Testament, Jehovah manifests himself in a form perceptible to the senses, or in a symbol adapted to the senses; whenever, also, he speaks or acts without making use of human organs, we behold an anticipatory representation of the divinity of the Messiah, or the man Christ Jesus. On the other hand, whenever we behold any of the prominent saints of the Old Testament, whose spiritual education has been essentially Israelitish, displaying in their characters or doings man's righteous part in the activities of the covenant, we perceive a partial anticipatory representation of the humanity of the God-man, the Messiah, or Christ. There is the highest authority for this statement in the words of the Lord Jesus himself, that all the Scriptures of Moses, the prophets, and the Psalms, contain things concerning himself."

With this broad definition the writer has ample scope for spiritualising to an extent which would have made even Origen's hair stand on end with pious wonder. We gather that "Gershom" is a Baptist, and has travelled over considerable part of the world. We strongly object to his Plymouth Brother notions about the resurrection of the just not including the church of Christ, but simply the saved ones of Old Testament times, who will be joined to such Jews as may then be longing for the coming Messiah, to form the nucleus of a new nation, over which Jesus and his bride the church will reign in glory. To select one section of saved ones out of the rest, to make them dearer to himself than others who will equally have believed upon him for salvation, seems to be as unjust as it is certainly unscriptural.

The Lycee Boys; or, School Life in France. By Robert Hope Moncrieff. Wm. Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh; Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

All the more interesting to English boys, because it will let them see how they do things in France. Boys will be boys even there. There seems to us to be a little stiffness in the style of the writer, but for all that, he evidently has the power to hold the attention, while he earnestly aims to improve the mind. John and George will be all the better for making the acquaintance of Etienne and Lucca.

Short Stories to explain Bible Texts. By M. H., Author of "Short Tales to explain Home Proverbs." Johnstone & Hunter, Edinburgh; Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

We cannot speak too well of this admirable little book. We were quite charmed with it. Happy would a reviewers' work be if the same interest attended every book submitted to him. Young people, you have here for Eighteen-pence, twelve diamonds from God's word, set in the finest gold of interesting anecdote.

Scripture Meteorology and Modern Science. Alexander M'Leod. G. Gallie, Glasgow; Nisbet, London.

A very thoughtful book upon an interesting subject concerning which little is known. We must give a more lengthened review next month, but meanwhile, we call attention to this zealous attempt to assert the supremacy of Bible-teaching regarding physical forces and the laws of God.

Lectures on the Book of Revelation, delivered in Bunyan Meeting. By John Brown, B.A. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

We cannot subscribe to the theory upon which this work is based, but we have fellowship in the earnest spirit which it displays. As popularizing a somewhat uncommon view of the Apocalypse, the work deserves the attention of those readers who make that mysterious volume their special study.

Notices.

DAVENTRY, Northamptonshire.—Until the latter part of last year, there was no Baptist church in this town. A few baptized believers solicited our aid, and we sent our brother, Thomas Cockerton, to labour amongst them, promising some pecuniary aid towards his support for the first year. The Waterloo Hall has been hired for public services, and a church of ten members has been formed. The congregations are steadily increasing in numbers, and several have applied for membership.

On Thursday, the 14th February, the members of the church worshipping in Lake Road Chapel, Landport, held their Annual Tea and Church Meeting. About 300 members sat down to tea; after which, the church meeting was held, Mr. E. G. Gange, the pastor, presiding. The secretary, Mr. J. Turner, read a most interesting report of the Lord's work during the past year, from which it appeared that the chapel has been invariably crowded to excess. The number of conversions affords great cause for gratitude, and a considerable addition has been made to the number of members, the state of the church at the close of 1865, being as follows:—Baptized, 80; received by letter, 24; by experience, 6; total number of members, 257. There are also 50 candidates before the church. The Sabbath-school is also in a flourishing condition, the number of scholars on the books being 625. From want of accommodation, no children have been entered during the last six months. The amount which has been raised during the year for various purposes, home and foreign missions, Tabernacle College, &c., is about £1,300; of this sum, £750 have been paid off the chapel debt, which now amounts to £2,500, towards the liquidation of which, funds will be most thankfully received by Mr. E. G. Gange, Victoria Villa, Landport. At the meeting, it was unanimously agreed to effect an assurance on the pastor's life for the sum of £1,000.

The recognition of Archibald G. Brown (late of Bromley, Kent), as pastor of Stepney Green, Tabernacle, took place on Tuesday, 26th February. The service, which commenced at 3 o'clock, was presided over by Mr. Charles Stovel, the oldest Baptist in this vicinity. Mr. Vickers, elder, in a short speech, mentioned the high recommendation they had received in respect to Mr. Brown, was among the reasons why the church had chosen him; they prayed also that by God's blessing, his energy and talents might be the means of much usefulness in this densely-populated neighbourhood. Mr. Brown, with his accustomed earnestness, spoke of his conversion, call to the ministry, first attempts at preaching, his late church at Bromley, and his reasons in taking the oversight of this church. Mr. G. Rogers, of Metropolitan Tabernacle, next gave the charge to the pastor, counselling and cautioning, in his well-known kind and fatherly style. Mr. F. Tucker, of Camden Town, then gave the charge to the church, in an appropriate and affectionate manner. Many of the friends who were present than withdrew to the school-room, where over 500 partook of tea; after which, they returned to the chapel to the public meeting. Mr. William Brock presided, and in introducing the subject of the day, stated how gratified he was in being present on such an interesting occasion, and referred humorously to his knowledge of Stepney, thirty-five years ago. The addresses given by ministers of various denominations, and by Mr. Plumbridge, who represented the church at Bromley, were listened to with evident satisfaction by the crowded audience. Messrs. J. Kennedy, W. Tyler, W. Hardie, J. Chew, (Independents), and several Baptist ministers, took part in the proceedings.

The whole proceedings of the Annual Conference of the late students of the Tabernacle College were characterised by the greatest harmony, vigour, devotion, and zeal. The most successful of all these gatherings is felt to be the last. To God be all the glory.

Paisley.—On Monday, the 11th February, the First Anniversary of the Baptist Church meeting in Oakshaw Street, was celebrated by a *Soiree*, in the Abercorn Rooms. The pastor, Mr. John Crouch presided, supported by Messrs. R. Glover, T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, Mr. G. Clazy (Reformed Presbyterian), A. Dunlop (Independent), J. Spaver (E. U.), and T. W. McAlpine of Paisley, and other friends. There was a good attendance. A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered by Mr. A. Dunlop, tea was served. The chairman then gave a brief address, reviewing the progress of the church since its formation. The membership then numbering

82, had been increased by the baptism of 12, and addition otherwise of 13; two had been dismissed to Greenock, making the number, at the close of 1866, 105. The church and congregation, in addition to raising nearly £200 for current expenses, had resolved upon building a chapel, towards which, they had engaged to contribute upwards of £800. The chairman was followed by Messrs. R. Glover, T. W. Medhurst, George Clazy, T. W. McAlpine, and A. McDougall (of Rothesay), all of whom delivered interesting addresses, and after the usual votes of thanks, the meeting, which was throughout a very happy one, was closed with the benediction.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Feb. 19th, to March 18th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Speight	0	5	0
Gratitude	0	2	6
Mrs. Bousfield	2	2	0
Mr. Stringer's class	2	0	0
Mr. Rodway, Stroud	2	0	0
Mrs. Bell, Sunderland	5	0	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
An Invalid	0	3	0
Moiety of Collection at Queen Street, Woolwich, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Collection at Highgate, per Mr. Barnard	11	4	0
Moiety of Collection at Greenwich, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	17	9	0
Collection at Stepney Green, per Mr. A. G. Brown	20	0	0
Collection at Wootton Beds, per Mr. Inglis	2	0	0
Mr. Summerfield	3	0	0
Miss Campbell	0	2	6
Mr. A Stewart	0	2	6
Mrs. Anderson	5	0	0
Faith	1	0	0
Captain Smart	1	0	0
Crux	0	2	0
Mr. M. Sutton	2	10	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Miss Pavey	2	0	0
Mr. Corbet	1	0	0
Mr. E. Blewett	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hobson	5	5	6
Mr. G. Anderson	0	10	0
Mr. H. Murrish	0	5	0
Mr. R. Law, jun.	0	3	7
Mr. R. Stevens	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. W. A. Hall	0	10	0
Mr. J. Deverell	5	0	0
Mr. B. Shayer	2	2	0
O. H.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. Phillips	3	15	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	5	0
Marlborough Band of Hope	1	1	0
Norfolk Tract Society	0	5	0
Mr. B. Stringer	0	5	0
E. S.	3	0	0
Rom. vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Grange	0	10	0
Miss Lindsey	2	15	0
Βαπτισμα	10	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 24	40	3	11
" " " Mar. 3	32	6	8
" " " " 10	16	14	2
" " " " 17	26	4	1
	£249	19	11

For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mr. A. M Aitken, £1 1s.; Mr. A. Boot, £1 1s.; Mr. A. L. Brander, 10s.; Lady Burgoyne, £1; Mr. C. Davis, £1; Mr. W. Freemantle, 10s.; Mr. J. Goodwin, £1 1s.; Mr. J. P. C. Haddock, £1 1s.; Mr. H. Heath, 10s.; Mrs. F. Jones, £1 1s; Mr. F. A. Jones, £1 1s.; Mrs. Mary Mackrill, 5s.; Mr. J. F. Maitland, £10; Miss L. A. Meeking, 5s.; Mr. T. H. Olney, £1 1s.; Mr. W. Olney, junr., 10s.; Miss Page, 5s.; Mr. W. H. Roberts, £1 1s.; Mr. E. T. Stringer, £1 1s.; Mrs. Vaughan, £1; Mr. B. Vickery, £1; Mr. W. Walker, £1 1s.; Mr. C. Walters, 5s. Mr. J. Willis, 5s.; G. Y., 10s.—Donations.—Mrs. Abbott, £1; Mr. R. Amery, 5s.; Anonymous, 10s. Ditto, 5s.; ditto, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Collins, £5 5s.; Mr. Freeman, 10s.; I. V. P., £1; Mr. N. P. Sharman, £5; Mr. H. St. John Oscar Thompson, £5 5s.; Mrs. Sarah W. Willsher, £5 5s.

For Mr. Orsman's Ragged School and Mission, Golden Lane, City.—Mrs. Bell, Sunderland, £5; A Friend in Scotland, 5s.; Miss Glass, Newton, 10s; Mrs. Booth, £1; the Misses Keating and Smyth, £2; Mr. W. A Hall, 10s.; A Wesleyan Lady, £5; also Coal and Bread Tickets from London Philanthropic Society, W. D. Griffiths, Esq., and W. H. Collingridge, Esq.

For Pastors' Advocate.—A Friend from the West, £1; Mr. J. Tritton, £5; Miss Congreve, £3 3s.; K. L., 10s.

For Orphan Home.—A Friend, 5s.

In the list of names contributing £100 to the College acknowledged in last list, eighteenth line from top, Mr. E. Hall £1, should be Mr. W. Stevens, £1.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1867.

Love, Joy, Hope; or, The Fruits of Faith.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."—1 Peter, i. 8, 9.

I.—BELIEVING IN AN UNSEEN SAVIOUR GIVES LOVE. "Whom having not seen, ye love."

1. UNAWAKENED *persons have got no love to an unseen Saviour.* They see no form nor comeliness in him; no beauty that they should desire him. They have got affections lively and ardent, but none towards Christ. Unconverted mothers have a tender love for their children. Unconverted friends have a tender love for friends, but they love not Christ. They are lovers of pleasure, but not lovers of Christ.

Mark (1). *They do not love to hear his name.* When you are sincerely attached to any one, you love to hear their name. Their name is sweetest melody in your ears. I remember a dying man, whose favourite brother was in a foreign land, when any one approached his bed he always called him by the name of his absent brother. "Why do you call me so?" he was asked again and again. "It is very foolish," he said, smiling, "but I love the name." Just so it is with those who love Jesus, they love the name. The book in which they do not find it is a tiresome book to them. Now, the Christless love not the name of Jesus; they cannot call him Lord; their lips are not formed to speak his name. How plain that they do not love Jesus.

Mark (2). *They do not think of him.* If you are sincerely attached to any one, you love to think of them. The meditative eye of the mind doth always follow the affections of the heart. Where your treasure is your heart will be also, and where your heart is your thoughts will often be. A mother has her son upon the sea—the son round whom

* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript. Preached January 28th, 1838.

all her affections are twined. Now, tell me where her thoughts will oftenest be? Ah! they will be with her child: the ship, the masts, the raging sea, will be often, often in her mind. Often she sits unconscious of what is going on beside her. Why? She is thinking on the son of her love. So is it with the soul when Christ is precious; when he is felt to be the "chief among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely;" more to the soul than two sons. Such a soul loves to meditate on Christ. "I will meditate on thee in the night-watches." Not once or twice, but day by day the soul dwells with increasing admiration on all his works of love. "Whom having not seen, we love." But not so the unconverted. They do not think of Jesus, they do not love him. I put it to you, my friends, do you love to meditate on Christ? Are the thoughts of business, the thoughts of care, the thoughts of pleasure, the thoughts of sin, gladly pushed aside to make way for thoughts of Jesus? If not, then you have not a spark of love to Jesus. Ah! it is true the unconverted have no love to Jesus Christ.

Mark (3). *They do not keep his commandments.* "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If you are sincerely attached to any one, you love to do what they request of you, especially when they are away; you love to do what they would wish you to do. When a dying father leaves his parting commands to his affectionate children, how diligently do they follow out his desires. Shall we not do what our Father desired? So is it with those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. They love to eat bread and drink wine, because he said, "Do this in remembrance of me." They love to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, because Jesus said, "Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful." They love to yield their whole bodies, and souls, and spirits, to be dwelt in by his Spirit, that they may be enabled to do what Jesus loves them to do. But the unconverted do not keep his commandments. I put it to you—when they come to the Lord's Supper, they love it not. When they give to the poor it is grudgingly, or ostentatiously; they do not know the luxury of giving because they love Jesus: they do not love Jesus. They do not yield themselves to be reigned over by his Spirit.

2. BELIEVING IN AN UNSEEN SAVIOUR GIVES LOVE. It is not a sight of Jesus with the bodily eyes that gives love. Many saw him when he was on earth, and loved him not. Judas went out and in with him during all the days of his ministry, and yet his cold breast had not one spark of love to Jesus. Many Jews saw him call Lazarus out of the grave, and yet went and became his accusers to the chief priests—they hated him. The devil saw him when he stood with him on the exceeding high mountain, yet the devil loves him not, but trembles. Many shall see him when he comes again who will not love him. "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." The face of the Saviour shall shine with inexpressible beauty and brightness in that day. His people shall love him; but the world shall hate his appearing: they will call on rocks and mountains to cover and hide them. It is not a *sight* of Jesus then that gives love. What does? *Answer:* It is *believing* on him unseen. *Believing that he is the Son of God;* that he comes from God. It was this made Peter love him. "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It was

this that made them all love him. "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God which, should come into the world." *Believing that he is our surety.* Ah! it is this that draws forth love. It is his being uplifted on the cross that draws souls to him, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." His deep wounds, made by the wrath that should have come upon sinners—these are the lines of beauty for a wounded soul. It is his blood gushing forth that causes our love to gush like a fountain. He loved me, and gave himself for me: that makes my soul love him, and give itself to him. *Believing that he is "an advocate" unseen.* The eye of faith follows Jesus within the veil, to the right hand of God. I believe that believers in our day have little faith in an unseen Saviour; I mean, they do not confidently go on in the world as if they saw what Jesus was doing. If you saw him praying for barren fig-trees, that they may not be cut down this year; bearing our name upon his heart; obtaining the Spirit for you; sending him into your heart; ah! surely you would be overcome with love to him. Now, faith is instead of sight. Only believe, and you cannot choose but love him. *Question,* "Lovest thou me?" Some may say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." To you I bring again the words of Jesus, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs." Remember, you must not have a vain, frothy love, that vents itself in glowing speeches and nothing more. Those who are only lip-lovers are not worth the hearing. You must love, not in word only, but in deed. Feed Christ's sheep, and feed his lambs. Some may say, "I do not know, I love to love him, but I do not know."

Rules for growing in love. 1st Rule.—*Look more to Jesus with the eye of faith.* It is the eye that lets in love. When we look at an amiable object, the oftener we look the more we love. So is it with the eye of faith, by it you may receive sights of Christ. Look often and look long, and your heart will burn within you.

2nd Rule.—*Look at his love.* Love begets love. Looking at the sun makes the face glow with the refulgence. So, looking to Christ's love will make your heart glow with love back again.

3rd Rule.—Look at the whole of Christ. If you would see the glory of the sun, you must see him through his whole course, from his rising to his setting, and then to his rising again. So must you with Christ. Look to his rising, when he came from glory and shone first upon the world, in Bethlehem. Look to his course through the world—fulfilling the law—shining with all the grace and love of deity. Look at his setting on the cross, in the dark cloud of his Father's anger. Look at him now within the veil, still shining for us. Look at him about to rise again upon the world, coming in the clouds of heaven, his raiment white as the light, his face shining like the sun. Surely you cannot but love him who is all love to you!

II. FAITH IN AN UNSEEN SAVIOUR GIVES "JOY UNSPEAKABLE AND FULL OF GLORY."

1. *Unconverted people have not this joy.* There is a joy in having life, the buoyancy of health, the elastic footstep, the bracing air—all these reveal the joy of having life, a joy which cannot be expressed in words, and yet the unconverted have this joy. There is a joy in business. You cannot look upon the bustling countenance of

your man of business—his active step, his quick look of intelligence, his regularity, like the index of a clock, in going his daily round, without seeing that there is a joy in business—and yet the unconverted have this joy. There is a joy in friends, in home, the fireside, the smiling faces there, the parting at night, the meeting in the morning. These things pour in drops of every-day joy into the cup of the most gladless families which can scarcely be numbered. There is a joy in this to the unconverted. There is a joy too in sin—strangest joy of all—in that which is opposed to God, and kindred to hell. Yet here there is joy—from the magic charms of the theatre, and the whirl of the godless dance, down to the fascinating delights of the low tavern. There is a troubled joy in sin. Unconverted men have all this. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." *Question*, "What is wrong in this joy?"

1. *It will not last:* "yet a little while and the wicked shall not be." "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." O my dear friends, your joy is not "unspeakable and full of glory." It can soon be told. A few days and it will be like a tale that is told. Do not think we are stern and sour, because we are sad to see you happy; but ah! how sad to see you placing your chief joy in flowers that are withering as you hold them. God knows that all my desire is to see you happy. O that you were wise.

2. *They end in hell.* "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." O my dear friends, your joys, as long as you are Christless, are not only passing away, but they are leading you down to hell; they are preparing you for a bitter day. Oh! how you will curse those smiles that wooed your soul to its eternal ruin.

2nd. *Awakened persons have not this joy.* When God begins a work of grace in the soul, joy vanishes. When he reveals the past life in the light of God's countenance, or in the light of the cross, the sinner trembles like Belshazzar at the feast; his mouth is stopped, and he stands guilty before God. When he looks to the law of God he feels that Sinai is ready to tumble on his head, and the voice is, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." When he looks to God himself, his eyes of flame seem to pierce him through and through, and this word is graven on his heart, "In thy sight shall no flesh living be justified." When he looks to the cross of Christ, the tender look of the Saviour breaks his heart in pieces, for he has always despised Jesus, and this word comes to him from the cross as if it were spoken, "He that believeth not is condemned already." My dear friends, an awakened soul is a broken-hearted soul. Do you know anything of this? Then you will find no more pleasure in sin. True, it is sweet as ever, like Belshazzar's wine, but the handwriting of God is on the wall. Oh! with what a heavy, sinking heart, some people live in sin: joy in friends will be departed; home no more wears the smile it used to do; joy in business too is fled, for the business of the soul is not settled; joy in living is almost forgotten; the sun cheers not, for the Sun of Righteousness does not shine on the soul—neither moon nor stars appear for many days. If you are awakened you will know what that meaneth. "O

thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," now wait on the Lord quietly; he only can bring you a new joy, joy that is "unspeakable and full of glory."

3rd. *They that believe in an unseen Saviour have this joy.* If you saw a man with an open letter in his hand, weeping tears of joy, his heart too full for utterance, you would say he has got good news from a far country. He believes something which he does not see. So is it with the Christian. God shines on the Bible, makes his word bright that tells of Jesus having died in the stead of sinners, even the chief; the soul believes the report, and cries out, "There is hope! there is hope!" "Jesus died for me, I do not need to die." "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Learn 1st. That it is not a sight of Christ with the *bodily eye* that gives joy. Many saw Christ at Nazareth, and wondered at his gracious words, yet got no joy. Many saw him preaching from the boat on the sea of Galilee, yet were none the better for it. Many saw him in the temple, on the last day, that great day of the feast, yet you do not read of one that was made glad by the sight. Many saw him on the cross, saw his pierced hands and feet, saw the darkness come over him, saw him bow his head in agony, and give up the ghost, and yet got no joy thereby. So many will see Jesus when he comes in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and yet get no joy thereby. Many shall wail because of him in that day. When John saw him in glory, he fell at his feet as dead: how much more when his enemies see him! they shall wish that they never had eyes to look on him—his appearance will be so terrible. Some say, "If I had lived in Christ's day, I would have seen and believed." Learn the folly of this. "Faith comes by hearing," "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

Learn 2nd. It is not a Christ in the *imagination* that gives joy. Some weak foolish people have expected to be brought into peace by having a vivid representation of Christ made to their fancy; imagining they see him on the cross, bleeding, dying, or smiling on them with a sweet countenance; imagining that they shall hear some words spoken to them, borne in upon their imagination, telling them of their interest in Christ. Many weak foolish persons have hoped for these things; but even if granted, they would not give true joy. Do not look for any such fanciful things. If you believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would you be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Learn 3rd. *It it is a heart reception of God's word concerning Jesus that gives joy.* God shines on the word and makes it appear true and excellent: God thereby persuades the soul that he has loved sinners, that Christ has died a ransom for them, that any sinner is welcome. Oh, for a spark of this faith, cry for it! It gives a joy "unspeakable and full of glory." Oh, the greatness of a Christian's joy! Two things in the heart of a Christian are said to be unspeakable. (1.) His feelings when the Holy Spirit dwells within him—"groanings that cannot *be uttered.*" (2.) His joy in an unseen Saviour. It is "unspeakable and full of glory." It cannot be felt, it cannot be told.

III. BELIEVING IN AN UNSEEN SAVIOUR GIVES HOPE. "Receiving the end of your faith. This word especially refers to the appearing or second coming of the Saviour; it is then that the believer shall really

receive the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul; but he receives it now by believing. (1.) *Unconverted* persons have no hope of the appearing of Jesus. Their eye has not followed him into heaven, and therefore they do not look for him returning; they neither wait for, nor love his appearing. No doctrine evinces the natural enmity of the human heart more than that of the second coming of the Saviour. "Where is the promise of his coming?" the scoffer always cries. O my friends, if you be Christless, the coming of the Saviour is no joy to you. (2.) But to you who are "*in Christ*," it is the sweet time when you shall receive the end of your faith. Faith in the unseen Saviour fills the bosom with his glorious hope, "My Saviour stands behind the curtain of this frail world," the believer says, "I see his shadow, as if he were just ready to come. When the hour has arrived, he will come and not tarry, and then I shall have a crown put upon this head, and a harp of pure gold to sing his praise; then I shall be freed from sin, and freed from sorrow." Do you live by the faith of a coming Saviour? If not, then you are depriving yourself of a sweet comfort to the soul. Oh! how it cheers the soul in its darkest hour. The "Lord is at hand." He will reign. The kingdom will come. "Behold! I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Master Henry Smith.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE noble army of Smiths may almost be likened to the company of Celestials, whom no man can number. Smith is not the name of a person, but of a clan, a nation, a race. Ever since Tubal Cain first smote the anvil, Smiths have swarmed in every quarter; and though many of them have been ashamed of the honest title, and have twisted it into Smythe and Smithers, and other transparent degradations of the fine old name, yet Smiths there are and Smiths there will be till the world's axletree breaks down for ever—blacksmiths and whitesmiths, silversmiths and goldsmiths, a host able to hold their own against all comers. The Henry Smith of whom we now write was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, a master of assemblies whose hammer fastened many nails, and dashed to pieces many brittle wares. He lived in the golden age of religion in England, that is to say, the Puritanic. Scarcely to be numbered with the Puritans in one respect, he was in others not a whit behind the very chiefest of them; and, in a peculiar vein of eloquence, he was richer than any one of that goodly fellowship. He was not so much a theologian as *the preacher* of his day. Fuller says of him, "He was commonly called the *Silver-tongued preacher*, and that was but one metal below St. Chrysostom himself. His church was so crowded with auditors, that persons of good quality brought their own pews with them, I mean their legs, to stand thereupon in the alleys. Their ears did so attend to his lips, their hearts to their ears, that he held the rudder of their affections in his hands, so that he could steer them

whither he was pleased; and he was pleased to steer them only to God's glory and their own good."

His sermons appear to have been surreptitiously issued from the press from notes taken by his hearers; and as these unauthorised productions were full of errors, the preacher was compelled to issue his own true copy, a necessity for which thousands have been grateful. Had we been among his hearers, we would certainly have preserved all that we could have taken down, and have published them if the law permitted; for such sermons were never intended by God to be monopolised by any one generation. As well allow the harvest to rot unhoused, as such marvellous discourses to remain unprinted. They *were* sermons, sermons of the highest order, gems of the first water, rare jewels, fit for kings. When preached, they crowded the churches, and when issued from the press, they cheered many a household; in fact, they were so relished, that some, whose manner it was to forsake the assembling of themselves together, pleaded as an excuse—

> "Smith's dainty sermons have in plenty stor'd me
> With better stuff than pulpits can afford me."

Henry Smith, except in his public capacity as a preacher, has no history; the pulpit is his entrance and his exit. Having borne his testimony like another Elijah, he is taken up, but leaves no mantle behind him, or no Elisha to inherit it. No stirring incidents of patient suffering or heroic service are recorded of him: like Thomas Adams, he is a great unknown; his sermons are at once his portrait and his life. "He being dead, yet speaketh;" and speaketh none the less powerfully because his personal self is so little known to us. One or two of the great painters have left the world their own likenesses, and we have thought that we could see Smith and his congregation too, sketched by himself as with Hogarth's pencil, in his second sermon upon the art of hearing: "As the little birds perk up their heads when their dam comes with meat, and prepare their beaks to take it, striving who shall catch most (now this looks to be served, and now that looks for a bit, so every mouth is open till it be filled); so you are here like birds, and we the dam, and the word the food; therefore you must prepare a mouth to take it."

He must have been a very diligent student, for no extemporaneous or unstudied effusions could have been so sententious, so accurate, so complete as these peerless discourses. He was a simple preacher even to homeliness, but he was no ranting declaimer trying to make up for emptiness by giving forth all the louder sound. Smith was not like those untrained dogs which give most tongue when there is least game, but when he bayed you might be sure there was good reason for it. His own advice on this point we commend to those who confound the foolishness of preaching, which God honours, with foolish preaching, which is to be abhorred. "If *you* must take heed how you hear, then *we* must take heed how we preach; for you hear that which we preach. Therefore Paul putteth none among the number of preachers, but they which 'cut the word aright,' 2 Tim. ii. 15; that is, in right words, in right sense, and in right method; and because none can do this without study and meditation, therefore he teacheth Timothy to 'give attendance to doctrine'; that is, to make a study and labour of it; for as Saint Peter saith,

that in Paul's epistles, 'there be many things hard to understand,' 2 Peter iii. 16; so in Peter's epistles, and John's epistles, and James's epistle, there be many things too which David before called, 'the wonders of the law,' Ps. cxix. 18, and Paul calleth, 'the mystery of salvation,' Eph. iii. 3, and Christ calleth, 'a treasure hid in the ground.' Therefore Solomon confesseth that he studied for his doctrines, Eccles. xii. 10. Although he was the wisest and learnedest man that ever was, yet he thought that without study he could not do so much good. Daniel was a prophet, and yet he desired respite to interpret Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Dan. ii. 16. Is the Scripture lighter than a dream, that we should interpret it without meditation? It seems that Solomon and Daniel would not count them sermons which come forth, like untimely births, from uncircumcised lips, and unwashen hands, as though they had the Spirit at commandment. Wheat is good, but they which sell the refuse thereof are reproved, Amos viii. 6. So preaching is good, but this refuse of preaching is but like swearing; for one takes the name of God in vain, and the other takes the word of God in vain. As every sound is not music, so every sermon is not preaching, but worse than if he should read an homily. For if James would have us consider what we ask before we come to pray, much more should we consider before we come to preach; for it is harder to speak God's word, than to speak to God; yet there are preachers risen lately up, which shroud every absurd sermon under the name of the simple kind of teaching, like the popish priests, which made ignorance the mother of devotion: but, indeed, to preach simply, is not to preach unlearnedly, nor confusedly, but plainly and perspicuously, that the simplest which doth hear, may understand what is taught, as if he did hear his name."

Our author was lecturer for awhile at St. Clement Danes, without Temple Bar, but being by repute an unsound churchmen as to subscription to the Book of Common Prayer, he was a lecturer rather by sufferance than otherwise; indeed, at one time, he was suspended altogether, but the influence of some powerful relative seems to have screened him from the storm. We have sometimes thought that both Henry Smith and Adams have been denied a history because they were not more decided against the abominations of the Anglican Establishment. They evidently endured much sorrow of heart, and found out probably that when the Master calls his servants to go without the camp, it is sorry policy to try to stay within. No doubt they had their reasons, but it might have been better for them if those reasons had made room for more complete avowal of truth by a bolder Noncomformity. Master Henry Smith had one mark said to belong to many of those whom God loves, for he died young, and so entered early into his rest.

Mr. Nichol has just issued in two handsome and cheap volumes a full edition of the works of Henry Smith; and although we trust the present article may be interesting in itself, we must confess that we were led to write it very much with the view of inducing our readers to procure the treasure for themselves. No minister can fail, with God's blessing, to be improved as a preacher by carefully reading these renowned productions. He will learn at the least this one thing, namely, our need of having something to say when we preach, for Smith always gives us weight of matter, and therefore (strange freak of language!) is never heavy.

One admirable quality which Smith pre-eminently displays is that of using Scriptural illustrations, a practice which cannot be too much commended. He is not so apt in quoting ancient history as Master Brooks, neither is he so rich in figures culled from nature as Gurnal or Charnock, but his baskets of silver, in which he places his apples of gold, are mainly of Scriptural workmanship. Take, as an admirable instance, his proofs that many make most deceivable shows of holiness who are yet strangers to it. "You have Pilate washing his hands in hypocrisy, as well as you have David washing his hands in innocency. You have the Shechemites with their circumcision, as well as the Israelites with their circumcision. You have the Sadducees with their doctrine, as well as the apostles with their doctrine. You have the Pharisee with his prayer, as well as the publican with his prayer. You have the Pythonist with her confession, as well as Peter with his confession. You have the exorcists with their Jesus, Acts xix. 13, as well as Paul with his Jesus. You have Satan with his Scripture, Matt. iv., as well as Christ with his Scripture. You have Judas with his kiss, as well as Jonathan with his kiss. You have Cain with his sacrifice, as well as Abel with his sacrifice. You have Esau with his tears, as well as Mary with her tears. You have Ahithophel with his wisdom, as well as Solomon with his wisdom. You have Zedekiah with his spirit, as well as Elijah with his spirit. You have Jezebel with her fasts, as well as Anna with her fasts. You have the harlot with her vows, as well as Jacob with his vow." Master Smith was so full of the Word of God that his hearers could scarcely have failed to become good biblical scholars; his very divisions and lines of thought appear to have been suggested by the Scriptures which he brought to bear upon his topic. We were greatly struck with this in his sermon upon the wedding garment; his text is, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;" and in the course of his exposition, he pours forth the following flood of scriptural allusions—"There be many fashions of apparel, but they are too light, or too heavy, or too coarse, or too stale, and all wear out. At last the apostle found a fashion that surpassed them all; it is never out of fashion, meet for all seasons, fit for all persons, and such a profitable weed, that the more it is worn the fresher it is. What fashion have you seen comparable to this? It is not like the clothes of David's ambassadors, which covered their upper parts, 2 Sam. x. 4; nor like Saul's armour, which tired David when he should fight with it, 1 Sam. xvii. 39; nor like the counterfeit Jeroboam's wife, which disguised herself to go unknown, 1 Kings xiv. 2; nor like the old rags of the Gibeonites, which deceived Joshua, Joshua ix. 4, 5; nor like the paltry suit of Micah, which he gave once a year to his Levite, Judges xvii. 10; nor like the glutton's flaunt, which jetted in purple every day; nor like the light clothes which Christ said are in kings' courts, and make them lighter that wear them, Matt. xi. 8. But it is like the garment of the high priest, which had all the names of the tribes of Israel written upon his breast, Exod. xxviii. 21; so all the names of the faithful are written in the breast of Christ, and registered in the book of his merits, Mal. iii. 16. It is like Elias's mantle, which divided the waters, 2 Kings ii. 8: so he divided our sins and punishments, that they which are clothed with Christ, are armed both against sin and death. It is like the

garments of the Israelites in the wilderness, which did not wear out; forty years together they wandered in the desert, and yet, saith Moses, their shoes were not worn, but their apparel was as when they came out of Egypt, Deut. xxix. 5; so the righteousness of Christ doth last for ever, and his merits are never worn out. As Mordecai shined in the king's robes before the people, Esther vi. 11; so and more glorious are the faithful in the robes of Christ before God. When Christ was transfigured upon the mount, Matthew saith that his face shined like the sun, and his clothes were as white as the light, Matt. xvii. 2; so when we are transfigured into the image of Christ, we shall shine before other men like lights; and therefore Christ's disciples are called lights, because they were clothed with light, and shined to the world, Matt. v. 14. Solomon was not so glorious in all his royalty, nor the lilies, which are braver than Solomon, Matt. vi. 29, as he which is clothed with Christ, because the apparel upon him is better than all the world about him. Therefore, if David said, 'Weep, ye daughters of Israel, for Saul which clothed you in purple,' 2 Sam. i. 24; I may say, 'Rejoice, ye daughters of Israel, for Christ which hath clothed you with righteousness, as it were with a vesture, before you come to the banquet.'" Would that all ministers would after this fashion familiarise their hearers with the holy histories of the inspired volume, there would then be such an esteem for the sacred records that the attacks of sceptics upon the historical books would be harmless. Show the people the true use of the historical books, and they will laugh to scorn the sneering flippancies of superficial critics. If the pulpit does not honour Scripture more, the day will come when the people will honour it less, and that may God forbid. With all the earnestness of our heart we would press it upon all young preachers to be biblical preachers, gathering not only their doctrine but their illustrations from the inexhaustible mines of the Word of God. "I adore the plenitude of Scripture," said one of the fathers: he who complains of any lack of variety and interest in the inspired Book, may rest assured that if he had something to draw with, he would not find the well to be dry.

Henry Smith was not led away by the whimsies of Fifth Monarchy men as to the millennium and the prophetic beasts, neither did he waste the time of dying men by fiddling the tune of sublapsarian, or supralapsarian controversy, to set men's wits a dancing; but he went straight to the conscience, and dealt with it upon plain matters of duty and important gospel doctrine. If our crotchetty Plymouthists, and others who are almost insane upon points of which they know nothing, could but be persuaded to take an hour a week with some such preacher as the silver-tongued lecturer at Temple Bar, little as they would relish it, the medicine might be of good service to them. Let those who need reforming in this respect stand awhile before his "Looking-glass for Christians," and see if there be not a few blots to remove from their faces. He is advising his hearers not to be curious in searching mysteries, and he remarks, "The star, when it came to Christ, stood still, and went no farther; so when we come to the knowledge of Christ, we should stand still, and go no farther; for Paul was content 'to know nothing but Christ crucified.' It is not necessary to know that which God hath not revealed; and the well of God's secrets is so deep that no bucket

of man can sound it; therefore we must row in shallow waters, because our boats are light, and small, and soon overturned. They which have such crotchets and circumstances in their brain, I have marked this in them, that they seldom find any room for that which they should know, but go to and fro, seeking and seeking, like them which sought Elias's body, and found it not. Let men desire knowledge of God as Solomon did; but not desire knowledge as Eve did. For these aspiring wits fall again like Babel, and run into doubts, while they seek for resolutions. As the Jews,* when they heard the apostle preach, burnt their curious books, and had no more delight to study such toys: so when men come to the truth, they are content to leave these fancies, and say with Paul, 'I know nothing but Christ crucified.' Curious questions and vain speculations are like a plume of feathers, which some will give anything for, and some will give nothing for. Paul rebuked them which troubled their heads about genealogies; how would he reprove men and women of our days, if he did see how they busy their heads about vain questions, tracing upon the pinnacles, where they may fall, while they might walk upon the pavement without danger! Some have a great deal more desire to learn where hell is, than to know any way how they may escape it; to hear what God did purpose before the world began, rather than to learn what he will do when the world is ended; to understand whether they shall know one another in heaven, than to know whether they belong to heaven. This rock hath made many shipwrecks, that men search mysteries before they know principles; like the Bethshemites, which were not content to see the ark, but they must pry into it, and finger it. Commonly the simplest men busy their heads about the highest matters; so that if they meet with a rough and crabbed question like a knob in the tree, and while they hack and hew at it with their own wits to make it plain, their saw sticks fast in the cleft, and cannot get out again; at last in wrath they become like malcontents with God, as though the Scripture were not perfect, and either fall into despair, or into contempt of all. Therefore it is good to leave off learning where God hath left off teaching; for they which have an ear where God hath no tongue, hearken not unto God, but to the tempter, as Eve did to the serpent." This age needs just such a warning; but who shall utter it so that it may be noticed? It is difficult, if not impossible, to reach the heart of men who are besotted with the intoxication of curious questions, for foolish as they are, and plain as their folly is to all the world besides, they are, in their own conceit, wiser than seven men that can render a reason. If one of the old Fifth Monarchy fanatics should rise from the dead, he would find himself among brethren in many quarters. In those days, when swords and pikes gave ugly cracks to men's craniums, this nonsense was excusable to old soldiers who had fought the Philistines at Naseby and Edgehill, and had returned from the fray with huge gashes across their foreheads; but nowadays our madmen are *born*, not made; or, if made, are manufactured by idleness rather than by warfare, and deserve less patience than those who came by their madness in honourable battle. Why, in these times, men who care not for positive precepts, are downright zealots for the toes of the image, and the little

* It does not seem certain that they were Jews.—Acts xix. 13.

horn of the beast; we have elaborate charts of the new world as it is to be after the advent of our Lord; and telegrams from futurity as to the fate of Turkey, Russia, and every other nationality. The prophetic fever is at its height, and Bedlam is expounding the Apocalypse. Oh, for a little love to the souls of men, and a grain of common sense to set professing Christians upon more profitable work than this guessing at religious conundrums, and forecasting of national nativities!

Henry Smith's doctrine was searching and sound; he was very clear in the gospel, and in dealing with the experience of a renewed soul. Especially was he very bold in denouncing all confidence in mere reformation, in which too many often rest, and so fall short of the new birth. "As ye may read, Psalm li. 10, David prayeth the Lord to 'create him a new heart;' not to correct his old heart, but to create him a new heart; showing that his heart was like an old garment, so rotten and tattered that he could make no good of it by patching or piecing, but even must cut it off, and take a new. Therefore Paul saith, 'cast off the old man;' not pick him and wash him till he be clean, but cast him off, and begin anew, as David did."

Perhaps no better instance can be given of his forcible way of impressing truth upon the memory and conscience than the famous extract from "The Dialogue between Paul and Agrippa." It is Smith at his best, simple as Bunyan, sound as Owen, interesting as Brooks, quaint as Adams, earnest as Baxter, but aptly scriptural in his illustrations as none but himself; in that one respect he appears as a bright particular star shining apart and alone. Before we close with the extract, we must record our ever-growing delight in this author; we read his works, some years ago, in a neat copy dated, we think, 1656, and heartily agreed with Thomas Fuller's epithet, "this useful and desired volume," and rejoiced with him that it had not been smothered, but brought into notice through the press; since then, we have read Henry Smith very frequently, till he has become our own familiar friend, whose words of wisdom quicken meditation as iron sharpeneth iron.

We hope that the extracts we have given will whet the appetites of our readers, and that the closing piece may be blessed to the undecided. "Now if we be *almost Christians*, let us see what it is to be almost a Christian. *Almost* a son, is a bastard; *almost* sweet, is unsavoury; *almost* hot, is lukewarm, which God spueth out of his mouth, Rev. iii. 16; so, *almost* a Christian is not a Christian, but that which God spueth out of his mouth. A Christian almost is like a woman which dieth in travail; almost she brought forth a son, but that *almost* killed the mother and the son too. Almost a Christian is like Jeroboam, which said, 'It is too far to go to Jerusalem to worship,' and therefore chose rather to worship calves at home. Almost a Christian is like Micah, which thought himself religious enough because he had gotten a priest into his house. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimites, which could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, which brought a part, but left a part behind. Almost a Christian is like Eli's sons, which polled the sacrifices; like the fig-tree, which deceived Christ with leaves; like the virgins, which carried lamps without oil; like the willing and unwilling son, which said he would come and came not. What is it to be born almost? If the new man

be but born almost, he is not born. What is it to be married almost unto Christ? He which is married but almost, is not married. What is it to offer sacrifice almost? The sacrifice must be killed ere ever it can be sacrificed. He which gives almost, gives not, but denieth. He which believeth almost, believeth not, but doubteth. Can the door which is but almost shut keep out the thief? Can the cup which is but almost whole hold any wine? Can the ship which is but almost sound keep out the water? The soldier which doth but almost fight, is a coward. The physician which doth but almost cure, is but a slubberer. The servant which doth but almost labour, is a loiterer. I cannot tell what to make of these defectives, nor where to place them, nor how to call them, nor unto what to liken them. They are like unto children which sit in the market place, where is mourning and piping, and they neither weep nor dance, but keep a note between them both; they weep almost, and dance almost. Believest thou almost? 'Be it unto thee,' saith Christ, 'as thou believest.' Therefore if thou believest, thou shalt be saved; if thou believest almost, thou shalt be saved almost. As when a pardon comes while the thief hangs upon the gallows, he is almost saved, but the pardon doth him no good; so he which is almost a Christian, almost zealous, almost righteous, which doth almost love, almost believe, shall be almost saved; that is, if he had been a Christian altogether, he should not be damned."

Out with Tobiah.

"And I came to Jerusalem, and understood of the evil that Eliashib did for Tobiah, in preparing him a chamber in the courts of the house of God. And it grieved me sore: therefore I cast forth all the household stuff of Tobiah out of the chamber.—Nehemiah xiii. 7, 8.

THE story of stern old Nehemiah, and his struggles with Sanballat's traitorous crew, deserves our best attention. The spirit of decision met the foes of Zion at every turn, but watchfulness was always needed. Our case is very similar, let us gather wisdom from this ancient record,

Our enemies will not readily renounce their hold upon our souls. When Tobiah could not prevent the restoration of Jerusalem, he plotted to obtain quarters within it; and when sin can no longer have dominion over us, it artfully contrives to dwell within our flesh. Inside the wall a foe is far more dangerous than without, and thus inbred sin is much more to be dreaded than outward temptation. It behoves us to keep a strict watch, for in some secret chamber of our nature sin will find a lurking-place. They say there is a skeleton in every house, certainly, there is a body of death in every saint.

Our enemies have allies within us. If it had not been for Eliashib, the priest Tobiah had never obtained the great chamber, nor been able to introduce his household stuff. Alas! for us that our weaker passions should so soon consent to sin, and that appetites which are in themselves but natural, should so easily become inflamed into furious, sinful passions. If traitors within did not open to enemies without, Mansoul would not so readily be taken.

Our holiest dispositions need careful watching. In the house of the Lord, Tobiah gained a lodging, in the very chamber "where aforetime they laid the meat offerings and the frankincense." Spiritual pride will find a hiding-place in our devotions, unbelief will lurk amid our self-examination, and anger will conceal itself under the skirts of our zeal. In seasons of the highest spiritual enjoyment, it behoves us to exercise double vigilance against our great enemy, who so often transforms himself into an angel of light. The sweet flowers blooming in our window attract the buzzing bees, and so do our sweet graces draw the notice of the enemy to us. Thieves waylay men known to have full purses, and pirates watch for loaded galleons. Nehemiah tells us, "All this time was not I at Jerusalem:" his watchful eye was gone, or Tobiah would not have dared to intrude. Watch, believer, watch always! Watch most when least in apparent need of it.

It will be our wisdom to show no quarter to our foe. "Cast forth all his goods," was stern Nehemiah's order; and then, having carefully purged the chamber, he filled it anew with the Lord's stores. He did not leave him even a chest in which to store a few trifles, but turned out the whole. It should grieve us sore if we have given allowance to sin, and in the power of the Spirit of holiness, we should strive to make a clean riddance of the evil. Woe unto us if we make provision for the flesh. Have we none of the household stuff of Tobiah to cast forth from the sanctuary of our heart? Is there no vacant space to fill with frankincense for the Lord our God?

This incident gives us the true history of backsliding, and of restoration from it. The process is simple and is seen in the narrative. At the outset of the evil, the heart becomes vacant, the precious stores of the Lord vanish one by one, and there is room for something else. Heavenly-mindedness is gone, and then the heart is ready to mind earthly things. Then comes the suggestion and allowance from the traitor within, and straightway the lumber of Tobiah is introduced by degrees, and the soul becomes a wholesale warehouse for the household stuff of sin. Behold the mischief when at its full: the heart, which should be the house of God, becomes a receptacle for the ill-gotten booty of thieves. If by God's grace a decided sin-hating faith shall act the part of stern old Nehemiah, there will be a returning to a gracious condition, which will be reached step by step until there is a complete re-dedication of the now haunted chamber. Out will be thrown the cherished evils, out of doors and windows with much dust and breakage all will be hurled, and a riddance will be made as thoroughly as grace shall enable penitence to do the business. Next shall follow a cleansing, scouring, and purifying of no ordinary kind, in which, with many penitential tears and bewailings, the heart shall cry to be purged with hyssop, and cleansed from all its secret faults. To this the Holy Spirit will give an answer of peace, and the precious blood of Jesus shall purify the heart by a renewed experience of its cleansing power. Then, as the crowning mercy, the vessels of the Lord and all the dedicated goods, shall be once again set in their places, and so by restoration to its proper use, the chamber of the heart shall be preserved from becoming again a receiving house for thieves. Emptiness and idleness of mind is a very dangerous condition; Satan never sees a vacant heart without resolving to fill it with the treasures of mischief.

When the measure is full of wheat, there is no room for chaff; when the soul is fully occupied with Jesus, the enemy may look in vain for an entrance; but a heart usually thoughtless, indevout, and inactive, is an inn upon the devil's highway, and shall be thronged with evil guests.

Dear reader, may this short sermon set thee upon self-searching, and if Tobiah's baggage be stowed away in thy heart, may thy conscience, like Nehemiah, make short work with it, and may the Lord Jesus reign alone over all the powers of thy soul.

"Soon as faith the Lord can see
Bleeding on a cross for me,
Quick my idols all depart,
Jesus gets and fills my heart."

A Fifth Monarchy Man.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

POOR Oliver Cromwell! Hated by his foes, detested yet feared by foreign nations, and annoyed by his injudicious friends, he seems to have struggled through a host of difficulties that would have driven a less clear-headed man hopelessly mad. The more we read of his sayings and doings, and his emotions and conflicts, the more we admire and wonder at him. As every old musty document is turned up by Dr. Dryasdust and his colleagues, we find additional evidence of the justness of Oliver's administration, and of his love of uprightness. When those grim and dull mounds of unsorted and uncalendared state-papers, now lying in wretched confusion in Fetter Lane, shall be arranged, and digested, Cromwell's deeds will shine forth in a still nobler light. The progress which Mr. Hardy has made in this work has not been great, but the papers already discovered are of so important a character as to materially alter many aspects of the eventful history in which Charles the First played so conspicuous a part. What will be the result of further researches it is impossible to guess; but this fact is sufficiently clear, that Oliver Cromwell's character and wisdom have gained immensely by the investigations made of late years.

The bringing to light a number of documents giving the history of one of Cromwell's troublesome contemporaries will still further manifest the wisdom of the Protector's severities towards a rather mystical race of fanatics, who were as mad as "March hares." A Fifth Monarchy man was by no means a contemptible character, nor so entirely harmless as not to be feared. In an age of great excitement, when there were numbers of prowling plotters against the Commonwealth, he was a dangerous person. He was a sort of combination of a Fenian, a rabid Plymouth Brother, a millenarian, and a Chartist—full of political mischievousness, love for abusing and distorting Scripture, passionate madness for the reign of saints, and the extermination of monarchies and all Roman Catholics. His favourite cry was, "Overturn, overturn, overturn." That "much-abused Scripture," as Cromwell used to gravely call it, was for ever at the end of his noisy tongue. All the Old Testament prophecies were ransacked to collect such passages as might be twisted to mean something in harmony with the revolutionary

notions of the Fifth Monarchy men. "Curse ye Meroz," and "the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon" were, of course, used as watchwords of their policy. Accustomed to scenes of civil warfare, the horrors of a military reign were not felt by these fanatics as they might have been had they lived in more peaceful times. They had muddled their heads with certain portions of the book of Daniel, until they were convinced that the Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman monarchies had passed away, and that a fifth monarchy ought at once to be instituted, in which the saints would reign with Christ. Their gospel having originated with the army, was to be promulgated by military means; and in order to bring about the universal reign of Protestantism, they urged the vigorous use of the sword throughout the world. At first, it was hoped that Cromwell would head these restless saints in a great war against the Papacy, and be the David before whom the Philistines should flee in the great day of the Lord at Armageddon. He had already manifested most noble sympathy on behalf of the downtrodden Protestants of Europe, and the idea of his asserting the rights of the godly throughout the Continent, was not altogether insane. Macaulay acknowledges that the Protector would have had the heart of England with him in a general religious European war. "His victories would have been hailed with an unanimous enthusiasm unknown in the country since the rout of the Armada, and would have effaced the stain which one act, condemned by the general voice of the nation, has left on his splendid fame." But Cromwell was too much of a Christian to inaugurate a reign of blood, and he preferred to endure the vindictiveness of the Fifth Monarchy men rather than to follow a policy which, if successful, would have exterminated the lovers of error, but would at the same moment have degraded truth.

We cannot form a more accurate notion of what a Fifth Monarchy man was, than by picturing before us the life and opinions of Mr. John Rogers, whose history has just been published for the first time, in a beautifully got-up book, which will not be extensively read, on account of its documental character. Rogers was a descendant of eminent and godly men, his father being Nehemiah Rogers, the author of the "Figless Fig-tree" (1659), "The Fast Friend" (1658), and some other similar unique works of varied excellence. He was born in 1627. According to his own account, he was, at the age of ten, scared at the thoughts of hell. One minister frightening him by saying, "O you knotty, rugged, proud piece of flesh! you stony, rocky, flinty, hard heart, what wilt thou do when thou art roaring in hell amongst the damned?" With these and other equally strong appeals, his mind began to be troubled. He was further awakened by his own father, who "preaching upon the Good Samaritan, and showing his compassion, &c., preached and pressed so powerfully, that I was thrown into a trembling as lying under the guilt of Christ's blood, and was long perplexed about it." He had a number of strange visions, and his dreams and nervous excitements are told us in forcible and sometimes in beautifully figurative language. For several years he seemed to be a resident in the black gulf of despair, and frequently his distractions of mind bordered on lunacy. "I prayed," he says, "fasted, mourned, got into corners, yea, many times, being, as I was, ashamed to make my case known. I have ran into

barns, stables, anywhere, pretending as if I had business, on purpose to pray, sigh, weep, knocking my breast, curse that ever I was born, wishing I were a stone, anything but what I was, for fear of hell and the the devils, whom I thought I saw every foot in several ugly shapes and forms, according to my fancies, and sometimes with great rolling flaming eyes like saucers, having sparkling firebrands in the one of their hands, and with the other reaching at me to tear me away to torments." The reader will perceive that Rogers had a great dread of hell, and for five or six years, he says, he durst not go to sleep, excepting in a praying attitude, lest the devils should not find him in a suppliant posture. His excitability grew to religious madness. In his distracted fits, he would cry out, "I am damned! I am damned! I am sure I can't be saved—it is impossible. Oh, hell! hell! hell fire about me! the devils are at me! and I thought I heard the damned roaring and raving, and saw them as 'twere roasting in everlasting torments." But enough of this side of the picture.

Relief came in an extraordinary dream, which was "confirmed and seconded by prayer and the Word." He had not long enjoyed an assurance of salvation before he was tried. His father did not seem to have any sympathy with him, and was harsh enough to turn him out of doors. He wandered about, begging at cottages, "forced for life to try all sorts of things, and eat leather, and drink water, and eat old quills and pens, where I could pick them up out of the dust, roasted in a few coals which were left in the chamber where I was, and I assayed sometimes to eat grass, and did it; yea, I grew to that height of penury and famine that I sometimes tried to eat my own fingers, biting them till I could endure it no longer; then tearing my hair and crying." He had strong temptations—"the Devil did often tempt me to study necromancy and nigromancy, and to make use of magic;" that is to say, he was tempted to do unlawful things that he might become rich; but he repulsed the enemy, who, however, returned to tempt him to commit suicide. At last, however, by a strange and affecting circumstance, he was engaged to teach "gentlemen's children, at my Lord Brudenel's house." At this time he received a call for the ministry, and accepted Presbyterian ordination as a minister. Convinced of the justice of the Parliament's cause, he became a volunteer, "and performed those services in the field against the common enemy, of which he boasted afterwards." He married in 1647-8, a daughter of Sir Robert Payne, of Midloe, Hunts., and became rector of Purleigh, "one of the best livings in those parts," but being too restless to remain there, he hired a curate, renounced Presbyterianism, joined the Independents, became Lecturer at St. Thomas Apostle's, in the City—paying his curate £30 or £40 per annum out of a salary of £200 for supplying him at Purleigh, and asserting, with questionable modesty, in a letter to Cromwell, "I do profess it from my heart, that the greatest temptation I should fear falling into would be great honour, esteem, place, preferment, or means too much or unfit for me." This was strange consistency, especially for one who was notorious for his boastfulness. He became a violent political preacher, was sent by Parliament to Dublin, at a salary of £200, but was soon tired of Ireland and things Irish; and "the Anabaptists" being very powerful there, they gave him great

trouble. He soon returned to St. Thomas Apostle, and became a full-blown Fifth Monarchy man. Meanwhile he was deprived of his income as rector of Purleigh, on the ground of non-residence, at which he was greatly angered, as is evidenced from his letter to his late parishioners, which he signed as "Your affectionate friend and late your minister, in the hot bowels of love to you," &c.

Having been a Presbyterian himself, he was, of course, well qualified to write vigorously against all who followed with that community; this he did with all the virulence imaginable. The gentlemen of the bar were also the objects of his warmest indignation. No room was allowed for lawyers in the millennium of the Fifth Monarchy men, who thought them to be as little fitted for heaven as publishers are considered to be by disappointed authors, or policemen by vindictive costermongers. Rogers submitted what he termed "a handful of proposals, fetched from the Commonwealth of Israel" for the government of the country; these were afterwards called the "five fingered proposals." They were followed up by advice which must have amused and perplexed plain-speaking Cromwell.

Rogers published two works—both bearing dreadfully long titles; one entitled, "Bethshemesh," which was written against the Presbyterian clergy; and the other, "Sagir; or, Doomsday drawing nigh, with Thunder and Lightning to Lawyers"—was an ingenious protest against tithes and lawyers. "The two plagues of this nation," we are assured, "rose up both from the bottomless smoke, and are the priests and the lawyers," and "they must fall together, seeing ever since Edward the Third's time in England, they were advanced together, as to their height and interest. The lawyers are tyrants and oppressors of the civil state, and may well be compared to the locusts, mentioned Rev. ix. 3. &c., even as the priests are the tyrants and oppressors of the ecclesiastical state." The following are among his reasons for comparing lawyers to locusts (the reader must here read Rev. ix. 2—10). They are unclean creatures, many times translated grasshoppers, or bodily oppressors. For multitude—"Oh! what heaps of this noisome vermin may you see at a time in the Temple of Westminster Hall." For variety of orders: but here our author only condescends to tell us it were lost labour "to reckon up the variety of orders and degrees of this brood of the beast, distinguished by several forms, sects, and habits of divers fashions." For their earthly, insatiable dispositions: the following is a type of the remainder—"Locusts have a leap like grasshoppers, and so have the lawyers; for, like the leopards, they get their prey *saliendo*, by leaps, which are sometimes very large; and as to the things of God, or religious exercises, we shall find few of them frequent them unless by leaps now and then." Funny, is it not, good reader? And, as if to crown the whole, we are told that lawyers, like these locusts, have stings in their tails (Rev. ix. 10), and employ "the most cursed, graceless villains they can get," which was quite true, and may be partially true even to this day. They are condemned also, for their "monster-formity, or monstrous deformity."

The following lengthy passage condensed from "Sagir," declares the advent of the Fifth Monarchy, and affords a good example of the mischievous, fantastic and ridiculous method of dealing with the prophetical

parts of Scripture which was common among the Fifth Monarchy men:—

"Daniel tells us of four Beasts. The last of these Beasts had ten horns, amongst which rose another little horn, and this little horn persecuted the saints till the judgment sat, when they took away his dominion and destroyed it for ever.

"Now the four Beasts are the four great monarchies; the ten horns are the ten European kingdoms which arose out of the last of those monarchies. As concerning the little horn 'with much assurance and clear sight,' he asserts it to be William the Conqueror and his Norman successors, all fierce persecutors of the saints, but cut off at last and for ever by 'the Judgment which was anno 1648, in that High Court of Judicature erected for the King's trial.' After this comes the Fifth Monarchy. By 1660, the work of this monarchy is to get as far as Rome, and by 1666, is to be visible in all the earth. It will come mysteriously, suddenly, and terribly, and will redeem the people—1st, from ecclesiastical bondage, decrees, councils, orders, and ordinances of the Pope, priest, prelate, or the like; 2nd, from civil bondage and slavery, or those bloody, base, unjust, accursed, tyrannical laws and sin—monopolizing lawyers as now oppress and afflict the people. And so he calls on the Parliament—the Barebones Parliament, then sitting—to prepare everything for the entry of the Fifth Monarchy; and in order to this: 1. To appoint none except the saints to place or office. 2. To abolish all those unjust and cruel laws, and to pull down those courts, terms, and lawyers, yea, and tithes too, which have occasioned such actions, continued complaints, and vexations to the people, and wrongs to God and men, good and bad. 3. To set up God's law alone, being that in Deut. vi. 1.

"These are the Commandments (*i. e.* the ten in two tables given to Moses on Mount Sinai, Exod. xx.) 'the Statutes' (*i. e.* the several cases arising out of each commandment tending to establish and confirm each command) 'and the judgments' (*i. e.* the sentence upon the breach of every law, now, and what the punishment must be). Now this law, statute-book and judgment-seat of God, must be set up in the Fifth Monarchy, and then shall we be restored to (1), God's laws; (2), in our own language; (3), read and expounded, and made known to the people; (4), at free cost, without charge; (5), justice will be had at home then, and judges sit in all the gates of the cities; (6), and every man plead his own cause—then no need of lawyers; (7), justice will not be delayed but speedy; (8), and executed without gainsaying, according to the law (set) of God, and without respect of persons; (9), then judges shall be as at first, and justice also in every city; and (10), then the Lord will be our only law-giver, and the law abide for ever, without alteration, as there is now, and ought to be, in the forms of men. 'Wherefore, if you be men, whom the Lord will own and honour in the work, up then and about it.' . . . The Lord Jesus awaken you with the noise of the Monarchy which is swift in motion and now nigh us, lest you be surprised!"

Rogers soon found that the government could not wink at the violent, furious treason which was being nursed in the hearts of the Fifth Monarchy men. All the sermons of their preachers were filled with bitter invectives against Cromwell, who was called Antichrist with as little reason as Louis Napoleon has been similarly denominated by some modern fanatics. Cromwell bore with the nonsense of the new sect as long as he could, consistent with the public safety; but finding the mischief spreading, he ordered some of the more notorious offenders, Rogers included, into custody. In his "Prison boon," Rogers gives a glowing description, highly tinctured with his half-mad fancies, of the dealings of the gaolers with him, in which he inveighs bitterly against all who have offended and illused him. The Lord, he says, allowed the

snail a shell, but his enemies would not permit his wife and children to have a shell for themselves, excepting that of his prison. Undoubtedly he suffered much while in prison, and the death of his two babes sorely afflicted him. The way in which he "received a call" to write this treatise, is not a little amusing. A sister, who is described as "a choice servant of Christ and his church," had had "a week's close communion and conference with the Lord, in heavenly visits and visions," during which she was desired to tell Rogers, that the Lamb's Book should be unsealed, and the vision opened to him, bidding him be of good cheer, for he should shortly know his own work and what Israel ought to do. He thereupon dreams that some huge ripe mulberries fell into his mouth; after which "men of much wisdom" came to him, telling him that it was the "incessant expectation of the saints in London to hear some news of the prison vision." Then—for he was a great dreamer, and built most of his nonsense on his dreams—he saw in his sleep a great dragon, "which perished without power of hurting," and the Lord told him that the day when the saints should rule, and the Beast would be dethroned, was at hand. Unfortunately, however, the Lord could not have revealed anything of the kind, since it did not come true.

At the petition of some friends, Cromwell decided upon giving an audience to Mr. Rogers, "to satisfy them" as he said, "that you suffer as an evil-doer." Rogers was not disposed to be satisfied on that point, but wished to be tried. Oliver's shrewdness led him to understand the character of the man with whom he was dealing, and when he grimly answered, "As you please, but if he is tried I assure you he will be hung," he satisfied the demands of the misdemeanant. The narrative of the conference between the Protector and the prisoner is evidently written by an over-friendly hand, but it reveals the fact that Rogers and his party had a monopoly of furious epithets and choice Billingsgate. We cannot find room for a condensation of the interesting account; but there are certain characteristic points which must be given. Oliver's strong common sense and quaintness appear on every page. He had to deal with a semi-maniac magpie, who persisted in talking. "You will talk," Oliver told him, "although it be nothing to purpose." He suffered not for the gospel's sake (continued his lordship, speaking most emphatically), but as a railer, seducer, a busy-body in other men's matters, and a stirrer up of sedition. "To say that this his suffering is for the gospel, is making Christ the patron of such things; it is blasphemy to call suffering for evil-doing suffering for the gospel." And rising to the dignity and importance of the occasion, the Protector called God to witness whether any man in England was suffering for the testimony of Jesus. "Nay," added he with grim shrewdness, "do not lift up your hands to your eyes, for there is no man in England which suffers so." Rogers persisted he was not an evil-doer, and was ready to prove his innocence. "Ah," answered the Protector, with cruel irony, "we know you are ready enough." In his usual nimble way, Rogers twisted Scripture to show that he was suffering for the gospel. Whereat, Cromwell answered sadly—

"I grieve that you call this the gospel; for every one is ready to come and say, 'This is the gospel,' with words in their mouths, and say this is the mean-

ing of the Scripture; but there wants the power of godliness, for Christ and his disciples will not speak evil of no man."

Oliver's grammar, it will be seen, frequently trips—for he was not nice on such matters when he was fighting flesh-and-blood foes. Rogers gets warm, calls Oliver a "sophister," and speaks daringly. Oliver finds it needful frequently to reiterate his previous statements and charges, and so the discussion goes on most unsatisfactorily. "I know that you never preached the covenant of grace; I know you are ignorant of the covenant, nay, for all your lifting up your eyes, it is so. Nay, I know you well enough," continued he, incisively, "and I know your principles; though you are but a young man, yet you have been in many places, and are known well enough." This was an unkind cut at Rogers' past restless and not quite satisfactory history. The conversation then proceeds by a circuitous route from the main point, until Cromwell brings it back again. Rogers talks like a naughty, cross old woman, scolding the informers and those who believed in them. He charges the latter with the crime for which the Fifth Monarchy men were notoriously famous, namely, making incongruous selections from Scripture to suit certain ends. Oliver again gets excited; Rogers begins to argue like a thorough-bred "Hyper," whose arguments are like John Bright's Scotch terrier—the head and tail of which do not seem to differ. Then comes a lull, broken only by Cromwell's charging Rogers with bad grammar. "Ha! are drunkenness and swearing, opinions then?" Oliver muddles his arguments, and gets tired of this talk, and pants for fresh air and common sense. When the prisoner enters upon certain explanations about the Beast—his dominion, and how soon it will be ended, plain Oliver confessed he did not understand the science of Beastiology; and Rogers, "speaking with a high voice and great alacrity," as was his manner, "made the courtiers scoff at him as if he were a madman." Meanwhile the chatter drags along heavily, until Cromwell is exasperated, and dislocates his sentences, and finally says emphatically, "*I tell you there wants brotherly love, and the several sorts of forms (sects?) would cut the throats of one another, should I not keep the peace.* . . . . . It is fit to keep all these forms out of power."

Thus ended the business, and Rogers was sent to prison at Windsor. His imprisonment lasted from 1654 to 1657; but he found the way to the Tower again, was liberated, fled to Utrecht, at the age of thirty-three, became Doctor of Medicine, but fond of a vagrant life, he left for England, and, in 1663, his existence is attested to by an entry in a spy-book, as pastor of a church in St. Mary Magdalene's parish, Bermondsey, and a practiser of physic. His death is said to be uncertain, but the *Eclectic* of March notices, that "Mr. Chester, in his account of the genealogy of Rogers, the martyr, says, 'an entry in the register of the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey, records the burial of one of his name on the 22nd of July, 1670, and doubtless has reference to him.'" That being the case, Rogers died when quite a young man, after spending a fitful life, which might have been attended by most dangerous consequences to the State. A godly man, but a political firebrand, whose conduct and opinions made it necessary that he should be confined somewhere, that he might be out of mischief.

Moravian Brethren.*

A SKETCH BY J. A. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 164.)

ONE hundred years after the death of John Huss, that mighty champion of truth, Martin Luther was raised up, and it was with unbounded joy that these long persecuted Brethren welcomed the first news of the glorious Reformation. They sent to him two Brethren in the year 1522, to assure him of their sympathy and prayers, and to inform him of their doctrines and constitution. Luther received them in the kindest manner, and maintained an almost uninterrupted esteem and love for them. His doctrines and theirs were much akin, but their discipline was far superior to his, and they, with marked plainness of speech, called his attention to this matter, which we regret to say was not received in the spirit of love in which it had been given.

Another persecution arose, and the great body of the Brethren were driven into Poland, where they stayed only long enough to lay the foundation for a good work, which was afterwards carried on by some of their number sent over for that purpose. Driven from Poland by the popish bishop at Posen, they retired to Prussia. Here for a time they found a rest for the sole of their foot, and were welcomed into the fellowship of Christian churches. The Reformed Church and the Brethren uniting into one body, at a general synod held for that purpose in 1555, an attempt was made to unite the Bohemian church with the Lutheran, but the overbearing spirit of the latter made this impossible, and it was at length given up as impracticable.

As the rule of Maximilian II. permitted the return of the Brethren to Bohemia, great numbers had gone back to their old homes, and the church of God was once more enjoying peace in that Goshen of the Middle Ages; but it was only for a brief space, their enemies were again plotting their destruction. With this design, the Archchancellor of Bohemia repaired to Vienna in 1563, to secure the signing of a fresh edict for their persecution. As the chancellor was on his way back to Bohemia, rejoicing at his success, at the very moment he was passing the bridge over the Danube, that part on which he was, sunk under him, and he fell into the river with all his baggage. The greatest part of his suite were drowned. A young gentleman who saved himself by swimming his horse over, saw the chancellor rise to the surface of the water, and seizing him by his gold chain, succeeded in supporting him until some fishermen came in a boat to his assistance, but life was entirely extinct. The casket which contained the persecuting decree was carried down the stream and never seen afterwards. The gentleman who escaped from death on this occasion, and who lived to an advanced age to attest the fact, was so powerfully affected that he joined the Brethren's church; and the emperor was so little disposed to renew the edict, that, on the contrary, he expressed himself in a very favourable way towards the Christians in Bohemia, who enjoyed perfect repose for a long time afterwards.

But alas! this season of prosperity which then followed was fatal to

* Condensed from "History of Moravians," by A. Boot. "The Banished Count," by Rev. John Gill. 'Church Institutions of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren,' by B. Seifferth.

their discipline and purity. Received into the fellowship of the Christian Church in Europe, they yielded in some points, and thus loosed the foundations, and when the storm returned with fury, they succumbed to a great extent before it. Their pastors were driven away, and vile hireling priests put into their churches, so that before long, the church of God in Bohemia had ceased to have any manifest existence in that land which had for many years been watered by the tears and even the blood of the saints. We must blame Protestant powers for abandoning Bohemia to her fate. She had raised the standard of truth more than a hundred years before the Reformation; many and many a battle had she fought for the common cause, and now in the hour of her weakness, all her friends forsook her and fled. Thus ended the church of God in Bohemia, and upwards of 80,000 people are supposed to have emigrated, many into Poland and Prussia, and other parts of Europe, where frequently their churches can be traced even to this day.

The simple and scriptural church government of the ancient church of the Brethren is worth a passing notice. They had *bishops* whose office was scarcely one of greater honour, certainly not of greater emolument, for it seemed to consist chiefly in a greater measure of hard work and trouble. They were all coequal in authority, though one, for the sake of order, was a president. These were about six in number, and were aided by *co-bishops*, who helped in the examination of candidates for the ministry, assisted in all deliberations, and supplied the place of the bishops when ill or in prison. So far as we can judge of the functions of these bishops, they were very much those of a standing committee, chosen for life, to preserve purity in the body and afford some test for admission of ministers, and to keep an eye upon the morals of all the church's leaders. Would that we had in our Baptist body a board of reference which should discharge some such offices, for it is sadly needed.

Synods were held when required, and consisted of the bishops, pastors, deacons, and acolytes, or as we should call them, students, with influential laymen of the district. The object of these associations being the cementing of brotherly love, exhortation, deliberation on matters of common interest, and the electing of their ministers and deacons. The bishops met first for prayer, the pastors afterwards by themselves, and the general synod at length carefully discussed all matters, and great stress was laid on securing a unanimous conclusion; the bishops and their colleagues afterwards deliberating on the matters previously discussed by the pastors and lay brethren. *Acolytes*, or students, lived with the pastors, and were trained two or three together for the work of the ministry.

Deacons were taken from amongst the more advanced of the acolytes, and were set apart by the impositions of hands by a bishop. Ministers were selected from the deacons, and had to secure an attestation of their gifts and conduct from the church. Then they were recommended by the assembled parties to the co-bishops, who at last referred them to some one bishop, whose decision was final. Their *worship* was very simple: they assembled usually four times on the Lord's-day, and were engaged mainly in exposition of the Scriptures in a set order of reading; the sermons were to be short, for it was "to be regarded as a law, that prolixity in preaching should be avoided, so as to avoid weariness in the hearers."

The ordinance of *Baptism* was administered by some to believers only, though the baptism of infants was retained by the ruling portion.

We now come to the more modern history of this remarkable body of Christians. One name rises high above others in connection with the renovation of the *Church of the Brethren*—Zinzendorf, the "banished count," a man of noble extraction, and far nobler spirit: one who reminds us of an apostle in the earnestness, extent, and self-denial of his labours. Bringing all the treasures of a large estate, a well-informed mind, a heart peculiarly susceptible of finer feelings, he, with untiring devotion poured the whole at his Master's feet. In many points of character he reminds us of Loyola, the champion of Rome; both seemed to be rulers amongst men, with all that force of mind to enable them to urge others forward to deeds of daring and of faith, whilst they themselves were ever prepared to lead the way, and surpass all in suffering and in toil. Ignatius, however, was trying to galvanise a corpse, and Zinzendorf to educate and train a child: the one has left behind a mass of evil, and corruption, to poison everything it comes in contact with, the other has nurtured a power for good, which we think will be for perpetual praise to the ends of the earth.

Nicholas Louis, Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, Lord of Freydeck, Schœneck, Thürstein, and other places, was born in Dresden, on the 26th of May, 1700. His father died when he was only six weeks old; but he was carefully nurtured under pious influence, and at an early age was brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, whom he loved with all the tenderness of his young heart. "When he happened to get hold of some paper, and a pen and ink, he wrote letters to his invisible Friend, and used to open the window and throw them to the winds, without a doubt that they would reach their destination." Assailed by infidel temptations when only eight years of age, he speaks as follows:—"The Son of God is my Saviour. *I am as sure of this as I am of my five fingers.* I have loved him for so long, I have so often called upon his name, I have had so many experiences—sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter—so many mercies, so many chastisements, and so many answers to prayer, that I cannot forsake him now."

Before he was ten years of age he had determined to study theology, and fixed his mind on becoming a preacher of the gospel. The child was truly, in this case, "the father of the man;" for although his heart's desire was not gained till the thirty-fourth year of his age, yet all the essential germs of his after life of piety were to be found in the child of only a few years.

He was sent to college at Halle, and was introduced to the head of it as "a very sharp and intelligent youth, who must be held with a tight rein, for fear of his becoming proud, and presuming too much upon his abilities." His masters appear to have taken the hint, and to have tried their hand at "breaking him in;" but he is nowise overcome. "They will not crush me," he exclaimed, "but raise me up."

We pass over the next period of his life, during which he saw much of the world, travelled in many lands, and mixed with the highest society, and had besides the opportunity of studying every phase in the mottled belief of that age of varied forms and creeds. During this period, he still kept his heart with all diligence. Writing to Charles Wesley about a somewhat peculiar act of self-denial, namely, the giving

up to a friend the lady of his choice, to whom he was engaged to be married, because he believed they would be happier together than if he pressed his own superior claims, he says, "From that moment, I was freed from all self-seeking, so that for ten years I have not done my own will in anything great or small. My own will is hell to me." God found for him a true help-meet in due time, who joined heartily with him in every good word and work, and seems to have had a Martha's hand with a Mary's heart. Zinzendorf pays her the highest tribute possible when he says, "An experience of twenty-five years has taught me that, the help I have had is the only kind of help that touches my vocation at every point."

On the 17th of June, 1722, the first house was commenced by the Moravian refugees, on the property of Count Zinzendorf, and from that unassuming structure, the village of Hernnhut sprang up; and the almost prophetic assurance of one of the earliest friends has certainly been fulfilled, that "God will kindle a light on these hills, which shall shine over the whole country; I am assured of it by faith." Throughout the early history of this Christian colony, it is instructive to mark how personal conviction of the value of conscience and truth is ever and anon causing some trouble, and yet always ending in the furtherance of the good work, while the conversion of souls is *the one object* which all seem to keep in view. The good men who had found a safe asylum at Hernnhut, were far from wishing to enjoy its peace in spiritual sloth. Christian David, a Moravian carpenter, the virtual originator of the settlement, was among the most anxious to disseminate the truth, and at once began to travel far and wide throughout the whole land, preaching the Word. It was as brave a deed as manning the life-boat to go off to the wreck; it meant leaving a port of peace and safety to run the risk of danger, and even of death. Imprisonment and bonds awaited these heralds of the cross, and patiently they endured all for the sake of winning souls.

The order and peace which reigned at this Christian settlement, are remarkable as compared with the general state even of the professed Christian world. We look in vain for anything to rival it. Like a light-house in a stormy sea, its steady light beamed safety and comfort to all around. As was to be expected, the presence of the Lord was markedly with them. Souls were suddenly stricken down under the power of the Word; the sick were healed in answer to believing prayer; till Zinzendorf was apprehensive lest the Brethren should allow themselves to be too much taken up with matters of this apparently miraculous order: and hence, on one occasion, when one of these sudden restorations took place, he spoke of it as a very simple circumstance that need not excite any special attention. The grand thing, he maintained, was to love Christ, and *to go to him for everything.* This spirit of godliness was not to be confined to the narrow limits of one small village, the candle must be put upon a candlestick.

In the year 1731, the Count writes as follows:—"Yesterday, I had a very friendly interview with Count Lawring. He wishes to come and see us. He has given me permission to bring his black slave, Antoine, home with me, as I want him to see Hernnhut, and to prepare the way for an effort on behalf of the negroes of Africa and Asia. The Danish Missions in Greenland and Lapland have been abandoned. The way is

open for any one who will undertake the work. I see a vast field before me. May the Lord be pleased to say, Amen!" On his return home, Zinzendorf urges the case of negro wretchedness so warmly, that at once volunteers are found who are prepared to become as slaves themselves, in order to reach those down-trodden ones, and take to them the light of life. The Mission to Greenland was espoused by other noble spirits, and thus beneath burning suns, and in frozen lands alike, these holy men were telling the wondrous love of Christ. Would that we had now a spirit as truly Christian as theirs; there would then be no lack of money nor of means in our missionary societies, and the gospel would soon be preached to every creature. We shall only get this power abroad by maintaining a higher state of discipline and piety at home. We select one instance of the rigid government of that Christian colony, which will show the high-toned character of all concerned:—

One of the refugees, who had secretly returned to Moravia to see his parents, was arrested and thrown into prison. The authorities not knowing what to do with him, released him after a time, and gave him a safe conduct, which stated that he had recanted. On his return to Hernnhut, Zinzendorf and the Brethren, to whom the man communicated what had passed, felt some scruples as to the pretence under which he was liberated. After conferring on the subject they decided that, as he owed his liberty to a false representation, he ought to go back to Moravia and make himself a prisoner again. He at once left, and carried out this decision to the letter. Fortunately for him the government was not disposed to trouble itself about the matter; and he was told rather roughly that he might go about his business; but the brave man refused to leave the place till a document had been given him, certifying that he had duly presented himself.

A new colony was formed after a time about a league from Hernnhut, on the estate of the Count's aunt. This movement was not nearly so successful as the first, and at last ended in a rupture, when some of the emigrants removing to the estate of Count Zinzendorf, he was involved in difficulties, and ultimately was ordered to dispose of all his property, and withdraw from Hernnhut. The Count became an exile for the church's sake; but he went forward, preaching the Word far and wide. Again and again did the enemies of the gospel try to disperse the members of the little flock at Hernnhut; but each commission sent to ban and curse was compelled, like Balaam, to praise and bless. The missionary spirit grew amidst the fires. Band after band of simple, holy men, went out from their midst to nearly every part of the world. Indians, Negroes, and the despised and down-trodden, were especially cared for by these heroic men. The bravest deeds of chivalry never surpassed the dauntless daring exhibited by many of these valiant champions for the truth. Could we but find men of like mind and character, we should see a new life and impulse given to our missionary enterprise. May God raise us up many such, should be the hearty prayer of us all.

After several years of exile, the Count was restored to his country, the king himself writing and inviting him to return. Such had been the earnest spotless life of these lowly Christians, that the mouth of calumny was stopped, and their praises began to spread on every side. Zinzendorf at last fell asleep, and he was laid in the grave, and devout men made great lamentation over him. The spot where the ashes of this

great and good man rest till the day of the Lord, is marked by a stone with an inscription commencing with the words—

"Here lie the bones of a man
Whose memory will never fade."

In the review of the history of this marvellous people, we cannot but see the hand of the Lord in the matter from the beginning to the close. They have always been a missionary church above all others; missionary work is considered by them a part of the business of the church—one of the main designs of its existence, while every member is expected to go at once wherever the general voice of the church shall direct. No wonder that God has blessed them, and that they have done more for the spread of the gospel than any other sect in proportion to their numbers. The lesson to us which is taught by their experience is this—that in proportion as the church lives to make known and spread the gospel abroad, and maintains strict discipline at home, will be the prosperity and happiness of the whole body of its members. We want church missions at home and abroad; we want careful oversight, and tender yet firm dealings with the worldliness and unholy actions of many of our church members: "Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."

Scraps.

THE five Sabbaths at the Agricultural Hall have passed, and the preacher has had strength enough for his more than Herculean task. Let the Lord's name be praised! The congregations were beyond all expectation large; even on the wet Sunday the place was crowded, while on other occasions many thousands were shut out. Joy delights to tell that numerous conversions have already been avowed, and the neighbouring ministers have —some of them—already heard of cases of conviction and decision. We now return to the Tabernacle; but now its immense area looks very small in comparison, and we shall never be content in it, unless we frequently break loose into the Agricultural Hall, or some other wider area.

IT is proposed that the first stone of the Almshouses should be laid by Thomas Olney, Esq., our senior deacon, on Monday, May 6, at three o'clock, after which there will be a tea meeting, at five. Tickets, one shilling each. The evening meeting at seven, will partake of the double character of a public meeting and prayer meeting. We hope to see many friends. Towards the deficit upon the Almhouses we have contributions of £300 from W. Higgs, £100 T. Olney, senr., £100 T. Olney, junr., and £100 C. H. Spurgeon, leaving £400 still to be subscribed.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXVII.

TITLE AND SUBJECT.—*Nothing whatever can be drawn from the title as to the time when this Psalm was written, for the heading, "A Psalm of David," is common to so many of the Psalms; but if one may judge from the matter of the song, the writer was pursued by enemies, verses 2 and 3, was shut out from the house of the Lord, verse 4, was just parting from father and mother, verse 10, and was subject to slander, verse 12; do not all these meet in the time when Doeg, the Edomite, spake against him to Saul? It is a song of cheerful hope, well fitted for those in trial who have learned to lean upon the Almighty arm. The Psalm may with profit be read in a threefold way, as the language of David, of the Church, and of the Lord Jesus. The plenitude of Scripture will thus appear the more wonderful.*

DIVISION.—*The poet first sounds forth his sure confidence in his God, 1—3, and his love of communion with him, 4—6. He then betakes himself to prayer, 7—12, and concludes with an acknowledgment of the sustaining power of faith in his own case, and an exhortation to others to follow his example.*

EXPOSITION.

THE LORD *is* my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD *is* the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, *even* mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this *will* I *be* confident.

1. "*The Lord is my light and my salvation.*"—Here is personal interest, "*my light*," "*my salvation*;" the soul is assured of it, and therefore, declaring it boldly. "*My light*"—into the soul at the new birth divine light is poured as the precursor of salvation; where there is not enough light to see our own darkness and to long for the Lord Jesus, there is no evidence of salvation. Salvation finds us in the dark, but it does not leave us there; it gives light to those who sit in the valley of the shadow of death. After conversion our God is our joy, comfort, guide, teacher, and in every sense our light; he is light within, light around, light reflected from us, and light to be revealed to us. Note, it is not said merely that the Lord gives light, but that he "*is*" light; nor that he gives salvation, but that he is salvation; he, then, who by faith has laid hold upon God has all covenant blessings in his possession. Every light is not the sun, but the sun is the father of all lights. This being made sure as a fact, the argument drawn from it is put in the form of a question, "*Whom shall I fear?*" A question which is its own answer. The powers of darkness are not to be feared, for the Lord, our light, destroys them; and the damnation of hell is not to be dreaded by us, for the Lord is our salvation. This is a very different challenge from that of boastful Goliath, for it is based upon a very different foundation; it rests not upon the conceited vigour of an arm of flesh, but upon the real power of the omnipotent I AM. "*The Lord is the strength of my life.*" Here is a third glowing epithet, to show that the writer's hope was fastened with a threefold cord which could not be broken. We may well accumulate terms of praise where the Lord lavishes deeds of grace. Our life derives all its strength from him who is the author of it; and if he deigns to make us strong we cannot be weakened by all the machinations of the adversary. "*Of whom shall I be afraid?*" The bold question looks into the future as well as the present. "If God be for us," who can be against us, either now or in time to come?

2. This verse records a past deliverance, and is an instance of the way in which experience should be employed to reassure our faith in times of trial. Each word is instructive. "*When the wicked.*" It is a hopeful sign for us when the wicked hate us; if our foes were godly men it would be a sore sorrow, but as for the wicked their hatred is better than their love. "*Even mine enemies and my foes.*" There were many of them, they were of different sorts, but they were unanimous in mischief and hearty in hatred. "*Came upon me*"—advanced to the attack, leaping upon the victim like a lion upon its prey. "*To eat up my flesh,*" like cannibals they would make a full end of the man, tear him limb from limb, and make a feast for their malice. The enemies of our souls are not deficient in ferocity, they yield no quarter, and ought to have none in return. See in what danger David was; in the grip and grasp of numerous, powerful, and cruel enemies, and yet observe his perfect safety and their utter discomfiture! "*They stumbled and fell.*" God's breath blew them off their legs. There were stones in the way which they never reckoned upon, and over these they made an ignominious tumble. This was literally true in the case of our Lord in Gethsemane, when those who came to take him went backward and fell to the ground; and herein he was a prophetic representative of all wrestling believers who, rising from their knees shall, by the power of faith, throw their foes upon their faces.

3. "*Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.*" Before the actual conflict, while as yet the battle is untried, the warrior's heart, being held in suspense, is very liable to become fluttered. The encamping host often inspires greater dread than the same host in actual affray. Young tells us of some—

"Who feel a thousand deaths in fearing one."

Doubtless the shadow of anticipated trouble is, to timorous minds, a more prolific source of sorrow than the trouble itself, but faith puts a strengthening plaister to the back of courage, and throws out of the window the dregs of the cup of trembling. "*Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.*" When it actually comes to push of pike, faith's shield will ward off the blow; and if the first brush should be but the beginning of a war, yet faith's banners will wave in spite of the foe. Though battle should succeed battle, and one campaign should be followed by another, the believer will not be dismayed at the length of the conflict. Reader, this third verse is the comfortable and logical inference from the second, confidence is the child of experience. Have you been delivered out of great perils? then set up your ensign, wait at your watch-fire, and let the enemy do his worst.

4 One *thing* have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

4. "*One thing.*" Divided aims tend to distraction, weakness, disappointment. The man of one book is eminent, the man of one pursuit is successful. Let all our affections be bound up in one affection, and that affection set upon heavenly things. "*Have I desired*"—what we cannot at once attain, it is well to desire. God judges us very much by the desire of our hearts. He who rides a lame horse is not blamed by his master for want of speed, if he makes all the haste he can, and would make more if he could; God takes the will for the

deed with his children. "*Of the Lord.*" This is the right target for desires, this is the well into which to dip our buckets, this is the door to knock at, the bank to draw upon; desire of men, and lie on the dunghill with Lazarus: desire of the Lord, and be carried of angels into Abraham's bosom. Our desires of the Lord should be sanctified, humble, constant, submissive, fervent, and it is well if, as with the psalmist, they are all molten into one mass. Under David's painful circumstances we might have expected him to desire repose, safety, and a thousand other good things, but no, he has set his heart on the pearl, and leaves the rest. "*That will I seek after.*" Holy desires must lead to resolute action. The old proverb says, "Wishers and wculders are never good housekeepers," and "wishing never fills a sack." Desires are seeds which must be sown in the good soil of activity, or they will yield no harvest. We shall find our desires to be like clouds without rain, unless followed up by practical endeavours. "*That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.*" For the sake of communion with the King, David longed to dwell always in the palace; so far from being wearied with the services of the Tabernacle, he longed to be constantly engaged in them, as his life-long pleasure. He desired above all things to be one of the household of God, a home-born child, living at home with his Father. This is our dearest wish, only we extend it to those days of our immortal life which have not yet dawned. We pine for our Father's house above, the home of our souls; if we may but dwell there for ever, we care but little for the goods or ills of this poor life. "Jerusalem the golden" is the one and only goal of our heart's longings. "*To behold the beauty of the Lord.*" An exercise both for earthly and heavenly worshippers. We must not enter the assemblies of the saints in order to see and be seen, or merely to hear the minister; we must repair to the gatherings of the righteous, intent upon the gracious object of learning more of the loving Father, more of the glorified Jesus, more of the mysterious Spirit, in order that we may the more lovingly admire, and the more reverently adore our glorious God. What a word is that, "*the beauty of the Lord!*" Think of it, dear reader! Better far—behold it by faith! What a sight will that be when every faithful follower of Jesus shall behold "the King in his beauty!" Oh, for that infinitely blessed vision! "*And to enquire in his temple.*" We should make our visits to the Lord's house enquirers' meetings. Not seeking sinners alone, but assured saints should be enquirers. We must enquire as to the will of God and how we may do it; as to our interest in the heavenly city, and how we may be more assured of it. We shall not need to make enquiries in heaven, for there we shall know even as we are known; but meanwhile we should sit at Jesus' feet, and awaken all our faculties to learn of him.

5. This verse gives an excellent reason for the psalmist's desire after communion with God, namely, that he was thus secured in the hour of peril. "*For in the time of trouble,*" that needy time, that time when others forsake me, "*he shall hide me in his pavilion:*" he shall give me the best of shelter in the worst of danger. The royal pavilion was erected in the centre of the army, and around it all the mighty men kept guard at all hours; thus in that divine sovereignty which almighty power is sworn to maintain, the believer peacefully is hidden, hidden not by himself furtively, but by the king, who hospitably entertains him. "*In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.*" Sacrifice aids sovereignty in screening the elect from harm. No one of old dared to enter the most holy place on pain of death; and if the Lord has hidden his people there, what foe shall venture to molest them? "*He shall set me up upon a rock.*" Immutability, eternity, and infinite power here come to the aid of sovereignty and sacrifice. How blessed is the standing of the man whom God himself sets on high above his foes, upon an impregnable rock which never can be stormed! Well may we desire to dwell with the Lord who so effectually protects his people.

6. "*And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me.*"—He is quite sure of it. Godly men of old prayed in faith, nothing wavering, and spoke of the answer to their prayers as a certainty. David was by faith so sure of a glorious victory over all those who beset him, that he arranged in his own

heart what he would do when his foes lay all prostrate before him; that arrangement was such as gratitude suggested. "*Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy.*" That place for which he longed in his conflict, should see his thankful joy in his triumphant return. He does not speak of jubilations to be offered in his palace, and feastings in his banqueting halls, but holy mirth he selects as most fitting for so divine a deliverance. "*I will sing.*" This is the most natural mode of expressing thankfulness. "*Yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.*" The vow is confirmed by repetition, and explained by addition, which addition vows all the praise unto Jehovah. Let who will be silent, the believer when his prayer is heard, must and will make his praise to be heard also; and let who will sing unto the vanities of the world, the believer reserves his music for the Lord alone.

7 Hear, O LORD, *when* I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 *When thou saidst*, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face *far* from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

7. "*Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice.*"—The pendulum of spirituality swings from prayer to praise. The voice which in the last verse was tuned to music is here turned to crying. As a good soldier, David knew how to handle his weapons, and found himself much at home with the weapon of "all prayer." Note his anxiety to be heard. Pharisees care not a fig for the Lord's hearing them, so long as they are heard of men, or charm their own pride with their sounding devotions; but with a genuine man, the Lord's ear is everything. The *voice* may be profitably used even in private prayer; for though it is unnecessary, it is often helpful, and aids in preventing distractions. "*Have mercy also upon me.*" Mercy is the hope of sinners and the refuge of saints. All acceptable petitioners dwell much upon this attribute. "*And answer me.*" We may expect answers to prayer, and should not be easy without them any more than we should be if we had written a letter to a friend upon important business, and had received no reply.

8. In this verse we are taught that if we would have the Lord hear our voice, we must be careful to respond to *his* voice. The true heart should echo the will of God as the rocks among the Alps repeat in sweetest music the notes of the peasant's horn. Observe, that the command was in the plural, to all the saints, "*Seek ye;*" but the man of God turned it into the singular by a personal application, "*Thy face, Lord, will I seek.*" The voice of the Lord is very effectual where all other voices fail, "*When thou saidst,*" then my "*heart,*" my inmost nature was moved to an obedient reply. Note the promptness of the response—no sooner said than done; as soon as God said "*seek,*" the heart said, "*I will seek.*" Oh, for more of this holy readiness! Would to God that we were more plastic to the divine hand, more sensitive of the touch of God's Spirit.

9. "*Hide not thy face far from me.*" The word "*far*" is not in the original, and is a very superfluous addition of the translators, since even the least hiding of the Lord's face is a great affliction to a believer. The command to seek the Lord's face would be a painful one if the Lord, by withdrawing himself, rendered

it impossible for the seeker to meet with him. A smile from the Lord is the greatest of comforts, his frown the worst of ills. "*Put not thy servant away in anger.*" Other servants had been put away when they proved unfaithful, as for instance, his predecessor Saul; and this made David, while conscious of many faults, most anxious that divine long-suffering should continue him in favour. This is a most appropriate prayer for us under a similar sense of unworthiness. "*Thou hast been my help.*" How truly can we join in this declaration; for many years, in circumstances of varied trial, we have been upheld by our God, and must and will confess our obligation. "Ingratitude" it is said, "is natural to fallen man," but to spiritual men it is unnatural and detestable. "*Leave me not, neither forsake me.*" A prayer for the future, and an inference from the past. If the Lord had meant to leave us, why did he begin with us? Past help is but a waste of effort if the soul now be deserted. The first petition, "*leave me not,*" may refer to temporary desertions, and the second word to the final withdrawal of grace, both are to be prayed against; and concerning the second, we have immutable promises to urge. "*O God of my salvation.*" A sweet title worthy of much meditation.

10. "*When my father and my mother forsake me.*" These dear relations will be the last to desert me, but if the milk of human kindness should dry up even from their breasts, there is a Father who never forgets. Some of the greatest of the saints have been cast out by their families, and persecuted for righteousness' sake. "*Then the Lord will take me up.*" Will espouse my cause, will uplift me from my woes, will carry me in his arms, will elevate me above my enemies, will at last receive me to his eternal dwelling place.

11. "*Teach me thy way, O Lord.*" He does not pray to be indulged with his own way, but to be informed as to the path in which the righteous Jehovah would have him walk. This prayer evinces an humble sense of personal ignorance, great teachableness of spirit, and cheerful obedience of heart. "*Lead me in a plain path.*" Help is here sought as well as direction; we not only need a map of the way, but a guide to assist us in the journey. A path is here desired which shall be open, honest, straightforward, in opposition to the way of cunning, which is intricate, tortuous, dangerous. Good men seldom succeed in fine speculations and doubtful courses; plain simplicity is the best spirit for an heir of heaven: let us leave shifty tricks and political expediences to the citizens of the world—the New Jerusalem owns plain men for its citizens. Esau was a cunning hunter, Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. "*Because of mine enemies.*" These will catch us if they can, but the way of manifest, simple honesty is safe from their rage. It is wonderful to observe how honest simplicity baffles and outwits the craftiness of wickedness. Truth is wisdom. "Honesty is the best policy."

12. "*Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies;*" or I should be like a victim cast to the lions, to be rent to pieces and utterly devoured. God be thanked that our foes cannot have their way with us, or Smithfield would soon be on a blaze again. "*For false witnesses are risen up against me.*" Slander is an old-fashioned weapon out of the armoury of hell, and is still in plentiful use; and no matter how holy a man may be, there will be some who will defame him. "Give a dog an ill name, and hang him;" but glory be to God, the Lord's people are not dogs, and their ill names do not injure them. "*And such as breathe out cruelty.*" It is their vital breath to hate the good; they cannot speak without cursing them; such was Paul before conversion. They who breathe out cruelty may well expect to be sent to breathe their native air in hell; let persecutors beware!

13 *I had fainted*, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

13. Faintness of heart is a common infirmity; even he who slew Goliath was subject to its attacks. Faith puts its bottle of cordial to the lip of the soul, and so prevents fainting. Hope is heaven's balm for present sorrow. In this land of

the dying, it is our blessedness to be looking and longing for our fair portion in the land of the living, whence the goodness of God has banished the wickedness of man, and where holy spirits charm with their society those persecuted saints who were vilified and despised among men. We must believe to see, not see to believe; we must wait the appointed time, and stay our soul's hunger with foretastes of the Lord's eternal goodness which shall soon be our feast and our song

14 Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

"*Wait on the Lord.*" Wait at his door with prayer; wait at his foot with humility; wait at his table with service; wait at his window with expectancy. Suitors often win nothing but the cold shoulder from earthly patrons after long and obsequious waiting; he speeds best whose patron is in the skies. "*Be of good courage.*" A soldier's motto. Be it mine. Courage we shall need, and for the exercise of it we have as much reason as necessity, if we are soldiers of King Jesus. "*And he shall strengthen thine heart.*" He can lay the plaister right upon the weak place. Let the heart be strengthened, and the whole machine of humanity is filled with power; a strong heart makes a strong arm. What strength is this which God himself gives to the heart? Read the "Book of Martyrs," and see its glorious deeds of prowess; go to God rather, and get such power thyself. "*Wait, I say, on the Lord.*" David, in the words "*I say*," sets his own private seal to the word which, as an inspired man, he had been moved to write. It is *his* testimony as well as the command of God, and indeed he who writes these scanty notes has himself found it so sweet, so reviving, so profitable to draw near to God, that on his own account he also feels bound to write, "*Wait*, I SAY, *on the Lord.*"

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1 (*first clause*).—The relation of illumination to salvation, or the need of light if men would be saved.

The Christian hero, and the secret springs of his courage.

The believer's fearless challenge.

Verse 2.—The character, number, power, and cruelty of the enemies of the Church, and the mysterious way in which they have been defeated.

Verse 3.—Christian peace. I. Exhibited in the calm foresight of trouble. II. Displayed in the confident endurance of affliction. III. Sustained by divine help and past experience (*verses* 1 & 2). IV. Producing the richest results, glory to God, &c.

Verse 4. Model Christian life. I. Unity of desire. II. Earnestness of action. III. Nearness of communion. IV. Heavenliness of contemplation. V. Progress in divine education.

Verse 4 (*last clauses*).—Sabbath occupations and heavenly delights.

Verse 4 (*final clause*).—Matters for enquiry in the temple of old opened up in the light of the New Testament.

Verse 5.—The threefold shelter. *See* Exposition.

Verse 6.—The saint's present triumph over his spiritual foes, his practical gratitude, and his vocal praises.

Verse 7.—Prayer. To whom addressed? How? "*Cry*," &c. When? *Left indefinite.* On what it is based? "*Mercy.*" What it needs "*hear.*" "*answer.*"

Verse 8.—The heart in tune with its God. Note. The promptness, heartiness, personality, unreservedness, accuracy, and resolution of the response to the precept.

Verse 9.—I. Desertion deprecated in all its forms. II. Experience pleaded. III. Divine aid implored.

Verse 10.—The portion of the orphan, the comfort of the persecuted, the paradise of the departing.

Verse 11.—The plain man's pathway desired, described, divinely approved, "*thy way*," "*a plain way*," and divinely taught, "*teach me, O Lord*," "*lead me.*"

Verse 13.—Faith, its precedence of sight, its objects, its sustaining power.

Verse 14.—The believer's position, "*wait*;" his condition, "*good courage*;" his support, "*he shall*," &c.; his perseverance, "*wait a second time*;" his reward.

The Higher Private Life in the Minister of the Gospel.

A PAPER READ BY PASTOR F. H. WHITE AT THE CONFERENCE, 1867.

AS M'Cheyne used to say, "A word to a minister is sometimes worth a word to three or four thousand souls." Thus I feel in speaking to one another in such an assembly as this, we really speak to thousands personally unknown to us, and exercise a ministry, the blessed results of which the great day alone can reveal. May the Spirit of grace and truth fill all our hearts that even in our common communications with each other we may be mutually profited, then who may estimate the blessing which shall come upon our sin-stricken neighbourhood through the means of this Conference?

The subject upon which I have been requested to address you is—"*The Higher Private Life in the Minister of the Gospel, and its Bearing upon his Public Labours*; or, in other words, *A Holy Walk Before God, the Main Prerequisite for Success in the Gospel Ministry.*" May the Lord give me the tongue of the learned, and may the opening of my lips be right things.

Upon so appalling a spectacle as an *unconverted* ministry I need say but little. "Nothing can be more indecent," says Baxter, "than to hear a dead preacher speaking to dead sinners the living truth of the living God;" and again with terrible truthfulness he remarks, "Many have warned others that they come not to that place of torment which yet they hasted to themselves. Many a preacher is now in hell that hath a hundred times called upon his hearers to use their utmost care and diligence to escape it." And we know who has said, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" and again, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works. And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." May God in his great mercy save our College from ever even unwittingly helping into the ministry any who, while professing to be wholly separated unto the gospel of God, and to be moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the same, are nevertheless proved by their lives to be "enemies to the cross of Christ," "promising liberty to others, yet themselves the servants of corruption." "Lord, is it I? am I one of these preachers?" may well be the cry of each one of us.

But our business this morning is not to consider the question, Whether unconverted men ought to be in the ministry, or whether God can use such? We know he can and sometimes does, for he delights to honour his own truth, even though it be dispensed through impure channels. Nor need we stay to ask, Whether converted men are not often made instruments of blessing to others, when their own souls are in a cold backsliding state? We know they are, and a mercy it is that the salvation of the elect depends not on the ever-varying condition of heart in them that proclaim the word of faith; but what we assert is, that while a man may be holy, and yet lack success in preaching the gospel (for all the called are not called to the public ministry of the Word), yet all things being equal, that man will be most used of God who is most filled with God. According to the divine rule, "Them that honour me, I will honour." Ah! and when all things are not equal, this is frequently the case, for God will often pass by great attainments to put honour upon a life of personal holiness.

Robert M'Cheyne (and you will bear with me if I make frequent allusion to this blessed servant of Christ; I do so because his life presents so striking an illustration of the power of a holy walk to secure success in the ministry), in one of his precious letters writes:—"In great measure, according to the purity and perfection of the instrument, will be the success. It is not great talents that God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is

an awful weapon in the hand of God." And again, "Speak for eternity, but above all, cultivate your own spirit: a word spoken by you when your conscience is clean and your heart full of God's Spirit, is worth ten thousand words spoken in unbelief and sin. I find I am never so successful as when I can lie at Christ's feet willing to be used or not as seemeth him good." On another occasion, when writing to Wm. Burns (who is now labouring with apostolic zeal in China), and speaking of the great desire he had for a pure and wide-spread awakening amongst the masses of the ungodly, he adds, "I am deepened in my conviction that if we are to be instruments in such a work, we must be purified from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. Oh! cry for personal holiness, constant nearness to God by the blood of the Lamb. Bask in his beams. Lie back in the arms of his love. Be filled with his Spirit, or all success in the ministry will only be to your everlasting confusion. How much more useful might we be if we were only more free from pride, self-conceit, personal vanity, or some secret sin that our heart knows. Oh! hateful sins, that destroy our peace and ruin souls."

But hear one of yet greater authority—writing to Timothy: Paul says, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." And how far purity of life and fitness for service were associated in the mind of the apostle, may be gathered from his second letter to his "son in the faith," in which he writes, "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." Again, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Depend upon it, the best answer which is sometimes raised against our youth is a holy life. In Jeremiah xxiii. 32, God declares he is against the prophets who cause his people to err by their lightness, and adds, "They shall not profit this people at all." Brethren, if our profiting is to appear unto all, we must be men of weight, such as Paul exhorts Titus to be. "In all things shewing ourselves patterns of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us." I mean not that we should affect a seriousness which does not belong to us, for while "the sinner is overawed by that which is holy, he is disgusted by that which is sanctimonious." There is a beautiful description of a holy and therefore a successful minister, in Malachi ii. 6: "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity."

It is not difficult to conceive how the silence of some men may be a greater power for good than the speech of others; for a holy character is a constant sermon. Thus, at Jedburgh, M'Cheyne's biographer tells us, the impression left was chiefly that there had been among them a man of peculiar holiness. Some felt not so much his words as his presence and holy solemnity, as if one spoke to them who was standing in the presence of God. After his death a note was found unopened, which had been sent to him while he lay in the fever. It ran thus: "I hope you will pardon a stranger addressing to you a few lines. I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you said as your manner of speaking which struck me. I saw in you a beauty of holiness that I never saw before."

What wonder that the ministry of such a man was a ministry of power! His preaching was described by one who heard him—as if it were a "blast of the great trumpet that shall awake the dead." And what was the secret of the success which attended the preaching of such men as President Edwards, the Tennants, Whitefield, Wesley, John Livingstone, Brown of Haddington, Brainerd, Payson, and others whom time would fail to mention? How was it that in their hands every stroke of the hammer of the Word told, and few

could resist the wisdom and spirit with which they spake? Was it not that, like Stephen, they were men "full of faith and the Holy Ghost"? Their fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. They lived in Christ, and Christ lived in them. Thus immersed into the spirit of their Master, is it any wonder their word was with power, and thousands became converted under their preaching? And might not we, after making all allowance for our deficiency in point of gift and mental attainments, expect to be used in a similar way, when we follow them, as they followed Christ? Do not our Lord's own words, in John xv., warrant such an expectation—"He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit"? Is it too much to say that "success is the rule under a living ministry, want of success the exception"? "Our want of ministerial success," says one, "is a tremendous circumstance not to be contemplated without horror." It is said of M'Cheyne, that he entertained so full a persuasion that a faithful minister has every reason to expect to see souls converted under him, that, when this was withheld, he began to fear some hidden evil was provoking the Lord and grieving the Spirit. And ought it not, to be so with us? for whilst non-success in preaching the gospel does not necessarily prove my soul to be in an unhealthy state, my heart cannot surely be right with God if I am *content* with such a state of things. Apparent failure in the ministry is one thing, carelessness as to the result of our preaching another; the one may be of God, the other is, without doubt, of Satan. It is said of Alleine, that he was insatiably and infinitely greedy of the conversion of souls; of M'Cheyne, that "He seemed dying to have ye converted." Whitefield was seldom known to preach a sermon without weeping. Brainerd wrote: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I waked the first thing I thought of was this great work." Like the apostle Paul and others, these men "travailed in birth" for souls. What wonder that souls were born under their word?

O brethren, we have done well to come together this morning, if it be only to remind one another that the Lord's arm is not shortened, nor his grace less full and free than in days that have past. And if his Spirit be restrained, and the showers withheld, is there not a cause? and may it not lie in the lack of personal holiness on our part? May not our pride, unbelief, and self-indulgence, be shutting the windows of heaven? How many of us can address our people as Paul addressed the Christians at Thessalonica, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe"?

I feel I need not say more upon the necessity of keeping well our own vineyards, if we would successfully tend the vineyards of others; of taking heed to *ourselves*, if we would feed the church of God over which the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers; or, to return to our first proposition, of regarding "A holy walk as the main pre-requisite for success in the ministry of the word." Allow me to add a few brief words upon "the *best means of promoting the higher private life*," which we are all ready to acknowledge so indispensable to usefulness in the ministry.

First let me mention, SELF-EXAMINATION. "*Personal enquiry into the state of our own souls.*" I know the flesh will shrink from such work as this, but surely it is needful, for how else shall we discern hidden causes of barrenness? how else can we get to know wherein we have departed from our first love, or be furnished with matter for confession? * M'Cheyne in his Personal Reformation says, "I ought to take all methods for seeing the vileness of my sins. I ought to look at them in the light of the holy law—in the light of God's countenance—in the light of the cross, in the light of the judgment-seat—

* "Memoir and Remains of Robert Murray M'Cheyne." By the Rev. Andrew Bonar. (Nisbet.) A book which no minister of the gospel ought to be without. Dear reader, see that your pastor has also "Additional Remains." (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)

in the light of hell—in the light of eternity. I ought to examine my dreams, my floating thoughts, my predilections, my often recurring actions, my habits of thought, feeling, speech, and action, the slanders of my enemies, and the reproofs and even banterings of my friends, to find out traces of my prevailing sin—matter for *confession*." Were we to deal thus faithfully with ourselves, could the result be otherwise than *self-humiliation*, *self-emptying?* both so needful if we are to be filled with God's Spirit. There is no one I feel I have more cause to be afraid of than myself; no one whose companionship is so undesirable; nor is there any place whence more dangers are likely to arise than from my heart. The seeds of every sin are there. It is a nest of unclean birds, a sink of iniquity. Deceitful and desperately wicked, who can know it? O brethren, above all men, as ministers of Christ, do we each need to cry unceasingly—"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

II. A CONSTANT AND BELIEVING APPLICATION TO CHRIST; for only by so doing can we maintain a clean conscience before God. Ere the Aaronic priests could minister before the vail in the holy place, they were required to wash in the brazen laver, under pain of death. Alas! I fear, we often go to our work unwashed; our consciences defiled with unconfessed, therefore unforgiven sin. If so, is it any wonder our word lacks keenness of edge, and so often fails to cut a way into the sinner's heart, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit? O brethren, let us never talk of the preciousness and power of the blood of Christ, if the same be not a matter of present experience with us; nothing is more deadening in its effect upon our own souls, or more fatal to real power in our ministry. I feel sure, if we would preach the cross successfully to others, we must spend much time there ourselves. Isaiah "saw his glory and spake of him." Paul could say, "We also believe, and *therefore* speak." The beloved John could write, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly *our* fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

"I never was fit," says Payson, "to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself, and felt as though I had just received pardon to my own soul.' Does not this agree with the experience of a certain royal preacher, whose prayer to God was, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit, *then* will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee"? Listen to M'Cheyne on this point—"'We must have the taste of the manna in our mouth,' 'milk and honey under our tongue,' else we cannot tell of its sweetness. We must be drinking the living water from the smitten rock, or we cannot speak of its refreshing power. We must be hiding our guilty souls in the wounds of Jesus, or we cannot with joy speak of the peace and rest to be found there. This is the reason why unfaithful ministers are cold and barren in their labours. They speak, like Balaam, of a Saviour whose grace they do not feel; they speak, like Caiaphas, of the blood of Christ, without having felt its power to speak peace to the troubled heart. This is the reason why many good men have a barren ministry. They speak from clear head knowledge, or from past experience, but not from a present grasp of the truth, not from a present sight of the Lamb of God. Hence, their words fall like a shower of snow, fair and beautiful—but cold and freezing." The Lord give us to stand in the presence of the Lord Jesus; to be ourselves ever constantly receiving of his fulness, that out of the abundance of the heart our mouth may speak; according to that promise—"He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters."

III. READING THE SCRIPTURES FOR OURSELVES. Filling our own pitcher at the fountain of God's truth; not only leading others to the green pastures of the Word, and beside the still waters, but lying down there ourselves. If all the sheep be not shepherds, the shepherds must remember they are all sheep, and need to pray as well as other believers. "Tell me, O thou whom my soul

loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" Mere official reading of the Bible will never help us to a holy walk. If other Christians, that they sin not, need to hide the word in their heart, will it sanctify us to have it in our mouths merely? To be "good ministers of Jesus Christ," we must be "nourished up in the words of faith;" but whoever received any nourishment from merely preparing and serving up food for others, even though it was of the most nutritious kind?

Brethren, let us see to it, that whilst we nourish others we do not starve ourselves; that while we heap fuel upon other people's fires, we do not suffer our own to go out—water our neighbour's garden and leave our own unrefreshed. "Charity begins at home." Adams says, "I want one point of selfishness, which is, to convert the Word of God to my own use. All the reflections I make upon the pride, corruption, blindness, and deadly fall of man; upon the necessity of the daily cross, and death to the world, I bestow freely upon others, and am hindered, by the deceitfulness of my own heart and the artifice of the devil, from turning the edge of them upon myself." Let us pray much to be delivered from this dreadful snare to which, as ministers of the gospel, we are so peculiarly prone. Let us seek for grace so to read the Scriptures that they may be made profitable to our own souls, as well as to the souls of those to whom we preach. We who teach, do we not need "doctrine"? we who reprove, "correction"? we who "affirm constantly that they which have believed in God should be careful to maintain good works"? to be men of God, "thoroughly furnished unto every good work"? but how can these things be, unless with a diligent and devotional spirit, we *read the Scriptures for ourselves?*

IV. Continuing instant in prayer. Proving ourselves true sons of the closet. Mighty in supplication, as well as "mighty in the Scriptures," for both are needful if we would be successful winners of souls. No man can be a holy man who is not a man of prayer; hence a prayerless ministry will be a powerless one. "I ought," says M'Cheyne, "to spend the best hours of the day in communion with God; it is my noblest and most fruitful employment, and ought not to be thrust into a corner." I am persuaded of this, dear brethren, if we thrust prayer into a corner, God will soon thrust our usefulness into a corner. The most useful men have been pre-eminently men of prayer. Baxter is said to have stained his study walls with the breath of prayer, and John Welsh would spend sometimes seven or eight hours a day in the closet, and used to keep a plaid upon his bed that he might rise at night. Sometimes his wife found him on the ground weeping, and on asking the cause, he would reply, "I have three thousand souls to take care of, and how do I know how many of them are prospering." John Livingstone says, "I found that much studying did not so much help me in preaching, as the getting my heart brought to a spiritual disposition. There is sometimes somewhat in preaching that cannot be ascribed either to the matter or expression, and cannot be described what it is, or from whence it cometh—but with a sweet violence it pierceth into the heart and affections, and comes immediately from the Lord; but if there be any way to attain to any such thing, it is by a heavenly disposition of the speaker. I never preached one sermon which I would be earnest to see again in wryte but two; the one was on one Monday after the communion, at Shotts,* and the other on one Monday after the communion, at Holywood; *and both these times I had spent the whole night before in conference and prayer with some Christians, without any more than ordinary preparation.*"

You have all heard of the poor stone breaker's reply to the minister, who observed him breaking stones with a hammer, and kneeling, the better to get at his work. The minister said, "Ah! John, I wish I could break the stony heart of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." "Perhaps, master,"

* To this one sermon, no fewer than 500 persons are said to have attributed, under God, their conversion.

answered the man, "*you don't work on your knees!*" O brethren, if our ministry is to be a heart-breaking ministry, we must work more upon our knees, we must pray more. Remember, there is still "a kind that goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting."

V. COPYING CLOSELY THE LORD JESUS. Making him our example as ministers of the gospel, we should study carefully the principle upon which he lived and laboured, marking well the secret of his glorious ministry, as the Righteous Servant, *the Apostle* as well as High Priest of our profession. We should think of him as the *dependent man*, the *man of prayer*, seeking and receiving from the Father strength needful to sustain him in the stupendous work he had voluntarily undertaken; so that he could say, "I can of my own self do nothing." "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

The *anointed man*. "Anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil; for *God was with him*." Here was the secret of our Lord's wonderful ministry—God was with him. Jesus abode in his Father's love; Jesus walked with God (though himself God). "The Spirit of the Lord did rest upon him, the spirit of *wisdom* and *understanding*, the spirit of *counsel* and *might*, the spirit of *knowledge* and the fear of the Lord." Jesus was full of the Holy Ghost. "Be *ye* filled with the Spirit," is the word for us, whom "he is not ashamed to call his brethren." And does he not say to us, "As the living Father hath sent me, so send I you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost"?

We must imitate him as the *believing man*, the *man of faith*—the Prince and Perfecter of faith, of whom his very enemies said, "He trusted in God;" and who himself declared, "I will put my trust in Him;" and again, "The Lord God will help me; therefore I shall not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed."

Lastly: we must copy him as the *consecrated One*—the true Nazarite—"Holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" the *obedient*, *devoted Servant*, whose *first* recorded words were, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" whose *last*, "It is finished."

"Such was his truth, and such his zeal,
Such deference to his Father's will:
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine."

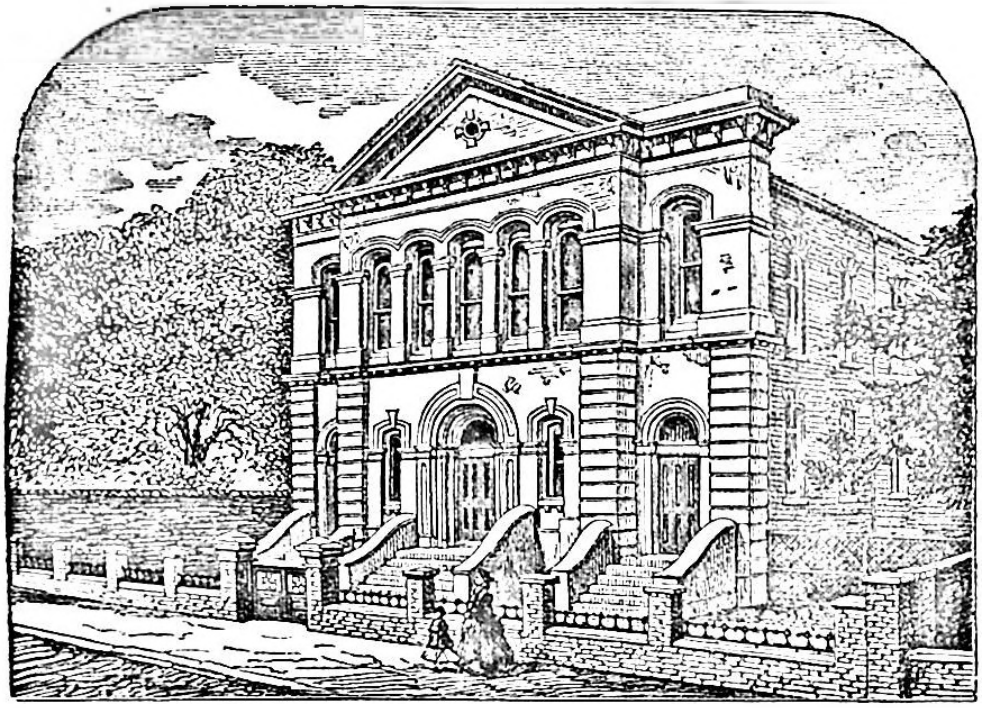
I would take a "line" out of some people's books, a "leaf" from others, and from not a few a "whole chapter;" but let me have Christ in the "entire volume", —the life of Jesus to a letter—

"A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!"

Finally, brethren, let us "yield ourselves unto God, as those who are alive from the dead." Let us "give ourselves clean away to God," making no reserves—reserves ruin souls. Let none of us seek his own, but the things which are Jesus Christ's, remembering we are to be vessels for the Master's use, *where*, *when*, and *how* he will; and let us

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally."

Carlton Chapel, Southampton.



THE above place of worship was opened on March 20th, 1866, when two sermons were preached by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, to crowded audiences. It is situated in the main thoroughfare of the town, in an increasing neighbourhood. The chapel will accommodate between 600 and 700, having one gallery facing the platforms. The baptistry is on a raised platform, above which is a platform for the preacher. There are also commodious rooms at the back for Bible classes, etc., also available at baptisms, besides a vestry for the minister. The chapel has cost about £2,200, exclusive of land. Of this amount the church and congregation have raised some £1,250. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has kindly given £100; £400 have been lent without interest from the Metropolitan Tabernacle Loan Building Fund, and £200 from the Baptist Building Fund, leaving a deficiency of £250, which must be paid immediately. We also greatly need our school-room, which has been left for the present, owing to lack of funds, the children being compelled to meet in the gallery of the chapel. With regard to the work of God in our hands, we may speak with gratitude for what God has done, both in the harmony and increase of the church. The congregations also are good, the place being well filled in the evening of the Lord's-day. If any friends would kindly assist us in raising the above amount, or in completing our schools, we should be very grateful. The Pastor, J. Collins, The Avenue, Southampton, will be happy to receive any contributions.

Our Own Hymn Book.

CAN any of the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," who are familiar with hymnology, kindly point out the authors of any of the following hymns in "Our Own Hymn Book"?—

Nos. 176, 217, 272, 301, 392, 463, 500, 501, 502, 576, 595, 600, 629, 667, 687, 701, 744, 771, 772, 804, 901, 914, 920, 951, 962, 991, 1016, 1025.

Communications upon the subject will be gratefully received by Mr. Spurgeon, or Mr. D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.

Our Orphanage.

AS we intimated in our last number, the property so generously given by one donor has been invested in trust, the number of trustees being twelve. We have also completed the purchase of the land at Stockwell, and the orphanage will henceforth be known as "The Stockwell Orphanage." It is now time to commit this enterprise to the care of the Lord's people, and to ask of them the exercise of prayer for the success of the work, and of liberality in aiding it. Our position is just this:—We did not seek this work, but it was by a most singular providence cast upon us; at first we felt inclined to avoid its onerous responsibilities, and pressed our friend to give the money to Mr. Müller, but being, upon fuller reflection, unable to refuse her request, we have gone forward in humble dependence upon the will of God, and expect to see his mighty power revealed. To found an orphan house in London into which children should be received without requiring from their friends the labour and expense of canvassing for votes, is an object worthy of the aid of generous persons; and that the orphans when received will be under the care of Christian persons, and directly associated with a flourishing Christian church, should commend the project to the confidence of the lovers of the Lord Jesus. If the Lord shall be pleased to bless our efforts in future years to the conversion of the boys in the school, it may so happen that ministers and missionaries will be found for our churches among these children of our care, whose souls will be our first and highest concern. We entreat the Lord our God who has for several years provided so bountifully for our College, to stretch out his hand to help us in this new and untried work; and in order that his people may be fully aware of the needs of the work, we must mention the following facts:—The sum of £20,000 transferred to the trustees is almost all in the shape of Railway Debentures, or other forms of investment which cannot at the present time be realised without serious loss. As these bonds nearly all mature within the next two years, we feel that it would be folly to attempt to part with them at the present juncture, and in the hope (not altogether without fear), that these securities will be redeemed according to agreement, we must wait with patience till the full time shall come. Thus our friends will see that the funds in hand are not available for present use, and that we are comparatively at a standstill. In order to complete the purchase of the ground which we thought it of the highest importance to secure, we have had to borrow £3,000 upon the security of a portion of our bonds. We confess that this necessary transaction is not to our taste, and we earnestly wish that we had the means to pay off that sum, and leave the bonds alone until they can be realised. Now the ground is in our possession, and the season is come for building operations, but we have no money to go on with unless we effect another loan, and this we do not think wise. It is true we can wait, but then the ground is lying idle, and the cause of charity will be losing, so long as we wait, £150 a year in the form of interest upon unused property; and, meanwhile, many orphan children are seeking admittance for whom we can do nothing. It may be also well to mention that the law of mortmain operates in our case in such a way, that should our generous friend be removed by death within the next twelve months, the heir-at-law can claim the properties which have been handed over to the trust. We firmly believe and earnestly pray, that the Lord who has spared her to see this great work commenced, will graciously preserve her for many years to come to see the growth and prosperity of the institution; but still there is the matter of fact as to the law, and it is not encouraging. What is needed, as far as shortsighted creatures can judge, is this—that the sum given by the first donor should be left altogether untouched, and remain for ever as an endowment fund, and that the Christian public should find the means to pay for the ground and erect the buildings. The fact that the gift is in a sense tied up and bound by providential circumstances, seems in some measure to indicate that this is the path which the Lord would have us pursue;

and if he shall further move his people spontaneously to send the means, it will be to us a source of unutterable comfort.

Our plan is to build schoolroom, chapel, and other offices in the centre of the ground, and to erect as the funds may come in, houses in which the boys may live in groups, like families. This plan is certainly convenient for our circumstances, as it will permit of our building by degrees, and we think that its practical working will be of the most useful kind. This mode of building enables us to enlist and to use the aid of all our friends, whether able to contribute little or much. Many small sums may build the schools, and larger gifts may erect the houses. Are there not within our circle of fellow-labourers, persons of wealth who might give enough money to build one of the dwelling-houses which, according to the size selected, might cost either £250, £500, or £1,000? We know some who contribute very largely to orphans, would they not be investing their money profitably by enabling us to get this institution into working order? Could not many collect for the Building Fund among their friends? Might we not have a "Sword and Trowel" house built by our readers? Will not the friends at the Tabernacle make it a point of honour to have a Tabernacle House? The workmen of one firm in the building trade have agreed to build a house in their spare time, and the head of the firm has promised to give the materials. Are there no other workers of a like mind? We have, as our friends need not to be told, no personal interest to promote, and therefore we are bold to push the matter: the claims of the fatherless and the orphan will not, we trust, need any very earnest pleas from us to press them upon the followers of Jesus; and the opportunity now offered is one which must peculiarly commend itself to those whose views of divine truth are similar to our own.

It may be asked, What then is the amount which you ask for? Our answer is, that before the work can be thoroughly done, we shall need £10,000 to be laid out in building, and this amount we ask for: it is but a small sum for God to give, and if it be his divine will he will send it. If this is not sent to us at once we must do the best with what the Lord is pleased to entrust to us, and wait upon him for more as our needs arise. Will each reader of "The Sword and Trowel" who has power in prayer, send up to the Infinite Majesty a prayer for our success in this benevolent enterprise?

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(Continued from page 183.)

LI.

EVERY Christian church should be like an arch, which, *with Christ for the keystone*, may be driven over and over by Satan or the world, and, then, the heavier pressed, the stronger shall the arch become, each of all its several parts getting nearer and dearer to the rest; but, strike out that keystone, and you need not think that either Satan or the world will attempt to press it,—*they know full well that it will fall in pieces of itself!*

LII.

THE wrong side of a piece of cloth often looks better, at first sight, than the right one; and, so, have a care. The *wrong* side of life's daily web often looks better than the right one; but, then, it is only at first sight. The wrong's the wrong, and the right's the right, all looks to the contrary; and, if you doubt it, put a strip of the one down by the other, and, after awhile, look how they look and—wear.

LIII.

How our *ways* are affected by our *wishes!* How easy and convenient is the most awkward and difficult path when we *want* to walk that way,—how awkward and difficult is the most easy and convenient when we want *not*. Yet people attempt to disguise their wills of waywardness by all sorts of pathetic confessions as to their wayward wills!

LIV.

Every one knows the childish tendency to use the left hand and become left-handed. The physical fact has a spiritual significance; for, ever since the fall, man's tendencies have been to the *sin*ister; and our Father in heaven has much to do to teach us the *use* of the right. Even to the last, however, we have all a singular sympathy with those who have succeeded in confirming their earliest predilection.

LV.

You may slide *down* a ladder, but you have to walk *up*. Even so, the *downward* path may be very easy, and the *upward* path very steep; but, then, the one leadeth to the light, the other leadeth to the tomb. You are taken, from the former, into glory eternal,—you fall, from the latter, into everlasting death!

LVI.

As, on the long and weary course of his pilgrimage to the principal shrine of his chosen saint, the poor pilgrim seeks rest and encouragement by the way at the lesser shrines of the same tutelary name, so, what are all our Christian meetings, from our Sabbath services to our fireside talks, but so many lesser worships on our way to the great worshipping throng of heaven; and as, on approaching the holy city of his search, the weary pilgrim takes off the soiled and worn garments of his desert travel, so, what is death, to the Christian, but the putting off of the dusty garments of his earth-journey on entering the city of his God?

LVII.

Look at yonder light, and, now, look into yonder darkness, and, then, look again at the light. You will find your sight of the darkness illumined by a retention of the light just looked at, and you will find your sight of the light sobered by a retention of the darkness. And, even so, shall we not walk through the ever-varying scenes of earthly life? There are spots light, and there are spots dark. There are times which seem all brightness, and there are times which seem all gloominess. Let us ever so look at each that, wisely toning the one by the other, we shall never exult too exultingly nor fear too fearfully.

LVIII.

There are many things we do not *recognise* until we cannot *see* them,—until sense of sight is exchanged, it may be, for sense of touch. God often has to make us *feel* keenly in order that we may *see* correctly. Better *that* than not at all!

LIX.

How eager we are that every finger-post should tell us how far we are from our journey's end, and how prone we are, in the midst of this anxiety, to forget to give thanks for the blessing of the finger-post itself!

LX.

Have you never stood by the sea-shore when the sun has seemed most sovereign in his gracious glory, and when he has appeared desirous of submerging the tide of waters beneath the full tide of his unwatered light; and have you never noticed that, away out to sea, the light upon the waters looked broad as the horizon while, at your feet, it seemed but *your* width; and, then, have you never exulted in the thought that all that tapering way of golden glory was the sun's good gift to *you?* Oh! yes; and more than that; for, as you walk along the shore, it moves with you; and, so, still keeps uninterrupted this heavenly

communication with *you*. But, see! a little farther on the well-washed sand, there stands the lame and diseased man who, but the other moment, solicited of your charity; and the sun's perpetual smile of light and liberty and love goes down to *his* feet just the same; and, if he *dare* think so, *he* would think that that noontide blessing was especially for *him!* And so with yonder little boy, your own little boy, out with you upon one of those yearly trips that shall be thought of, in the long years of his future care, as seasons of unsullied and untroubled joy; but, even then, as with you now, the glorious effulgence shall come down close to *his* feet; and to yours again, as you stand by his side, resting on his arm, with hoary head and trembling grasp. And so, too, with all the present and future walkers and watchers and waiters,—ay, and all the walkers and watchers and waiters of the past,—upon that shore, rich and poor, strong and feeble, proud and lowly, native and foreign; and, as with them, so with all the walkers and watchers and waiters upon the varied strand of worldly life in all time. If they will only go down near enough to the great ocean of the Saviour's blood, they will see the sunshine of the Father's smile reflected upon its purifying waves; and, though, in the distance, seemingly as broad as the horizon of the world on which they stand, they shall see that it tapers and tapers to *their* feet, and seems to be to *them*. And so it is. It is to each and all who look for it. And if, besides looking, thou wilt go far enough, and step into "the pool," and "wash, and be clean," clean enough thou shalt be; and, just as in bathing by the sea-side, the very sun that now strikes hot and heavy through the coarse garments of thy dress, shall be reflected from thy purified body—even as from the waves! Away, then, with thy wife and little ones, and all thine house, once and for ever, for new life and for all refreshment, to *that* "sea-side!"

Reviews.

NOTICE.—In our Review department we may be somewhat singular in our modes of procedure, but those who object to our doings have a very simple remedy, namely, not to send us their books. We say, then, very respectfully, but very plainly, that *we do not intend to enter into any controversy with authors about our notices of their works*. They send their books that they may have the benefit of such publicity as our notice of them may afford; if that publicity should be attended with our censure rather than our commendation, they must put up with it, or find such other redress as may be available. Our opinion may be right or wrong, but if we give it when asked for, as far as our pages are concerned, there must be an end of the matter. Moreover, to all whom it may concern, we give information that we do not pledge ourselves to notice all the books sent to us, and especially controversial pamphlets, teeming with personalities, prophetical catch-pennies, or catch-shillings, insane maunderings, half heresy, half egotism, and rubbishing rhymes of the "poet Close" order: these may be advertised by the authors at their own expense, we shall not give them even so much encouragement as our public ridicule, unless indeed the ends of truth, or the interests of the public may be served thereby. Nor will we be drawn into *privately* expressing an opinion when we have been publicly silent. Her Majesty's revenue is much increased by letters sent to us requesting our views upon matters wherein we have no views, and by abuse of us for our silence. The Post Office profit is not increased by our answers, for we send none. This is a sad want of courtesy! Very likely, but if tiresome correspondents would be courteous enough to remember that they have no claim upon our time, we should not need to be so uncourteous as to tell them so. Courtesy or no courtesy, we give real gold instead of doubtful silver—the gold of silence instead of the silver of speech.

A Journey to Ashango-land, and further penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This, which is M. Du Chaillu's second work, has all the novelty of romance, combined with the deeper interest of truthful narrative. Next month we hope to give an outline of his marvellous adventures. Meanwhile, all who can afford well furnished libraries, will procure the volume, which is embellished with many engravings, and is published at a guinea.

Ecclesiastical History of England. By John Stoughton. In 2 vols. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We intend next month giving an article on this excellent ecclesiastical history. Meanwhile, we strongly commend the work to our readers, as being the most interesting and trustworthy history of the church, of the civil wars, and of the commonwealth, ever published.

Useful Hints to a young Servant. By the late Mary B. Duncan, author of "Bible Hours." Price Twopence. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

Excellent advice to young servants. The remarks upon tawdry finery, and meeting male friends on the sly in the dark, are very faithful, and we fear, much needed by some domestic servants. Happy they who have godly maidens to serve in the house.

Earth's Care and Heaven's Cure. By Rev. John Philip, of Fordoun. 3rd Thousand. Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

This is a valuable contribution towards solving the question, *How to Cure Care.* It treats of the burden, the lever, and the fulcrum, and has for its text, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." It is most important that the servants of the Master should be without carefulness as to their private interests, and anything which can induce them to use care's sure antidote, is of great service to them. Those who are afflicted by the tyranny of old "king care," may be helped to strike for their liberty by perusing this consoling treatise.

The Teacher's Model and the Model Teacher, or thoughts on the Educational aspect of our Lord's teaching. By W. H. Groser. James Clarke, & Co., and Sunday School Union, London.

A golden idea well beaten out. We are greatly pleased with the author's train of thought, and believe it to be capable of expansion into volumes, though it is here condensed into a mere pamphlet. Our Lord, is indeed, the fulness of wisdom, and those who would teach well, should evermore sit at his feet. Mr. Groser has evidently been much at home both with his subject and with Sunday School Teachers, for whom his lecture is mainly intended.

Calvary Bloom as seen in the Life and Letters of Miss Moon, of Malton. By W. B. Luddington. Dedicated to the forty thousand Sabbath-school teachers of Primitive Methodism. London: W. Lister, Conference Offices, Sutton Street, Commercial Road.

The brief story of a young convert who lived earnestly and died peacefully. Among the immediate friends of the departed, this little memoir will be read with much interest.

"*Yes! or No!*" By Brownlow North, author of "Ourselves," &c. W. Hunt & Co.

The twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, with its interesting picture of the steward seeking a bride for Isaac, is the background for a clear and attractive display of the plan of salvation. We are glad to see our friend again at his pen; God will honour him in such work, for he has evidently called him to it. Great as Mr. North is acknowledged to be as a speaker, we have often heard it said, that he is more excellent as a writer; for a certain apparent severity of tone, which rather jars in the oral utterance, is, of course, absent from the written appeal; and the matter, always cogent and valuable, receives undivided and unprejudiced attention.

The Mysterious Parchment. An American Story. Revised and edited by J. W. KIRTON, Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Partridge.

A THOROUGH-GOING Permissive Bill story. An accumulation of horrors, enough to make one lie awake by nights, and shiver with fright; and yet no one of the horrors is in itself overdrawn or improbable. The horrors of drunkenness are beyond all exaggeration. We should not like to be a drink-maker or drink-seller and have this tale within ten miles of us. It has a mysterious hand like that in Belshazzar's dream, and writes awful things on the wall of the conscience. We hope the editor may live till he sees the Permissive Bill pass, the National Debt paid off, and the Thames on fire.

Eight Acrostics on the Bible. Addresses delivered at the Rye Lane Sunday-school, Peckham, by GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE, Superintendent. Published by the Author, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, and Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

VERY well done, Mr. Congreve. Let us see you again at this work, for you have the secret of it. We cannot imagine children going to sleep under such addresses, so pictorial and full of variety. As a specimen of what an earnest teacher will devise to win the youthful ear, this little book is admirable; we hope it will quicken emulation in other teachers, for we are afraid that the lazy teachers are not all dead yet: we are sure the sluggard ministers are not. "Please, mamma, buy this book for William; the profits all go to the Sunday-school!"

Swiss Pictures. Drawn with pen and pencil. The illustrations by Mr. E. WHYMPER, F.R.G.S. Religious Tract Society.

SELDOM is such a work issued at a price which renders it accessible to the many. What a treat we have had in reading it through! Knowing nearly every inch of the road, we may have read the glowing page with a double zest, but still with such illustrations, so many and so beautiful, we should have enjoyed the book had we never seen the glorious land of which it speaks. Everybody and his wife will be going to the French Exhibition this year, but truly the gleanings of the Alps are better than the vintage of Paris. The everlasting hills, "buildings of God, not made with hands," transcend the noblest works of men, not only in their natural majesty, but in their power to stir the finest feelings of our manhood. One hour alone on some flowery steep with the snow-clad summits all around, the glacier below, and the world of care far away, is better than a century of the gaieties of fashion, or the pomp of state; this we have seen and do testify. The volume before us by the Tract Society is fit for the drawing-room, but not above the reach of the cottager; it is as cheap as it is beautiful. From its shape it will not serve as a guide-book, nor was it intended to do so, but it will tempt many to wander through the land of hills and valleys, and to those who are bound to their posts at home it will give a good idea of what the goodly land must be. Many thanks to the Society for such a work.

What have they seen in thy house? Domestic Piety, or the Church Member at Home. By JESSE HOBSON. John Snow, Paternoster Row.

A PAMPHLET upon a subject which can never be too much or too often urged upon the attention of professing Christians. What a man is at home, that he is really and in his heart. Mr. Hobson has exceedingly well performed an important part of his pastoral duty in warning parents to look well to their households; we trust that the response among his readers will be equal in earnestness to the spirit manifested in his exhortations.

The Proper Names of the Bible, their Orthography, Pronunciation, and Signification. By JOHN FARRAR. Wesleyan Conference Office, 66, Paternoster Row.

YOUNG men who find it difficult to pronounce the names of the Old Testament, will find this a valuable assistance. We have recommended it to our own students, and take this opportunity of advising lay preachers and others who would read the Word of God with correct pronunciation, to invest two shillings in purchasing this book, and then to spend as much time as possible in studying it.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from March 19th, to April 18th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. B. A. Lyon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cox	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bousfield	10	0	0
Mr. Dodwell	5	5	0
Mr. Johnson	1	1	0
A Friend	0	10	6
Mr. B. Vickery	5	0	0
Mr. T. Goodwin	0	5	0
Mr. Verrell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Mrs. Temple	0	10	6
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. Hellier	5	5	0
Mr. T. Pillow	1	1	0
Mr. E. Cordrey	1	1	0
Mr. Chew	10	0	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	2	2	0
Mr. L. Stewart	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horniman	2	2	0
Mr. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	3	0	0
Miss Helen Phillips	0	10	0
Mr. Edwards	10	0	0
Mr. Croker	1	0	0
Mr. J. Benham	2	0	0
Mr. T. Dare	1	1	0
Mr. R. P. Swann	1	1	0
J. H.	0	10	6
J. M.	0	10	0
Mr. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Haddock	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	0	10	6
Mr. Harper	0	10	0
Mr. H. O. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. W. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Burton	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. J. Field	5	0	0
Mr. Rowton	5	0	0
Mr. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr	2	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	3	0	0
Mr. Plumbridge	2	2	0
Mr. T. Cox	2	2	0
Mr. Butterworth	1	1	0
Mr. J. Thornhill	2	2	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Oxley	1	1	0
Mr. Coles	10	0	0
Mr. Haycroft	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haddock	2	2	0
Mr. Longbotham	2	2	0
Mr. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. G. C. Cooke	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Straker	10	0	0
Mr. F. W. Portal	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Ricketts	5	5	0
Mr. R. Huntley	5	5	0
Mr. R. Pickworth	5	0	0
Miss Pickworth	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Mr. Cornish	2	2	0
Mr. Davies	5	0	0
A. C.	2	0	0
Mr. Carpenter	2	2	0
Mr. Hellier	2	2	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	5	0
Mrs. Stringer	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Garland	2	2	0
Rev. H. Allon	2	2	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Spicer	5	0	0
Mr. Albert Spicer	1	0	0
Mr. H. Spicer	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Spicer	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Spicer	2	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. H. R. Silvester	2	0	0
Mr. G. Gray	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clark	0	10	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
A Friend	3	3	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Matthews	2	2	0
J. W. C.	0	10	0
Faith	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. Smithers	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. T. Cox	1	1	0
Mr. Harrison	2	2	0
Mr. Andrews	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	5	0	0
Mrs. Balchin	0	10	0
Mr. Potier	20	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	2	0	0
Mr. Edwards	5	0	0
Editor of the "Christian World"	5	0	0
Mr. S. Mart	2	2	0
Mr. J. Grant	5	5	0
Mr. J. B. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. C. Brown	3	3	0
Mr. R. J. Millar	2	2	0
Mr. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	2	2	0
Mrs. Congreve	2	2	0
Miss Congreve	1	1	0
Miss Amy Congreve	1	1	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Eastty	2	0	0
Mr. J. Corderoy	2	2	0
Mr. Muggeridge	1	1	0
Mr. W. Muggeridge	2	2	0
Mr. H. B. Muggeridge	5	5	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	5	0	0
Mr. G. F. White	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Higgs	50	0	0
Miss Higgs	2	2	0
Mr. Murrell	10	0	0
Miss Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. W. Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Fergusson	2	2	0
Mr. Macgregor	2	2	0
Mr. M. W. Dunn	3	3	0
Mr. L. Heritage	1	1	0
Mr. Nisbet	3	0	0
Master A. Nisbet	0	10	0
Miss E. Nisbet	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Brown	0	10	0
An Anxious Enquirer, Birmingham	3	0	0
Mr. H. Smith	1	1	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Amy	0	5	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	7	6
Mr. Olney	15	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	15	0	0
Mr. H. P. Olney	10	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	20	0	0
Mr. Luff	1	1	0
Mr. W. Downing	5	5	0
Mrs. Downing	5	5	0
Mr. A. Downing	1	1	0
Miss Downing	1	1	0
Mr. Mead	5	0	0
Mr. Thompson	10	10	0
Lady Burgoyne	5	0	0
Mr. J. Baker	1	0	0
Mr. J. Balfour	10	0	0
Mr. Walker	3	3	0
Mr. W. T. Willson	5	5	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. Page	5	0	0
Mr. Harmer	1	1	0
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Mr. and Mrs. Wood	2	2	0
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Mr. Hackett, junr.	1	1	0
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Mr. Scott	2	2	0
M. A., Jersey	1	4	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mr. J. Best	1	0	0
A. P.	5	0	0
Mr. Holder	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	50	0	0
A Colporteur	0	5	0
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Mr. Feltham	2	2	0
Mr. Selway	2	2	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Butcher	90	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
E. K.	0	10	0
Mr. Justice	0	1	6
Mr. J. Lawrence	0	10	0
Master Lawrence J. Pledge	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Broom	0	10	0
J. S.	50	0	0
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. Whitehead	1	1	0
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M. M., Dundee	2	0	0
Mr. R. Law	0	2	0
H. A.	0	5	0
Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
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Mr. W. J. Galloway	1	1	0
Mr. Redgate	5	0	0
Mr. Charlton	5	0	0
Mr. Hoyland	5	5	0
Mr. G. Walton	5	5	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	20	0	0
Mr. Gowland	5	5	0
Mrs. Gowland	1	1	0
Mr. G. Browne	1	1	0
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Mr. Raines	10	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Keys	0	5	0
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Mr. T. B. Smithies	10	0	0
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Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	0
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1867.

John Ploughman's Talk.

A FEW WORDS OF PREFACE.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN must needs have a few words of preface from the editor of "The Sword and Trowel" to what he calls his "talk," and although we do not see the need of it, we are quite willing to give to his matter such weight as our name may have in it, and hope that he will win the reader's attention, in the name which he has chosen to assume, without any recommendation from us. His "*talk*" is full of proverbs, and therefore cannot fail of a hearing. He calls himself a ploughman; and, to our knowledge, *he* has, in years gone by, "put his hand to the plough;" but he is also a bit of a preacher in his own way, and not altogether the dullest of his class. If he do not grow long, or begin to repeat himself, we think our readers will relish his plain papers. Good homely advice written in plain Saxon is always useful, and we shall be glad that our pages should help to give it currency.

C. H. SPURGEON.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK TO THE IDLE.

IT is of no more use to give advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve; and as to improving them, one might as well try to fatten a greyhound. Yet, as The Old Book tells us to "cast our bread upon the waters," we will cast a hard crust or two upon these stagnant ponds; for there will be this comfort about it, if lazy fellows grow no better, we shall be none the worse for having warned them; for when we sow good sense, the basket gets none the emptier. We have a stiff bit of soil to plough when we chide with sluggards, and the crop will be of the smallest; but if none but good land were farmed, ploughmen would be out of work, so we'll put the plough into the furrow. Idle men are common enough, and grow without planting, but the quantity of wit among seven acres of them would never pay for raking: nothing is needed to prove this but their name and their character; if they were not fools they would not be idlers; and though Solomon says, "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can

render a reason," yet in the eyes of every one else his folly is as plain as the sun in the sky. If I hit hard while speaking to them, it is because I know they can bear it; for if I had them down on the floor of the old barn, I might thresh many a day before I could get them out of the straw, and even the steam thresher could not do it, it would kill them first; for laziness is in some people's bones, and will show itself in their idle flesh, do what you will with them.

Well, then, first and foremost, it strikes me that lazy people ought to have a large looking glass hung up, where they are bound to see themselves in it; for sure, if their eyes are at all like mine, they would never bear to look at themselves long or often. The ugliest sight in the world is one of those thorough-bred loafers, who would hardly hold up his basin if it were to rain porridge; and for certain would never hold up a bigger pot than he wanted filled for himself. Perhaps, if the shower should turn to beer, he might wake himself up a bit; but he would make up for it afterwards. This is the slothful man in the Proverbs, who "hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth." I say that men the like of this ought to be served like the drones which the bees drive out of the hives. Every man ought to have patience and pity for poverty; but for laziness, a long whip; or a turn at the treadmill might be better. This would be healthy physic for all sluggards; but there is no chance of some of them getting their full dose of this medicine, for they were born with silver spoons in their mouths, and, like spoons, they will scarce stir their own tea unless somebody lends them a hand. They are, as the old proverb says, "as lazy as Ludham's dog, that leaned his head against the wall to bark;" and, like lazy sheep, it is too much trouble for them to carry their own wool. If they could see themselves, it might by chance do them a world of good; but perhaps it would be too much trouble for them to open their eyes even if the glass were hung for them.

Everything in the world is of some use; but it would puzzle a doctor of divinity, or a philosopher, or the wisest owl in our steeple, to tell the good of idleness: that seems to me to be an ill wind which blows nobody any good—a sort of mud which breeds no eels, a dirty ditch which would not feed a frog. Sift a sluggard grain by grain and you'll find him all chaff. I have heard men say, "Better do nothing than do mischief," but I am not even sure of that: that saying glitters well, but I don't believe it's gold: I grudge laziness even that pinch of praise, I say it is bad and bad altogether; for look ye, a man doing mischief is a sparrow picking the corn—but a lazy man is a sparrow sitting on a nest full of eggs, which will all turn to sparrows before long, and do a world of hurt. Don't tell me, I'm sure of it, that the rankest weeds on earth don't grow in the minds of those who are busy at wickedness, but in foul corners of idle men's imaginations, where the devil can hide away unseen like an old serpent as he is. I don't like our boys to be in mischief, but I would sooner see them up to their necks in the mud in their larks, than sauntering about with nothing to do. If the evil of doing nothing seems to be less to-day, you will find it out to be greater to-morrow; the devil is putting coals on the fire, and so the fire does not blaze, but depend upon it, it will be a bigger fire in the end. Idle people, you had need be your own

trumpeters, for no one else can find any good in you to praise. I'd sooner see you through a telescope than anything else, for I suppose you would then be a long way off; but the biggest pair of spectacles in the parish could not see anything in you worth talking about. Moles, and rats, and weasels, there is something to be said for, though there's a pretty sight of them nailed up on our old barn, but as for you—well, you'll be of use in the grave, and help to make a fat churchyard, but no better song can I sing in your favour than this verse, as the parish clerk said, "all of my own composing."

A good for nothing lazy lout,
Wicked within and ragged without,
Who can bear to have him about?
Turn him out! Turn him out!

"As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes," so is the sluggard to every man who is spending his sweat to earn an honest living, while these fellows let the grass grow up to their ankles, and stand cumbering the ground, as the Bible says.

A man who wastes his time and his strength in sloth offers himself to be a target for the devil, who is a wonderfully good rifleman, and will riddle the idler with his shots: in other words, idle men tempt the devil to tempt them. He who plays when he should work, has an evil spirit to be his playmate; and he who neither works nor plays is a workshop for Satan. If the devil catch a man idle, he will set him to work, find him tools, and before long pay him wages. Is not this where the drunkenness comes from which fills our towns and villages with misery? Idleness is the key of beggary, and the root of all evil. Fellows have two stomachs for eating and drinking when they have no stomach for work. That little hole just under the nose swallows up in idle hours that money which should put clothes on the children's backs and bread on the cottage table. We have God's word for it, that "the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty;" and to show the connection between them, it is said in the same verse, "and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." I know it as well as I know that moss grows on old thatch, that drunken, loose habits, grow out of lazy hours. I like leisure when I can get it, but that's quite another thing; that's cheese and the other is chalk: idle folks never know what leisure means; they are always in a hurry and a mess, and by neglecting to work in the proper time, they always have a lot to do. Lolling about hour after hour, with nothing to do, is just making holes in the hedge to let the pigs through, and they will come through and no mistake, and the rooting they will do nobody knows but those who have to look after the garden. The Lord Jesus tells us himself that when men slept the enemy sowed the tares; and that hits the nail on the head, for it is by the door of sluggishness that evil enters the heart more often it seems to me than by any other. Our old minister used to say, "A sluggard is fine raw material for the devil; he can make anything he likes out of him from a thief right up to a murderer." I'm not the only one that condemns the idle, for once when I was going to give our minister a pretty long list of the sins of one of our people that he was asking after, I began with "he's dreadfully lazy." "That's enough," said the old gentleman, "all sorts of sins are in that one, that's the sign by which to know a full-fledged sinner."

My advice to my boys has been, get out of the sluggard's way or you may catch his disease, and never get rid of it. I am always afraid of their learning the ways of the idle, and am very watchful to nip anything of the sort in the bud; for you know it is best to kill the lion while it is a cub. Sure enough our children have all our evil nature about them, for you can see it growing of itself like weeds in a garden. Who can bring a clean thing out of the unclean? A wild goose never lays a tame egg. Our boys will be off to the green with the ne'er-do-wells unless we make it greener still at home for them, and train them up to hate the company of the slothful. Never let them go to the Rose and Crown; let them learn to earn a crown while they are young, and grow the roses in their father's garden at home. Bring them up bees and they will not be drones.

There is much talk about bad masters and mistresses nowadays, and I dare say that there is a good deal in it, for there's bad of all sorts now as there always was; another time, if I am allowed, I will have a say about that matter; but I am sure there is plenty of room for complaint against some among the working people too, especially upon this matter of slothfulness. You know we are obliged to plough with such cattle as we have found for us; but when I am set to work with some men, I'd as soon drive a team of snails, or go out rabbit hunting with a dead ferret. Why, you might sooner get blood out of a gatepost, or juice out of a cork, than work out of some of them; and yet they are always talking about their rights; I wish they would give an eye to their own wrongs, and not lean on the plough-handles. Lazy lie-a-beds are not working men at all, any more than pigs are bullocks, or thistles apple trees. All are not hunters that wear red coats, and all are not working men who call themselves so. I wonder sometimes that some of our employers keep so many cats who catch no mice. I would as soon drop my halfpence down a well as pay some people for pretending to work, who only fidget you and make your flesh crawl to see them all day creeping over a cabbage leaf. Live and let live, say I, but I don't include sluggards in that license; for they who will not work, neither let them eat.

Here, perhaps, is the proper place to say that some of the higher classes, as they are called, set a shamefully bad example in this respect: our great folks are some of them quite as lazy as they are rich, and often more so; the big dormice sleep as long and as sound as the little ones. Many a parson buys or hires a sermon, so that he may save himself the trouble of thinking. Is not this abominable laziness? They sneer at the Ranters; but there is not a Ranter in the kingdom but what would be ashamed to stand up and read somebody else's sermon as if it were his own. Many of our squires have nothing to do but to part their hair in the middle; and many of the London grandees, ladies and gentlemen both alike, as I am told, have no better work than killing time. Now, they say the higher a monkey climbs, the more his tail is seen; and so the greater these people are, the more their idleness is noticed, and the more they ought to be ashamed of it. I don't say they ought to plough, but I do say that they ought to do something for the state, besides being like the caterpillars on the cabbage, eating up the good things; or like the butterflies, showing themselves off, but making no honey. I cannot be

angry with these people somehow, for I pity them when I think of the stupid rules of fashion which they are forced to mind, and the vanity in which they weary out their days. I'd sooner by half bend my back double with hard work, than be a jack-a-dandy, with nothing to do but to look in the glass and see in it a fellow who never put a single potato into the nation's pot, but took a good many out. Let me drop on these Surrey hills, worn out like my master's old brown mare, sooner than eat bread and cheese and never earn it; better die an honourable death, than live a good-for-nothing's life. Better get into my coffin, than be dead and alive, a man whose life is a blank.

However, it is not much ease that lazy people get by all their scheming, for they always take the most pains in the end; they will not mend the thatch, and so they have to build a new cottage; they will not put the horse in the cart, and so have to drag it themselves. If they were wise, they would do their work well, so as to save doing it twice; and tug hard while they are in harness, so as to get the work out of the way. My advice is, if you don't like hard work, just pitch into it, settle it off, and have your turn at rest.

I wish all religious people would take this matter under their consideration; for some professors are amazingly lazy, and make sad work for the tongues of the wicked. I think a godly ploughman ought to be the best man in the field, and let no team beat him. When we are at work, we ought to be at it, and not stop the plough to talk, even though the talk may be about religion; for then we not only rob our employers of our own time, but of the time of the horses too. I used to hear people say, "Never stop the plough to catch a mouse," and it's quite as silly to stop for idle chat; besides, the man who loiters when the master is away, is an eyeserver, which, I take it, is the very opposite of a Christian. If some of the members at our meeting were a little more spry with their arms and legs when they are at labour, and a little quieter with their tongues, they would say more for our religion than they now do. The world says the greatest rogue is the pious rogue; and I'm sorry to say one of the greatest sluggards I know of is a professing man of the "Mr. Talkative" kind. His garden is so overgrown with weeds, that I feel often half a mind to weed it for him, to save our meeting the shame which he brings upon it: if he were a young lad, I'd talk to him about it and try to teach him better, but who can be schoolmaster to a child sixty years old? He is a regular thorn to our good minister, who is quite grieved about it, and sometimes says he will go somewhere else because he cannot bear such conduct; but I tell him that wherever a man lives he is sure to have one thornbush near his door, and it is a mercy if there are not two. However, I do wish that all Christians would be industrious, for religion never was designed to make us idle. Jesus was a great worker, and his disciples must not be afraid of hard work.

Now I have come to the end of my tether. I am afraid I have been watering a dead stake, but I have done my best, and a king can do no more. An ant can never make honey if it work its heart out, and I shall never put my thoughts so prettily together as some do, book-fashion; but truth is truth, even when dressed in homespun, and so there is an end of my rigmarole.

Joseph of Arimathea.

BY WILDON CARR, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

AGAIN and again had our most blessed Lord forewarned his disciples of his death. "The Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners." With terrible reality the prediction had been fulfilled. He had been in the hands of the chief priests and scribes—the council of the nation—and they condemned him to death. He had then been delivered into the hands of the Gentiles, and they had mocked him, scourged him, crucified him. In very deed he was in the hands of the wicked, and they did to him whatsoever they listed. Say, "It was for less than eighteen hours;" those eighteen hours appear like an eternity in the volume of their incident, and the magnitude of their consequences. Yet was it but a small moment that the Father hid his face, that the Son was forsaken! It is finished! He has yielded up his spirit into the Father's hands: his body must not remain in the hands of sinners any longer. That precious body of Jesus must be recovered before sunset. Forthwith it is transferred into other hands. Faithful friends and fond women have got possession of that sweet corpse, all cold, pale, mangled, bruised as it is. The last dishonour has been done to it. No sooner, therefore, has the expiring cry of the sufferer been uttered, than the body, or ever it was taken down from the cross, is demanded by and conceded to one of our Lord's disciples. Joseph of Arimathea is the person whose name for a few hours occupies the most distinguished place in gospel history. It was he who went in boldly unto Pilate, craved the body, brought it away, wrapped it in fine linen, and provided the sepulchre in which it was entombed. The incident is so touching, the reference to Joseph so pointed, that we may linger upon the sacred episode a little while with pleasure as well as profit.

Who was this Joseph of Arimathea? Has full justice ever been done to his character? The name "Joseph," has a positive charm about it, since the memory of worthy men has made it fragrant. That patriarch to whom it was first given, bequeathed it to posterity with unblemished lustre. In the life-story of Jesus of Nazareth, this name "Joseph," holds an interesting, though a subordinate place. One Joseph superintended his birth, and another Joseph was found to superintend his burial. "There is many a gem in earth and sea," said Bishop Hall, "that never greets the eye." These Josephs, however, were brought up out of obscurity to sparkle with chaste and delicate purity. It is worthy of notice, that each of the four evangelists has in similar and corresponding terms, albeit with a graceful variety, drawn our attention to Joseph of Arimathea. He is mentioned with honour by them all. Matthew unequivocally tells us that he was "a disciple of Jesus." Mark says, that "he waited for the kingdom of God." Luke bears witness that "he was a good man and just." John affirms that "he was a disciple of Jesus;" but then he adds some significant words, "secretly for fear of the Jews." This little parenthesis appears to have thrown a shade over his reputation, otherwise without a flaw, at least among commentators, who, in their zeal to draw truthful portraits,

have habitually given singular prominence to anything that looks like a scar upon the face of any one of the saints. Let us with the independence of thought that becomes us, take the general fashion of his character first, and we shall be better able to judge of other matters afterwards.

"He was a disciple of Jesus." This he could not have been had he not been a believer. His heart must have been true, or the Holy Spirit would not have inspired so decided an acknowledgment of him. A disciple is one whose faith rests upon Jesus with a far higher motive than a mere perception of his moral excellencies. The essential dignity of his Person, and the special mission which, as the Christ, the anointed of God, he had received from the Father, must have entered into the profoundest convictions of the man's soul before he could be accounted a disciple. We will not at present ask how much he knew, for he was, as the designation implies, a learner; but he could not be *that*, if he did not apprehend the right of Jesus to teach with authority, and the duty of all who heard him to accept with implicit confidence every sentence that fell from his lips. As a disciple, he must have owned Jesus as his "Lord," and placed his mind in subjection to learn of him. Nor is this all. He had made an open profession of his allegiance to Christ; otherwise, it were impossible that he could, in the proper evangelical sense of the word, be a disciple. This admits of no exception; we have never heard of a case in which any man was called a disciple by Jesus against his own will. The Roman Catholics may now and then claim that such-and-such a man of note became a pervert of theirs in his dying moments, when he was too exhausted to speak other than a whisper in the priest's ear; but such a proceeding at any time is suspicious; and as for the nature of a good confession, it must be bold and unequivocal to give it any value. The evangelist Matthew tells us that Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple of Jesus, and the same evangelist tells us the absolute rule that Jesus himself laid down on the subject of discipleship: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. x. 32. The infraction of this law would involve such an anomaly, that nought but itself could be its parallel. To wit, John the Baptist had disciples. The question may arise, "Was Herod, the Tetrarch, one of John's disciples?" We should marvel at the man who answered, "Yes." Yet the evidence in favour of such a conclusion is so strong, that it is unassailable on every point but one—he never professed to be. "Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly." Mark vi. 20. So Herod believed in John's holiness; he was a hearer of John; he did many things John told him; and took a pleasure in John's ministry. This was no secret, but thoroughly open to public observation. Did all these things put together make him a disciple, seeing he never professed or made a formal avowment? I trow not.

Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple of Jesus; and therefore our Lord must have known him, and admitted him to private intercourse with himself. It were outrageous to suppose that hearing rumours about

Christ, or standing *incog.*—unrecognised by the crowd—or saying confidentially to a private friend, that he had the highest possible opinion of Jesus of Nazareth, would have constituted him a disciple; more particularly when the distinction it implies was so honourable that it was often courted by those on whom it was not bestowed. "Whosoever," said Jesus, "doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." The privilege had been little worth aspiring after did it not bring the possessor into the company and companionship of our blessed Lord. And apart from all inference or argument, the impression produced on our minds by the record of evangelists is, that Joseph was well known to them as one of their own number. When they tell of one Simon, a Cyrenian, who bore the Saviour's cross, they speak of him as a stranger; but when Joseph of Arimathea obtains possession of the sacred body, they speak of him as an acquaintance, not better known than trusted and honourably esteemed among them. The Marys, who watched the proceedings intently, did not look at him with suspicion, and say, "Who is that strange man that has just come from Pilate, with a Roman officer, to take the body down from the cross?" No. They knew him well; they did not wait for an invitation to come into his house and gaze on the dear disfigured body, or to go into the garden that was Joseph's private property, or to sit down by the sepulchre, or to stay in the garden after Joseph had left it. Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple of Jesus—I am sure he was; as true-hearted a man as ever bore the name of Christian.

This Joseph was one "who also himself waited for the kingdom of God." Both Mark and Luke tell us this. Does not such a statement at once identify him with those devout persons in Judea, who, like Simeon and Anna, were looking for the Saviour, and prepared to welcome him at the time of his advent? The testimony is very emphatic. It is much the same as though in our days one should ask us if a certain nobleman is a believer? and we should answer, "Indeed he is; his sentiments are thoroughly evangelical, and he holds millenarian views." We have no reason to think that Joseph had been converted during the period of our Lord's three years' public ministry. He was a saint before that; one of those saints who so happily connect the two economies, and practically illustrate the identity of the covenant of grace, and the identity of the church of God, notwithstanding the difference of dispensations. An intense believer in the Messiah; a diligent student of prophecy; one who waited for the consolation of Israel; "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile;" his faith had a deeper root and a more intelligent apprehension (as we shall presently see) than ever was, or probably than could have been, acquired by standing amongst a throng of people and observing the miracles that Jesus wrought among unbelievers. He was enlightened, not by any revelation immediately made to himself, but by a knowledge of those Scriptures that Daniel studied, to look beyond the earthly polity of the Jewish nation, of which he was a patriotic upholder, for the kingdom of God which is to be established in righteousness and true holiness. In Jesus he discerned the rightful heir, the Son, to whom the Father had said, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."

We are heartily glad there were such men. Had there been none of this class at the time of the incarnation, we might have doubted whether Samuel, or David, or Isaiah, would have recognised Jesus as the Messiah, in the case of his having been born at Bethlehem in their days. Now we know they would. The light of prophecy was sufficient where the hearts of men were true, and their enquiry diligent.

The same Joseph was *a good man and just.* This is Luke's commendation, and it is expressive of a beautiful eulogy both on his private and public character. "A good man," according to the common phraseology of Scripture, means a kind, gentle, merciful, benevolent individual—one whose heart was generous, and his manners amiable. He was "just" likewise; perfectly clear, in his official position, from those violations of equity, under the pretence of administering law, which disgraced the Jewish rulers of those days. If he did make long prayers, he certainly did not devour widows' houses. His reputation was untarnished by a single mean, base, knavish transaction. Thank God that the race of merciful upright men is not extinct! Their goodness adorns any home, and their justness is like burnished gold at the magistrates' table or on the bench of judges.

We have carefully observed the description that the three evangelists (or as our German brethren would say, the synoptical evangelists), give of Joseph. It will now be requisite to examine the latest gospel, that of John. He concurs with Matthew in pronouncing him "a disciple of Jesus." Yet he is generally supposed to have qualified this praise with the notice of a serious blemish. His words, as we are wont to read them, are "but secretly for fear of the Jews." Nor dare we contradict that this is a fair translation of the Greek κεκρυμμένος δὲ διὰ τὸν φόβον τῶν Ἰουδαίων. We do, however, humbly submit that the words are capable of another meaning; that while *philology* might have rested content, if there were no other gospel than John's, *history* demands a revision, and the original Greek is capable of yielding gracefully to the necessity of the case. We will address ourselves to the mother tongue first, and then we will produce our strong reasons from the coherency of the whole narrative. "Secrecy" and "fear," are the two matters in question; howbeit "secrecy" is not always clandestine, and "fear" is sometimes applied to a disposition that is neither base nor effeminate. We have met with learned lexicographers who presumed to think that the life of believers was *hid* with Christ in God, and the manna was *hidden* in the heavenly temple, rather as precious treasures are kept in reserve, than as pilfered goods are stowed away out of sight, and yet in both these passages the same word κρυπτω is employed. We have known apostles inculcate "*fear*," φοβος, as a grace worthy of Christian emulation. Paul, to wit, has admonished us to "render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute, custom to whom custom, *fear* to whom *fear*, honour to whom honour." This is precisely what we suppose Joseph of Arimathea did. Peter offers similar counsel when he admonishes "servants to be subject to their masters with all *fear*," and wives to be in subjection to their own husbands, even if they did not obey the word, and to show chaste conversation, coupled with "*fear*"—the same sort of fear, as we conjecture, that Joseph had among the Jews. It may, however, be proven beyond conjecture, that this is the true and the

only true consideration, which with the least colour of integrity can be put on John's meaning.

Let us now address ourselves to the patent facts. There are three things that John does not mention which the other evangelists have severally recorded; and there is one thing which John supplies us with in lieu of their information. They state the circumstances, while he, writing many years afterwards, an argumentative gospel, states the consequence of those circumstances. Matthew tells us that he was "a rich man." Mark tells us that he was "an honourable counsellor." Luke gives us to understand that he was one of the Sanhedrim: "The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them" that condemned Christ. Now what does John say to all this? Why; he tells us that he was "reserved" in his deportment, as gentlemen holding office generally are; and that he "*feared*," held in respect and reverence the Jews, as it was admirably becoming that he should. If John's remark implies a slur, the whole narrative is thrown into wild confusion. If, on the other hand, it is intended to interpret the history, nothing he could have said would have put it in a clearer light. Considering what we know of Joseph's character as a Christian, the slightest timidity would have been irreconcilable with it. Taking into account what we know of him as a man of some distinction in Jerusalem at that time, we should anticipate rather more polish and refinement in his demeanour than was ordinarily found among the Galileans. It will do us good to study these incidentals. What is it to be a gentleman, or more particularly, a Christian gentleman, such as we take Joseph of Arimathea to have been? Birth, education, taste, and self-control, all have a bearing in that direction. Joseph was a man of property, most probably inherited from his ancestors. It is not likely he had acquired it as Zaccheus did his, out of the degradation of his country; or as pawnbrokers sometimes grow rich, out of other people's poverty; or as knavish speculators of these days do, when trading on the depreciation of commercial securities. He was of Arimathea, and he had derived good breeding as well as landed estates from his parents. Brought up as a counsellor, he must have been a man of education—not only a student of books, but a companion of scholars—acquiring with knowledge those proprieties of behaviour which enable a man to acquit himself civilly, even in the presence of those with whom he has little or no sympathy. Evidently he was a man of good abilities, so that, apart from his holding strong views in opposition to the council, he won the respect of those chief priests and scribes who sneered at his religious sentiments. Habituated to self-control, when it was wise to be silent, he could hold his peace; when it was prudent to let his actions speak, he could make a minority respectable; and when it was important to show energy, he was the very man for a crisis. As such, John has touched the vital point when he says, "A disciple of Jesus, but a reserved man in deference to the Jews."

Not as a disciple of Jesus, but as one of the Sanhedrim, he went in to Pilate, and, in his official capacity, demanded the body of a Jewish prisoner, who had just been executed by Gentile authority. Yet, as a disciple of Jesus, not as one of the Sanhedrim, he brought that holy body into his house, carried it into his garden, and interred it in his own tomb.

This part of the story is of importance. The character of Joseph is

interpreted by it, while it serves in turn to make the history transparent. Counsellor Joseph goes in boldly to Pilate, with the confidence of office, to make a formal application for the body. Pilate looks astonished at first, having only a few hours before sanctioned the execution; and asks, with evident surprise, if he is already dead. In fact, he calls the centurion to certify it. On the centurion's assurance, he makes no demur whatever. Knowing Joseph well, as a leading man among the Jews, and as a renowned lawyer, not likely to be faulty in any question of legal forms, he gives the order without hesitation. Of course, Pilate was not likely to be acquainted with any of Joseph's nicer points of religious peculiarity. His public character was sufficient for all the purposes.

A richer meditation awaits us. The entombment of Jesus is not to be overlooked, though it does appear but as a brief episode in the gospel narrative. We had never heard of Joseph but for the tenderness of his feelings, the promptness of his action, and the generosity of his conduct on that sad and doleful evening. Yet, when the trouble of that hour has passed away, without leaving a trace behind, the memorial of him abides—the virtue of his deed has an immortal fragrance. There appears no reason to suppose that the substantial confidence he reposed in Jesus had received so great a shock, or that his mind was in such a state of morbid distraction, as other disciples too palpably exhibited his whole conduct was consistent with a thorough self-possession. Is not this exactly what we might have expected of him? While they, who had been drawn very much by sensible evidences, were endeavouring to live by their own experience, and alternating with the flush or chill that every fresh occurrence occasioned them, he was steadfast in the faith, as one who had long cherished the most enlightened views of the kingdom of God. Not indeed that he had shuddered less feelingly at the terrible crime of the nation he loved; nor yet that he had mourned less tenderly the sorrows and the sufferings of the Son of man; but that he saw more clearly the course by which the Messiah must enter the kingdom. He loses not a moment in that awful juncture. The body of Jesus of Nazareth is to be esteemed beyond the remains of murdered innocence. It is "God's Holy One," which shall not see corruption. The method of God's providence is wonderful. It is much to be suspected that no unholy hands even so much as touched "the Holy One" after his last cry. Mark has recorded the conversion of the centurion who "saw that he so cried out, and gave up the ghost;" has informed us that he there and then confessed the highest article of the Christian faith, saying, "Truly this man was the Son of God;" and has apprised us that this was the very man whom Pilate unwittingly called to him to ask if he were already dead. We can hardly credit it that other hands than those of Joseph and this centurion were engaged in lifting Jesus down from the cross. But the manner of Joseph's proceeding challenges our notice. When he obtained Pilate's leave to take possession of the body, it still hung on that gibbet as he had died. He did not go off in unseemly haste to Calvary, but he deliberately went out from the governor's presence, entered a shop, and made a purchase of fine linen (Mark xv. 46); then, as he took the body down, he wrapped it in the linen, as befitted its holiness. Linen is the proper vestment of

the holy. It is always so spoken of in the Scriptures both of the Old and the New Testament. There is no exception to this, unless it be the yarn that Solomon imported out of Egypt (1 Kings x. 28), or the clothing of the rich man, at whose gate poor Lazarus lay; and even in this latter instance "the fine linen" of his apparel was sanctimonious. Nicodemus came with his spices to preserve the body; but Nicodemus had not half so much faith as Joseph. That sweet incorruptible body needed no embalming. Joseph knew this. He understood that the linen ephod was that which became it most. Precious faith!

There is a moral that rises to the surface and challenges our notice. It is not altogether unimportant to the formation of Christian character, or the extension of Christian service, upon what particular doctrines of God's covenant the anchor of our faith grips. Our vessels are sure to heave and undulate violently in a storm, if we have no better grapnel than our own experience to steady us. We can see at a glance that Joseph's hope had a holdfast within the veil, for he was waiting for the kingdom of God. This was very different from the two disciples who were journeying to Emmaus, with nothing else to talk about but "the things which had come to pass in Jerusalem in these days." From stem to stern their vessel is tossing up and down. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." Then they told "what certain women said;" what "astonishment some of our company felt;" what "visions of angels had been seen, and what they were reported to have said." This was the kind of conversation with which they entertained the Lord. How should he reply but with rebuke? "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" Take your cue from the Scriptures of truth, rather than from the best authenticated narrative of your own times. If this were wise for them, how much more for us? That was the kind or degree of faith Joseph possessed. The sure word of prophecy cheered him; current events could not disconcert him.

With exquisite brevity the burial is described. Three things Joseph did: "He laid the body in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rocks;" "He rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre;" "He departed."

What a providence that the tomb was ready, and that it should be of exactly the description which prophecy had foretold! How simple the ceremony! Joseph made it secure, but it was with a rolling stone. Thought he, mayhap, "There lodge, sweet corpse, thou wilt not need the apartments long!" "*And he departed.*" His faith had cast out all tormenting fear. He will leave it to the Marys to sit brooding over their own feelings, and watching the sepulchre, while the pale moonbeams flicker in that sequestered garden. He will leave it to the qualms of guilty conscience which harass those scrupulous Jews, to break their Sabbath in order to affix a seal on the stone, and petition for a Roman guard to keep it safe. He departed—this Joseph of Arimathea; he performed his good office and went away. Not stoically, not with an air of indifference has he left. The night draws on: the Sabbath begins. He has gone home to turn over that well-thumbed roll of the volume of the book in which it is written concerning him, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One

to see corruption." He pursues his course with fresh light on his path, waiting for, and hastening unto, the kingdom of God. His name is embalmed among us. We may rightly feel jealous of a speck on his reputation. The next time we see him, peradventure, he will be mounted on a white horse, following his Lord, himself clothed in fine linen, white and clean. Rev. xix. 14.

It is not without a thrill of pleasure that we make the acquaintance of so fine a specimen of the old Hebrew aristocracy; perhaps about the last of the race, one who retained his deep attachment to the nation, while he embraced with the most ardent affection the great Saviour who had come to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and afterwards to be the glory of his people Israel. Do not let us be surprised that his name never afterwards occurs in the New Testament. Enough, that his portrait should be taken and hung up conspicuously in its best apartment. In the spread of the gospel, rougher instruments will do the work more effectively. The refinement of his mind, the polish of his manners, the retired studiousness of his personal habits, while qualifying him for one sphere, would disqualify him for another. Thus much, and he is entitled to all our esteem and our affection: he was a disciple of Jesus, "an honourable counsellor," and he also "waited for the kingdom of God."

The Sword and the Trowel Two Hundred Years ago.*

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE Church's most important work has been accomplished in seasons of the greatest trial. When the trowel was being skilfully used in building up the walls of Jerusalem, it was found necessary to also employ the sword against the enemy. Our Lord, in accomplishing the great work of our redemption, emphatically announced that he had come not to bring peace, but a sword that would divide heterogeneous elements. The foundation upon which the glorious superstructure of Christianity was to arise was laid amid turmoil and strife. In proportion to its conflict, the church has flourished. Put on its defence, it has exerted its giant, God-inherited power; and the closer the combat with the enemy, the more triumphant has been the issue. While it has been fighting heresy, it has vigorously prosecuted its missionary enterprises; and when its foes have slackened their fury, or offered their treacherous friendship, its sluggishness has increased, and its power for mighty purposes declined. "Combat with sin," in its multitudinous developments, has proved to be "labour for the Lord." Warfare with heresy has been the means of developing the spiritual vigour of the church, which might have slumbered in less agitated times. The world, even now, does not fully understand, if it ever understood, the strength of the

* "Ecclesiastical History of England. From the opening of the Long Parliament to the death of Oliver Cromwell." By John Stoughton. In 2 vols. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

church. Possessing within her reach, infinite strength—for faith can heave adamantean mountains—she may well smile at the ridicule of the world. Her enemies may recognise her as weak, infirm, and puny, but she is able to confound the mighty. Strong in faith, men have done great exploits; and the most humiliating cowardice, by its influence, has been magically transformed into the utmost courage and heroism. We do not fear for the issue of the religious conflicts of the present day. If simple evangelical truth be of God, as we so strongly believe it to be, all latitudinarian and Popish error will be overcome, and must ultimately retire, crestfallen and defeated, from the field of battle. The God of truth, who is the light of the world, must chase away the darkness of the night of error.

Heresy has a tendency to repeat itself throughout history. It exists to-day, for instance, in much the same form as it did two hundred years ago. The points of resemblance between the religious conflicts of the present age and those of the Puritan era are to be observed on a surface glance. The same arguments that were used by our forefathers in combating priestly assumptions, are now being employed in fighting that tangible foe known, politely, as Ritualism. The Anglicanism of the Laudites has been accepted by the Ritualists of to-day, who, weak in everything but in ingenuity, have adopted superstitious beliefs which none but those possessing wondrous gullability would refuse to ridicule. That in these enlightened days, when our superior common sense is boasted of, and our practical methods of viewing most things lauded, error should seek so sickly, effeminate, and lackadaisical a form as that of the glorification of ecclesiastical millinery, noisome perfume, and childish vanities, is an evidence either of the prevalence of a chronic cerebral affection in the minds of some persons, or of a love for refined buffoonery. We are not inclined at the present day to meet Ritualistic nonsense with precisely the same weapon that our forefathers used. Physical iconoclasts we do not choose to be, and prefer the Ritualists undoing (as they must ultimately) the work to which they have put their hands. Our weapons of warfare are not carnal, and hence they are all-powerful. But the spiritual forces which the Puritans so boldly marshalled against the adversaries of truth must be called out and put in array by us, in order that Antichrist may be dethroned. It was by the simple, earnest, determined preaching of the cross, and the vigorous and valiant wielding of the sword against error, that our Puritan forefathers overcame in the day of conflict. This Magazine plies the Trowel and wields the Sword with the same view. When error has been rooted out, we will lay down our weapon of defence; for when the foe is gone, we can turn our swords in ploughshares. Till that happy day arrive, our sword must not be allowed to rust by remaining idle. For "we believe, and therefore speak. We speak in love, but not in soft words and trimming sentences."*

Mr. Stoughton, in the two handsome volumes before us, gives us a clear insight into the "ways and means" by which the Puritans overcame Anglican heresies two hundred years ago. The object of the publication is to present us with pictures of the Struggles and Growth of

* Our Editor's declaration of war. See *The Sword and the Trowel*, Vol. I., p. 2.

the Church of the Civil Wars and of the Commonwealth, and a most interesting record it is, as we can testify. Mr. Stoughton has done good service to truth by the issue of his history—a history compiled with great care, from the best authorities, and from the State Papers which have of late years been arranged in the Record Office. The author has most of the gifts of an historian. He is careful, candid, generous, large-hearted, thoughtful, and industrious; although he lacks the capacity of vigorous denunciation of deeds too irresistibly bad to create any sympathy in honest hearts. Still, there are violent denouncers many, and furious critics many, but discerning, discriminating judges few; and numbers may be disposed to listen to Mr. Stoughton's recital of facts, which carry with them their own condemnation, who would not patiently bear, if brook, the withering scorn which a less tender historian might indulge in. No student of the period of which Mr. Stoughton treats should rest content without acquiring these volumes; and the general reader who wishes to understand the relation of ecclesiastical parties prior to and during the Cromwellian wars and government, cannot do better than read this history.

We will, purposely, select one portion of that history for a few observations, since it has considerable significance at the present time. The Sword and the Trowel, two hundred years ago—though our forefathers were not blest with a magazine of that name, which we in more favoured times possess—were used so successfully, that error was defeated, and truth exalted. The Anglicans against whom that sword was used, of course, do not fully resemble the Anglicans of the present day; for the latter have been taught better manners. Nor do the gospel-warriors of this century fulfil all the conditions which would make them the types of their sturdy old forefathers. The circumstances under which we live so widely differ from those under which the Puritans were, at first, scarcely allowed to breathe, that the characters of the two classes materially differ. We question whether we are as passionately in earnest for the conservation of truth as the Puritans were; but our heart's desire should be that we may imbibe a measure of the spirit, enthusiasm, and devotion, which animated them in their labours for the Lord.

It should not be forgotten that Anglicanism and Puritanism existed at the time of the Reformation; and that the former power, being more in conformity with the worldly policy which formed the State church, was vastly preferred to the less fascinating but far more spiritual element to be found in Puritanism. Ecclesiastical principles were put into contrast with the rugged simplicities of church worship, and a compromise had to be effected. The spirit of Puritanism was felt long before the Reformation; as a distinctive party, however, it did not appear until the Reformation had been accomplished. It was forced into prominence by the settlement which had been made—a settlement which, like most things in this earthly stage, without a prospect of finality. Separation and scruples were soon advocated by conscientious men who could not accept the Anglican system. Prior to the civil wars, the churchmen were mostly, if not wholly, Arminians, as we learn from that characteristic reply of Bishop Morley to the question, "What Arminians held?" Why, "the best bishoprics and deaneries in England."

It was soon evident that England had changed the Roman Pope for a sort of mild Canterbury Pope. The aim of Protestantism was the exaltation of private judgment, not of kingly authority. If the king succeeded to the Pope in the Anglican system, it was under different conditions, and to trifle with the position which he had usurped, and to use his power for the dishonour of God's simple truth, were evils which began to be sorely felt by those whose spirituality of mind and life exceeded that of the mere Anglo-Catholic. The clergy submitted to, but did not enjoy the whippings of the pedagogic Queen Elizabeth; but they soon got accustomed to the yoke of bondage, and began to think, if not to boast, of their fancied freedom. Favoured with kingly smiles, they fawned at the feet of royalty, and soon bartered away their souls. You acknowledge our divine right to the episcopacy, and we will advocate the divine right of kings, was the crawling policy of priestism. The elevation of the episcopal office, the exaltation of church power and authority, the Romanising of the State church, were sought instead of the purer atmosphere of religious, social, and political freedom. Mr. Stoughton points out, quoting from Strype, that "out of 9,400 ecclesiastics, at the accession of Elizabeth, less than 200 left their livings"—so that the genuine Protestant element must have been microscopically small. Sacramentarianism therefore increased. Mediæval fascinations began to be openly invoked. "The external, the visible, and the symbolic, more exalted their souls than anything abstract, argumentative, and doctrinal;" and simple faith in a crucified Saviour was placed at a discount. Abstinence and fasting were rigorously enforced. The monastic system began to be advocated. The Reformers were held in mean repute, and Catholic unity was craved for—a feverish craving similar to that which is felt at the present day by those who long for union with Catholic Rome, but not with Protestant Nonconformity. "Anglicanism," says Mr. Stoughton, "allowed no exercise of private judgment, but required everybody to submit to the same standard of doctrine, worship, and discipline. Moderate Puritans were to be broken in, and Nonconformists 'harried out of the land.'" The canon law was a very effective instrument of Anglican intolerance. It has been the fashion to magnify the so-called fanaticism of the Puritans; but such fanaticism was mild compared with the wild outburst of intolerance of which the Anglicans were guilty. Fining for not attending parish churches, imprisonment, and exile for Nonconformity, "struck most Englishmen as a stretch of injustice perfectly intolerable." Some of the charges under this canon were very curious—such as "hanging up linen in a church to dry;" that is, we suppose, unconsecrated linen, for priestly linen is still allowed to be hanged up in church; "a girl sitting in the same pew with her mother, and not at the pew-door, to the great offence of many reverent women, and matrons being churched without wearing veils." "Two foolish boys," we are informed by a calendar, "taken amongst others, at Francis Donwell's house, the alcholder at Stepney," for "sitting at the table with Bibles before them," for which they suffered many days' imprisonment. Puritanism cannot show anything like so preposterous a case of injustice and fanaticism as that. Some poor rustic civilians asserted that "a ploughman was as good as a priest," and though some thought he was far better, he who dared to hint at

such a belief was summarily dealt with. Some asked, "What good do bishops in Ireland?" and were answered by imprisonment. Others prayed that Prince Charles might not be brought up in Popery, and a *Protestant* church fined those who offered up the prayer. Our forefathers must have been made of poor stuff, if they had not felt aroused at such grossly unjust and irritating jurisdiction. The Star Chamber and the High Commission Court perpetrated such great atrocities, that no wonder public indignation should have led to vigorous action. Then, too, the secular teaching of the church exasperated the people. To be told that kings are the fountains of all power; that they reign by "right divine;" that the soil is their property, and the people their slaves; that those who resist the king's will are in "peril of eternal damnation,"* was enough to alienate the hearts of the people from Anglicanism, and to put the most invincible weapons into the hands of the Puritans. For its favour of oppression, the Anglican church far exceeded the Romish church. "The church of the middle ages had commonly thrown its shield over subjects against the oppression of rulers; but in contrast with this, the Anglo-Catholic church of the Stuart times stood in closest league with government for purposes the most despotic." The scandalous immorality of the clergy was notorious. But nothing stirred up the enmity of the people so much as the ritualistic stage-acting which passed itself off as worship. Mr. Stoughton gives a very carefully-drawn picture of Laudian ritualism. He says:—

"The person who carried Anglo-Catholicism to its greatest success, and who, by other unpopular proceedings, did more than anybody else to alienate from the State religion a large proportion of his fellow-countrymen, was William Laud. Ritualism ran riot under the rule of this famous prelate. Alienated from the theology of Augustine, but relishing the sacerdotalism of Chrysostom, he delighted in a gorgeous worship such as accorded with the Byzantine liturgy, and was penetrated with that reverence for the priesthood and the Eucharist which the last of the Greek orators, in the flights of rhetoric, did so much to foster. Whatever might be the extravagances in Byzantium, they were nearly, if not quite, paralleled when Archbishop Laud held unchecked sway. A church was consecrated by throwing dust or ashes into the air. The napkin covering the Eucharistic elements was carefully lifted up, reverently peeped under, and then solemnly let fall again: all which performances were accompanied by repeated, lowly obeisances before the altar. This ceremony was quite as childish, and far less picturesque than the dramatic doings in the Greek Church, when choristers aped angels, by fastening to their shoulders wings of gauze. Into cathedrals, churches, and chapels, were also introduced pictures, images, crucifixes, and candles; which, with the aid of surplices and copes, bowing, crossing, and genuflections, produced a spectacle which might be taken for a meagre imitation of the mass."

This description reads something like those accounts which have been recently published of certain Anglican follies in the State church—that "bulwark of [anti-] Protestantism"—only, the imitation is still more childish. The "little Archbishop," as Laud was called—and the power of mischievousness is not always in direct ratio with a person's size (even little foxes will quickly burrow where larger ones will with difficulty pierce and tunnel)—the "little Archbishop," wherever he went, entered with the most provoking scrutiny, into almost every conceivable ecclesiastical and moral detail. Churchwardens were asked, "Doth your

* Dr. Manwaring, p. 29.

minister preach standing and with his hat off? Do the people cover their heads in the church during the time of divine service, unless it be in case of necessity, in which case they may wear a night cap or coif?" These are among the numerous tid-bits of Anglican ritualism. "All men," we are told, "are overawed" by Laud's cunning vigilance, "so that they dare not say their soul is their own." Mr. Stoughton states, on Laud's own confession, that "he kept a ledger, in which he preserved a strict account of the theological and ecclesiastical bias of clergymen, for the guidance of his royal master in the distribution of patronage. O and P were the letters at the heads of two lists. On the *Orthodox*, all favours were showered. From those favours all *Puritans* were excluded."

The Anglican doctrines were—when Anglicans held any—mostly of the Arminian and non-Evangelical type. "They contented themselves, too, generally with a hard, dry, Nicene orthodoxy, coupled with strong ritualistic predilections." Some earnest churchmen protested against these tenets, and consequently there arose the distinction between doctrinal and ecclesiastical Puritans. "Puritans disliked ceremonies. Earnest as to the spirit of worship, they cared little, often not enough, about forms." They refused to wear a surplice, to read the whole of the liturgy, to kneel when others thought it worship to kneel; and they everywhere declared that Popery was overspreading the land, and prayers were offered that God would mercifully visit England, and rid her of the great curse which afflicted her. Rather than bow down to the spirit of the times, the Puritans emigrated to other lands. Yet, the day of retribution was approaching. The people grew dissatisfied. "The intense horror of Popery felt by the Puritans was deepened by the Papistic practices of the Anglicans." The lax feeling respecting the observance of the Lord's-day, the encouragement given to the "Book of Sports," the looseness of doctrine of some, the no-doctrine of others, all helped to bring about the reaction. The Puritans zealously preached the good old doctrines of the cross. The more the simplicities of gospel truth were impugned by their adversaries, the more they exhibited them as the marrow of true religion. Men began to increasingly feel that forms, ceremonies, bowings, and pleasant fancies, could not promise them one tithe of the blessings which flowed from attachment to the cross. The simple unadorned gospel, as the manifestation of God's love to fallen men—their rescue from eternal wrath by faith in the Christ of God, was acknowledged to be the most delightsome of messages. When men saw what mighty transformations had been effected by the gospel in the lives of the most ignorant and selfish—when they saw that men who, previous to conversion, had been like pigs which bury their noses into their troughs, oblivious of all the outside world, became manifestly unselfish and earnestly desirous of other people's good, then they affirmed that this was the religion which met their wants, and satisfied their aspirations. Nothing but the cross can do this. The prettinesses of Ritualistic theology may allure for a time, but can never satisfy the soul's cravings. A reaction must again come; and the dear old gospel will shine all the more glorious in the hearts of the people, because of the darkness by which they have been for a time surrounded.

All England seemed to be thoroughly in earnest. The dread of the

restoration of Popery was very prevalent, and operated as a warning to all idlers. Roman Catholicism, by which was meant more than it can possibly mean now, was increasing in favour. The queen was a firm Papist, and Papists were received and favoured at court. The emissaries of Rome were more than usually active. People saw the wisdom of Pym's dread of Anglican innovation as the bridge which led to Popery: They began to protest against communion-tables placed altar-wise. They saw that organs and anthems were stepping-stones to something worse—the chanting of Latin verses, which no one could understand but the learned. They condemned wax candles. They despised ecclesiastical millinery. They protested against copes of white satin. When they saw innocent little boys in innocent white surplices, parading the church with lighted torches in their hands, and so gracefully bowing down before the altar, and looking so Popishly-pious, they smiled, and refused to bow before the golden calf which had been set up. "Flat Popery" was a familiar and apt designation of certain sermons which taught confession, absolution, and transubstantiation. All these complaints were made known to the Long Parliament. It was stated in one petition, that a certain High Churchman had declared that "the High Commissaries were the suburbs of heaven, and the High Commission the archangels, and that to preach twice a day, or to say any prayers but the common prayers, was a damnable sin." Things had grown to so high a pitch that the Puritans reasonably concluded that their existence was threatened, and that they must bestir themselves. Then came the fight as to the future of Episcopacy—a contest in which, as we all know, the bishops were ultimately defeated, and had to bear the loss of their lucrative posts.

The debates on the ceremonialism prevalent in Episcopal churches are interesting, as showing the public feeling of the time. "In villages and towns with high church clergymen, and low church congregations, where semi-popish arrangements had been made in the chancel, while rigid and ultra-Protestant Puritans sat in the nave, or absented themselves altogether—such feuds arose, that, to preserve the peace, as well as to check 'innovations,' the Lower House deemed it necessary to interfere. The opposition to Sunday afternoon lecturing, and the refusal of incumbents to admit lecturers into their pulpits, increased the strife; and in reference to this, the Commons interfered by declaring it lawful for the people to set up a lecturer at their own charge. Bishops inhibited such proceedings; but the Commons declared the inhibition void." The prohibition of certain ceremonies by the House of Commons was not acceded to by the Upper House. The result was, that the Anglicans adhered to the order published by the Lords, and the Puritans to that issued by the Commons. This led to disturbances and breaches of the peace.

We have no space to further detail the struggles which succeeded these events. While the civil war was raging, the tide in favour of Puritanism set in so strongly, that it was found necessary to overthrow the State church system. Episcopacy doomed, ritualistic follies were doomed likewise; and in the place of high church ceremonialism, was enthroned a simple, and more befitting, and God-honouring form of worship. When Cromwell told a church parson to "Leave off your fooling, sir, and come down from the pulpit," he merely gave expression

to the nation's desire in the matter, for the honest heart of England was heartily sickened of the scenes it had so long witnessed.

Mr. Stoughton's picture of the assembly of Presbyterian divines, met for their first time in Westminster Abbey, is so well drawn that we cannot do better than to conclude our notice of his volumes by quoting it:—

"The vaulted roof springing from the clustered pillars in the walls, like branches of lofty trees interlaced together, forming a rich canopy of leaves, while the bossed pendants resemble stalactites, though appearing to most persons now, even those who feel strong Puritan sympathies, a monument of exquisite taste and consummate skill, would be regarded by those who, on this occasion assembled beneath its shadow, as mainly, if not exclusively, a symbol of that 'petrifaction of Christianity' which, to their great grief, had overarched mediæval Christendom. Dressed in black cloaks, and wearing bands and skull-caps, as they walked over pavements hitherto trodden by prelates and priests in mitres and copes, they would be reminded of what they deemed superstitious and idolatrous worship; and as they now met in assembly where convocations had before been wont to gather, they would think of obnoxious canons and of Archbishop Laud with feelings of pain, if not of bitterness, such as the charms of Gothic architecture had no power to subdue. Their principles, and the principles of the church before the Reformation, were in mutual opposition. And as we watch the divines entering within those gates, well described by one who himself came from the land of the Pilgrim Fathers (Washington Irving), as 'richly and delicately wrought, and turning heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres;' we may fancy that the gates, if they had sympathy with those who caused them to be hung there, would open that morning more reluctantly than they had ever done before. Altogether, the scene and the purpose for which the assembly met, marked a new era, not only in the history of the Abbey, but in the annals of the church and the nation."

The Christian, a Wonder.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."—1 John iii. 1—3.

I.—A Christian is a wonder.

There are many wonders in the world which prompt the cry, "*Behold!*" There are *wonders in nature:* the towering Alps, clothed with eternal snow; the foaming cataract of Niagara, which excites the amazement of the dullest beholder. There are *wonders of art:* the Pyramids of Geezeh, in the land of Egypt, seen from afar; the steam-engine, with its strange irresistible power. There are *wonders of genius:* the genius of Milton; the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, of James Watt—these draw the admiration of every intelligent mind. The world is full of the cry, "Behold!" "Behold!" But who admires the *wonders of grace?*

* Copied from the Author's own unpublished manuscript. Preached two years after the sermon from the same text which appears in "The Sword and the Trowel for 1866," pp. 345—350.

How few there are that cry, "Behold, what manner of love." I have seen many wonders in this world, but I had rather see one soul really converted to God than all the wonders of ten thousand worlds. Oh! there is nothing in this world half so wonderful as a child of the devil becoming a child of God. All other monuments will perish and decay like the melting snow. The towering Alps shall rock and fall; the foaming Niagara be dried up; the Pyramids shall become dust; the steam-engine shall cease to play; but a child of God is a monument to God's praise to all eternity. Every one "born again" in this humble place shall be pillars in the temple above, bright, shining, and sinless, bearing Christ's name to all eternity. The wonder appears in two things:—

1. *In the persons loved*—"US." There was nothing in any one of us to attract the love of God. "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness." The heart of God is attracted by everything lovely. everything pure and holy; but there is nothing of this kind in any natural heart. God does not see any white spot upon the garments of any unconverted man. He does not see one pure part in the whole heart; all is diseased, all is loathsome. There is often much indeed in the natural heart fair to the eyes of the world, but God sees deeper. That which is highly esteemed among men, is an abomination in the sight of God. Many serpents are very beautiful to look upon, they are beautifully striped; but if you saw the venom that is in them, you would shudder at the sight. So there is many a fair face in the eye of man, that covers a black heart in the eye of God. There was everything in us to draw down the anger of God. By nature we were children of wrath even as others. When God looked upon us, every member of our body, and every faculty of our soul, was defiled in his sight. All cried out for an outpouring of wrath; our throat was an open sepulchre—with the tongue we used deceit; the poison of asps was under our lips; our mouth was full of cursing and bitterness; our feet were swift to shed blood. No fear of God before our eyes, and yet he loved us! In some respects, we have been more vile than devils in his sight. We are by nature children of the devil, but we have more lusts in our heart than the devil has in his; we have the lusts of the flesh, which the devils have not, and yet he passed them by and saved us! We have also sinned against a Saviour, which devils have not. No Bible, no minister, was ever sent on errands of grace to the fallen spirits in hell; so that the great sin of rejecting Christ they know not, but we have known it. A natural heart is blacker than the devil's heart, and yet the Father loved us! Those that have been brought to Christ are in some respects worse than unconverted souls; they do not know what they do in sinning against God, as Christ said of his murderers, "They know not what they do." They do not know the full guilt they are perpetrating; but you know Christ, and you know the Father, and the Holy Spirit. You sin knowingly; and yet, beloved, how he loved us!

2. *The love itself.* "That we should be called the sons of God." He might have spoken of other parts of the love of God to us; his electing love, his awakening love, his forbearing love, his drawing love; but he here sums it all up in one glowing expression: he hath "called us the sons of God." He hath given us the *garments* of sons. If you are one of these dear children, then you have received a change of raiment: you stood, like Joshua, clothed in filthy garments—arrayed in filthy rags;

but he has said, "Take away the filthy garments from him, and I will clothe him with a change of raiment." He has put upon you the righteousness of God, more bright than that of the angelic hosts. He has given us the *place* of children. "How shall I put thee among the children?" That was the difficulty; but when he washes your soul in the blood of Christ, there is no more difficulty, and he can thus put you among the children. The place of John is the place of the children: he leans his head upon the bosom of Christ. This is your place, whoever of you have believed on Christ, you can say, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me." Just as a father tenderly embraces his child while it sleeps, so the Lord tenderly cares for you. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." He has given us the *spirit* of children. "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, whereby we cry, Abba, Father!" When an infant is born it cannot speak, but it can cry; and so with the child of God when "born again," he cannot speak, but he can cry, "Abba, Father." Often the first word that infants learn to speak is to cry out to their father; so is it with the Lord's children, they all cry, "Abba!" It is the first word they learn. Oh! how sweet it is when the dead, careless, godless tongue begins to cry "Abba!" "Behold, what manner of love!" Dear believers, this is the wonderful love that has been bestowed upon you. "Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." It is very worthy of remark, that the apostle does not say, "Let us enter," but "*let us draw near.*" Do not stand afar off, as servants, but "*draw near,*" *as children.* In the east, when a servant enters the hall, he stands afar off, and does not even raise his eyes; but it shall not be so among you, you are not servants, but sons, therefore "draw near." Seek holy nearness to God; be of the household of God; sit with Christ in heavenly places. Sinners, it is this you are invited to. You are like prodigals feeding swine in a far off country, and desiring to fill your belly with the husks which the swine do eat. O that you would come to yourselves, for indeed you are not in your right mind. In your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. There is the best robe ready for you; a place at his table; the children's bread. O that you would say, "I will arise, and go to my Father."

II. THE WORLD KNOWS NOT A CHRISTIAN. They knew not *Christ.* "The light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Sometimes, when a lamp is brought into a damp vapoury dungeon, the darkness will not receive the light, it puts it out. So it was with Christ. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. "He came to his own, and his own received him not." The world knew him not.

1st. *In his agony in the garden.* That was the time of his greatest love and greatest sorrow, and yet he stood alone in the dark waves of Kedron. One half the world were living in mirth and sin, the other half were sleeping. Alone he knelt and drank the cup. The world knew him not. 2nd. *In his agony on the cross.* Multitudes were present there, but alas! they knew him not. The crowd reviled him, wagging their heads; the chief priests also reviled him. One dying thief alone acknowledged him as Lord. They little knew that this was the Surety of a guilty world; they little knew that they would one day look to him

and be saved. They know us not, the world knows a Christian no more than they knew Christ. Are there any of you unconverted persons hearing me, who have got a child of God in your family? Well, you look upon them till you know their features well, you know their speech, their gait, their dispositions, and yet you know them not. They are not of this world any more than Christ was of this world. (1.) *You do not know their peace with God.* "Justified by faith, we have peace with God." Perhaps you are sore offended when you hear them speak with a meek and holy confidence of their pardon and acceptance with God, of their delight in approaching to God through the rent vail. Why are you offended? Because you do not know Christ. If you knew the city of refuge, whose gates are open day and night, you would also know the peace of one who has found rest there. Perhaps it offends some of you to hear that your believing friend is altogether free from guilt, he has no more conscience of sins than the angels have. Why? Because you do not know the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." If you sat beneath the apple tree with them, you would say, "Now I know what the peace of God is, and it passeth all understanding." (2.) *You do not know their holiness.* The Philistines did not know where Samson's great strength lay; they tried again and again to find it out, but always failed, till he made known the secret that it was his long hair that God had made the means of his strength. The world are just like the Philistines. They do not know where the believer's strength lies. Tell me, dear friends, what you really think it is that has changed our tastes and habits? Once we were *whose* you are; we *loved* what you loved; we lived as *you live.* There are some believers here to-day who once loved to drink the glass of intemperance; some who once gloried in the lusts of the flesh; some who once delighted in idle mirth and godless gaity. Why are we changed? We have the same passions still. Look into our hearts, and you will just find the counterpart of your own. Tell me why have we changed? Once we thought it impossible we should ever change. (1.) *We are "born again."* An Almighty being came unseen and opened our eyes. He showed us our folly and our ruined state; he led us to Calvary, and showed us a dying Surety for the chief of sinners. (2.) *He dwells in us.* We are daily supplied from the same unseen hand, just as the flowers begin to droop the moment you leave them unwatered, so would our soul. The Holy Spirit comes like the secret dew, and feeds our weary soul. "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

Dear friends, we cannot rest without getting you with us. We are no better than you. What has changed us can change you. No believer can despair of any other man if he will only surrender his whole soul to Jesus. Come with us then, and we will do you good. Seek the same saving change, for "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

III. WHAT A CHRISTIAN SHALL BE. 1. *We know but little.* "It doth not yet appear." When Moses stood upon Mount Pisgah, he looked over into the green fields of Gilead, far as his eye could reach, towards Dan, yet he could see but little of that lovely land; he saw the plains of Jericho, the distant hills of Naphtali, the vineyards of Ephraim, and the snows of Lebanon, and the far distant sea gleaming in the sun. Still he saw but little; he did not know the deep shady valleys, and the thousand homes of that happy land. So it is with Christians. We

must cross the Jordan before we shall know what we shall be. Two reasons may be given. (1st.) *The joys of heaven must be tasted in order to be known.* You cannot know the sweetness of honey but by tasting it, so it is with the pure joys of being with Christ where he is. (2nd.) *Our bodies are too weak to stand a full taste of what believers shall be.* If only we felt the presence of God as we might do, it would be enough to make us fall down dead. A little of heavenly joy would break the vessel in pieces that held it. We need to be dissolved or changed, before we can bear so full a glory.

2. *Something we do know.* (1.) We shall *shall see Christ as he is.* If we really love a person, we love to see them. It is not enough that we hear of them, or get messages from them, we love to see them. If we really love Christ, we shall love to see him also. When Christ comes we shall see him as he is; we shall see him face to face, eye to eye. This is one of the great wonders of the incarnation, that we shall know God by looking on the face of Christ; we shall see the grace and tenderness of God in the eyes of Christ; we shall learn the love of God from the lips of Christ; we shall be able to hold near and intimate converse with God through our Elder Brother. "In that day I shall show you plainly of the Father." "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Throughout eternity he will wear the same form as the weakest among us. (2.) We shall *be like him.* As the dewdrops of the morning reflect the risen sun, so shall we reflect in that day the image of Christ. He shall change our vile bodies, and make them like his own glorious body. We shall have the very features of Christ's countenance impressed on us. On earth, if you are very constantly with a person, your features become gradually like them. It will be much more so above. We shall be changed into his image. Often on earth you can tell children of a family by their likeness to their parents or their elder brother. If you meet them in the street, you can recognise them at once. So will it be in heaven. We shall be known in heaven as the brothers and sisters of Christ by our likeness to him who sits upon the throne. When we meet holy angels in the streets of the New Jerusalem, they will know us at once by our likeness to our Elder Brother. *Our souls shall be like him.* Out of his fulness we shall receive, and grace for grace. Every feature that was in Christ below shall be in us. *His merciful nature* shall dwell in us fully, so that if there was another world of sinners, and if it were possible, we would be willing to die for man as he did. *His lowly nature.* So that even as he stooped down to wash the disciples' feet, we shall be willing, if it were needful, to wash one another's feet. We shall strive with the angels who will stoop the lowest to serve our God and one another. Oh, what a heaven it will be to be with Christ, and to be like Christ! "Now, everyone that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure."

TRYING WORD. If you are on the road to this heaven, you will have some of God in your heart. Wether have you the earnest of heaven or of hell? Do you feel lusts raging, malice and envy groaning, passion burning? Ah! that is the earnest of hell. Do you feel a heart-stirring desire to be like Christ? This is the earnest of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Soon "WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM, FOR WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

On returning to the renovated Tabernacle.

A MONDAY EVENING ADDRESS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT strikes me that this building, so thoroughly cleansed and chastely beautified, has a lesson for us. The prophet Habakkuk spoke of stones crying out of the wall, and beams out of the timber answering thereto; surely this roof and these pillars have long enough heard the voices of our solemn assemblies, to be able to echo to us thoughts of truth and soberness. If there be indeed—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

rest assured there is a lesson for us in the cleaning and reparation of the house in which we delight to meet for the united worship of God.

Do we not all need in our own souls, every now and then, just what this building required, namely, restoration and renovation? In this our smoky city the most careful housekeepers find cleanliness to be difficult; do what they will, dinginess will get the upper hand. Gilt grows dim, gloss departs, the purest whiteness is discoloured, and dust and dirt are apparent everywhere, because our atmosphere is heavily laden with elements opposed to purity. Even so in this crooked and perverse generation, the best of believers will find it difficult to maintain the freshness and beauty of their piety, the closeness of their fellowship with Jesus, and the heavenliness of their conversation. Our first love all too soon grows cold, and much of its fair promise perishes, for the influence of the world is, to renewed souls, as the night wind of winter to tender plants, pinching them with biting frosts. Heavenly-mindedness is subject to secret, unceasing, and most powerful assaults; like a vessel floating in equatorial seas, it is assailed by innumerable minute enemies which seek to pierce its timbers of strength, and turn its solidity to rottenness. Holy zeal, like a sacred fire, soons burns low, unless fed by the unseen hand of our Well-beloved, for the forests of earth yield no fuel for its flame. Even under the ordinary circumstances of spiritual life, it is the easiest thing in the world to lose our first heat of love, and to decline into a lukewarm and sickly state; but under certain conditions it becomes almost inevitable. "*Facilis decensus averni*"—easy is the descent to hell; down, down, down. It is easy work to slide imperceptibly down; and he must be watchful to the highest degree who does not find himself descending by the mere force of fallen nature into backsliding of heart, and active departure from his God.

In order that declensions may not continue, that blessed Spirit who has been pleased to make us the temples in which he dwells, gives us, at fitting periods, seasons of complete restoration, renewing us in the spirit of our minds. I am not referring now to those daily cleansings and quickenings which are the result of his indwelling; nor do I speak

of that one great and perfect purification bestowed upon us when we believed in Jesus at the first; but my mind dwells upon that mercy of which David sang: "He restoreth my soul;" "He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's;" that boon for which he pleaded in the plaintive words of the fifty-first Psalm: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Concerning such visitations of grace, let us speak in few words, drawing a comparison between this building and our souls. As soon as we left this Tabernacle, the workpeople busied themselves in unsettling everything, creating clouds of dust, dragging in timbers and ladders, and manufacturing confusion by wholesale. Scaffolds sprung up as quickly as Jonah's gourd; and, instead of the place looking grave and sober as a place of worship should do, from top to bottom it bristled with timber, like a forest, abounded in crossbeams and yards, like a fleet of ships; and was as full of bustle and noise as a market or a factory. They that turn the world upside down, had come hither also. Then great havoc was made of everything which seemed passable and decent; where there was a tolerable show of paint the ruthless spoilers scraped it off, and then picked out every flaw they could find in the ceiling, and made the cracks gape twice as wide as before, till the house was stripped and peeled, and made to put on sackcloth, and to be covered with dust and ashes, because its glory had departed. You who love this house for the sake of happy hours spent within it, might well have taken up a weeping and a lamentation for it. Yet these workmen needed not to be ashamed, for their work has been executed to perfection; and had it not been for the scraping and the pulling down, the whole business would have been very badly finished in the long run. Now, herein is an analogy as to God's dealings with the souls of his saints when he is about to bless them; for his gracious renewings frequently commence with strippings and humblings of no ordinary kind. "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for his iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth," and all this with a view of putting upon the humbled soul the beauty of the Lord, and the glory of the God of Israel. Job thus describes the dealings of the Lord when he brings down the high looks of pride: "I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder: he hath also taken me by my neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark. His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground. He breaketh me with breach upon breach, he runneth upon me like a giant. I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust. My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death." This is severe usage, but when viewed as a preparation for future blessedness, wisdom teaches us to see the hand of love in it all. If the current were always smooth, might it not be a token of our gliding towards the gulf of destruction? Depend upon it, the most of us cannot endure great prosperity long together. As some constitutions cannot bear certain meats, so a long run of spiritual ease is much too strong a thing for the constitution of average Christians. The pools of our heart are apt to grow stagnant unless stirred by affliction. Peace and quietness are hotbeds for shams and superficialities; but when sharp troubles and keen temptations

assail us, nothing will stand but that which is real and lasting. We should be very grateful to our gracious Lord for sending his rough providences to despoil us of our supposed excellency, and lay bare the poverty and nakedness of our natural estate. Traders with rotten establishments are afraid to have their books overhauled, but judicious men long to know their true position; and if they are shown by a wise accountant that supposed gains are real losses, they are thankful for the information, and change their mode of business at once. Soul trouble does this for our spiritual trading; it finds out the bad debts, the windy speculations, the worthless paper, the spurious securities which the soul has been dealing in, and sets our spiritual efforts upon a less cheering, but much more certain footing.

This painful but truthful work within the heart is a preparation for manifestations of the Lord Jesus' sweetest love. The saintly Rutherford has written, "I never find myself nearer Christ, that royal and princely One, than after a great weight and sense of deadness and gracelessness. I think that the sense of our wants when withal we have a restlessness and a sort of spiritual impatience under them, and can cry out because we want him whom our soul loveth, is that which maketh an open door for Christ. When we think we are going backward, because we feel deadness, we are going forward; for the more sense the more life, and no sense argueth no life. There is no sweeter fellowship with Christ than to bring our wounds and our sores to him." Our own experience, after its fashion, comes to the same result; it is only as we are brought low in self, that we are lifted up in the ways of the Lord. A harsh-faced providence, although sternly breaking up our false refuges, has proved itself to be a good friend, by constraining us to flee into the inner chambers of the Redeemer's love for comfort. How sweet is the warm bosom of the Saviour, when wintry blasts sweep over us and make our bones to quiver! then do we, like newborn lambs, rejoice in the Shepherd's bosom, and cling closely to it as for life itself. For ever blessed be the hand which covers me with wounds and bruises, and so leads me to seek to the Physician of my soul. Glorious is the poverty which endows me with the riches of Christ; happy is the shipwreck which casts me helplessly upon the shore of divine love. Thus, out of the lion we gather honey, and the flinty rock drips with oil.

After all the defacing work had been done, the workpeople passed on to something more satisfactory, and first one, then another, busied himself according to his trade, until the house became fair to look upon, as we see it now. Your eye sees nothing of the scraping and the peeling, but you see the result, and are content with it; believe that it shall be so with your heart after you have fully known and felt the evil of sin. All the undoing is necessary to the renewal; all the laying bare of filthiness is necessary to the complete purification of the spirit. Farmers leave their fields fallow for a season that the earth may gather strength for a richer crop, and so we may be under the Lord's desertions for awhile for our lasting profit; and, as after awhile the farmer returns to plough and sow and reap in that field, so will our blessed Master turn to us in mercy, and we shall know the Lord. Our house was not deserted altogether because we left it for a season, and we had no ill will towards it when we gave it over to the workmen's

hands; and the temples of the Holy Spirit shall have no cause in the end to accuse him of forsaking his own, or turning away his love from his chosen.

In the day when all the saints shall glitter like palaces of gold, and be pure as temples of alabaster, they shall adore the infinite wisdom which defiled their fancied purity that they might be made truly holy, and stained their imaginary glory that they might shine in a splendour altogether divine. My friends, beloved of my soul, more dear than ever as years roll on, I do not ask trouble for any of you; but if there be no other way of renovating your spirits, you may on your own account cheerfully welcome the severest trials, when sent by heaven, to visit your house. Come they will, whether we welcome them or no, for the promise is sure to all the seed, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Let us most devoutly praise God that he does not consult our whims, or our fancies, as to how he should deal with us; we have a Father who does not spare the rod for our crying, knowing better than we do what is good for us. He does not ask us in which path we will go; he directs our steps according to his own wisdom, and not according to our folly. Surely we poor shortsighted creatures can even now feel that it is good for us to have infallible wisdom to direct us, and that it is our duty to give up our unbelief, and all our questionings, and submit ourselves absolutely to the will of the unerring Father. All our misery springs out of our self-will. Self-love is the nest out of which the hornets fly in their armies; would to God it were utterly destroyed. If self-will were slain, sorrow would lose its sting. The daily cross in itself is not heavy—as Jesus' yoke, it is easy; but self-will makes our shoulders raw, and then the cross becomes very heavy to bear. Sweetly does Madame Guyon sing—

"Long plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear."

When the spirit gets into a condition of perfect acquiescence with the divine will, it flourishes equally in sunshine or shade. I pray God that we may be made willing to receive from him, with equal satisfaction, both that which seems to be evil, and that which is apparently good, and this may be an argument of which even our selfishness may feel the weight, that the time for casting away stones is followed by a time for gathering them together, and the period of humiliation is certainly succeeded by a deep and lasting exaltation of soul, and therefore we may complacently endure the first for the sake of the second. The heart in disorder of grief shall be but a prelude for the spirit in fulness of joy and peace; therefore let us be of good courage, and trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

The Earnest Evangelist.*

THE word evangelist is a very suggestive one. According to the New Testament signification, evangelists were a class of teachers next in rank to the apostles and prophets. "And he gave," says Paul to the Ephesians, "some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers." Eusebius recognises the authors of the gospels as "*the* evangelists; but of the office itself he says, "Men do the work of evangelists, leaving their homes to proclaim Christ, and deliver the written gospels to those who were ignorant of the faith." This is substantially the work of the men whom we in the present day style "evangelists." Their mission is to make known the truth to those who are ignorant of it; to discover the dark places of the earth and to enlighten them. The New Testament evangelists were workers *with* the apostles. Mark was said by the early and more trustworthy fathers to have been an interpreter of the apostle Peter; and certainly he was the companion of the apostle Paul, for we find that John Mark accompanied Paul and Barnabas on their first apostolic journey, but afterwards left them for a short period, only however to return to Paul, when he was suffering for the first time, in Rome, for the defence of the gospel. If the reference in 2 Corinthians viii. 18: "And we have sent with him (Titus), the brother whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches," be to Luke, as there is every reason to believe that it is, then we have a perfect picture of an earnest evangelist, for the praise awarded is not as Jerome has supposed, for writing the gospel which bears Luke's name, but for his unceasing activity and the passionate earnestness which led him to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ. We all know how that Timothy evangelised with Paul, and how beautiful the helpful association must have been between the venerable paternal apostle, and the youthful, devoted, and untiring evangelist.

From these cases I have been led to the belief that, if it was needful or desirable the evangelist should in New Testament times be connected with the apostles, it is in every way advantageous in the present day that evangelists should be associated with the duly recognised ministers of our Christian churches, that indeed between such ministers and such evangelists there should be the utmost friendship, confidence, and sympathy; and filled with the same hopes, possessing the same aspirations, following out the same convictions, each would be the better for the association, and our churches would be the stronger for the combined efforts of the two men. If it be found that brotherly intercourse, and advice, strengthen the hands of all who work for God, we may surely expect beneficial and permanent results flowing from the united action and kindly sympathy of pastors and evangelists. How useful such an association might be in increasing a young man's devotedness to the work of evangelism, stimulating him when weary, and encouraging him when cast down by difficulties, need hardly be described. As the eagle teaches its young to mount up towards the sun, by sweeping gracefully through the air in a succession of spiral curves, rising almost imperceptibly with every spire, so the minister may teach the evangelist how to mount up into the ennobling sphere of Christian usefulness, by a thousand ways that readily occur to an earnest, loving spirit. I hope to see the day when there shall not be a Baptist church in England without its evangelists. Whilst ignorance walks the streets with brazen front, defying, by its shameless impenetrability, the attacks of truth, or while it is possessed of so large an empire as it has in this great city, there is work for all the qualified agents that can be mustered together. It is impossible that the gospel vineyard should be too well supplied. The Christian church has ever had to cry, "The labourers are few." While an unconverted man remains in the most obscure

* An Address to the Evangelists' Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle. By Mr. EDWARD LEACH.

court in the most wretched slum of London, there is need for evangelistic work. I conclude this point by asking who so well qualified to teach the bird how to fly as the parent-bird? Who so able to encourage a youth in the service of Christ as his spiritual father? And what, next to the smiles of heaven, the gift of souls, and the satisfaction springing from a good conscience, so encouraging in arduous labours, and so stimulative to greater earnestness and renewed consecration on the altar of Christian work, as the genuine, spontaneous, hearty, ever-ready, "God bless you" of the Christian minister?

We suppose, then, that our "earnest evangelist" has this co-operation. We will now look at him in the aspect we have taken for this occasion. In a photographic album, I have the portrait of a gentleman taken—one in full front, the other with his back towards you. Yet you perceive by a number of indications that the resemblance is perfect. From the crown of his head, back or front, to the soles of his feet, or of his boots, he is unmistakably one and the same person. Thus should it be with the earnest evangelist. Viewed from whatever aspect of the Christian compass—north, south, east, or west, his life should be the same; and as in the true pulpit orator every perspiring pore of the body seems to be preaching the gospel, so should the evangelist manifest in every department of his life—from his greatest to his lesser actions—his entire devotion to the work of teaching the spiritually illiterate. In our picture of an earnest evangelist, we would not desire to judge dogmatically, to draw invidious comparisons, or harsh, straight lines, or lay heavy burdens, which few, if any, could be reasonably expected to bear. Nor would we draw a pretty picture, that could not be realised. As the canvas cannot present the subtle, delicate beauties of nature, with all its multiform artistic details, neither can word-painting, however elaborate, or minute, or realistic, sketch to the life the character of the man whose very existence is an exhibition of the generous, noble impulses of the soul. His characteristic virtues, by a soft gradation, lose themselves in each other, just as the colours of an autumnal sunset so intermix that the rays can scarcely be distinguished. We may, therefore, fail in our attempt to realise what we wish; but the effort, fail or not fail, cannot be without its lessons.

The earnest evangelist sets out with one grand, noble conviction which, as experience increases, deepens in intensity. He is determined, by God's help, to glory in nothing save the cross of Christ. He sees that men grow enthusiastic about the millennium, about the superlapsus, and the sublapsus, about creeds, dignities, and offices, but that the enthusiasm of the cross is rare. He therefore seeks to rally all his powers around one glorious standard, and thinks it to be his greatest achievement if he can plant the cross on the highest pinnacle of his soul's affections. He quietly, calmly, anxiously surveys the empire of truth, but desires to fix his gaze upon that sacred mound where "from the cross uplifted high" the Christ of God suffered and died a ransom for men. He thinks he shall be most successful in bringing souls to this great central spot by fully exhibiting its attractiveness. Hence he tries daily to comprehend the divine mysteries of the cross. When he sits down to study, he prays that his spiritual insight may be quickened and enlarged, that the hitherto hidden beauties of this doctrine may be revealed to him—being assured that in proportion as he understands, and feels his heart to be in sympathy with it, so he will be enabled to preach with energy and power. The earnest evangelist is to be commended, because he is passionately in earnest respecting the cross.

The earnest evangelist is naturally and spontaneously enthusiastic in preaching. He cannot execute his exordium without manifesting, by outward signs, the hidden vibrations of his emotional soul. A Yankee wit says, "I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister kan't strike ile in boreing forty minutes, he has either got a poor gimblet, or else he is boreing in the wrong place." But where the fountain of a man's actions is in the feelings of his soul, there is little fear of his failing in directness of purpose. The man who feels what he says while he is saying it, must inspire sympathy. When

you look at the soft, sweet, angelic beauty of Raphael's Madonnas, you are reminded of that passionate love of the artist for his mother which inspired him in producing those immortal creations of his brush; and you feel you, too, could love so beautiful a mother. And so those lofty flights of genuine oratory, which live in the nation's heart for ages, were attained only by the full soul being attuned to their performance. The chilly influences of a classical intellect may lead to speculation; but it is the man of *feeling* who acts. Wretchedly dull performances are those in which the *heart* is not found. Socrates told painters and sculptors that only the truest art was capable of delighting the soul; and that where there was no grace or beauty, sympathy with art could not be obtained. That which is true in art is true of preaching. You cannot inspire enthusiasm without possessing it.

The earnest evangelist does not indulge in outward exhibitions of emotional excesses for the sake of effect. He believes they always mar effect. As I have said elsewhere, "the ordinary clap-trap of stump orators, the materialistic appeals, the violent phrases used by certain evangelistic democrats, the flaming passion which brings bile from the stomach, blood to the face, and distortion of the features," should be abjured. The earnest evangelist knows that such honoured men as John Wesley and Jonathan Edwards moved the people by calmness and by the truth they spoke; and he therefore seeks to impress the mind and heart more by the reality of the things he says, than by his impassioned manner. Yet he is not cold and elegant, but fervent and yearning. He feels, while he is speaking, that he is engaged in a solemn work; and his simplicity, therefore, becomes sublime; his clearness, rapture; his facts charged with life. When the soul is in active motion, imagery will flow naturally, invective will become incisive, tenderness become pathos, and thoughts will follow each other in quick succession.

The earnest evangelist is persistent. He knows no discouragement. He recognises no hindrances. An Irish evangelist once went on a Sunday into a church, where the preacher, only lately appointed, was addressing half a dozen persons with as great earnestness and energy as if the church had been crowded. The evangelist was surprised, and obtained as an answer to his question, "How he could be thus earnest," the reply that "Were there but *one*, my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic." That preacher soon filled his church.

Our preacher does not indulge in long sermons. He has acquired—after some failures, perhaps, one excellency—brevity. Luther, in enumerating the nine qualities of a good preacher, gave as the sixth, "That he should know when to stop." The late Mr. Jay said he never exceeded three-quarters of an hour at most; and he must have a high opinion of himself who considers his performances can never be too long.

On the other hand, he is never too short. He knows he cannot discuss or expound so important a subject as he has in hand in a few minutes. He therefore carefully studies his subject at home; and does not think that because his audiences consist for the most part of illiterate persons, that they do not require well-prepared sermons. His anxiety in his studious moments is, how best to present such-and-such a truth so as to make it an utter impossibility for the people *not* to understand and receive it. He knows he must be popular. He is certain that his Master's conduct in teaching by parables, is a good one. And to carry out that plan demands study and the exercise of thought. While some men strive after philosophical preaching, he aims at the popular presentation of truth. He believes that the great masses require popular preachers, as much as cultured Christians need scholarship and learned divines. He knows he cannot be the latter, but is assured that he may attain unto the former. He asks himself, "Who have ministered most to the spiritual life of the nation—those who, with the utmost simplicity, have declared 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' or those who learnedly, philosophically, and richly, have laid open the storehouse of divine truth in such a way as to satisfy the most exalted critics?"

Without disparaging those superb gifts to which he bows with humility, thanking the great Head of the church that he has been pleased to grant them for the church's benefit, he yet glories in the fact that God has chosen the weak things of the earth to confound the mighty, that he has exalted the simple preachers of the cross, and made them the instruments of the salvation of thousands of immortal souls.

The earnest evangelist is desirous of interesting the people in the biographical and historical narratives of Scripture. He says to himself, "If I can secure their interest in such-and-such a narrative, by presenting it in a pleasant, popular way, I may lead those who never open their Bibles to read the sacred volume for themselves." Hence, he mostly attracts his listeners by modernising sacred events, bringing Oriental scenery and habits to bear upon incidents which are clothed with freshness and beauty. When he has thus modernised antiquity, he applies the lessons to the individual life of working people—showing them the adaptability of the gospel to their condition in life—to meet their wants, satisfy their ambitions, and make them happier, better men. To do all this, and to use the hundreds of similes, illustrations, and anecdotes he requires, he must have books, and some leisure in which to study them. When he purchases a book, he does so with the design of using it. He knows that while poor authors cannot steal, and must not, yet there is no moral law which prevents the evangelist borrowing all the illustrations he can obtain from any author. Of what use is an author, he argues, unless he benefits the world by his productions; and why should I purchase his works if I am not to use them? He is, therefore, confessedly a borrower, as much as Sheridan was, who, it is said, was so addicted to borrowing, that if he had discovered the lost tribes of Israel, he would have borrowed from each one of them.

The earnest evangelist abhors vulgar sensationalism. He does not try to catch the public by getting up posters with such headings as "Does your mother know you're out?" as was once done in the north, or, as was done by a master of arts in Glasgow two years ago, "Ten years in Hell," and "The Witch of Endor." He does not believe God requires such service at his hands. He does not think that God asks him to use any trick, dishonest as he knows some of them to be, even to save a soul; and is convinced that the Great Fount of Truth demands of him the utmost honesty and transparency of conduct.

The earnest evangelist knows when to be quiet, and does not always speak out what he thinks. If any one damps his zeal, he does not turn round and fly at his opponent. He listens, *but* resolves. He remembers that "still waters run deep," and God's purposes with him glide on uninterruptedly, whether men praise or dispraise. Yet he can resent impertinence, and, when occasion requires, can speak out firmly. He holds with the illimitable Mrs. Poyser, that "there's no pleasure in living if you are to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel."

The evangelist as a visitor among the poor needs to be exceedingly earnest. If any one be sick, he visits him, thinking all the way he goes through the streets what words of consolation he can impart to the sufferer. If he visit the dying, he wrestles with God for a blessing—sometimes the blessing of converting grace—upon the dying man. When a soul is convicted of sin, he loses no time to pour in the healing balm. When a hard heart begins to show some indications of softening, he does not fail to apply himself to that particular case frequently and persistently. When an unthinking practical atheist begins to struggle through the dark chaos of doubt, and seeks for the purer, clearer atmosphere of belief, his joy is to aid him in his endeavours. When a faint heart begins to question its Christianity, he is sure to present the most trustworthy tests of sincerity, the application of which shall, by God's grace, relieve the mental unrest.

When he sees raw recruits for Jesus, he marshals them out, instructs them in their duties, and soon puts them in military trim. He is resolved that those recruits shall be engaged in active service. "You, my brother," saith he to one possessed with musical tastes, "will do for our band, for we want good singers

in our out-door campaigns, to drown the oaths and sallies of the enemy." "You, my brother," saith he to a spiritually skilful recruit, "can serve us well by using the weapon of all-prayer." "You, my friend," saith he to one of bright countenance, and quick, intelligent eye, "can wield the sword of the Spirit against the furious attacks of our foes." In this way, he surveys his troops, keeping a sharp eye upon that slovenly, backsliding recruit, who has lost some military ardour by coming into too close contact with the opposite ranks, charging him to keep his regimentals in good order, lest the Great Captain should disband him from the army, or put him under sore discipline. "Valiant comrades," saith he, cheerfully, "ours is a glorious conflict. Victory *must* be won, since we shall overcome in the strength of our great Warrior Master. Be firm, comrades, for our enemy goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Enlist all you can into this service. Remember the wages are good, the pay sure, the inheritance certain, and the final reward glorious. We shall be crowned by Royalty, and shall reign with our King for ever and ever." "Ah!" addeth he, "is not all this worth working for?" And there arises a responsive hearty shout, from thankful, joyous hearts, "Ay, sir, it is!"

Where this earnest soldier of the cross discerneth an aptness for higher work, he promotes to nobler service; and thus he converts the most useful soldiers into recruiting sergeants for Jesus. In this way, bands of men are quartered in various stations, until what were once the strongholds of Satan become garrisons of King Immanuel. "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: *for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*"

Our Orphanage.

THE Lord is beginning to appear for us in the matter of the Orphanage; but, as yet, he has not opened the windows of heaven as we desire and expect. We wait in prayer and faith. We need not less than £10,000 to erect the buildings, and it will come, for the Lord will answer the prayer of faith. One esteemed friend, Mr. George Moore, of Bow Church-yard, has, with spontaneous generosity, sent £250 towards one of the dwelling-houses, for which we are very grateful. Perhaps other great merchants may be moved to do likewise. Three friends have offered £50 each in the hope that seventeen more will give the same, and so make up another thousand pounds; this ought not to be a very great difficulty. One of these donations is already paid. We have received one or two small sums towards a "Sword and Trowel" Cottage, and if others think well of the plan, one might be built for £500. The best project of all, to be carried out upon a large scale, is probably the suggestion of a friend, that ten thousand persons should give a guinea each; and as we have considerably more than that number of readers of this magazine, and twice as many readers of the sermons, if the Lord do but so move his people's hearts, there can be no difficulty about it. We have received fifty guinea subscriptions at the moment of writing, though the plan has not been made public. Cannot every reader either give or collect one guinea? We have also received £2 2s. from a Sabbath-school, in a small country town, thus setting a good example to our friends in that department. What more fitting than that children should help us to provide for children? Will none co-operate in building a house to be called the Sunday-school House for the Orphans? Many poor orphan children could be comfortably housed, if every one of our friends would do his best. It is the Lord's own work to care for the fatherless, but we do not think we are showing any distrust in his providence when we tell his own children our position and projects, for we are sure that he will provide by some means, even if our plans all fail. What, dear reader, ought you to do? Consider and act, and let your action be prompt.



WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF EVIL? *How is it that the Almighty God permitted it to enter into the world?* This perplexing question is raised by many when they are hard pressed in their consciences, and want a convenient corner in which to hide. They are ashamed of their sins, but like them too well to give them up, and therefore they raise a great dust over this question, so as to hide themselves from the attacks of their conscience. Our somewhat rustic woodcut may suggest a far more profitable mode of procedure. The bullocks are in the field doing a world of mischief, and the boys are all squabbling as to how they got in, whether through a gap in the hedge, or because the gate was left open, or by crossing over the brook; but Farmer Brown is calling out to them, "Come along, boys, and get them out; don't stand talking about how they got in, while the wheat is being spoiled." Wisely said, friend Brown; and just so our business with evil is rather how to get it out of ourselves, than to enquire how it came to be permitted in God's world. Nice questions about specific gravity will not save a man who is drowning, nor will doctrinal disputes save our souls.

Reader, Jesus who gave his life for sinners, has power to save us from our sins. The blood and water which flowed from his wounded side are sin's perfect and certain cure; he who by faith rests in these is no longer under bondage to evil. Jesus, by his Spirit, can drive out the evil of our hearts, however deep-seated and powerful it may be; and if we seek him by prayer and faith, he will do it. Leave, then, all critical questions, and be in earnest to obtain an interest in him. This text is plain enough, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

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Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXVIII.

TITLE AND SUBJECT.—*Again, the title* "A Psalm of David." *is too general to give us any clue to the occasion upon which it was written. Its position, as following the twenty-seventh, seems to have been designed, for it is a most suitable pendant and sequel to it. It is another of those "songs in the night" of which the pen of David was so prolific. The thorn at the breast of the nightingale was said by the old naturalists to make it sing: David's griefs made him eloquent in holy psalmody. The main pleading of this Psalm is that the suppliant may not be confounded with the workers of iniquity for whom he expresses the utmost abhorrence; it may suit any slandered saint who, being misunderstood by men, and treated by them as an unworthy character, is anxious to stand aright before the bar of God. The Lord Jesus may be seen here pleading as the representative of his people.*

DIVISION.—*The first and second verses earnestly entreat audience of the Lord in a time of dire emergency. From verses 2—5, the portion of the wicked is described and deprecated. In verses 6, 7, and 8, praise is given for the Lord's mercy in hearing prayer, and the Psalm concludes with a general petition for the whole host of militant believers.*

EXPOSITION.

UNTO thee will I cry, O LORD my rock; be not silent to me, lest, *if* thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

2 Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

1. "*Unto thee will I cry, O Lord my rock.*"—A cry is the natural expression of sorrow, and is a suitable utterance when all other modes of appeal fail us; but the cry must be alone directed to the Lord, for to cry to man is to waste our entreaties upon the air. When we consider the readiness of the Lord to hear, and his ability to aid, we shall see good reason for directing all our appeals at once to the God of our salvation, and shall use language of firm resolve like that in the text, "I will cry." The immutable Jehovah is our *rock*, the immovable foundation of all our hopes and our refuge in time of trouble: we are fixed in our determination to flee to him as our stronghold in every hour of danger. It will be in vain to call to the rocks in the day of judgment, but our rock attends to our cries. "*Be not silent to me.*" Mere formalists may be content without answers to their prayers, but genuine suppliants cannot; they are not satisfied with the results of prayer itself in calming the mind and subduing the will—they must go further and obtain actual replies from heaven, or they cannot rest; and those replies they long to receive at once, if possible; they dread even a little of God's silence. God's voice is often so terrible that it shakes the wilderness; but his silence is equally full of awe to an eager suppliant. When God seems to close his ear, we must not therefore close our mouths, but rather cry with more earnestness; for when our note grows shrill with eagerness and grief, he will not long deny us a hearing. What a dreadful case should we be in if the Lord should become for ever silent to our prayers! This thought suggested itself to David, and he turned it into a plea, thus teaching us to argue and reason with God in our prayers. "*Lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.*" Deprived of the God who answers prayer, we should be in a more pitiable plight than the dead in the grave, and should soon sink to the same level as the lost in hell. We *must* have answers to prayer: ours is an urgent case of dire necessity; surely the Lord will

speak peace to our agitated minds, for he never can find it in his heart to permit his own elect to perish.

2. This is much to the same effect as the first verse, only that it refers to future as well as present pleadings. Hear me! Hear me! "*Hear the voice of my supplications!*" This is the burden of both verses. We cannot be put off with a refusal when we are in the spirit of prayer; we labour, use importunity, and agonise in supplications until a hearing is granted us. The word "supplications," in the plural, shows the number, continuance, and variety of a good man's prayers, while the expression, "hear *the voice*," seems to hint that there is an inner meaning, or heart-voice, about which spiritual men are far more concerned than for their outward and audible utterances. A silent prayer may have a louder voice than the cries of those priests who sought to awaken Baal with their shouts. "*When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle:*" which holy place was the type of our Lord Jesus; and if we would gain acceptance, we must turn ourselves evermore to the blood-besprinkled mercy seat of his atonement. Uplifted hands have ever been a form of devout posture, and are intended to signify a reaching upward towards God, a readiness, an eagerness to receive the blessing sought after. We stretch out empty hands, for we are beggars; we lift them up, for we seek heavenly supplies; we lift them towards the mercy seat of Jesus, for there our expectation dwells. O that whenever we use devout gestures, we may possess contrite hearts, and so speed well with God.

3 Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity, which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief *is* in their hearts.

4 Give them according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their endeavours: give them after the work of their hands; render to them their desert.

5 Because they regard not the works of the LORD, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.

3. "*Draw me not away with the wicked.*"—They shall be dragged off to hell like felons of old drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, like logs drawn to the fire, like fagots to the oven. David fears lest he should be bound up in their bundle, drawn to their doom; and the fear is an appropriate one for every godly man. The best of the wicked are dangerous company in time, and would make terrible companions for eternity; we must avoid them in their pleasures, if we would not be confounded with them in their miseries. "*And with the workers of iniquity.*" These are overtly sinful, and their judgment will be sure; Lord, do not make us to drink of their cup. Activity is found with the wicked even if it be lacking to the righteous. Oh! to be "workers" for the Lord. "*Which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief is in their hearts.*" They have learned the manners of the place to which they are going: the doom of liars is their portion for ever, and lying is their conversation on the road. Soft words, oily with pretended love, are the deceitful meshes of the infernal net in which Satan catches the precious life; many of his children are learned in his abominable craft, and fish with their father's nets, almost as cunningly as he himself could do it. It is a sure sign of baseness when the tongue and the heart do not ring to the same note. Deceitful men are more to be dreaded than wild beasts: it were better to be shut up in a pit with serpents than to be compelled to live with liars. He who cries "peace" too loudly, means to sell it if he can get his price. "Good wine needs no bush:" if he were so very peaceful he would not need to say so; he means mischief, make sure of that.

4. When we view the wicked simply as such, and not as our fellow-men, our indignation against sin leads us entirely to coincide with the acts of divine justice which punish evil, and to wish that justice might use her power to

restrain by her terrors the cruel and unjust; but still the desires of the present verse, as our version renders it, are not readily made consistent with the spirit of the Christian dispensation, which seeks rather the reformation than the punishment of sinners. If we view the words before us as prophetic, or as in the future tense, declaring a fact, we are probably nearer to the true meaning than that given in our version. Ungodly reader, what will be your lot when the Lord deals with you according to your desert, and weighs out to you his wrath, not only in proportion to what you have actually done, but according to what you would have done if you could. Our "*endeavours*" are taken as facts; God takes the will for the deed, and punishes or rewards accordingly. Not in this life, but certainly in the next, God will repay his enemies to their faces, and give them the wages of their sins. Not according to their fawning words, but after the measure of their mischievous deeds, will the Lord mete out vengeance to them that know him not.

5. "*Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands.*" God works in creation—nature teems with proofs of his wisdom and goodness, yet purblind atheists refuse to see him: he works in providence, ruling and overruling, and his hand is very manifest in human history, yet the infidel will not discern him: he works in grace—remarkable conversions are still met with on all hands, yet the ungodly refuse to see the operations of the Lord. Where angels wonder, carnal men despise. God condescends to teach, and man refuses to learn. "*He shall destroy them:*" he will make them "behold, and wonder, and perish." If they would not see the hand of judgment upon others, they shall feel it upon themselves. Both soul and body shall be overwhelmed with utter destruction for ever and ever. "*And not build them up.*" God's curse is positive and negative; his sword has two edges, and cuts right and left. Their heritage of evil shall prevent the ungodly receiving any good; the ephah shall be too full of wrath to contain a grain of hope. They have become like old, rotten, decayed houses of timber, useless to the owner, and harbouring all manner of evil, and, therefore, the Great Builder will demolish them utterly. Incorrigible offenders may expect speedy destruction: they who will not mend, shall be thrown away as worthless. Let us be very attentive to all the lessons of God's word and work, lest being found disobedient to the divine will, we be made to suffer the divine wrath.

6 Blessed *be* the LORD, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

7 The LORD *is* my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

8 The LORD *is* their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed.

6. "*Blessed be the Lord.*" Saints are full of benedictions; they are a blessed people, and a blessing people; but they give their best blessings, the fat of their sacrifices, to their glorious Lord. Our Psalm was prayer up to this point, and now it turns to praise. They who pray well, will soon praise well: prayer and praise are the two lips of the soul; two bells to ring out sweet and acceptable music in the ears of God; two angels to climb Jacob's ladder; two altars smoking with incense; two of Solomon's lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh; they are two young roes that are twins, feeding upon the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense. "*Because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.*" Real praise is established upon sufficient and constraining reasons; it is not irrational emotion, but rises, like a pure spring, from the deeps of experience. Answered prayers should be acknowledged. Do we not often fail in this duty? Would it not greatly encourage others, and strengthen ourselves, if we faithfully recorded divine goodness, and made a point of extolling it with our tongue? God's mercy is not such an inconsiderable thing that we

may safely venture to receive it without so much as thanks. We should shun ingratitude, and live daily in the heavenly atmosphere of thankful love.

7. Here is David's declaration and confession of faith, coupled with a testimony from his experience. "*The Lord is my strength.*" The Lord employs his power on our behalf, and moreover, infuses strength into us in our of weakness. The psalmist, by an act of appropriating faith, takes the omnipotence of Jehovah to be his own. Dependence upon the invisible God gives great independence of spirit, inspiring us with confidence more than human. "*And my shield.*" Thus David found both sword and shield in his God. The Lord preserves his people from unnumbered ills; and the Christian warrior, sheltered behind his God, is far more safe than the hero when covered with his shield of brass or triple steel. "*My heart trusted in him, and I am helped.*" Heart work is sure work; heart trust is never disappointed. Faith must come before help, but help will never be long behindhand. Every day the believer may say, "I am helped," for the divine assistance is vouchsafed us every moment, or we should go back unto perdition; when more manifest help is needed, we have but to put faith into exercise, and it will be given us. "*Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.*" The heart is mentioned twice to show the truth of his faith and his joy. Observe the adverb "*greatly*," we need not be afraid of being too full of rejoicing at the remembrance of grace received. We serve a great God, let us greatly rejoice in him. A song is the soul's fittest method of giving vent to its happiness, it were well if we were more like the singing lark, and less like the croaking raven. When the heart is glowing, the lips should not be silent. When God blesses us, we should bless him with all our heart.

8. "*The Lord is their strength.*"—The heavenly experience of one believer is a pattern of the life of all. To all the militant church, without exception, Jehovah is the same as he was to his servant David, "the least of them shall be as David." They need the same aid and they shall have it, for they are loved with the same love, written in the same book of life, and one with the same anointed Head. "*And he is the saving strength of his anointed.*" Here behold king David as the type of our Lord Jesus, our covenant Head, our anointed Prince, through whom all blessings come to us. He has achieved full salvation for us, and we desire saving strength from him, and as we share in the unction which is so largely shed upon him, we expect to partake in his salvation. Glory be unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has magnified the power of his grace in his only begotten Son, whom he has anointed to be a Prince and a Saviour unto his people.

9 Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

9. This is a prayer for the church militant, written in short words, but full of weighty meaning. We must pray for the whole church, and not for ourselves alone. "*Save thy people.*" Deliver them from their enemies, preserve them from their sins, succour them under their troubles, rescue them from their temptations, and ward off from them every ill. There is a plea hidden in the expression, "*thy people;*" for it may be safely concluded that God's interest in the church, as his own portion, will lead him to guard it from destruction. "*Bless thine inheritance.*" Grant positive blessings, peace, plenty, prosperity, happiness; make all thy dearly-purchased and precious heritage to be comforted by thy Spirit. Revive, refresh, enlarge and sanctify thy church. "*Feed them also.*" Be a shepherd to thy flock, let their bodily and spiritual wants be plentifully supplied. By thy word, and ordinances, direct, rule, sustain, and satisfy those who are the sheep of thy hand. "*And lift them up for ever.*" Carry them in thine arms on earth, and then lift them into thy bosom in heaven. Elevate their minds and thoughts, spiritualise their affections, make them heavenly, Christlike, and full of God. O Lord, answer this our petition, for Jesus' sake.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 5.—He prayeth against his enemies, not out of any private revenge, but being led by the infallible spirit of prophecy, looking through these men to the enemies of Christ, and of his people in all ages.—*David Dickson.*

Verse 7.—"*My heart trusted in him, and I am helped.*" Faith substantiateth things not yet seen; it altereth the tenses, saith one, and putteth the future into the present tense, as here.—*John Trapp.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1 (*first clause*).—A sinner's wise resolution in the hour of despondency.

Verse 1 (*last clause*).—How low a soul may sink when God hides his face.

Verses 1 *and* 2.—Prayer. I. *Its nature—a "cry."* 1. The utterance of life. 2. The expression of pain. 3. The pleading of need. 4. The voice of deep earnestness. II. *Its object—"O Lord my rock."* God as our Foundation, Refuge, and immutable Friend. III. *Its aim—"Hear," "Be not silent."* We expect an answer, a clear and manifest answer, a speedy answer, a suitable answer, an effectual answer. IV. *Its medium—"Toward thy holy oracle."* Our Lord Jesus, the true mercy seat, etc.

Verse 3.—The characters to be avoided, the doom to be dreaded, the grace to keep us from both.

Verse 4.—Measure for measure, or punishment proportioned to desert.

Verse 5.—Culpable negligence constantly persisted in, losing much blessing, and involving terrible condemnation.

Verse 6.—*Answered prayers*, a retrospect and a song.

Verse 7.—The heart's possessions, confidence, experience, joy, and music.

Verse 7.—*Adoring God for his mercies.* I. What God is to the believer. II. What should be the disposition of our hearts towards him.—*C. Simeon.*

Verse 8.—All power given to believers because of their union with Jesus.

Verse 9.—Prayer for the church militant. *See* Exposition.

Equatorial Africa.*

A PROMISING MISSIONARY FIELD.

THE conclusion which all thoughtful Christians can scarcely fail to arrive at after reading the entertaining accounts of Mr. Du Chaillu's travels in Africa, is that the savages of that country are, for the most part, in precisely *the* condition for evangelistic efforts. This conviction forced itself upon our minds in the reading of every chapter of this marvellous book. There are so many elements that indicate ripeness for missionary success among the poor negroes, of not only the coast, but of the interior of Africa, that it will be strange if the light of the gospel be not soon exhibited in every known part of that benighted land. Assuredly, it behoves the Christian church to be well acquainted with the deserts which bid fair to blossom as the rose when grace visits them. We have been content with our present missionary operations, and have left to societies work which succeeds at so poor a rate that it is impossible, unless some unusually daring enterprise be undertaken by the church in unwavering faith in God's promises, that the waste places of this earth should ever be reclaimed for the Saviour. It is sad when we read of promising opportunities for Christian usefulness in foreign lands, to find that no great endeavour has been made to send forth missionaries where they are not only greatly wanted, but where they would be heartily received. We pray that God will make his church more faithful and more in earnest for the conversion of the heathen.

If Mr. Du Chaillu's pictures of the negroes of Equatorial Africa be accurately sketched, as we doubt not they are, they offer a powerful incentive to missionary work. Few things have more interested and surprised us than the author's descriptions of the character of the negroes of the coast country. Their friendliness and joy manifested in welcoming the visits of a white man, although

* A Journey to Ashango-Land, and further penetration into Equatorial Africa. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. London: Murray.

doubtless of a selfish character, form a strong contrast to the suspicion entertained by most savages. We doubt whether our metropolitan Irish-heathen are capable of exhibiting anything like the same measure of genuine politeness which we read of in this book. Du Chaillu was, on one occasion, entreated by a native to "put down the anchor; plenty ivory, load the ship in a fortnight." The chief of a clan hugged his visitor in a transport of joy, too tightly to be pleasant, when it is remembered that "his skin was dripping with a strong mixture of oil and perspiration." On another occasion, so good tempered were the villagers where the traveller was resting, that the utmost demonstrations of joy were manifested. This rough kindness was very acceptable when Mr. Chaillu was nearly drowned, for they kept him from sinking by swimming under him and buoying him up with their own bodies. "My white man die in the water!" remarked a fat, grey-headed old fellow, "Never, whilst I am alive. How could it be?" A very old king was equally warm in his attachment to the "white man," and assured him that his "belly should be full every day," if he would stay with him. The negroes respect a good tempered man; "the quality in King Rampano for which he was most lauded by the negroes, was his habit of going to sleep when he was drunk, instead of quarrelling," from which it is evident that in Africa as well as in England, drunkenness and ill temper are notoriously associated.

The simplicity of these African negroes is noteworthy. They appreciate an act of friendliness, and are delighted with anything that adds to their vanity. They could not understand why the author should wish to go into the interior of the country to shoot animals, and bring away the skins and bones. "Truly," they said, "we do not know what our Chaillie has in his stomach to want such things, but we must let him go." And go he did.

Their superstitions are very curious. There is an island, whoever enters into which, it is said, is sure to die suddenly, or to become crazy and wander about till he dies. The guide said it was the home of a great crocodile, whose scales of brass might be heard to rattle at night, and who never left the island. Upon Chaillu entering into the island, and returning in safety, the negroes were as surprised as the islanders were when Paul shook the viper off his hand. A curious tradition prevails among them, viz., that there is some mysterious connection or affinity between the chimpanzee and the white man, caused, Mr. Chaillu thinks, by the chimpanzee possessing, with us, a pale face; while the negro they believe to be descended from the black-faced gorilla. Like English sinners, they can make preposterous excuses for their vices. "I found Olenga-Yombi at his slave-plantation, drunk as usual. His head-wife, thinking to appease my wrath at the vile habits of her husband, told me the following curious story of the origin of the vice. When he was quite a child, his father used to put him in a big bag which he had made for the purpose, and carry him to the top of a high tree, where he plied him with the intoxicating palm wine. Every day he repeated the dose, until the child came to like palm wine better than its mother's milk, whereat the father was greatly delighted, because he wished him to be renowned, when he was grown up, for the quantity of palm wine he could drink. 'So you see, Chaillie,' she said, 'you must not be angry with him, for it is not his own fault.'"

At Mokaba, a mountainous wooded village, of great picturesqueness, the villagers were most uncomfortably curious. "The place swarms with people, and I have been haunted at my encampment by numbers of sightseers. The way they come upon me is sometimes quite startling: they sidle up behind trees, or crawl up amongst the long grass, until they are near enough, and then, from behind the tree-trunks, or above the herbage, a number of soot-black faces suddenly bob out, staring at me with eyes and mouth wide open. The least thing I do elicits shouts of wonder; but if I look directly at them, they take to their legs and run as if for their lives." The negroes are evidently like excitable, good-natured children, and can be easily influenced by kindness.

The greatest acquisition of an African dandy is a sword. "The possession

of a sword is a mark of manhood, and all the young men think it honourable to obtain a sword before they acquire a wife." The inhabitants of the Aponoland are highly spoken of, "they showed themselves to be honest, and were faithful in carrying out the engagements they entered into with me, in spite of the numerous palavers we had. I lost none of my property by theft whilst I was amongst them." The head-dress of the male Aponos resembles exactly a lady's bonnet—that is, when ladies wore bonnets, which, as far as we have observed, have been utterly discarded since chignons came in vogue. Writing of chignons reminds us of certain facts mentioned in this work, which we will quote, for the enlightenment of our lady readers, who, of course, are possessed of that natural beauty which does not require the ornamentation of art, least of all, the addition of modern bulbous excrescences. Among the Ishogo fashions is the chignon—not a sham would-be-if-you-could imitation of a horizontal tower, but a veritable framework of eight or ten inches in length, on which the hair is fixed. These chignons are either horizontal, vertical, or oblique; and we are not quite sure whether our English ladies have not made a mistake in imitating the horizontal instead of the vertical development, since the latter (in the engraving at least) resembles an uprising fountain pouring its pellucid streams by way of a blessing upon the head of its owner.*

The author's description of Ashango-land is most entertaining, and his sketches of their scanty religion deeply painful. "When I entered the hut it was full of Ashango people, ranged in order on each side, with lighted torches stuck in the ground before them. Amongst them were conspicuous two mbuiti men, or, as they might be called, priests, dressed in cloth of vegetable fibre, with their skins painted grotesquely, in various colours, one side of the face red, the other white, and in the middle of the breast a broad yellow stripe; the circuit of the eyes was also daubed with paint. These colours are made by boiling various kinds of wood, and mixing the decoction with clay. The rest of the Ashangos were also streaked and daubed with various colours, and by the light of their torches they looked like a troop of devils assembled in the lower regions to celebrate some diabolical rite. Around their legs were bound white leaves from the heart of the palm tree; some wore feathers, others had leaves twisted in the shape of horns behind their ears, and all had a bundle of palm leaves in their hands." Their rites commenced with a war-song, and continued with dancing and a rude theatrical representation.

We regret we have no space for portions relating a visit to the singular dwarf races; but for these and other particulars, we must refer the reader to Mr. Chaillu's book itself. We hope its publication may lead to some practical effort on the part of Christian willinghood for the evangelisation of the eminently docile and tractable tribes of equatorial Africa, a people in whom superstition and idolatry do not seem to be so deeply rooted as in the case of other heathen. Millions are dying without Christ: believers, think of this!

Extracts from Father Taylor's Addresses.

THE YOUNG LAWYER.

A YOUNG lawyer in New Jersey, an avowed infidel, went to a fellowship meeting of Christians "to write down their experiences to furnish sport for his friends at the office." You will rarely find a good lawyer an infidel, and never when they bring their trained powers of analysis to an honest investigation of the evidences of Christianity. The said young lawyer, being personally acquainted with the names and general character of most of the Christians present, entered their names in his note-book, and wrote out their facts as they

* We are given to understand that a peculiar type of English chignon is denominated "The Waterfall."

delivered them, till he had recorded, in the most business-like way, the testimony of eighteen witnesses, when he suddenly waked up to the subject, and said to himself, "These are credible witnesses—men and women who would not lie. I would not want any better witnesses in court to substantiate any matter of fact within their knowledge. They have not testified to what they think, or hope, or believe simply, but to facts in their experience, which they say they know. To ignore such testimony is to ignore the laws of evidence—a thing I dare not attempt." With that he arose, and confessed all these facts in his case, and begged the good people to pray for him, that he might be enabled to believe and be saved. He was soon after converted to God, and became himself a witness for Jesus.

DRINKING THE WATER OF LIFE.

Any child understands what is meant by taking a drink of cold water, because it is a matter of experience; but if a man could be found who had no experience in such matters, and you should undertake to explain the simple process—the nature of thirst, the properties of water, the condition necessary to the application, the variety of mental, nervous, and muscular action employed in taking a drink of water—most likely, the teacher and his pupil would be lost in a labyrinth of difficulties. Hence the necessity, in a matter involving your eternal life or death, of sticking to facts, and great principles, essential to right action. The gospel supper is abundant and free, and the invitation has gone forth to a starving world, "Come, for all things are now ready." "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the lamb," watering and refreshing all heaven, and extending to the uttermost bounds of the earth.

"Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore."

Repentance towards God, resulting in unreserved submission to his will, brings any poor sinner to the edge of this "river of water of life." Now, let us see how a plain thing is mystified by the traditions of men, that we may remove hindrances, and assist you in an intelligent acceptance of Christ as your Saviour.

Some teachers proclaim, "Repentance is not necessary; only believe and you will be saved." That is equivalent to saying to a famishing man, half a mile away from the river's brink, no need to go to the river, just drink where you are.

Others say to the thirsting, dying multitude, "Struggle on, pray on, you'll get relief when you die. If you drink of the river of water of life you can never know the fact, nor feel any certain relief for your burning thirst till your dying day."

Here comes a famishing sinner. Now he is at the brink of the river, but he is blind, and wants some kind friend to help him to get his burning lips to its cooling surface. Up comes a learned doctor, and says to the poor fellow, "My friend, which way did you come?"

"I can hardly tell," replies the poor soul. "I had an awful time in getting here. I could not see my way; but I believe I came right over fences, hedges, and ditches. I thought if I could only get here it would be all right, no matter by which route I came; for I could hear the roar of the river, and a kind voice, saying, "Come, and take freely."

The doctor replies gravely, "My dear friend, you did not come by the right path. You must go back," and then went on to say, "at such a cross-road turn to the right, further along turn to the left, then at a certain point turn to the right again." The directions were so complicated that they could not be remembered. But the poor soul was sent back, to find the way as best he

could. Poor fellow, after the struggle of years he may blunder back to the river, but is more likely to famish and die in the desert of unbelief.

Here comes another, with groaning and tears, covered with dust and perspiration, crying, "Men and brethren, what shall I do?"

A grave-looking man approaches him, saying, "Excuse me, stranger, but I want to warn you against presumption." "*O sir, I'm dying with thirst, can't I get down to this river and drink?*" "You should remember that you have been a hardened rebel for many years."

"Oh, yes, I confess it all. I have consented to give up all my wicked ways, but need strength for the new life I want to lead."

"Yes, but after so many years of sin, it is too much for you to expect to be allowed to drink as much as you want at once. You should keep back, and fast and pray, and show to the world the sincerity of your repentance, and the soundness of your reformation, and then you may find a place at which you may drink."

"Oh! my dear sir, I have been fasting, and praying, and struggling to get to the river; I can do nothing myself, unless I get strength by drinking the water of life. O lead me down to the brink, that I may drink and live."

"You must not be in haste in this grave matter, sir. Impatience is a great sin. You must wait God's own time."

There stands a poor man shivering on the brink.

"My dear friend, get down on your knees there, like Gideon's humble warriors, and drink."

"Oh, I'm not at the right place."

"You are on the river's edge, and you have only to get down and drink."

"But, oh! dear sir, I am such a dreadful sinner, I am not worthy to put my polluted lips to the waters of life."

"True, but this 'fountain was opened for sin and uncleanness;' and all sinners are invited to come and drink freely."

"Oh! dear me, I do feel so badly. I wish I could get relief."

"Drink, and you will get relief in a moment."

"Oh, I am in an awful state; will God ever have mercy on such a sinner?"

"Why, my dear sir, he has had mercy on you. He provided the river for all such as you. He sent his Spirit into the desert after you, and hath led you now to this exhaustless supply, and invites you to take freely. Now drink, or you will perish. There is no possibility of relief except by drinking."

Help for Italy.

WE have received the following letter from our beloved brother, Mr. Wall, late of Bologna; and we shall be glad to aid him by the use of our pages, and by receiving contributions. His is a work to our mind:—

Dear Sir,—It is now more than three years since I left England to engage in missionary work in Italy. I will not speak here of the efforts which have been put forth either by myself or natives labouring with me, my object being simply to lay the following facts before your readers. The Christian brother, who bore the greater part of the expenses of the mission, is recently deceased. No committee was formed, for the reason that we believed Christians in our churches might probably respond to our simple mode of action, as being less expensive and more scriptural than the methods usually resorted to for raising missionary funds, and because the friend above mentioned was prepared to support it if others did not. Through his death, I have been obliged to return to England; and, though I meet with much sympathy on every hand, I fear it is more for me than for the "work's sake," and therefore little likely to be beneficial to Italy. This ought not to be. I cannot conceive why it should be so. Italy is the land of the early martyrs; a land which preserves many precious testimonies to

our distinctive principles, and, I will add, a land in which those principles are destined to receive the most glorious triumph. The time will come when the ancient marble baptistries will no longer be filled with church rubbish, but with pure water, and when the believer will descend to be buried with Christ in baptism. The faith of the first church in Rome was spoken of throughout the whole world; and if again the gospel triumph there, the whole earth will hear of it. During my stay in Italy, I have had the most ample means of studying her wants, of measuring the difficulties in the way, and calculating the probable results of Christian effort; and I feel sure that the success attained during the few years Christians have laboured in Italy, would not suffer, if compared with the results of such labour in other parts of the earth. I have no doubt that missionary work, done in a gospel way, will be blessed with permanent results. In some future number, I will explain what I mean by the gospel way of working.

I am compelled to waive the question of my return *to* Italy, while I feel more than ever resolved to labour *for* Italy. When the Master gives us one of his thoughts to execute, we may be sure the way will be opened by his hand; and if he lays necessity upon me in one way, he will upon other servants in another way. At present, I wish, by means of writing and speaking, to bring this subject before our churches, hoping that in such a way sympathy may be created or drawn forth.

The work I commenced in Bologna is now continued by two Italians, of whose characters and labours I hope to give you further information. For the support of these I desire means at present. If any friends should feel desirous of aiding in this work, I should be greatly thankful to God our heavenly Father for many reasons.

Dear Sir,

Yours in Jesus,

JAMES WALL.

Reviews.

The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience; also, Triana, or a Threefold Romanza, &c. By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. Wm. Tegg.

WE remember to have seen an advertisement in which the person styled himself an "old, rare, and curious bookseller." The adjectives would not be misapplied if taken from the bookseller and applied to this work. Fuller is fuller of quaintness, fuller of wit, and fuller of humour than any other of the old divines; he is not deeply spiritual, or doctrinally accurate, but all things cannot meet in one man. Mr. Tegg has done well to reprint this volume of valuable oddities.

The Religious Objections to the Union of Church and State. Being a Lecture delivered by the Rev. W. WALTERS, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, at Wakefield. Arthur Miall, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

A FIRST-RATE piece of artillery against the abominable union of Church and State. We suppose that this tract is to be bought for a penny; and if so, there should be a wholesale distribution of it by all who love the good old cause. It is forcible and faithful, condensed and conclusive; every Dissenter should buy two copies, one for himself, and one to give away to his nearest Church of England neighbour.

The Pictorial Missionary News. Containing Anecdotes, Histories, Biographies, Correspondence, and Intelligence from all the Missionary Societies of the Globe. Price 1½*d.* a month. Partridge.

WE have before us the yearly volume of this very useful serial, and can very strongly recommend parents to put it on the shelves of the children's library. It is full of large engravings and well adapted to excite an interest in mission work.

Reconciliation, or How to be Saved. By Rev. Wm. Taylor, of the California Conference, author of the "Model Preacher," &c. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

It was our privilege the other day, to hear from Mr. Taylor, one of the most telling, earnest, spiritual, and yet humourous addresses which we ever remember to have listened to. It was a most distinct and marked season of blessing to those who were present; we felt deeply in the speaker's debt, and feel so still. We are told that Mr. Taylor's theology is ultra-Arminian. If so, we are sorry for it; but there is such a savour of the living power of God about his spirit and his communications, that the evil of his mistakes is greatly qualified, and the holy power of the truth works its way. We do not endorse all the statements of the work before us, but we wish every unconverted person could read it. The preacher is not pathetic or pleading to any great degree, but he is forcible, hits hard, cuts deep, and above all, points constantly to the cross. He is a man so full of zeal, so consecrated, so full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, that we are half-ashamed that we who are less than the least of all saints, should write a word of criticism upon him; we wish him God-speed heartily, and pray that he may know the truth more fully, and develop into a sound Calvinist; meanwhile, we wish all our Calvinistic friends were even a tenth part as useful as Father Taylor of California, the apostle of South Africa. We have given extracts from the work before us in other parts of the Magazine.

Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life. By Rev. Wm. Taylor. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

This second work has come to hand since we read the first; and we must confess we have not a particle of faith in its main doctrine. We have been refreshed by many of the statements and exhortations; but either Mr. Taylor uses terms in quite another sense from that in which we understand them, or our own experience and his are, on the point of perfection, as wide as the poles asunder. *We* mourn every day over indwelling sin, and pant after greater conformity to our Lord's image: *he* seems to have attained and to have entered into perfection. If we believed his teaching we should envy him; as it is, we deplore that so good a man should know so little of his own heart.

Jessica's First Prayer. By the author of "Fern's Hollow," &c. Religious Tract Society.

One of the most tender, touching, and withal gracious stories that we ever remember to have read. A dear little book for our children. We are not ashamed of having shed tears while reading it; in fact, should have been ten times more ashamed if we had not. The sweet portrait of the poor child Jessica is a study, and old Daniel is perfect in his own way.

The Christian Year Book. Containing a summary of Christian work, and the results of Missionary effort throughout the world. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Of course, this is but a bare outline of the multifarious efforts embraced in its list, while much of the best form of Christian labour is altogether omitted, we suppose of necessity. We fear that the necessary scantiness of each report will render this well-intentioned volume of little value, except as an index and catalogue of societies; but it is so excellent and needful a work that we hope its sale will encourage the editor to extend his details in the next year's issue, so that his compilation may be made readable as well as useful. The present issue is a handbook of societies; a directory of the streets of Zion; an inventory of the artillery of the church; a muster-roll of the squadrons of the cross. The amount of labour spent upon it must have been prodigious, and to workers, whose range of vision can take in the great field of the world, it will be invaluable.

China: the Country, History, and People. Religious Tract Society.

Many volumes have been written upon "The Flowery Land;" but there was still room for this popular and comprehensive little work. It is exceedingly well written, by one who never shuns an opportunity of saying a word for Jesus,

and yet does not deem it necessary to be dull in order to appear in earnest. Our readers who wish for a mental excursion cannot do better than make, by means of these pages, a trip to the country "where the roses have no fragrance, women no petticoats, the labourer no Sabbath, the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and ships have no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south; where the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning."

Notices.

THE recognition of the Rev. J. Cruickshank as pastor of the United Baptist Churches of Uffculme and Prescott, in Devonshire, took place at Uffculme Chapel, on Wednesday, the 24th of April last. Many pastors from the surrounding district were present, and though the weather was unfavourable the chapel was completely filled. The afternoon service was commenced with devotion and reading by Mr. J. Rothery, of Bampton. Mr. Cruickshank then gave an address explanatory of the circumstances that led to the adoption of his present views, and the commencement of his pastorate amongst that people. He made some appropriate allusions to Mr. Hughes, his predecessor in that place, who had been removed by death after a short period of ministrations, which were frequently responded to during the services of the day. The charge was given by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metroplitan Tabernacle College, under whose direction Mr. Cruickshank had been trained for the ministry. At the meeting in the evening, W. D. Horsey, Esq., of Wellington, presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. J. Field, of Exeter. Mr. E. Webb, of Tiverton, gave an address to the church. Mr. G. J. Reaney, of Taunton, spoke upon "Spiritual Mindedness." Mr. G. W. Humphreys, of Wellington, spoke on "Christian Work." Mr. J. Spilsbury, Independent minister, at Uffculme, expressed his cordial sympathy with the church and pastor in their relation to each other. Mr. J. Tucker added his congratulations. The pastor and Mr. Webb made a few remarks at the close.

On Friday, April 26th, afternoon and evening services were held in the Baptist Chapel, Westbury Leigh, Wilts, in connection with the setting apart to the work of the ministry, the pastor of the church, Edward Blewett (late of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.) In the afternoon the Scriptures were read, and prayer offered by Mr. W. Burton, Frome. The usual questions to the church and pastor were proposed by Mr. Hugh Anderson, Bratton. Mr. Eyres one of the deacons, replied on behalf of the church, as to the hearty and unanimous call of Mr. Blewett, to the oversight of the congregation. Most satisfactory replies were given by the young minister as to his conversion, call to the ministry, theological sentiments, acceptance of his present position, &c. The charge to the ministry was delivered by Mr. George Rogers, theological tutor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. At the evening service the minister of the place presided. Mr. W. H. J. Page, Calne, introduced the service by reading the Scriptures and prayer. Joint addresses to the church were given by Mr. T. George Rooke, B.A., of Frome, on "The Nature and Constitution of a Christian Church;" Mr. W. Barnes, Trowbridge, on "Obligations and Duties of Church Members." Messrs. G. Rogers, T. Gilbert, W. Burton, F. Pearce, H. Perkins, J. Murphy, H. Anderson, &c., followed with short and fraternal addresses. Mr. Blewett accepted the Pastorate of the Church at Westbury Leigh, early in 1866, and commenced his ministry on Sunday, February 4th, in that year. Since that period the congregation has greatly increased, and very many have been added to the church.

The Anniversary Services of Carlton Chapel, Southampton, were held on Wednesday, May 1st. Mr. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, Yorks., preached two excellent and eloquent sermons to attentive and delighted audiences; in the afternoon from Rev. xxii. 8, and in the evening from Psalm li. 4. On Thursday, May 2nd, the chapel was well filled for a public meeting, which was addressed by Messrs. C. Williams, G. Gregg, R. Caven, J. G. Wright, and the pastor, Mr. J. Collins. From the report read, we learn that peace and harmony reign in the church, that twenty-five persons have been added from the world, that a Loan Tract Society has recently been formed, that several from the senior classes in the Sabbath-school have been brought to Christ, that the financial position is as follows:—£1,934 have been

paid to the builders; £600 borrowed without interest for ten years from the Metropolitan Tabernacle and Baptist Building Funds; £200 are still owing to the builder and gas fitter; £106 to the architect; and £200 towards the purchase of the land; leaving £30 or £40 in hand, exclusive of the present services, which will probably realise some £30 or more.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., a large tea-meeting, in aid of the debt fund, was held at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth. After tea, to which 700 persons sat down, the pastor, Mr. E. G. Gange, delivered a lecture on "The Life of John Wesley," which was listened to with profound attention, and constantly applauded. The number of persons present at the lecture was upwards of 1,200. As all the trays were given by the ladies of the church and congregation, it is expected that between £50 and £60 will be cleared by the evening's entertainment.

The following students of the Pastor's College have received and accepted invitations from the various Baptist churches mentioned:—Mr. R. J. Beecliff to Lancaster; Mr. S. M. Honan, to Sudbury, Suffolk; Mr. J. B. Warren, to Willenhall, Staffordshire; Mr. G. T. Edgley, Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm-road; Mr. W. Durban, B.A., Newport, Isle of Wight.

A tea and public meeting was held on Tuesday, the 7th inst., to welcome Mr. A. Tessier to the pastorate of Bromley Chapel Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who presided, stated that Mr. Tessier had left the church at Coleraine, Ireland, at the unanimous call of the church at Bromley. He was glad to know that Mr. Tessier had left his former charge with their best wishes, and he was glad to add that Mr. Tessier enjoyed the warm approval and confidence of Mr. Spurgeon. Encouraging addresses were delivered by Messrs. F. White, of Chelsea; J. W. Genders, of Wandsworth; W. J. Orsman, of Golden Lane; A. Brown, late pastor of Bromley; and Mr. Plumbridge, deacon. Mr J. Gregory (Wesleyan), and Mr. J. Verrell (late Independent minister), expressed their hearty sympathy and goodwill.

A daily prayer-meeting is being held in Aldersgate-street, in the hall belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon London. On Monday, May 20th, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon presided, and delivered an appropriate address. The meeting commenced at twelve o'clock noon, and closed at one o'clock precisely. There were about 300 persons present, many of whom were "City men."

On Monday, the 6th May, the Foundation Stone of the Tabernacle Almshouses was laid by our valued friend Mr. Thomas Olney, sen., who was presented by the pastor and deacons with a very handsome silver trowel and mallet. We were delighted to see our friend in such good health and spirits, and much interested to hear his account of the church and its works for God half a century ago. There was a good gathering at the tea and meeting afterwards.

On Monday, May 13th, Mr. Spurgeon laid the first stone of a new Baptist Chapel, at Sittingbourne, in Kent, and laid £100 upon the stone to help the funds. We shall give a notice of this needy interest in a future number.

Mr. Henry Fuller's cheering report of the Norfolk Tract Society, we are sorry to be compelled to leave till next month.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th, to May 19th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
A. V. L.	5	18	0
Mr. Westrop	2	0	0
Mr. Gwillim	0	5	0
Crux	0	11	0
Mr. W. P. Balfern	2	2	0
Mr. F. Petford	1	1	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
Miss Parker	1	0	0
J. A.	6	10	0
Mr. Pope	2	0	0
Mr. Stringer	1	1	0
Alfred B.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Mc Arthur	5	5	0
T. H. N.	5	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Labour in Hope	0	5	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
A Member of Baptist Church, Belfast	0	3	0
Mr. W. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. Parton	2	0	0
E. S., Hadley Green	0	5	0
Maria Bolton	0	3	6
May	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Mr. Russell	1	0	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. Harvey	0	2	0
Mr. J. Passmore, junr.	0	9	0
Mr. Culverhouse	0	1	6
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mrs. Whittaker	1	1	0
Mr. E. Ryder	1	0	0
A Young Man	1	0	0
S. S.	30	0	0
Mr. W. Justice	0	1	6
Mr. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. P. S. Ross, Canada	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, Scotland	20	0	0
A Countryman, Hitchin	2	0	0
A Friend at Warboys	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bass	0	10	6
Mr. E. Leach	1	1	0
Mr. Summerfield	1	6	0
A Friend, Eythorne	0	10	0
Mr. M. Tritton	3	10	0
J. B.	0	15	0
Offerings at Agricultural Hall, April 21	84	8	11
,, ,, ,, .. 28	25	4	7
and Tabernacle .. .. May 5	34	10	9
,, ,, ,, 12	18	8	7
,, ,, ,, 19	23	6	8
	£311	0	0

Error in last Month's List, ninth line, Mr. Verrell should be Mr. C. Neville, thirteenth line, Mr. Hellier, should be Mr. R. Miller. We trust friends will not allow other works to make them forget our life-work—the College; this is our most spiritual and needy enterprise.

Stockwell Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel" ..	0	3	0
Mr. G. Moore	250	0	0
Sunday School at Stevenage, for Sunday School House	2	2	0
T. M.	5	0	0
Miss Pavey	0	10	0
M. A.	5	0	0
Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jackson	5	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's £50 List:—			
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield ..	50	0	0
Mr. T. R. Phillip's One Guinea List:—			
Mr. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. Phillips	1	1	0
Mrs. Phillips	1	1	0
Miss Phillips	1	1	0
Miss M. Phillips	1	1	0
Master G. Phillips	1	1	0
Miss A. Phillips..	1	1	0
Miss E. Phillips	1	1	0
Master W. Phillips	1	1	0
Miss Such	1	1	0
Mr. T. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. Higgs..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Passmore	1	1	0
Mr. Hackett	1	1	0
Mr. Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. Croker	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pope	1	1	0
Mr. R. Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. C. Brown	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Carpenter	1	1	0
Mr. Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. Marshall	1	1	0
Mr. Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mr. Page	1	1	0
Lillah	1	0	0
Mr. Charlton	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Butterworth..	1	1	0
Mr. V. Grose	1	1	0
Mr. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Foard..	1	1	0
Mr. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. C. Bruzand	1	1	0
Mr. Hobson	2	0	0
Mr. G. Kohell	1	1	0
Mr. Andrea	1	1	0
Mr. C. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. T. Kimber	1	1	0
Mr. E. Weston	1	1	0
Mr. Matthews	1	1	0
Mr. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. McMillan	1	1	0
Mr. Howard	1	1	0
Mr. Surr	1	1	0
Mrs. Dransfield	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Mrs. Stacey	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Ware	1	1	0
Miss S. Hadland..	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Mrs. Mortlock (Annual Subscription)	1	1	0
Moiety of Collections at Hitchin, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	20	0	0
	£306	13	0

For Almshouses.—Mr. Padgett, £1 1s.; Mrs. Luckins, 5s. 6d.; Mrs. Wheeler, £1; Mr. Boot, £2 2s.; A Friend, £2; Mr. R. Evans, £5; Mr. Kidd, £2.

Pastors' Advocate.—Mrs. Grange, 2s. 6d.

For Co portage Assoc ation.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mr. T. E. Davis, £1 1s.; Mr. Macgregor, £1 1s.; Mr. W. Conolly, 10s.; Mr. T. Scott, 5s.; Mr. E. Willett, 5s.; Mr. J. Lawrance, 1st moiety, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Pedley, Highworth, £2 2s. Donations.—Mrs. W. Gale, Wilts, 10s.; Mr. Alden, 1s.; Mr. Birchell, 3s.; Mr. Dodwell, £1.

For Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Work among the Costermongers.—Miss Burls, £5; A. M. Young, 10s.; Dr. A. Macaulay, 10s.; J. W., Reigate, 2s. 6d.; A Reader, Ipswich, 2s. 6d.; A Reader, Norwich, 10s.; O. H., 5s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1867.

John Ploughman's Talk.

ON RELIGIOUS GRUMBLERS.

WHEN a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence, and the nurse of his obstinacy; and though he does not know B from a bull's foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were at his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces if you never knew it before. He sees faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an egg-shell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his conceit with all the airs of a bred-and-born Solomon, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog. Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge, there is only here and there one; and when these rare men talk together upon a discourse, it is good for the ears to hear them; but the bragging wiseacres I am speaking of are vainly puffed up by their fleshly minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and as their bag is empty they shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavillers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge; sooner than let their tongues have a holiday they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed.

One tribe of these Ishmaelites is made up of highflying ignoramuses who are very mighty about the doctrine of a sermon—here they are as decisive as sledge hammers and as certain as death. He who knows nothing is confident in everything; hence they are bullheaded beyond measure. Every clock, and even the sundial must be set according to their watches; and the slightest difference from their opinion, proves a man to be rotten at heart. Venture to argue with them, and their little pot boils over in quick style; ask them for reason, and you might as well go to a sand-pit for sugar. They have bottled up the sea of truth and carry it in their waistcoat pockets; they have measured heaven's line of grace, and have tied a knot in a string at the exact length of electing love; and as for the things which angels long to know, they have seen them all as boys see sights in a peep-show at our fair. Having sold their modesty and become wiser than their teachers, they ride a very high horse, and jump over all five-barred gates of Bible-texts which teach doctrines contrary to their notions. When this mischief happens to good men, it is a great pity for such sweet pots of ointment to be spoiled by flies, yet one learns to bear with them just as I do with old Violet, for he is a rare horse, though he does set his ears back and throw out his leg at times. But there is a black, bragging lot about, who are all sting and no honey; all whip and no hay; all grunt and no bacon. These do nothing but rail from morning to night at all who cannot see through their spectacles. If they would but mix up a handful of good living with all their bushels of bounce, it would be more bearable; but no, they don't care for such legality; men so sound as they are can't be expected to be good at anything else; they are the heavenly watch-dogs to guard the house of the Lord from those thieves and robbers who don't preach sound doctrine, and if they do worry the sheep, or steal a rabbit or two by the sly, who would have the heart to blame them? The Lord's *dear* people, as they call themselves, have enough to do to keep their doctrine sound; and if their manners are cracked, who can wonder! no man can see to everything at once. These are the moles that want catching in many of our pastures, not for their own sakes, for there is not a sweet mouthful in them, but for the sake of the meadows which they spoil. I would not find half a fault with their doctrine, if it were not for their spirit, but vinegar is sweet to it, and crabs are figs in comparison. It must be very high doctrine that is too high for me, but I must have high experience and high practice with it, or it turns my stomach. However, I have said my say, and must leave the subject, or somebody will ask me, "What have you to do with Bradshaw's windmill?"

Sometimes it is the way the preacher speaks which is hauled over the coals, and here again is a fine field for fault hunting, for every bean has its black, and every man has his failing. I never knew a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crotchet or oddity: now, these are the bits of cheese which cavillers smell out and nibble at; this man is too slow, and another too fast, the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a dog, he

can soon find a stick; and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England. As to a preacher's manner, if there be but plain speaking, none should cavil at it because it wants polish, for if a thing is good and earnestly spoken, it cannot sound much amiss. No man should use bad language in the pulpit—and all language is bad which common people cannot make head or tail of—but godly, sober, decent, plain words, none should carp at. A countryman is as warm in fustian as a king in velvet, and a truth is as comfortable in homely words as in fine speech. As to the way of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook, only let the meat be sweet and substantial. If hearers were better, sermons would be better. When men say they can't hear, I recommend them to buy a horn, and remember the old saying, "There's none so deaf as those who will not hear." When young speakers get downhearted because of hard, unkind remarks, I generally tell them of the old man and his boy and his ass, and what came of trying to please everybody. No piper ever suited all ears. Where whims and fancies sit in the seat of judgment, a man's opinion is only so much wind, therefore take no more notice of it than of the wind whistling through a keyhole.

I have heard men find fault with a discourse for what was not in it; no matter how well the subject in hand was brought out, there was another subject about which nothing was said, and so all was wrong; which is as reasonable as finding fault with my ploughing because it does not dibble the holes for the beans, or abusing a good corn field because there are no turnips in it. Does any man look for every truth in one sermon? As well look for every dish at one meal, and rail at a joint of beef because there are neither bacon, nor veal, nor green peas, nor parsnips on the table. Suppose a sermon is not full of comfort to the saint, yet if it warn the sinner, shall we despise it? A handsaw would be a poor tool to shave with, shall we therefore throw it away? Where is the use of always trying to hunt out faults? I hate to see a man with a fine nose smelling about for things to rail at like a rat-catcher's dog sniffing at rat holes. By all means let us down with error, root and branch, but do let us save our billhooks till there are brambles to chop, and not fall foul of our own mercies.

Judging preachers is a poor trade, for it pays neither party concerned in it. At a ploughing match they do give a prize to the best of us; but these judges of preaching are precious slow to give anything even to those whom they profess to think so much of. They pay in praise, but give no pudding. They get the gospel for nothing, and if they do not grumble, think that they have made an abundant return.

Everybody thinks himself a judge of a sermon, but nine out of ten might as well pretend to weigh the moon. I believe that at bottom, most people think it an uncommonly easy thing to preach, and that they could do it amazingly well themselves. Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought itself a herring, but the fisherman knew better. I dare say those who can whistle, fancy that they can plough; but there's more than whistling in a good ploughman, and so let me tell

you there's more in good preaching than taking a text, and saying, firstly, secondly, and thirdly. I try my hand at preaching myself, and in my poor way I find it no very easy thing to give the folks something worth hearing; and if the fine critics, who reckon us up on their thumbs, would but try their own hands at it, they might be a little more quiet. Dogs, however, always will bark, and what is worse, some of them will bite too; but let decent people do all they can, if not to muzzle them, yet to prevent their doing any great mischief. It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by talkative fault-finders, and all about nothing, or less than nothing. Small is the edge of the wedge, but when the devil handles the beetle, churches are soon split to pieces, and men wonder why. The fact is, the worst wheel of the cart creaks most, and one fool makes many, and thus many a congregation is set at ears with a good and faithful minister, who would have been a lasting blessing to them if they had not chased away their best friend. Those who are at the bottom of the mischief have generally no part or lot in the matter of true godliness, but, like sparrows, fight over corn which is not their own, and, like jackdaws, pull to pieces what they never helped to build. From mad dogs, and grumbling professors, may we all be delivered, and may we never take the complaint from either of them.

ON THE PREACHER'S APPEARANCE.

A good horse cannot be a bad colour, and a really good preacher can wear what he likes, and none will care much about it; but though you cannot know wine by the barrel, a good appearance is a letter of recommendation even to a ploughman. Wise men neither fall into love nor take a dislike at first sight, but still the first impression is always a great thing even with them; and as to those weaker brethren who are not wise, a good appearance is half the battle. What is a good appearance? Well, it's not being pompous and starchy, and making one's self high and mighty among the people, for proud looks lose hearts, and gentle words win them. It's not wearing fine clothes either, for foppish dress usually means a foul house within, and the doorstep without fresh whitened; such dressing tells the world that the outside is the best part of the puppet. When a man is proud as a peacock, all strut and show, he needs converting himself before he sets up to preach to others. The preacher who measures himself by his looking glass, may please a few silly girls, but neither God nor man will long put up with him. The man who owes his greatness to his tailor, will find that needle and thread cannot long hold a fool in a pulpit. A gentleman should have more in his pocket than on his back, and a minister should have more in his inner man than on his outer man. I would say if I might, to young ministers, do not preach in gloves, for cats in mittens catch no mice; don't curl and oil your hair like dandies, for nobody cares to hear a peacock's voice; don't have your own pretty self in your mind at all, or nobody else will mind you. Away with gold rings, and chains, and jewelry; why should the pulpit become a goldsmith's shop? For ever away with surplices and gowns, and all those nursery doll dresses—men should put away childish things. A cross on the back

is the sign of a devil in the heart; those who do as Rome does, should go to Rome and show their colours. If priests suppose that they get the respect of honest men by their fine ornamental dresses, they are much mistaken, for it is commonly said, "Fine feathers make fine birds," and

"An ape is ne'er so like an ape
As when he wears a popish cape."

Among us Dissenters the preacher claims no priestly power, and therefore should never wear a peculiar dress; let fools wear fools' caps and fools' dresses, but men who make no claim to be fools, should not put on fools' clothes. None but a very silly sheep would wear wolf's clothing. It is a singular taste which makes honest men covet the rags of thieves. Besides, where's the good of such finery? Except a duck in pattens, no creature looks more stupid than a dissenting preacher in a gown which is of no manner of use to him. I could laugh till I held my sides, when I see our doctors in gowns and bands, puffed out with their silks, and touched up with their little bibs, for they put me so much in mind of our old turkey-cock when his temper is up, and he swells to his biggest. They must be weak folks indeed who want a man to dress like a woman before they can enjoy his sermon; and he who cannot preach without such milliner's trumpery may be a man among geese, but he is a goose among men. At the same time, the preacher should endeavour, according to his means, to dress himself respectably; and, as to neatness, he should be without spot, for kings should not have dirty footmen to wait at their table, and they who teach godliness should practise cleanliness. I should like white neckties better *if they were always white*, but dirty brown is neither here nor there. From a slovenly, smoking, snuff taking, beer drinking parson, may the church be delivered. Some that I meet with may, perhaps, have very good manners, but they did not happen to have them about them at the time: like the Dutch captain with his anchors, they had left them at home; this should never be the case, for, if there be a well-behaved man in the parish, it should be the minister. A worn coat is no discredit, but the poorest may be neat, and men should be scholars rather than teachers till they are so. You cannot judge a horse by his harness; but a modest, gentlemanly appearance, in which the dress is just such as nobody could make a remark upon, seems to me to be the right sort of thing. This little bit of my mind is meant to warn you young striplings who have just started in the ministry, and if any of you get cross over it, I shall tell you that sore horses cannot bear to be combed, and again, "those whom the cap fits must wear it." John Ploughman, you will say, had better mend his own smock, and let the parsons alone; but I take leave to look about me and speak my mind, for a cat may look at a king, and a fool may give wise men good advice. If I speak too plainly, please remember that an old dog cannot alter his way of barking, and he who has long been used to plough a straight furrow, is very apt to speak in the same straightforward manner.

The Prophet's Vision of the Temple Waters.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar," &c.—Ezekiel xlvii. 1—12.

ONE of the principal emblems under which the Holy Spirit is represented to us, is water. Water, in all its various uses is intended to represent the Spirit in all his workings. At one time he is compared to the dew; at another time, he is compared to rain; at another time, he is compared to a mountain stream dashing down the side of Lebanon; at another time, he is compared to a river. The reason is threefold: (1.) Water is one of the chief elements in the material universe, so the Spirit is the chief agent in the world of grace. (2.) Another reason is its great use in cleansing; and what can cleanse the guilty heart but the Spirit of God? (3.) And again, water is the great element that gives life, so is it with the Spirit. "For the fruit of the Spirit," that which the Spirit creates, "is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, meekness, temperance, charity."

Let us then, for a little, regard this mighty river of Ezekiel as an emblem of the working of the Spirit; and—

I. THE SOURCE OF THIS RIVER. Verse 1.—"Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward." Verse 12.—"Their waters they issued out of the sanctuary." I would observe these three things:—

1st. More generally, that the source of this living water *is Jerusalem*, where it first arises. It arises in Jerusalem, and flows out towards the east. You may compare this with Micah iv. 2: "For the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." "*Out of Zion.*" These are the words I wish you to attend to. "The law" here spoken of, is just the gospel. Compare this with the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah, eighth verse: "And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be." Now, this third declaration was partially fulfilled when the gospel was preached at Jerusalem. You remember, that on the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." And you remember the apostles were commanded to "go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." It was just the fulfilling of this prophecy. It was just the first springing up of this living water in the wilderness of this world. And, brethren, it is quite certain that this will be again fulfilled; and, therefore, I believe that these words are intended to make us turn to the broken-down walls of Jerusalem. "For if the casting away of the Jews be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" The world at

* From the Shorthand Notes of a hearer.

present is almost on the brink of the dead sea, but the time is coming when this river shall flow into the dead sea and make it live.

2nd. But notice further, the particular source of this river—*it went out of the temple.* And you know that Christ is sometimes called the temple. He was the fountain. Just as it was said, "that rock was Christ" out of which the water flowed, so, when it is said, that the waters issued out from under the threshold of the house, it means out of Christ. See Rev. xxii. 1: "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." We are here taught, dear friends, that wherever there is a drop of living water in the world, it comes from the throne of God and of the Lamb. Wherever you find a rill of this water, it comes from Christ—it comes from the smitten rock—it comes from the exalted Redeemer. "For God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Again, brethren, if any of you are to get living water, it must come from Christ. If ever any of you are to be carried away by this river—if you are to be borne along by it, it must come from the throne of God and the Lamb. If any of you are to be comforted that are cast down, this river must come from the throne of God and enter your heart. It is not the river of human eloquence, of human persuasion, that will do, if any of you are to be sanctified, if any of you are to be separated from your lusts, this river must flow into your hearts.

3rd. But further, I notice that it is *a very secret river.* It was something so secret, that Ezekiel did not know where it came from. It came from under the threshold of the house, and flowed down the eastern side of Mount Moriah to the Dead Sea. This is just the way with the Spirit, its workings are secret. This is the reason why natural men hate the working of the Spirit. But hate it as you like, it is true. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." "Thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all." Ah! brethren, there is nothing more mysterious than the action of the water—to think of its rising from the sea and forming clouds in the air, and then descending in rain upon the earth, sinking into it, and forming springs in the rock which flow out and find their way back again to the ocean. This baffles the skill of philosophy—so is it with the working of the Spirit. How secret is the working of the Spirit in awakening one in a family! They are all living in happiness, loving this present world only. A stranger passes by and stops, and reads a chapter of the Bible: the tear begins to fall, conviction enters the soul. And how secret is his working in bringing that soul to peace! God brings home, perhaps, some chapter of his word that gives peace—the word comes silently into the soul, and Christ is revealed. How secret is this! And then, how secret is the sanctification of the soul! Often the soul thinks it is going back, and it is forced to write bitter things against itself, and yet perhaps at that very time, God is sanctifying the soul, giving it a sight of itself to humble it, and to make it hate its sin the more. This

is the way, the secret way, in which the Spirit bears along the soul to glory. "Thy Spirit is good, lead me to the land of uprightness."

II. I hasten to the second part of this subject, and here I would remark THAT THIS RIVER IS AN INCREASING RIVER. Verses 3—5. "And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were to the loins. Afterwards he measured a thousand; and it was a river that I could not pass over; for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." When a traveller in a foreign land arrives at the brink of some great river, the thought that naturally occurs to him is, where it has its rise; if it is in the mountains, through what lands it flows, what streams it receives on its way. Such is the history of every river; so it was with Ezekiel's river. First, it was to the *ankles:* "He measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles." Such is the work of God in the human heart. Perhaps the conviction of sin at first was scarcely known to the man himself. Perhaps the man thought it would be away before the morning; but it deepened. The discovery of the sins of the life leads to the discovery of the sins of the heart; the discovery of the sins of the heart leads to the discovery of the sins of the nature. Then the man finds the river to the ankles. It flows on. He prays. He finds Christ. The river is to the *knees.* And now he finds other sins that he thought not of before. The river is to the *loins,* and still it flows on. He has love to God, love to Christ, love to man. And then it becomes *a river that no man can swim over.* Ah! it is a blessed thing to have this river begun in your heart. So is it with the work of God in a parish. At first, perhaps, it only reaches to the ankles. Perhaps it begins in an upper room where a few meet to pray, and then it flows out and covers the place. And so it will be in the latter days. God grant that we may see it. We have never seen it yet. God grant that we may see it covering this place.

Learn from this *what a mighty Spirit God's Spirit is.* What a mighty river it is; a river that no man can cross without being carried away by it. O brethren, pray that your little meetings for prayer may be like this, that the waters may flow out to water this place. Brethren, if you will not seek a revival in your little meetings again, I fear we shall be left like the heath of the desert, that does not know when the drought cometh.

III. I hasten to a third observation, and that is, THE QUICKENING AND HEALING QUALITY OF THIS RIVER. Verse 12. "And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his month, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." This world, dear friends, is like a desert: in the desert there is nothing above but a burning sky, and nothing below but burning sand; so is it with those of you who are unconverted. As long as you remain without this

living water, you are like the desert—you have nothing above but an angry God, nothing below but a fearful hell. Nay, brethren, you are like the Dead Sea, where, as we are told by travellers, no fish can live. So is it with your families; they are like a little bay of the Dead Sea: any one that comes into your families with any anxiety, dies. So is it with a congregation that have the letter without the Spirit: when any come in and see the people sitting uneasy and listless, it quenches any spark of life that was in them. But, ah! brethren, when this living water enters into the dead sea, instead of being any longer pestiferous, it lives. Ah! what a change comes over a family when this river comes and quickens your dead souls. And, brethren, this river not only quickens, but *heals;* it not only quickens, but it *makes alive.* It heals divisions in families; it unites them in one holy, happy band. "Oh! blessed river, flow into me!" let every one of you say. Are there any of you who do not want this river to come into your families—that wish to remain a dead sea still? Oh! will you not pray that this river may come; for if this river does not come, you will remain a dead sea still: you will still remain dead—death-bearing.

IV. One observation more, and that is, THAT EVEN THERE SHALL BE MIRY AND MARISHY PLACES STILL. Verse 11: "But the miry places thereof and the marishes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt." So it has been in families; so it has been in churches—one is taken, and another left. You may not believe it; you may be saying, "Time enough yet;" but, ah! the favourable opportunity may be passing, if not past. Oh! what a doleful cry in this congregation to-day, were any left. Oh! what a desolate soul is that in a family, who has seen the others saved, yet not saved himself. O brethren, what if you are to remain marishy places still, even when the water flows around you? I fear there are families here who are but little marishy places. Perhaps this living water has come to your next door neighbour; perhaps a poor cottager or weaver has been saved, and your own princely mansion been passed by. God bless you, dear friends; for if not, I know not what shall be the end. Amen.

The Experience of a Convert to Romanism.*

BY DAVID GRACEY.

IT was a pious and becoming custom of ancient times that led the sailor who had been saved from shipwreck to dedicate a tablet, and hang up his drenched garments in the temple of the god of the sea. On the tablet was inscribed the scene of the wreck, and the garments showed in their rents the signs of the violence of the storm, while both together told of the power of the supposed deliverer, and of the gratitude of the delivered. After the same manner, but in the exercise of a purer gratitude, and under the guidance of a divine religion, Miss

* Personal Experience of Roman Catholicism. By Eliza Richardson. Morgan and Chase. Mrs. Richardson's maiden name (Eliza Smith) is used throughout this paper, which is written with the view of drawing attention to the book itself.

Eliza Smith was constrained to tell to the public the narrative of those perils which threatened shipwreck to her faith. The narrative itself has been for years before the nation, and its publication has not only made a suitable return to her merciful Saviour, but has exposed the seductive power and degrading nature of that superstition, founded upon a lie and maintained by imposture, which daily spreads its influence in the community. For five long years she lived in the communion, and rigorously observed the discipline, of Roman Catholicism; and if that period be admitted as a sufficient test, her experience possesses a peculiar significance, as well for those who strive to hinder, as for those who seek, the restoration of the Confessional to England.

During an interval of feeble health, the affection of her family advised a visit to an adjoining county. The change was as desirable as it was necessary. The friend's house where she was to stay presented strong attractions in the variety of scenery and change of air which it afforded, but stronger still in the society of one who dwelt under its roof. Of the same age, with a similar distrust in the creed she professed, with a like tendency towards Romanism, the daughter of her friend was in that very state of mind and heart which would qualify and dispose her to sympathise with the wasting inward struggles of her guest. At home, the manifestation of the slightest departure from the faith of her fathers was met with a severity of word and manner which compelled Miss Smith to conceal as much as possible the symptoms of the great revolution taking place in her thoughts. Here, she anticipated, in the companionship of this kindred spirit, the long-wished-for opportunity of freely telling her difficulties, stating her scruples, discussing her own suspected convictions, and hearing the varied experience of one passing through the same spiritual ordeal as herself. With intense eagerness, therefore, she looked forward to a journey which promised so many sources of delight, little thinking that it was to issue in darkness and distraction of soul for years to come. Yet so it was; but she was not surprised into that lamentable decision for ever, though her friends were astonished and afflicted with the sense of a sudden calamity when it became known. For months she had been fast advancing towards it; and all the arguments on which it rested had already won complete control over her judgment, and taken their place among the things which she most certainly believed.

Nor is it difficult to discover how the false teaching of Romanism should have so entirely subverted in her mind the doctrines of Evangelical religion, in which she had been strictly trained from her youth. These doctrines had never found a firm lodgment in her heart. While her mind was yet undisciplined, her judgment immature, her fancy in unlimited empire, and her will unsubdued, she was accustomed to place the most implicit confidence in her own ability to think, and decide, and act for herself. Her faculties were vigorous, but their vigour was misled by the pernicious quibbles which a wrong course of reading had supplied. The loss by death of a beloved brother and sister awakened a more solemn consideration of the value of the soul, and a keener enquiry concerning the unseen world and the eternal punishment of sin, but led her no nearer the truth. Fresh enquiries brought new misgivings, and the mind that had learned to suspect,

soon dared to set aside, the sure words of the gospel; and pondered in misery amid the confused creations of its own imagination. Relief from the oppression of these thoughts was sought in poetry, in the grave pages of the historian, and the light fictions of the novelist; yet, the unrest and disquiet of soul still remained unallayed, untouched.

At length, in this unhappy state, Miss Smith accidentally fell in with some works treating of Roman Catholicism. A new current of ideas began to flow through her mind, finally engrossing and absorbing all others. It may seem strange, that one whom the majestic simplicity of the gospel could not satisfy, should find satisfaction, even for a brief space, in the cumbrous and complicated worship of an apostate church. But the explanation is at hand, first, in the natural repugnance of the human heart to the cross; secondly, in the fascinating influence of a new idea, of which it is said, that "it bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature please us." Those very features of the Romish church, its gaudy formalism, its rigid asceticism, its offering heaven to human merits, which are least in harmony with the gospel plan of salvation, impressed most easily her fancy, and gained her most ardent devotion. Far removed herself from that disposition of soul inspired by the New Testament, and yet not willing altogether to abandon the form of Christianity, she discovered in Roman Catholicism a refuge for her alienation from God, while she might still retain the name of a disciple of Christ. Had she at first perceived that the system was, as she afterwards discovered, of man's invention, it would probably have received nothing more than contempt at her hands; but as it came with pretensions of a heavenly origin and authority, her eyes were blinded by the imposture. The secret of its victory over her conscience lay in its being, as Isaac Taylor describes it, "nothing but man's own religion, embellished with the spoils of Christianity."

Such, then, were the leanings of Miss Smith's mind when she set out on the journey mentioned. A formal profession was all that was needed to give completeness to her conversion; and to that she was hastening on. It is by no means necessary to pause over the minute details of this event; the general results bind our narrative together. In the company of the daughter of her friend, Miss Smith attended a service in the Roman Catholic Chapel; and as she reckons among the most powerful persuasives, the style of the building, the white habits and flowing veils of the sisters, the black monkish costume of the brothers, the intonation of the deep, rich voice of the priest, and the performance of the well-arranged choir, it does not require the penetration of a seer to discover how far Rome depends upon the spirituality of her teachings to win converts. A few interviews with the "pale intellectual looking priest" ripened her resolve to undergo the initiatory rites of Romanism. The day was fixed, but her father hearing of her purpose, recalled her so suddenly home that she was compelled to delay her public profession. In the meantime her sincerity was assailed by the solicitations of friends and the arguments of Protestant clergymen; and having resisted the one and upset the other to her own satisfaction, she appointed a second day, with the assurance that now no one would seek to hinder the fulfilment of her desires. She passed the mystic entrance, stumbling portentously on the very threshold. Many parts of

the baptismal service, in spite of her wish to swallow everything brought forward, appeared to her mind utterly meaningless. Nor is this surprising when one considers that strange ceremony through which persons are introduced into what Milton calls "Rome's idolatries and all the furniture thereof:" it seems like a curiously-patched garment, in which can be detected in one place a venerable relic of the Jewish ritual, in another an ancient remnant of the cast-off mysteries of Grecian worship, and in a third the fag end of a military or civil custom of the Roman Republic; in a word, one may find anything but the original texture, the simple ordinance of the New Testament.

When an individual is presented for baptism, the priest formally enquires of him, or if an infant, of his sponsors, what he demands of the church; and telling him the conditions on which baptism will be granted, he proceeds to prepare him for it as follows:—He first breathes upon him, and says, "Depart from him, thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter." He then makes the sign of the cross upon the forehead, to show that we should never be ashamed of the Cross of Christ; and on the breast, to intimate the love we should bear to Jesus. He next puts a little *blessed salt* in the mouth, saying, "Receive the salt of wisdom; may it be unto thee a *propitiation to life everlasting.*" After this, he proceeds to the *exorcisms*, by which, and making the sign of the cross frequently on the person of the individual, he commands the devil to depart from the soul, and orders him to give place to the Holy Ghost, who now comes to take possession of the baptised. He then introduces him to the baptismal font, saying, "Enter into the church of God, that thou mayest have part with Christ unto life everlasting." Then he recites the Apostle's Creed, and our Lord's Prayer. He repeats another exorcism, and at the end of it, touches the ear and nostrils of the person to be baptised with his *spittle*, saying, "Ephphatha," that is, "Be thou opened, into an odour of sweetness; but be thou put to flight, O devil, for the judgment of God will be at hand." Then commences the action of baptism, for these are but the preparatory ceremonies, and now the priest anoints the recipient with holy oil, on the breast and between the shoulders, making upon each the sign of the cross, and saying, "I anoint thee with the oil of salvation in Christ Jesus our Lord, *that thou mayest have life everlasting.*" After this, he questions him or his sponsors, as to his faith, willingness to be baptised, &c.; and then administers the sacrament, by pouring a mixture of consecrated water, oil, and chrism, upon his head, saying, at the same time, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Immediately after this, the head is anointed with holy chrism, and a white garment or cloth, placed upon the person, and the whole concludes by a lighted torch being put into his hand, as an emblem of the light of good example; while the priest, exhorting him to keep his baptism without reproof, and obey the commandments of God, gives him leave to depart in peace.

Close upon the footsteps of this fantastic formula came its dark and deadly follower, the confessional. Notwithstanding the soothing influence over previous scruples of the sophistical question, "Is there more shame in the commission or the confession of guilt?" the first

time Miss Smith entered the confessional, its atmosphere and its language seemed to smite with decay the finer feelings of the heart. The priest was equally guarded and kind; but the questioning, and the ideas supplied by it, outraged her feelings to such an extent, that, forgetting all respect for her confessor, and careless at the moment whether she received absolution or not, she hastily exclaimed, "I cannot say a word more!" while the thought rushed into her mind, "All is true that their enemies say of them. Here, however," continues Miss Smith, "prudence dictated to my questioner to push the matter no farther, and the kind, and almost respectful tone he immediately assumed, went far towards effacing an impression so injurious. On rising from my knees, when I should have gladly fled to any distance rather than have encountered his gaze, he addressed me in the most familiar manner on indifferent subjects, and detained me some time in talking. What share I took in the conversation I never knew. All that I remember was, my burning cheek, and inability to raise my eyes from the ground; but the conclusion was my acceptance of an invitation to breakfast with him the next morning, which I was too much embarrassed to refuse. I went, and to my annoyance found him *alone;* and the reader may judge of my feelings: the tendency is apparent—the familiarisation of the mind, under the most invidious disguise, with shame and impurity..... The memory of that time will ever be painful and abhorrent to me, though subsequent experience has thrown even that far into the background. It was my initiatory lesson upon subjects which ought never to enter the imagination of girlhood—my introduction into a region which should never be approached by the guileless and pure."

Notwithstanding all this moral degradation, could the devotee be certain of carrying off complete absolution by the mere act of confession, the confessional would be robbed of half its terrors to the truly conscientious; but the spiritual jugglers of the confessional have discovered, by their infernal ascuistry, that there may be such a thing as an *invalid confession*—a confession which, if it omit a single sin that the penitent only suspects to be mortal, not only gains no pardon itself, though absolution be pronounced by the priest, but deprives every subsequent confession, no matter how many, of the merit that purchases remission. Sins of thought, too, must be spread before the confessor, that he may judge of their venial or mortal nature; and while his decisions are authoritative, their only claim to infallibility springs from the fluctuations of individual character; accordingly, it follows, that at Rome an individual may receive the lenient sentence of a temporary purgation in the pains of purgatory for a thought, which, were it conceived in London by the same individual, might bring upon him the penalty of eternal torments. Under this system of distributing pardons and penalties, Miss Smith was kept in continual perplexity and fear. Finding on reflection that all her former confessions were defective, she resolved to make a general confession to a *religieux* noted for strictness and sanctity. This exercise was spread over the space of three weeks, by the frequent repetitions of those things most calculated to bow the soul of an upright person in the dust. While this was proceeding, Miss Smith thus describes the effect it had upon her on one occasion: "A feeling, almost akin to suffocation for the moment, overwhelmed me, and I felt as if the

words would choke me; I leaned against the confessional for support; but, by promptings and suggestions, he, the priest, at length gained his point. On rising from my knees I was, for a short period, unable to stand; a kind of fallen and crushed feeling seemed to paralyse me, both physically and mentally. He smilingly attributed this to the length of time I had been kneeling, and commenced talking on the most indifferent subjects, with as great coolness and freedom as though *I* had no cause for an unpleasant thought."

Suffering in spirit from those wounds which the confessional had inflicted upon her womanly dignity, she called to her aid the ardour of her enthusiasm, and hoped to find spiritual perfection by following out those austerities, the first experience of which had molested her purity of heart. The convent seemed the only sphere where self-denial could exert its sovereign power over her being; but as she could lay no golden fleece upon the altar, and as the Romish church considers it a heinous offence to vow and not pay, some research was necessary in order to discover a shrine so disinterested as to smile with favour upon a penniless vow. At length a foreign convent, of the third order of St. Francis, was found, where a knowledge of English would compensate for the lack of the glittering accomplishment which could have opened the doors of the religious houses in England. But how is Miss Smith to reach the Continent? Her father sees no beauty in the "veil," and would not subscribe a farthing to enable his daughter to obtain it: but the ingenuous confessor takes charge of the whole matter. She is not to ask her father for money; all expenses are to be defrayed by the society; her friends are not even to be told of her intention till just before her departure, when opposition and remonstrance will be in vain; but the superior sagacity of an older ecclesiastic is dissatisfied with this arrangement: Miss Smith must at once inform her father of her purpose, and especially draw from him, by fervent entreaties, the sum that her journey shall cost. Her father yields, and in a few days she is on her way across the Channel, having rent a thousand tender ties, that she might secure, as she believed, the eternal salvation of her soul.

The convent where she was to spend her novitiate was situated at some distance from the port where she landed; and the journey thither through the country permitted her to observe the variable aspect of Roman Catholicism. In England she had seen it away from its home, wearing its most attractive garb and manners; on the Continent she viewed it as it sat beside its native hearth, without an eye to watch, or a tongue to criticise, its conduct; and how strangely contradictory were the feelings inspired! In whatever church she entered, Mary seemed the reigning deity. In the most conspicuous and the most secluded places of the building, on the side of the altar and in the niches of the walls, her image was set up. In one place it shone in costly array, decked with gold and precious stones, as the goddess of the rich; in another it drooped in tawdry ornaments, as the idol of the poor. In the eyes of all Mary was the chief object of adoration; and to her alone prayer and praise were continually offered. In the convent the same idolatry prevailed. Upon one little statue of the Virgin the novices were wont particularly to lavish the tender tokens of their devotion. They repeatedly kissed it, toyed with it, dressed and undressed it; and on

dressing days their elevated piety found a congenial exercise in examining and expatiating upon the rich garments of its extensive wardrobe.

With these palpable infringements of the divine prerogatives Miss Smith could never bring her spirit to sympathise. All her previous knowledge of God, and his sole and incommunicable right to the worship of his creatures, rose within her conscience and condemned the guilty practices. Yet she was afraid to look her doubts fairly in the face, or even to acknowledge to herself their existence; but the continual grief and repeated struggles of mind, on account of her inability to reduce her thoughts to that entire conformity to the teachings of Romanism required of a true Catholic, compelled her at last to bestow some attention on these rebellious thoughts. This was the signal for the tide of feeling and conviction to turn and set in steadily towards evangelical sentiments. She practised the voluntary and involuntary humiliations, and cheerfully submitted to the severe discipline of her novitiate; but the result was more intense vexation of spirit, and a deeper conviction that bodily exercise yields no profit to the soul. The dreary monotony of her daily duties was calculated of itself either to disgust the taste, or break the energies of an active mind. Summer and winter the sisters met in the chapel at five in the morning, and separated in the evening at nine. Of this day of sixteen hours nearly six were spent at intervals in religious services in the chapel, in attending mass, in meditation, and in repeating psalms and hymns, Paternosters and Ave Marias. About an hour and three quarters were allotted to the four meals, which were of the simplest character, and always partaken of in silence, except dinner, at which one poor damsel was called upon, all unforewarned, just as she had begun her own, to read for the spiritual benefit of the rest. A long half hour was set apart for recreation; and during the remainder of the time the sisters went to their various employments—some to visit the sick, others to teach in the school; and others make it their care to wash, iron, and sew, and discharge the ordinary duties of the household. The principal end in every duty is to render the novice so passive that she may be altogether like a corpse in the hands of her superior. Every time a sister asks permission to go anywhere, or do anything, she is obliged to kiss the ground, and kneel with clasped hands in the attitude of a suppliant. And when zeal flags, such startling tales as the following are rehearsed to inflame it: "A *religieux* of a certain monastery was so celebrated for his absence of any will at all, that it had become a problem whether any test, however ingenious, could discover traces of one. After some rumination on the subject by one of his superiors, the novel idea was elicited of applying the ordeal of fire. Accordingly, the next time the large bread oven of the house was heated for baking purposes, the poor will-lacking hero was commanded to enter it, in order to see whether the prospect of being baked to gratify his superior's caprice could bring to light the evidences of the missing will. Without a moment's hesitation or thought of consequences he obeyed. And the result! Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when cast into the fiery furnace, a miracle was wrought in his favour, and in reward of his obedience, he came out without a hair of his head being scathed."

At length Miss Smith's health gave way under the double pressure of an intolerable formalism, and inward distress. Her unhappy state of

mind became apparent to her superiors, and was by no means improved by their asking invariably at each visit to her couch, "Well, are you now contented? Are you now satisfied with your state?" The confessor was brought; but confession only afforded fresh causes for grief and fear. A Novena, or "nine days' prayer," for her recovery was advised by the novice-mistress; but when Miss Smith chose the "Litany of Jesus," and the "Lord's Prayer," the zealous lady burst forth into a glowing eulogium on the merits of the "Litany of Mary." Assent was given with a slight indifference of manner, whereupon she immediately added, "Yes, but you must invoke her with *great confidence*, or your prayers will be unavailing." "I cannot promise that," was Miss Smith's reply, "I never did feel as much confidence as some do." From that hour there was a withdrawal of trust, the effects of which were sensitively felt. The end of her delusion was not far distant. Her own inability worthily to attend the communion, rightly to confess or pray, gradually became so clear to her mind, as to plunge her in the deepest humiliation of soul, and force her to exclaim out of a bitter sense of her own sinfulness, "I cannot pray—*I can do nothing!*" Her bands were broken, and she began to rejoice in the freedom wherewith Christ maketh his people free. Not having taken the veil, she could leave the convent; and in a few days she was on her way back to her native land and to her father's home—like one alive from the dead.

The One Name.

BY ROBERT RAESIDE.

EVERY child of God has his name written in the Lamb's book of life, the family register kept in heaven, and a few of the names written there have also been written in that other book of life which God has given to his dear children who dwell on earth. As the family in heaven increased, and one child after another went home to the Father's house, God, in love and compassion to the survivors and those who should afterwards be born into the world, took a name every now and again, as far down the ages as the days of the apostles, wrote it on the page of inspiration, and embalmed it there for all time. As I read the list, I cannot help thinking that those who reach the New Jerusalem, will have a goodly company to sit down with. The more I study these names I like them the better, and ofttimes the home-longing is strong within me. Child of God who readest this page, does this longing sometimes come over thee, in hours of weariness and darkness, when the cross is heavy to carry, and the way is rough and steep? Bear up a little while as a good soldier of Jesus Christ! think of those who have gone before thee, and how God helped them! Take courage: "Be strong, yea, be strong;" God shall surely visit you also, and at the appointed time you too shall go home.

"Comes the time to all,
When the Father's call
Shall unto each child be given,
'Come, and take thy place in heaven;'
Christ their friend and brother too,
Guides them all their journey through."

If you would understand God's dealings with you, get acquainted with the names of the men and women written in the Bible, whom God dealt with as his own children, and you cannot fail to find some case suited to your own. Though dead, they still speak to us in these later ages. The dew of youth is still upon their names; and when we are dead and gone, those who come after us will get acquainted with them as we have done; and as long as the world lasts, these right royal names of the Old and New Testament saints, will stand out fresh and fair on the pages of God's own book. Stars they are that will shine through all the troubled night of time, and when the morning of the eternal day dawns, they will still shine on with ever-increasing brightness. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation, we have many such names; but the Bible contains one name that includes all the others, and without which, every other name recorded there would lose all its sweetness and fragrance. I said that the list of names was a goodly one, and so it is: but there is one name which is first on the list and last on the list, as well as the central name on the list, shedding a rich halo and glory over all the rest. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Every name on the list is precious, and the very least shines with a peculiar lustre, but this one name is the most precious of all—"the elect precious;" and the light which transfigures the other names, radiates from the wonderful name. Like the planets, they shine with a borrowed light; this one name, like the sun, is a fountain of light in itself, nay, rather it is *the* fountain of light. All the names are fragrant—this one name "is as ointment poured forth."

The Son of God wears a glorious name, and truth is written across every letter of it. The stamp of heaven is on it. Isaiah in far-off times, touched by the Spirit of God, essayed to pronounce this name of names, and the glory and grandeur of the theme were such, that the first syllable he uttered was, "Wonderful!" Truly this name is wonderful! The better I know it, the more I am lost in wonder. The Bible makes use of every figure of speech, and exhausts language itself in order to place this name before us. Enough has been told to place it high above every other name in the heart and affections of all who know it truly. The man who knoweth it only a little, is so mightily taken with it, that he longeth to know more of it; while they who know it best, esteem all other knowledge as light and worthless in comparison. What has been revealed of this name is so unspeakably glorious and irresistibly attractive, that no man whose understanding has been spiritually enlightened can do otherwise than hold it in the highest esteem and veneration. One glimpse of its true meaning, a real, though dim perception of its surpassing loveliness, and the soul will hunger and thirst until it is filled. It will never rest satisfied with meaner joys. Sin and Satan may struggle night and day to outroot the little knowledge that has entered the soul; all the powers of darkness may be leagued together to extinguish the light which this name has enkindled there, but in vain. The Day-Star having risen, and the true light having shined into the soul, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. The little seed, though it may be lost sight of for a time, will by-and-by spring up, and in the end become a mighty tree.

Whenever a man comes to know this name truly, sin receives its death-blow. The old man is from that day a dying man; but he dies hard, and terrible are the struggles between him and the new-born, the living man. The victory is sure, however. The transforming power is at work, causing old things to pass away, and making all things new. Having named the name of Christ, the man learns to depart from all iniquity; and although he should sometimes fall and stain his garments, yet assuredly he shall arise again and "hold on his way." Many a weary mile he may have to walk in grief and darkness in consequence of his falls; but he whose name he loves is with him, and in spite of all opposition from within or without, he shall one day behold his face with gladness. The one name is mighty, and shall prevail.

The Son of God hath truly obtained a name which is above every name. Think of all that has been revealed to us of this name in the Word of God, and try if you are able to comprehend the full meaning and glory thereof: "Take room, think vastly, meditate intensely." Fill the mind again and again with this view of the subject, and that view of the subject. You may do this every day of your life until your dying day—which may be far distant—and you may thus know much of Christ; but you will find the stores exhaustless here; and as your knowledge increases, the subject will, to you, gain in length and breadth, in height and depth, until you are constrained to say that it "passeth knowledge." Oh! this is the wonderful name. There is none like it under heaven!

I have already alluded to the names of the children of God written in the Bible; and having myself often found food for faith on the page where these names are recorded, I have sought to remind those who may now be walking in darkness, that there is doubtless light for them on the paths which the saints of other days have trod. But if there should be one who reads this page, and who has searched the old paths, and returned still sad in soul and downcast in spirit, let not such a one despair. If, for the time, you have failed to find water in the streams, repair to the mighty river which gushes out from the fountain-head. This river is "*everflowing* and *overflowing*," and it lies as near as any of the rills through which its waters sometimes flow to us. How broad is the river at certain places! If you cannot drink at one place, surely you may be able at another; for God has opened up the river all along its course, in order that none may perish who have a wish to drink: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Many who have been ready to perish have quenched their thirst here; and if thou art faint, O child of God, drink again of this living water as thou didst at first, and thou shalt renew thy strength. Come with me to another part of the river: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but might have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." Broad and deep is this river of our God! But here are two measuring-lines to assist you. Measure, then, if you can, the breadth and depth thereof: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out;" "Able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him.'

Child of God, this river flows around your feet, and you have but to stoop down and drink. You may be in the wilderness: there is water here for you. Your way may lie through the desert, over the burning sands: this river follows you and flows up even to your lips; you have only to open your mouth and drink. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Drink, then, oh, drink abundantly! One other glance at the river before we pass on:—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Say, is not the river wide as the poles here? Betake thyself anew to the waters, thou thirsty soul. The river has many openings where the water overflows and rolls down in great abundance over the sin-blighted plains. Choose the place thou likest best, and drink there. But remember, for thy comfort, at the same time, that the river is accessible all along its course. One word to the soul which has never tasted of this water of life at all. If ye are athirst, come, in God's name, come; ye may have this living water freely. The river flows past even your door. And if you would but stoop down and drink one mouthful, you would find it so sweet and refreshing, that the world's streams, now your delight, would become your loathing; but the water within you would be a well of water springing up into everlasting life. If ye knew the blessed name of which I have been speaking, and the grace and glory which have gathered around it, ye would ask of him, and he would give you of this living water. O sinner, tarry not in all the plain; haste thee to the mountain! Do you not hear the sound of the coming storm? Let nothing keep thee back from Christ. He is waiting to receive thee. Let not the greatness of thy sins deter thee, nor the awful corruptions of thy heart stand in the way of thy coming. Has God shown thee thy need, and has a sense of the greatness thereof frightened thee? Why, man, dost thou not know that the greater thy need the more welcome art thou to Christ? As old Ralph Erskine pithily puts it, "If you need Christ, and think he can do you any good, that is qualification enough. . . . *They that know his name will put their trust in him.* If you know the name of this living God, though you were ever so dead, the life of faith, hope, and trusting in him, will begin." Only beware of turning away.

But let me speak a little longer to the child of God who may be in heaviness through manifold temptations. The name of Christ ought to revive you and calm your fears. Surely it is as comprehensive as thou couldst possibly desire. He is the Alpha and Omega. But no alphabet can fully express his names! And you may take all the letters of all the alphabets in the world, and make them express all that you conceive to be desirable and good; but you still fall short of this name. If you are guilty and defiled, Christ is a fountain to cleanse. If you have wandered out of the way, he is the Good Shepherd to seek and find you. If you are hungry, he is the bread. If you are thirsty, he is the water. If you are in darkness, he is a sun; and if it is midnight in your soul, and your eyes are so weak and tender that you cannot bear the full light of the sun, he is the bright and morning star. If you are exposed to danger, he is a shield. If every other road is shut up, he is the way; and if all men are liars, he is the truth. Whatsoever sore, or whatsoever

sickness of body or mind may be yours, he is the physician, and if you are dead, he is the life. Are you afraid that the storm will sweep you away? he is a covert. Do you tremble lest the floods should bring down your house? Fear not, he is both the corner-stone of your building and the rock on which it stands. You "may be moved, but not removed." Are you oppressed? he is a refuge. Are you in bondage? he is a redeemer, able to deliver you, and pay down your ransom to the utmost farthing. Are you lonely, and is there none to take your part? He is a friend that sticketh closer than any earthly brother can do. Is your case a desperate one, and do you long for one to plead your cause? He is an advocate. Do you sometimes wonder how you will gain admittance into heaven at last? He is the door by which you may enter; and when you are inside, he is the temple in which you shall dwell for evermore; name thy wants, O Christian! Spread them out before him who wears this glorious name. The riches of Christ are "unsearchable riches." For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. Whatever then be thy need, he has not only a rich supply, but fulness of supply, all fulness. Oh, the wealth that is laid up in Christ! "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." Blessed be God there is one name, we desire no other. If *all* good centres in this name, there never can be any need for another; neither can there be any room left for another, although it were otherwise possible for such a one to arise. Man of God, hold fast this name, there is none like it. No; nor ever, ever shall be. An old writer who knew much of Christ, in exhorting his readers to love Christ, says, "All causes of love are in Christ; there may be particular causes of love in men and angels, but I say, all causes of love are in Christ." Ah! do we not in these days, too often lose sight of the blessed truth? Whatever of good is recorded of any man or woman who ever lived in the world, flowed from Christ, and dwells in him in undiminished and undiminishable fulness. Whatever of compassion, love, devotedness, friendships, truth, disinterestedness, self-denial, firmness, faithfulness, or other good quality any man may have possessed, he cannot for a moment be named in comparison with Christ. For you can name no excellence which does not flow from as well as centre in him. He is the sum of all excellencies; the fountain of all good. He is the one perfect man; and what others have had in measure, he has without measure, in boundless and unfailing plenitude. His name is above all others, not only in one good thing, but in every good thing; in all things he has the pre-eminence. He is the firstborn of every creature. "The foremost man of all this world." He is the all-mighty and the all-sufficient, for in "him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." But we have reached an altitude whose summit is lost in God, and we must go back again to the initial syllable furnished us by Isaiah, and exclaim, "Wonderful!" Like his riches, "his greatness is unsearchable." But he is not only of all creatures the highest in rank and dignity, and power and honour, he is also the best and the fairest; he is meek and lowly in heart. None so poor or insignificant as to be beneath the notice of this glorious being. He is fairer than the children of men, and hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than the angels. All his garments smell of myrrh, and aloes and cassia. When he tabernacled on earth, men wondered at

the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. His own, even then, although it was the day of his humiliation, beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Our sins for a time marred his blessed face, but there was no sin found in him. The sins which he took upon him he made an end of, put away for ever, and remained what he had ever been, the sinless One. The very beauty of holiness shone in him. "He is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." It is Samuel Rutherford who says, that you may "take all the roses on the earth and put them all in one, that would be a dainty sight; and now what are all these to Christ? No more than a nettle to the fairest rose." Holy Rutherford knew a little of the worth of Christ, and so did that other dear servant of God whose name I have already mentioned, and who in commending Christ to his hearers, in one of his sermons, calls him the "Rose of Paradise, the Heart of Heaven." But let us express it as we may, we must still confess with Nehemiah, that "His glorious name is exalted above all blessing and praise." Let us rise as high as we are able, we shall ever be immeasurably below our subject. The most beautiful objects in nature are but shadows and symbols of the beauty that centres in Christ: they hint dimly of his glory. "All things were made by him and for him;" and yet he it is that hath said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

Reader, may I ask you if you know this name? To know here is to love, and to love is to live. There are great names in literature, in science, and in art: the world has its oracles: history has its brilliant names. I do not ask you how many of these you know; but do you know the One Name, the name of the only begotten Son of God? If so, you are one of the blessed. Think often of this name. We read in Malachi, that the Lord has a book of remembrance written before him for them that feared the Lord, *and that thought upon his name.* "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." But if you know not this name, you cannot love it; and if you do not love it, you must be accursed when the Lord cometh. This may seem hard to you; but it is most true, for the Word of God says so. And if you will think of it, it will also appear most just and reasonable that it should be so. If you do not love Christ, you are in love with death; for he who is the Truth hath by his Holy Spirit in the Book of Proverbs said, "All that hate me, love death." Death, then, must of necessity be your portion. If you persist in turning away from him who is the fountain of all good, and source of all blessing, where will you find another to bless you? You must inevitably perish, righteously perish, and awful will be your doom. All good things are hid in Christ; but they are not so hid that they cannot be found. Nay, the very reason why they are hid in him is, that poor sinners may find as much as their souls can ever need both for time and eternity. They are hid in him to be in safe keeping. He has no need of them for himself: He has received gifts for men. "Seek, and ye shall find." Unsaved soul, you may have much knowledge, and yet perish at last for lack of the true knowledge. You may gain much in this world, and yet fall short of the "durable riches." Gold in abundance may be yours. You may

acquire lands, build houses, plant vineyards, and make you a name among men; but let me remind you that, unless you link your name on with that of Christ, your name and memory will perish at last. Your riches will not profit you in the day of wrath. Out of Christ no good can by any possibility reach you. The wrath of God abideth upon you, and who shall be able to remove it? The loss of thy soul, O man, hast thou ever thought of that? Does the body occupy all your thoughts, and do you care for it only? The body, too, shall be lost, and everything that can delight it shall be removed far from your eyes. Everything that you value in this world shall be wanting in the next, if you are Christless. It is a very pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the light of the sun. Sea and sky, and mountain and river, and a hundred objects in nature are beautiful. Very fair are many of the scenes of earth; and sweet, very sweet are many of the sounds we hear; but the day is coming. O man, when thou shalt find these no more at all for ever. Pleasant, too, is the talk with friends, the meeting of kinsmen, and the greetings that pass between them. The faces that smile around our hearths, and the voices that gladden our homes, are very dear to us. Life has many joys. Death shall spoil thee of all, O man, if thou art Christless. There will be nothing left. Thou wilt then be shut out from hope, and shut up to despair. "God forbid!" do you say? "I must find Christ, and seek after his name; for how could I endure the evil that must otherwise come upon me!" Ah! thou speakest like a man whose eyes are beginning to open. God speed thee in thy search, poor soul. Christ is very near thee. If thou hast the least desire to know him, he will reveal his name to thee, although thou mayst hitherto have lightly esteemed and despised it. Let thy thoughts run out after him, and he will assuredly give thee such a glimpse of himself as will fire thy soul with love to him, and cause thee to run after him. Do not think to love him first, and then know him; but get to know him, and love will follow. All true love springs from knowledge. Love is begotten in the soul by love, and therefore Christ makes known his love, tells us what he has done and what he is willing to do for poor sinners; and when we really come to know and believe this, we cannot do otherwise than love him. "We love him because he first loved us." Seek after this knowledge. If thou seest no beauty, as yet, in Christ, seek on: thou art still in darkness, but there is hope for thee in Christ. "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." Have you sought him long, and still have you not found him? Seek him still, seek him ever. Turn not aside. He will be found of thee. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord, his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." "Thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye me, and ye shall live: but seek not Beth-el nor enter into Gilgal. . . . Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning. . . . The Lord of Hosts is his name."

Reader, may you and I at last be found in Christ, and in life and death may we be enabled to glorify his name. Remember, it is a living name, and if you and I know it truly, we are living Christians. Amen.

Preaching in a Low Lodging House.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

"OH, yes, sir, shall be werry happy for you to talk to 'em," said the proprietor of a common lodging house one wintry Sabbath evening to a friend who had applied for permission to preach in the large kitchen of his house.

The man who had so graciously given this permission was a short, thick-set, not altogether unpleasant looking personage, who seemed to be far removed from the coarse-grained characters who belong to these dens. "I knew you would," replied my friend cheerfully, "and I am always indebted to you for allowing my helpers to come in on the Sunday evening."

So we walked into the kitchen. It was a dark, dreary, oblong room on the ground-floor of the house. In the neighbourhood it is known as "THE GREAT HELL," and not far from it is a smaller kitchen which is recognised as "The Little Hell." But for the large bright coke fire that was burning so pleasantly, and the cheerful-looking oil lamp placed on the high, old-fashioned, dirt-encrusted mantelpiece, it would be utterly impossible to remain for a moment in the kitchen without receiving hideous impressions that could only be described by some Dantean pen. You felt, as it was, a mental depression which rendered you almost unfitted for the exercise of worship. There was a window at each end of the room, but both were closed and fenced with shutters. The current of fresh air so necessary to sweep the objectionable odours away, was obtained by means of an open door, which formed the subject of my companion's discourse: "Behold, I set before you an open door, which no man can shut." Rev. iii. 8. As we were entering, two females were applying themselves to their toilet, and another was with commendable vigour, paying attention to that virtue which is next to godliness. What must have been the colour of the face of one of the (shall we say) FAIR sex prior to the ablution, it is impossible to say; but had we not observed the performance of the deed, we might have concluded that a long divorce had been established between the face and the soap and towel. A somewhat younger woman, who had the appearance of a hopeless harlot, though discoloured by a terribly black eye, managed to put in a clean appearance, and despite her sin, she was not altogether ill-looking. We approached the fire, took a seat in front of it, and announced the purpose of our visit. Around this farmhouse fire were seated on forms about a dozen men and women, while half-a-dozen little ragged, shoeless, barely-clad boys were rolling over each other, and using horribly bad language. At the mention of the proposal to sing, they assumed a quiet demeanour, and while the words were being given out, they merely winked at each other. The tune selected was the well-known "Home, sweet home," and as if in direct satire, two of the boys persisted in singing the words of the ditty in place of the hymn. You could not but pity the poor little urchins; since the den in which they lived could scarcely with decency be termed a "home," much less a "*sweet* home." The singing brought in about eight or nine more persons, including an aged man with a young girl, whose condition was "interesting" in a sense which seemed perfectly unnatural for one so

youthful. It is said of Robertson of Brighton, that he never saw a leering scoundrel who tracked the steps of a virtuous woman without feeling an instinctive desire to knock him down. I confess to having had some such feeling towards that old man, who seemed to be the wretch who had beclouded the fair prospects of that interesting girl. The writer read to this strange congregation, the ever acceptable story of the Prodigal Son, and though the weirdlike scene in this modern pandemonium was painful enough to strangle the attempt in its infancy, yet he succeeded in interesting them in that famous parable. But the prayer which followed seemed to be a mystery to the young urchins, who, though for a time adopting the plan of the mistress of the house in putting their hands before their eyes, yet opened their fingers and laughed at each other most irreverently. One of the lads tickled another under his feet, and it was with difficulty the giggling could be suppressed. It need hardly be said that the prayer was short, and we can vouch for it that it was none the less fervent and direct. The singing was dispensed with, since few had joined in the first hymn, and it was deemed advisable not to tire the poor creatures by a lengthy or ordinary service. So the preaching began. My friend who addressed them is a model of what might be termed a business-like preacher: he is eminently practical, and knowing that the ordinary talk of common life is best comprehended by the "roughs" he addresses, he aims at presenting the truth in just such a light as will be most likely to engage their thoughtful attention. On this occasion he succeeded admirably. His similes, illustrations, and stories, were simple and forcible, and were evidently both understood and appreciated by the majority of those who listened. "Now," said he, "I shall talk to you for a few minutes from this text, 'Behold, I set before you an open door, which no man can shut.' The first word is 'behold.' A short time ago, the scientific world uttered the word 'Behold!' and many anxious eyes were upturned to the skies. Nor were they unrewarded; for across the vault of heaven, a multitude of brilliant meteors were seen to dart until they were lost in the mysterious depths of the blue ether. But there were some who heeded not the injunction of the astronomer; whilst others watched, they slept, and consequently lost a scene very beautiful and interesting. The word 'Behold!' in our text is uttered by one whose commands are of greater weight than those of any astronomer; it is the utterance of Jesus Christ, and demands our prompt and reverent attention." Then the preacher compared the word "Behold!" to a finger-post at the junction of several roads, directing the traveller the way to the city—to the marginal signs in quaint old books, pointing to some important statement—and to a lighthouse at the entrance of a harbour, guiding the tempest-tossed mariner into the haven of rest. Then he examined the figure, and showed how Jesus Christ became the door, and how that door was opened for the vilest of men—

"The door of mercy's open still,
And Jesus cries, 'Whoever will
By me may enter in;'
I am the door, and I have died
Salvation's door to open wide
For sinners dead in sin."

No part of this little sermon seemed to gain greater attention than that portion which dealt with the value of an open door. "Have you never," he remarked, "passed the door of a workhouse on a cold, wet, and windy night, and seen the poor hungry and half-naked creatures waiting and watching anxiously for the door to open, that they may have food and shelter for the night?" Some of the men here nodded to each other, as if to say, "We've been like that!" A series of similar illustrations followed, describing the value of a door when a large crowded building is on fire, like that of Santiago, and how prisoners of war longed for an open door as they looked through their iron gratings on to the green fields in the distance. Then, the characteristics of the door were:—It was *narrow:*

"Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame,
None but the followers of the Lamb
Can find admission there."

But it was nevertheless a *wide* door—wide enough for Manasseh, for the dying thief, for the chiefest of sinners. It was, too, the *only* door; therefore, good works, baptism, the Lord's Supper, were not the doors to heaven. It was a *safe* door—the true Noah's ark, within which there is safety amidst earth's stormy tempests. It was a door no man could shut. And the whole concluded with an exhortation to "peep into the open door," just as the little boys peeped in at the open doors of the Great Exhibition, so that they might glance at the glittering objects inside. "Look to Calvary," was the burden of the closing remarks.

I observed that one poor tramp went to sleep, not as the result of the soothing influences of the address, but in consequence of the soporiferous effects produced by the fire in front of him. A lad in corderoys vainly battled against the encroachments of this feeling, and at last succumbed, waking up in time to hear the closing hymn being sung. The adults, among whom in the dark distance the black face of a negro was barely visible, listened with the greatest attention, and at times they threatened to cuff the boys if they did not "drop that 'ere," which, rendered into conventional English, meant, if they refused to keep quiet. At one time the lads grew most unruly. A poor, slim kitten would persist in squatting in front of the fire; and the urchins manifested their affection towards the dumb creature by making round O's of its tail, a process of disfiguration which the kitten did not appreciate. The master of the house exhibited a small cane; the mistress confined pussy in her apron; the naughty little thing, however, did not like her imprisonment, but mewed for liberty, and dashing through a loophole of retreat, managed to find her way among her tormentors. This scene was repeated several times; and yet the discourse, like a panoramic scroll, full of admirable pictures, glided on. It was preaching under difficulties; but the Good Master helps his servants to conquer them, even when they are most trying. Before leaving the room, an invitation was given to take tea with the preacher in a contiguous mission hall; and as the men did not think we were taking a liberty in inviting them, we were assured of their company.

The tea meeting took place on the 29th of March, and there were about one hundred present, all of whom had been provided with tickets, a few of

which it was found had been purchased by costermongers from the members of the lodging houses. These few, however, refused to remain to the evening meeting, while the irrepressible boys persisted in staying and annoying everyone, until they were forcibly ejected. It has been the writer's duty—a duty he has accepted solely on the ground that the Christian public, through this journal, might be influenced to adopt more special means for the evangelisation of our London outcasts than has yet been done—to witness many scenes which have revolted his feelings; but the utter depravity, exceeding wickedness, and reprobate conduct of these inhabitants of common lodging houses produced so painful an impression upon his mind that it was with difficulty he could stay out the proceedings. All honour to those brethren who *can* deal with such debased characters; but it need not be a matter of surprise if some of us should shrink from such engagements. The company were asked whether there were any teetotallers among them. Seven of the most reputable held up their hands; but whether their abstinence from intoxicating drinks was a matter of conviction or of sheer necessity arising from poverty cannot be determined. Several acknowledged that they had in former years been scholars in the Sabbath-school. One strong-looking fellow wished to ask a question. Whereupon, an endeavour was made to laugh him down. He, however, appealed to his "mates," by asking whether "the gen'lm'n" had not invited them to say what they thought. This cooled the vicious ardour of the noisy, and the remainder clamoured for silence by appealing to the "cheer." The man then said that a mate of his who worked with him in the brewery, last week fell into a vat of boiling hops, and was killed. People were sure to say he was drunk 'cos he worked at the beer trade, but he wasn't. There was no guard on the stage; it wasn't by his own "instigation" (? fault) that he fell into the copper. The poor man was a Christian, he was sure, although he had been a blackguard and a thief in his younger days. Now, he wanted to know why God—if he was as merciful as had been said that evening—should let this man die such an awful death? If he loved him, and the man really trusted in Jesus, why did he allow him to die in that way? The replies that were made satisfied the enquirer, although he seemed to think it strange that God should save the soul, and yet kill the body in so dreadful a way.

One man—a Christian bricklayer—though, as he confessed, quite unaccustomed to public speaking, made an interesting speech, in which he said there were many there that night who knew him and knew what he had been in times gone by. He could be the first in gambling and other acts of wickedness; he used to resort to all the various dodges to get the best of any man as well as any of them, when he had a chance. But that was all changed now, since he had found God. He was a living monument of God's great mercy. The speaker then proceeded most simply and artlessly to beseech them to "try what religion could do for them;" and although he made sorry trips in grammar, and fact, quotation, and sense, saying, at one point, that "God had said he would help them as helps themselves," and so on—yet, without doubt, his address made a good impression. Indeed, for the roughs, no better speakers can be found than those who have, before conversion, been as bad as they. For grossly illiterate men to preach to artisans is one of

the greatest mistakes ever made; but for the outcasts, whose moral perceptions have been blunted until they have scarcely any left—men who are as ignorant as Hottentots, and so depraved that they abhor the light, thinking it to be darkness, none are so well fitted as their own class or as working men. Some of these rough and ready speakers are admirably adapted for this class of work; and their inharmonious voices, somewhat confused modes of thinking, and demonstrative action, do not seem so irreverent and painful as they would be elsewhere. The majority of those who thus labour are respectable Christian artisans. I have met with porters, warehousemen, city clerks, shoemakers, costermongers, and even tradesmen who have, with a spirit of intense desire for the soul-good of the *débris* of society, risked their lives in preaching and conversing about the Saviour of sinners in these pestilential abodes of vice. They do the work far more effectively than paid agents. We would far from depreciate other agencies, but we believe Scripture readers generally lack the *motive* of these voluntary labourers. Indeed, there are too many Church of England Scripture readers, who are as unfitted for their work as the hurdle-jumping, fox-hunting parsons who hinder instead of help the cause of religion in the country. The truth is that voluntary agency has overleaped the bounds of conventionality; has spontaneously and vigorously prosecuted work which in its extent and purpose, is not confined within parochial boundaries that have been drawn by the Devil's measuring tapes;* and thus has, though quietly and unobtrusively, carved out spheres of Christian usefulness which might not have been otherwise occupied. The object of these voluntary agents is not to put themselves into opposition with existing organisations, to which, in fact, they are often of great assistance; but they respect no time-honoured privileges, and care little for *districts* (as though God's earth were parcelled out like milkmen's walks, postmen's runs, or policemen's beats, for a number of favoured man-ordained priests). Sometimes they may clash with existing organisations, but if they do, the result is generally to arouse stated missionaries into greater activity. They sometimes act the part of those men who are known in Paris as of "the waker trade," whose duty it is to wake up the sleeping market gardeners, by pinching them on the arm as they are awaiting the early dawn of morning. Dr. Bickersteth, some years ago, uttered a wail of despondency over the labours of those who carry the gospel into low, common lodging houses. He said:—

"Look at the testimony of experience. I appeal to all who have ever laboured in scenes such as these—to our toil-worn parochial clergymen in metropolitan parishes—to our Scripture readers and city missionaries, who have penetrated these haunts of infamy, and who are familiar with these nests of pauperism and vice—I ask if all their labour is not thrown away upon a population so circumstanced? Does not the same state of things go on from year to year? Is there any moral improvement in the mass, so long as the physical condition is unchanged? I have put the question to men who have faithfully toiled for years in these dens of London, and the answer is invariably the same. No general impression is made. Here and there, possibly, one may

* Strong language, perhaps; but those of us who know cases in which so-called "clergymen" and their subordinates have refused to visit dying men because they were on the borders of another parish, cannot hate too strongly this parochial system.

be roused to some kind of moral perception, as by a miracle of mercy, and what happens? Why, the first token of moral life is an attempt to migrate, as though by the instinct of self-preservation, to some purer scene."

There is much truth contained in this language, since the sanitary abominations and repulsive associations of these dens are sufficient to choke all the good that may be done in them; but Dr. Bickersteth's experience is not that of hundreds of men who persistently work on, until, by a gracious attrition, the hard stony hearts of some of the vilest are dissolved:

> "Dissolved by His goodness they fall to the ground,
> And weep to the praise of the mercy they've found."

It is true, that the results are not so visible as in other descriptions of Christian effort; but so much the more honourable is the zeal of those who labour on irrespective of results. The cases are few in which these pariahs become Christians; but when they do, they, first of all, invariably by the aid of their spiritual teachers, obtain some decent employment, and live in more wholesome dwellings. But the seed of divine truth is scattered abroad, and therein we do rejoice. The lessons taught are not altogether forgotten. They are remembered after many days. The death-bed reveals the results of lodging-house preaching.

It may be interesting to our readers to add, that not a few labourers among our common lodging houses are to be found in connection with the church at the Tabernacle; and, as one of the committee of the Evangelists' Association affiliated to the church there, the writer would state that an effort is being made to extend the operations of this society, and Christian young men are therefore wanted to give us help. During the summer months lodging-house preaching is suspended, and the young men are engaged in open-air efforts. An arrangement has just been made by which those members of the church who are desirous of helping in any way, can meet with one of the committee at half past six on Sunday evening, in a school-room of the Tabernacle, whose duty it will be to send forth detachments of young men to preach in the open-air in various parts of London. May God send the labourers! for they are much needed.

The Claytons.

THIS was a household word during the last two generations. It had its influence upon its own times, beyond which it will be little known. It is clearly marked both in its rise and in its decline; and might well form the subject of one volume such as has recently appeared under the title, "The Memorials of the Clayton Family."* The family, in its public character, consisted of a father and three sons, all of whom attained to some eminence as preachers in the Independent denomination. Three of them ministered to large and influential congregations in the metropolis, at the same time; and thus gave a collective brilliancy

* Memorials of The Clayton Family. By the Rev. T. W. Aveling. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

to their name which was often supposed to belong separately to each one. They were not the first preachers of their day; Robert Hall, Jay, Angel James, Dr. McAll, and Raffles, ranked above them; but the united rays of the four might well compete with the radiance of any other one. It must be acknowledged too, that the ministry of the Claytons cast a clear and steady light, and there was much warmth in its beams. All attempts at great scholarship, literature, and oratory, were sacrificed to practical efficiency; nor had they their equals in pastoral fidelity among those who in learning and talent were far before them. There were certain affinities in principle and action by which the Claytons were blended in the effects of their ministrations with each other, and formed for the time a separate clan. A Claytonian element gave rise to what was well known as "The Claytonian Connection." This distinction did not effect the main principles of doctrine or church discipline, but their external application only. The Claytonian element consisted of a combination of the inward life of Nonconformity with the internal dignity of a priesthood. As such, strange as it may appear to us, it had its uniformity, its durability, and its power. Worldly distinctions are implied in it, and courtly blandishments, and artificial restraints, which we recommend to none; but there were substantial qualities of piety, purity, ministerial fidelity, and zeal, which we recommend to all.

The founder of the family ran away from his apprenticeship in Lancashire and came to London. He was induced by a sister, to whose house he had fled, to go with her to hear Mr. Romaine, at St. Ann's, Blackfriars. Like another Onesimus, he was arrested in his flight. Under the first sermon he heard from Mr. Romaine, the whole gospel-plan of salvation burst into his soul, though he was entirely ignorant of it before; and that impression remained with him to the last. The day dawned, and the day star arose in his heart; and from that moment it was daylight with his soul. "God said, Let there be light; and there was light." So clear and forcible were the views he then had of the gospel, that he longed to make known the glad tidings to others. This fact becoming known, probably through Mr. Romaine, to the Countess of Huntingdon, she at once received him into her college at Trevecca. His educational advantages were few; but he had the best of all qualifications in the gospel light in his mind, and the gospel heat in his soul. His aim, from first to last, was to be a useful preacher rather than an eminent scholar. His first attempts at preaching were discouraging; but soon as confidence was gained, he became attractive, and was honoured with much usefulness. He was frequently engaged in this exercise during his collegiate course, which, however much condemned in theory, in his case, as in many others, appears not to have been attended with any practical evils. His introduction to the work of preaching was of the right kind; but oh, how different from its after course and its close! It began in hovels, and in market-places, and by the road-side: its life-work was in the centre of the metropolis. It began with congregations of way-side hearers: it was soon transferred to a congregation of learning and of wealth. It began with a liberal contribution of stones and rotten eggs: it was followed soon afterwards with liberal contributions of another kind. Though the introduction gave no promise, it gave

preparation for what followed. A youth under ago braving the scoffs and ribaldry and dangerous missiles of untutored villagers, and mildly and earnestly expostulating with them, and recommending to them the great salvation, formed no small part of his college education. A strange preparation for a Metropolitan bishop, an Erasmus would say. Better have been in quiet fellowship with Homer and Virgil! All right! Martin Luther would have said. That young man is on the high road to preferment. And so it proved. The courage, the confidence, the direct methods of appeal, the naturalness acquired by highway preaching, soon led to an introduction to the best pulpits in the Countess's connection. Nor does there appear to have been any perceptible defect of education to disqualify him for this change. There was a happy combination of dignity and benevolence in his appearance and manners, which was greatly in his favour; but his clear and strong views of the great gospel realities, and his ardent desire that others might see them in the same light, made his preaching impressive and profitable to all classes. He had learned from Mr. Romaine to put a clear gospel in every sermon. This was one secret of his success. In the versatility of his genius, however, and the variety of methods of presenting the same truths, he far exceeded the preacher at Blackfriars. Moreover, he was bold, pointed, and searching in the practical application of all his doctrinal views. On these accounts his public appearances were always accompanied with interest and profit. His patroness wished him to take orders and become a minister of the established church, and some steps were taken, by his permission, for that purpose. After much consideration, he resolved to go in an opposite direction, and became an avowed Nonconformist. An invitation to the pastorate soon followed from the Weigh-house Chapel, in London. The congregation, though not large, was respectable; and the position was at that time one of the most influential amongst the Independents. Mr. Clayton saw the responsibility of the situation, and determined to make the most of it. Here was full scope for all his energies, and the prospect of a permanent field of labour. He deliberately formed his plans for the formation of his own character and the discharge of his settled ministry. He was not the man to be moulded by others; he was self-reliant, and knew how to shape his own course. Not having been trained at any of their colleges, or come out from amongst them, he had little or no personal association with other ministers of the denomination. His sympathies had been with semi-episcopalian views and habits; and he had been taught to think far more of evangelical ministers in the establishment than amongst the Nonconformists. While kind and courteous, therefore, to ministers of his own denomination, he was in a measure and intentionally separated from them. Neither his political nor ecclesiastical views fully coincided with theirs. Conservatism was too much in accordance with his notions of official authority to be given up for the liberalism of Dissent; and even wealth was not regarded as entirely distinct from moral worth. He was a Nonconformist more perhaps from circumstances than from principle. At any rate, he had more reverence for the bishops of another denomination than his own. Yet he must be admitted to have been thoroughly conscientious, and the associations brought with him into Dissent, and the necessity for these

being instantly applied, may sufficiently account for the Claytonian aspect of Nonconformity which appeared in one generation, and with the next passed away.

During many of the first years of his stated ministry, Mr. Clayton rose at five o'clock, in both winter and summer, in order to secure three hours of study before the ordinary duties of the day began. His favourite authors were the most celebrated of the Puritan fathers. "Although," we are informed, "he read much and thought much, he was not in the habit of writing much. He kept a common-place book, and made extracts of such passages as appeared striking, and which he wished to review at leisure, and to make his own. He was however no plagiarist, and adopted no teacher for an oracle. 'Take the thoughts of other men,' he would say, 'digest them, and make them your own; incorporate them with your mental constitution, and you will give them forth with freshness, with ease, and with variety. You may borrow other men's spectacles, but always see with your own eyes.'" He was careful in his preparations for the pulpit. His texts for the Sabbath were usually selected early in the preceding week, and his sermons were prepared towards the close of the week; so as to leave the after part of the Saturday for recreation both of body and mind. His preparations consisted of a copious plan, with some parts fully written—a brief sketch of which was taken into the pulpit. His address was not fluent, but it was easy, deliberate, and emphatic. On the whole, owing partly to his dignified and graceful appearance, and partly to a striking originality of style and illustration, it was peculiarly impressive. The doctrine was always sound, and the practical application was with great earnestness and fidelity. The preacher searched, as with a candle, the inmost recesses of the heart. The merchant, the parent, the child, each one had his portion in due season. Nor was the higher preparation for the pulpit neglected. The preparation of the heart, as well as of the tongue, was sought from God. "His," says the biographer, "was pre-eminently a *prayerful* ministry. Fervent supplications for the blessing of God always attended the choice of his texts or subjects, the composition of his sermons, their public delivery, and his subsequent review of them. He was wont to remark that when he had preached his discourses first to his own heart, in his Saturday evening preparation, he invariably preached to the people with greater apparent ease, zest, and power. A frequent and favourite allusion was made by him to the practice of some farmers who steep the seed before they sow it.' 'So,' said he, 'let our sermons be steeped in prayer.'"

In social life, the peculiar feature of Claytonism was manifest; proving it to be more constitutional than acquired. The warmth of conjugal and parental endearments could not, at any time, wholly obliterate the dignity of office. Not that love was less ardent, but reverence was more artificially defined. The love of order and of strict discipline was the love that never faileth. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, must be taught to love by rule. The title of Sir must be given from a son to the father, and filial disobedience was a sin to be punished by the judges. "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence;" but surely it should not be reverence only. If in this Mr. Clayton erred, it should be remembered

that the fault in our day is chiefly on the other side. For want of correction there is no reverence, and therefore not much love. Better reverence without love, than love without reverence. Judged of by the results, there must have been more in Mr. Clayton's family discipline to commend than to censure, to imitate than to avoid. With all his formality he was a lovely character to those who knew him best. His conduct was remarkably consistent with itself. Though, from his position and independent course of action, he was a sign to be spoken against, he seldom or never spoke evil of others. He endured the contradiction of sinners against himself; and what made it more painful was, that those sinners were not always without some plausible excuse; but he knew how to bear it silently and with a forgiving spirit. His associations, by marriage and in the pastorate, with the most wealthy Dissenters, may have exposed him to the envy and jealousy of some; but it enabled him to be of essential service to others in the management and benevolent distribution of their worldly goods. It would be found, we believe, that the influence of the Clayton family upon the wealthy has been more for the benefit of others than their own. He who entered London as a prentice lad, and retired from it to a country mansion ladened with honours and with something like a world-wide fame, was no ordinary man. In the commercial world such incidents are less surprising. Here the whole change was attained by moral and religious worth; attained too in a sphere where talent and piety were least likely to secure public notice and esteem. Dissent was at that time, in the estimation of men in general, a low and vulgar thing; but Mr. Clayton lived to see a considerable change for the better in this respect; nor is it too much to affirm, that to him and his family that change in no small degree may be attributed.

Of the three sons less need be said, as they still hold a place in the recollections and affections of many. Different judgments will be formed of them by those who were without, and those who were within, the Claytonian circle. Mr. Aveling has reposed under the family tree, and collected his memorials under its grateful shade. In those who look *ab extĭa*, while admitting the justice of many of the encomiums, imagination will be busy to fill up omissions, and to follow out suggestions further than the writer may have intended. Two of the sons had larger congregations than the father, and may have been equally useful; but neither of them had his original genius or theological acquirements. He was self-formed: they were formed by him. He raised himself from obscurity: they owed much at first to the honour of his name. He had to struggle through difficulties: they were nursed in the midst of plenty. His educational advantages were few: theirs were many. His first efforts at preaching were before those who were disposed to ridicule and persecute: theirs were in the presence of those who were not less disposed to encourage and commend. He forced his way through much prejudice: in their time Dissent wasbecoming more respectable. He owed nothing to others: they had everything in their favour. With these advantages, however, they could not have acquired and long maintained their positions of honour and usefulness without a more than ordinary share of talent and merit. The most was made of what they had, under the most favourable circumstances, so as to give rise to a vast variety of

opinions how far each one was indebted to nature or art. The first, we think, had more originality than the second; and the second than the third. The first was most genuine, and had a mind and a heart more like other men, so as more freely to blend with them. The second had more of the Claytonian element. In him, in fact, it reached its highest type. All were much indebted for their effectiveness to mannerism; but none so much as the second: he had the art of saying commonplace things in an impressive manner. It has been said of the two best known, that the one had goods in the warehouse, and the other placed all his in the shop window. The third had the mannerism and the piety of the brothers, with a less degree of ready talent and intellectual vigour. In all substantial qualities there was a gradual decline from the father to the last of the sons. While we say this, we can also say that in all there was much to admire and esteem. There was true piety in the whole family; and rarely has so much domestic, intellectual, Christian, and pastoral excellence been included within the same social circle. None of the Claytons shone much in writing. They were men of their own times, for whose instrumentality many are praising God both on earth and in heaven; the full benefit of which cannot be estimated until the day shall declare it, in which every man's work shall be made manifest; when the wood, hay, stubble, shall be consumed, and the gold, silver, precious stones, for ever shall remain. G. ROGERS.

Daily Prayer Meetings.

FOR a long time brethren have been accustomed to meet every morning and evening at the Tabernacle for prayer, and now we are very glad to report that a meeting for prayer for the City of London is held at noon every day, in the rooms of the Christian Young Men's Association, Aldersgate Street. We have presided on two occasions, and found it good to be there. We would press upon believers to found similar daily meetings in all our large towns. Prayer will bring healing to our country's wounds.

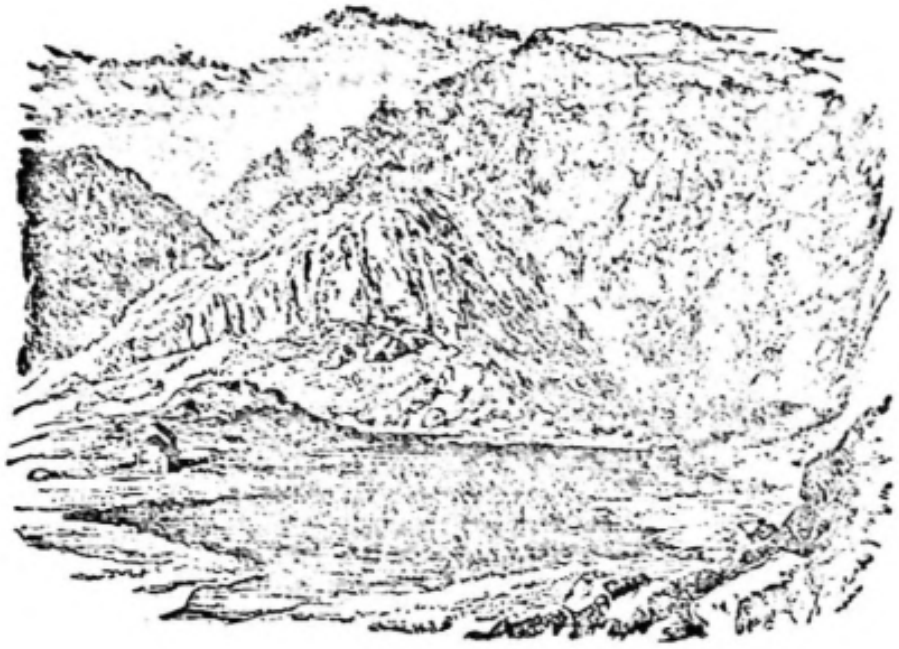
Colportage.

OUR funds for this most useful work are more than spent. We found it necessary to set apart £50 towards the work, and are so certain it is of the Lord, that we wish it were in our power to give more. Six agents are now employed, and as we believe the colporteur to be the cheapest and best of town and country missionaries, we wish we could send forth ten times the number. Next month we intend to give details, and press for assistance.

Baptist Worship in Paris.

OUR French brethren have removed from their obscure school room into a much more prominent position. We trust all our friends visiting Paris will copy the annexed address, and do their best to sustain and encourage this good effort.

FRENCH BAPTIST CHAPEL, 19, RUE DES BONS-ENFANTS, near the Palais-Royal. English services will be held in this chapel on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, and on Tuesday evenings at half-past seven o'clock.



OUR engraving represents the Hospice of St. Bernard, and the wild scenery surrounding it. The place is so cold that fish will not live in the lake, and we have seen the snow lying knee-deep at mid-summer. The Hospice is a refuge from the storm in which many travellers have rested securely, who otherwise might have been lost in the snow. This noble institution receives all passers freely, whoever they may be, without money and without price; and in this respect it is like the salvation of our Lord Jesus, for Jesus gives freely of his grace to those who have nothing to offer in return. Reader, whoever you may be, your soul is in danger unless you find rest for it in the atonement of Jesus Christ; we pray you trust in him, and enter into peace. He asks neither money, merit, nor preparation from you. Whosoever casts himself unreservedly upon the Mediator's merits is saved, even though he may not be able to see in himself so much as a single grain of merit. Jesus gives himself gratis to every willing soul. He will not refuse himself to you, dear reader. Try him at once! Let not your pride refuse his salvation because it is free, but the rather let your heart adore the generous grace of the Redeemer.

We have met in the Hospice persons of all nations and ranks, for none are excluded who knock at its doors. O dear reader, may we have the joy of meeting you in the home of Jesus, for he casts out none that come to him. Rich and poor, learned and uneducated, are equally welcome. May the Holy Spirit sweetly compel you to come into Christ's Refuge. Trust Jesus, and you are saved.

No. 23.—From C. H. Spurgeon's "Sword and Trowel," published monthly, price 3d.; post free 4d. Tracts, 6d. per 100; post free 8 stamps.—Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Row.

Neglect of Secret Prayer.

BY LEWIS STUCKLEY.

HOW few professors have made conscience of closet-prayer? Though Christ takes it for granted that his disciples will thus pray, and hath annexed a sweet promise to the due performance of this duty, "*When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.*" Retire thyself, get thee a place, set thyself a time, wherein thou mayst be at leisure to make it thy business to pray to God. Yet how is this duty wholly omitted by some, and too, too seldom performed by others! Satan prevails with some, otherwise honest souls, to put off this duty from time to time, by telling them either that they will but play the hypocrites therein, or that the time is not convenient, by reason either of some bodily, or of some soul distempers, or that this and the other worldly business must of necessity be despatched at such a time, etc. Oh, how little do such love the Lord, that are afraid to talk too secretly, or too often in secret with him! But, alas! how many omit closet-prayer altogether? Some content themselves with praying with others, either in the church or in the family. How can such look upon themselves as saints, whatever profession they make? What! a saint, and yet never desire any privacy between God and thy soul? a saint, and yet find no errand to invite thee to speak with God alone? Sure thou rather seekest to approve thyself to men than to God. Thou mayst for a time be the world's saint, but God will at last uncase thee, and present thee before the eyes of all the world for a hypocrite.

The true lover delights to visit his friend when he may find him alone, like that good man, who, when the set time for his closet-prayer was come, would break from any company he was in with this handsome speech, "I have a friend that stays for me; farewell." Others put off this duty by pretending they pray always; every hour they are darting up ejaculations to heaven. As the pretence of every-day Sabbath, saith one, comes just to no Sabbath, so the continual praying of some carnal professors is not praying at all. Ejaculatory prayer should not hinder, but rather fit for solemn set praying. Fire must be kept upon the altar continually, but that must not hinder the morning and evening sacrifice. True Christians cannot be satisfied with a bit and away, but they must have their set meals. Others look at closet-prayer to be at the best but a free-will offering, as they term it, which they may offer, if they will, but will not own it a duty; surely such are little sensible of their heart-plagues, or else they would alone, *one by one*, *make prayers and supplications*. Such either have not the Spirit at all, or else but little, very little of the Spirit, or else they would be praying apart. In all my observation the ruins of Christians have begun in their closet neglects, either by omitting the duty totally, or by careless, formal, customary management of it. "The truth is," saith a late neat writer, "this is the first step towards apostacy: backsliders grow first out of acquaintance with God in secret, then delight in this duty declineth little by little, then are they less frequent in their visits, upon which followeth a casting off the duty, and yet they may appear great sticklers and zealots in public ordinances; but if they recover not what they have lost in their secret trade, they will ere long break here also."

No surer sign of a hypocrite than to neglect secret prayer; it turns thee into a Nebuchadnezzar, a beast; "*They are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord.*" Thou pretendest a love to God; didst thou love him, thou wouldst love to be with him; yea, lovers covet to be alone, where they may more freely impart their mutual affections; perhaps in thy family religious worship of God by prayer is (yet) kept up, to keep up thy credit with men, that thou mayst not be thought an atheist, that thou mayst be trusted; a hundred things may keep thee and hold thee to public duties, but herein is the trial of thy

uprightness, what thou dost in secret for God and with him. When the masters part (the two great ones, God and world), then is the trial of thee, whose servant thou art; but oh! when the Master is alone, then he is mostly neglected.

When alone, thou art fittest for this duty of calling upon God; when the world is shut out, then thou hast a discharge from the incumbrances of earth. A heathen (Scipio) will tell thee, "I have never better company than when I have no company, for then can I freely entertain my own thoughts, and converse with all the learned that have been in former ages." But thou art called to greater honour, to improve thy solitude, to converse with God, when alone, to have thy Father with thee.

Yea, God communicates most of his affections to his people when they are in secret; when David was *in the night watches, then his soul was filled with marrow and fatness*, not that he wanted God's presence in the day, for *seven times a day he praised God;* but his day-sacrifices yielded him not that marrow and sweetness which he tasted in the night, when he was sequestered from all company and business. Oh! the *hidden manna* is the sweetest. *The church leaneth on the breast of Christ in the wilderness*, and there he *speaks to her heart.* Unhappy soul! innumerable are thy losses by neglecting Christ's calls: "*Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field . . . . there will I give thee my loves.*" Alas! that God should so lovingly invite thee to take a turn or two with him every day, in order to his opening his heart to thee, and yet be denied!

How few professors have observed the fittest time for secret prayer? God would have us in this sense, *watch unto prayer;* God would have us early to tell the world whose servants we are, and that we dare not undertake any business without first engaging God with us; that we dare not enter on Satan's territories without Christ, our great Champion, with us. This post should be sent to heaven in the beginning of the day; for no sooner in the morning do we begin to live and stir, but we need fresh succours and auxiliaries from heaven.

The true Christian counts that the sweetest air he breathes in, which is the fruit of prayer; and all things relish well with him that run through this golden pipe of prayer; and therefore he is up early in his closet, that he may receive all, this way, from the Lord's bounty and faithfulness. No sooner, therefore, doth he open his eyes, but he opens his heart to God; and before he puts on his apparel, he must to heaven in secret ejaculations; at least, before he goes to his closet, to pour out his soul more plentifully before God; he expecteth no good day unless it be begun with a good duty, and therefore, "*My voice shalt thou hear in the morning . . . . in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee.*" David *prevented the dawning of the morning*, nay, he prevented God, *i.e.* his providences and favours which he expected, he loved to have them in the channel of prayer.

But, alas! how do professors shuffle with God, by deferring and deferring! And hereby many mischiefs attend.

The world, that pest of souls and graces, is admitted before we have got our antidotes against the infection of it; hence deadness of heart ensues, multitudes of worldly distractions, so that after a few hours the soul hath no mind to speak with God; but though it must to the closet, yet there is it pestered with wandering thoughts, discontented thoughts, worldly thoughts; so that the time which should be spent in pure communion with God is taken up in driving these fowls from the sacrifice.

By neglect of your mornings you hint to other observers, as if you were not, "*first to seek God in his kingdom, and the righteousness thereof.*"

You neglect the fittest season, for then the mercies of the night are freshest, and smell sweetest, which after awhile, like flowers, will lose their scent with us. While the iron is hot, it is our wisdom to strike. "*His mercies are renewed every morning,*" so should our praises and our prayers.

By entering on business without calling on God, you declare you need not the Lord's assistance, and that you depend not on him for everything, but can make a shift to live without him; whereas God feeds us from hand to mouth,

and hath not left any stores with us, that we may make our applications to him night and day, who must water us every moment. Poor souls, did you but see your dangers, by reason of the three great brigades of enemies, the world, the flesh, the devil, you would not be so foolhardy as to venture abroad until you have besought God to help. Poor, needy, indigent creatures, remember you want as soon as you wake, and those things you want are such as none but a God can supply you; you need divine power to follow your callings.

By neglecting this season, the devil and the world have often made you forget or omit the duty for the day; you have no leisure in the morning, and what then! the devil fills thy hand with unexpected business—thus the excuse grows stronger and more plausible. But must we slave, and neglect the Lord of glory?

By omitting this hour, you are the more unfit for family worship: were the instrument tuned before, it would be the fitter to play in concert.

But oh! what hazards dost thou run, not only by preferring other things and business before God, but by neglecting the first hour of the day, when thou art not sure of a second? Thou purposest such an hour to pray; but what is thy life save a vapour, which may expire before that hour?

Stockwell Orphanage.

WE have been waiting upon the Lord in faith and prayer concerning our Orphanage, but he is pleased at present to try our faith by making us exercise patience; however, the work is so evidently of the Lord, that no doubts or fears have crossed our mind as to its ultimate success. As we have no object in view but the glory of God, by the instruction of fatherless boys in the ways of the Lord, having a special view to their souls' salvation, we had hoped that many of the Lord's people would at once have seen the usefulness and practical character of the enterprise, and have sent us substantial aid, so as to enable us to accomplish the work immediately. We felt that the same divine power which moved one sister to give £20,000, could easily move others to contribute according to their ability, and that thus another £20,000 would readily be sent in. The Lord's way, however, is always the best, and we rejoice in it, let it be what it may; if the work is to be one of time and long effort, so let it be, if so God is magnified. In all, we have received up to this hour, the sum of £650, and in the strength of this earnest of the Lord's gracious help, believing that money will come in as need arises, we have resolved to erect two houses, each house to cost rather more than £600, and to hold fifteen or sixteen orphans. There will necessarily be a considerable expense involved in the drainage, which must be done at once, and which, from the distance to the main sewer, will be large. We have also thought it necessary at once to erect a large covered shed, in which we can occasionally hold public meetings and tea meetings upon the spot, in aid of the Orphanage, and which will also form a play-ground for the boys in wet weather. This, our friend, Mr. Higgs, will erect for us with all speed, that we may hold a great meeting on the ground early in the month of September, when we hope the first stone of the houses will be laid. We have also engaged a sister to receive the first four orphans into her own hired house until the Orphanages are ready. Our beloved friend, the original donor, has given her plate to be sold for this object, and in so doing has set an example to all believers who have surplus and unused gold and silver which ought to be put to better use than lying wrapped up in a box. We shall probably take two more children, and are ready to receive aid in the form of clothing for these first six orphans. Half-worn cloth garments will be useful to make up. Thus a first step is taken; but we lay it heavily to heart that we have borrowed £3,000 to pay for the ground, and that thus the original endowment is burdened: we pray that

this loan may not need to be renewed. No one has come forward to meet the request that three persons should give £250, and so crown the gift of Mr. G. Moore, by making it into £1,000. Two sums of £50 are also waiting until seventeen others shall give the like sum to make up another thousand, one fifty having already been paid. We have had four sums from Sabbath-schools towards a Sunday-school house, and we hope these are four drops indicating a coming shower. The school at the Tabernacle is about to move vigorously, and to ask the co-operation of other schools: when a circular is issued to superintendents, we bespeak for it a kindly consideration. We purpose holding a great bazaar at Christmas, and shall be glad if friends everywhere will co-operate to make it a success. Collecting boxes and collecting cards will be forwarded to friends who desire them. It is ours to work according to our best judgment, and then to look up in faith to our heavenly Father for his help, which we know will surely come, for he is the Father of the fatherless.

Donations of clothing or money can be sent to C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

Ourselves and the Annexationists.

THERE is no bigotry in the world equal to the bigotry of modern liberalism. Sectarianism may be bitter, but latitudinarianism is wormwood and gall. We have been most ferociously denounced for tersely and accurately designating the action of the Congregational Union, in reference to Union Churches, as "a little dodge." Viewing it in connection with the party who agitated the question, a little dodge we believed it to be, and at this moment we can find no better name for it; in fact, the tall talk which our description has evoked, has showed us how exactly we managed to hit the nail on the head. We have at all times endeavoured to prove our hearty brotherhood with all the people of God, not by words merely, but by deeds. Our Independent friends know that our heart is always warm towards them, and that when it has been in our power to serve them, we have needed no pressing to make us do so; on the other hand, we have no truer friends than many among the Congregationalists, with whom we enjoy the dearest fellowship, and who have again and again practically helped us in our schemes. We hope that this brotherly love may continue and increase, and we trust there will never be any emulation between the Independent and the Baptist bodies, but that of holy desire to be foremost in promoting the cause of Christ. For either body to endeavour to increase its numbers by offering facilities for transfer to its own ranks, and inaugurating a policy of annexation is unwise and unbrotherly. To attempt to convert men to our views is our duty, but to draft them without conversion into our body is no gain in any sense, either to truth or good fellowship. A certain company of would-be extra superfine liberals, made up of Independents and Baptists, good enough men in their way, but thoroughly wrongheaded on this and some other points, are resolved to amalgamate the two bodies, and their first action, inoffensive and insignificant in itself, we judge, from what we know of them, to be merely the beginning of the end, a stepping-stone to something more, getting in the thin end of the wedge—in plain Saxon, *a little dodge*. They would form churches and found a denomination in which Christ's ordinance of baptism would be left optional; some of them would even have a font and a baptistry in each place of worship, which to our mind, is to form churches on the principle of despising the command of Christ, and counting it to be an utterly insignificant matter what the ordinance may be, and whether it be obeyed or not. "Whichever you please, dear friends; pay your money and take your choice. Sprinkle the infant or immerse the believer, our church does not care a farthing which;" this is the witness of the model Union Churches, and would be the witness of a United Baptised and Unbaptised Congregationalism. We quite understand the testimony of our friends who

hold infant baptism, as they also understand ours; but to form a denomination which regards all baptisms with equal indifference, seems to us to be a scheme traitorous to Christ and his Word. This is what has been for some time, more or less covertly aimed at, and is now the darling object of those who were at the bottom of the Congregational Union resolution, and of others who looked on approvingly, biding their time. There was much more aimed at by some than was meant by all; and we judge not only by what was publicly said, but by what is privately done. We tell these gentlemen who are so set upon fusing the Pædobaptists, and the Baptists, that we hope all who think with them will avail themselves of the plank so conveniently and temptingly offered to them, but we take liberty to say again that there is one Baptist at least who will never be absorbed into the projected unity, and we believe that with the exception of a score or so whom we could well spare, there are none among the Baptists who would consider for a moment the question of breaking up an ancient and useful Christian community, for the mere sake of gratifying a morbid craving for nominal union, or an ambitious desire to form a large and influential congregationalism. We call upon our honest Pædobaptist friends to give an unmistakable utterance as to their views, for we believe that the ambitious designs of those who would swallow us up alive, are foreign to the mass of the Independents. We can go on in holy unity of spirit as two denominations, but the project of annexation is a serious injury to brotherly love, and should be dropped at once, or carried on by a public and explicit overture. What should we think of our Wesleyans if they indulged visions of annexing the Independents, and thought those to be uncharitable who opposed such fond desires of aggrandisement? What if the Presbyterians should come to the conclusion that the Baptists should unite with *them*, and grow enraged because any refused to endorse their magnanimous idea? The cases are as nearly parallel as can be, for our affinities are about the same.

Some of the letters written upon the question show a very proud and overbearing spirit; mention has even been made of the word "schism," as though the Congregational Union is to be considered as the true church, and the Baptists are to be looked upon as a set of schismatics. We take leave to say that men would not use such language if they remembered how often it has been cast at us all in turn, and how easy it is to retort. Such talk naturally emanates from gentlemen who sorely long to add Naboth's vineyard to their possessions, but it will cause a revulsion of feeling among the great majority of our liberty-loving brethren, the Independents, who are entirely guiltless of the present conspiracy, and have always shown the manliness to accord to others the liberty of association which they so worthily exercise on their own account. The Baptist body will never be absorbed into any other; why should it be? What an infinitesimal benefit would such an absorption be, and at what an expense would it be procured? In the interest of brotherly love, we hope we shall either have this matter fairly out, or never hear it mentioned again. The agitation of the scheme will create ill feelings, and its consummation, if it were possible, would create a new denomination, and so multiply sects. There would be the stanch Pædobaptists, who would adhere to their own views, the true Baptists' holding to theirs, and the Unionists, with their views or no views, vacillating to their heart's content alone in their glory. We frankly confess and publicly promise, that in every way we will oppose this annexation scheme, in the bud as well as in the flower, in its first as well as its last phase; not because we love union less than other men, but love it more, and believe that the evil leaven which we see at work is as hostile to true union as it is to truth itself. Not a word have we ever said against the fullest and heartiest love to our Pædobaptist brethren, but we differ from them in a point which seems to us to be very important, and we feel that we can get on better in Christian love as we are than as it is proposed that we should be. We have as much right to a Baptist Union as they have to a Congregational Union; and as we see good reason for maintaining our separate organisation, surely our friends need not be

angry with us for doing so; especially as they can at any time put an end to their own separate existence, and unite with us if they think their infant baptism to be so unimportant that they can give it up, and follow our view of the Lord's command. If we should ever leave the Baptists we should quite as soon join the Free Church of Scotland, or the Quakers, as the Congregationalists; but our anchor is down, and not at all likely to be drawn up. When we mean a change, however, we hope we shall be honest enough to avow it. We should feel ashamed to be a member of the Baptist denomination, and harbour the design of carrying it over in whole, or in part, to another body. When ministers get a footing in Baptist churches, and first disown strict discipline as to baptism, and then inoculate their people with hostility to their denomination, and coquet with Pædobaptist bodies, they present to our churches a reason for enquiry into the advisability of the very first step in the descent; and they also raise the question as to the honesty of those who gain an inch with the covert view of getting an ell, when they know very well that no inch would be given if their ultimate design were known.

We have been open and above board in our expressions upon this business, and we wish others would be. The anonymous letters in which we have been assailed we look upon as the weapons of cowards; *we* cannot write or speak without being known, and do not wish to do so; we believe the whole system of anonymous writing to be meanness itself when directed against public men who are mentioned by name. Put off your cloak sir, when your adversary wears none, or you will be scouted as one of the assassin's breed. Our friend, Mr. Brock, who has been even more savagely assailed than ourselves, is quite able to take care of himself, and could no doubt answer most crushingly if he cared to do so; but we blush for those who dared most falsely to say that under any circumstances the Baptist denomination could be ashamed of him—of *him*, a man whom to know is to love, whose genial spirit makes him incapable of returning the bitterness which has assailed him, and whose personal weight far exceeds that of all his critics put together. Most heavenly Christian union, we mourn that under shelter of thy hallowed name, there should be carried on a war against truth, which is thy best ally and surest foundation!

That no one may make a mistake as to the writer of this article, although the editorial *we* is a plain enough indication of authorship, we append our name that it may be coupled with all the reproach which any may care to heap upon it for our plain speech in this matter.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Free Thoughts.

BY PASTOR GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

(Continued from page 236.)

LXI.

Take up a thread, untwist it, and you shall find that it is made up of several threads, untwisting which, you shall find that they, also, are made up in the same way, and so on, and so on. Fit symbol of the true relationship of each member of any human family, or of the larger family of the church, or the great church of churches, the church of the living God. The various threads, so weak alone, become strong and mighty when twisted together; and, just as any cord is easiest broken where one or more of the threads are separated, so is it in the church. Just because of increased strength in unity, in disunity there is increased weakness. If thou canst not take the place of a bigger thread, thou canst very easily take that of a lesser; and, of the least, the biggest are made

LXII.

I SOMETIMES think, Sabbath-days are so swiftly followed by Sabbath-days, that there are no intervening weeks of toil and trial, and that the six days' care must be a dream of the past night; but when, on Monday morning, and, certainly, by Saturday evening, I find out how wrong these thoughts are, I consider again, and I think thus:—"Well, here on earth Sabbaths come, and Sabbaths go, one Sabbath shall come, and come soon, too, that shall never go, and, therefore, that shall never be succeeded by days of struggle and weariness." *Its* week is on this side of it; and, not as now, one day after six, all of equal length, shall that Sabbath come; but, as its eternal duration blessedly unfolds itself, what dream-like proportions and character shall this present evil week assume! Welcome, then, all earthly Sabbaths; but, above all, welcome the great Sabbath of our Redeemer-God in heaven, and our 'rest' which 'remaineth' there!"

LXIII.

VILLAGE Mary's city cousin has sent her a beautiful brooch of the best of gold; and, oh! I could not tell you how pleased she is with it, and how proud she is of it—so pleased and so proud, indeed, that she resolves never to wear it at her work, only to wear it "at proper times and in proper places," and, meanwhile, to keep it nicely and carefully in her drawer, and—in her thoughts. Silly girl! She knows not that her golden gift will spoil by keeping so, and that the best way of keeping it, and keeping it bright and beautiful, is to use it; and, so, she goes to take it out some day, expecting to feast her eyes upon its radiant beauty, or she goes to dress and put it on, her cousin arriving very unexpectedly; and, lo! it is all tarnished, its brightness and its beauty gone. Poor Mary! thou art not alone in the delusion that the best of jewels keep best out of work, out of the daily wear and tear, and away there, on the shelf, or in the drawer, for I know scores of people who, having the glorious jewel of God's Holy Word in their houses, and needing it vastly in daily use and service, have it put nicely *(and conveniently!)* out of sight—to be kept most carefully—in a region of crotchet and dust!

LXIV.

GOD, the offended, speaking through Christ his Son, says, "Let us be friends;" and man, the offender, will not. Why so? Either because he suspects that God does not mean what he says, or because he is satisfied that he does. Both of these,—and one or the other it always is, and must be,—are alike fearful tokens, though in very different ways, of the desperation of his guilt!

LXV.

To us, indeed, this world, and all that therein is, may seem like a disarranged, if not incomplete, puzzle; but I am quite sure that our Father in heaven has a way of putting it all together, and that, to him, it is neither incomplete nor disarranged. Just be man enough to take a lesson from your own little boy, and the last toy of the kind you brought him home. He cannot put it together, perhaps; but, if he knows you can, he will work by the instructions you give him,—you hold a pattern in your hand for that,—and, in good time, all will be plain and clear. It is only a puzzle to him so long as it is not put together, and that can be no argument against the fitness and finish of the whole when once it is arranged: so is it with the great puzzle about us; there *is* one who holds the pattern, and he *does* give instructions. *Our* place is to observe *them*, and, in good time, work out the full design.

LXVI.

WE are always finding out that we are wrong; and, in so far, we are progressing. That people which never discovers its error may be said to be the only

barbarous people; for there is no discovery of truth without a corresponding discovery of error. The one is implied in the other; and it comes of the very relationship of things, so delicate oftentimes, yet always so sure, that thus it should be; but, whether the discoveries are contemporaneous, or which is first, is, for the most part, far removed from any probability of accurate decision. To go forward, in any abiding sense, you have, generally, to go backward, in an immediate way,—to go up, you must go down,—and, so that you do the former, it matters very little whether you do that because of doing the other, or do the other because of doing that. As with persons, so, of course, with peoples; and, as with peoples, so with persons.

LXVII.

THERE is not so much to be surprised at in the *fact*, but there is everything to be surprised at in the *faith*, of martyrdom; for, where the latter is, the former, under the necessary conditions, instantly appears. It is said, indeed, and that in perfect harmony with well-known operations in animal life, that, because of the very intensity of their spiritual feeling, the physical feeling of martyrs is neutralised, and their sense of mere physical pain deadened; and it is added that it is only when the spiritual falters that the physical fails, not contrariwise. So it is with *your* little martyrdoms, and with *mine*. If our souls are in our service, we shall say very little about our sufferings; for we shall not feel them; and, though our feet may be fearfully blistered, and though we may be leaving drops of our blood on the sharp places over which we are called upon to pass, we shall not repine; for we shall neither know nor care, in our holy zeal to rescue others from certain death, what briers are tearing us, or what thorns are wreathed about our brow.

LXVIII.

THEY who are truly learned are the easiest to teach; and the disciple who has sat longest at, and nearest to, the Master's feet is the one most willing, not only to sit there still, and to sit there still nearer, but to take the lowliest place.

LXIX.

THE sun only puts out the fire when it is either not needed, or too dead to be useful. It is the same when God's Sun puts out the little fires of our much vaunted service. Rest assured, either it was not needed at all, or it was too weak to answer the need.

LXX.

A HOUSE is on fire,—not a small portion of it, but the whole of it,—and the flames are rapidly reducing the whole building to dust and ashes. Nevertheless, away, in an upper room, there sleeps, upon a bed of down, the owner of the tenement—dreaming of to-morrow's successes. Because he sleeps, and dreams, and that upon a bed of softest feathers, am I not to rush to his side, and, with rough hand and voice, "arouse him from his calm content"? Ought I, rather, to go gently to his door, and gently knock, and gently enter, and gently say—"Gentle sir, forgive me for entering your chamber,—sleeping so soundly, too, and dreaming so sweetly,—but"——crash! crash! all is over now, and the sleeper and the wakener sleep together evermore! And am I to come to you so, and speak to you so, and die with you so! or am I not to come to you, no apologies on my lip, and no false delicacy in my manner, saying, ever saying:—"Sleeper! awake! awake! thy house is on fire! Quick! quick! to the escape!"

Reviews.

The Imprecatory Psalms. Six Lectures, with other Discourses, delivered at Bacup. By R. A. Bertram. London: Elliot Stock.

In a small volume, Mr. Bertram sets forth his reasons for believing that the Psalms which have been styled "imprecatory," even when taken in "the literal and grammatical sense," contain nothing that is contradicted by the New Testament. We confess it does seem strange that there should be any necessity to defend the good old Psalms, which have been the comfort and stay of God's people in all ages; and the author expresses his sorrow that the times in which we live render such a work necessary. We have been much pleased with his vindication; and our conclusion is the same as the author's, that these so-called imprecatory Psalms "help God's people to have confidence that the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever, that wrong shall not be always victor, that the oppressed shall be delivered, and the despots of the earth be humbled to the dust, and all men made to know that there is a God who rules amongst the armies of heaven and over the children of men." We cordially recommend this little volume.

The Anti-State Church Association and the Anti-Church Rate League Unmasked. An exposure of the fallacies and misrepresentations contained in Mr. E. Miall's "Title Deeds of the Church of England to her Parochial Endowments." By John Pulman, of the Middle Temple, Barrister. W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Pulman, on a former occasion, did his best in vindication of his church against our Baptismal Regeneration sermon: he is to be commended for his zeal, and pitied for spending it upon so bad a cause. If the law of the present treatise should be as bad as the gospel of the former one, it is bad indeed; but we must leave that to lawyers. Mr. Pulman is grand at a distinction involving no difference, and subtle to amazement in discovering treasons and mischiefs which have no existence; this is clear even to readers who are unskilled in old black-letter lore. Mr. Pulman's quibbles are of no more avail in this grand controversy, than Mrs. Partington's mop with which she valorously sought to drive back the Atlantic from her front door on a stormy day.

Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker, Missionary, and Temperance Pioneer. By Wm. Tallack. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Our indefatigable friend, Mr. Tallack, has done good service to the cause of truth and philanthropy by preparing a popular memoir of that eminent quaker saint, Thomas Shillitoe. The life is well written, and is published in a form similar to that of Peter Bedford. It has been much to our profit to have been familiar with the larger biography from which this portable life is compiled, and we feel persuaded that no one will regret investing half-a-crown in purchasing this soul-stirring memoir. Our earnest prayer often goes up to heaven for the members of the Society of Friends, and we trust that more and more in the present and the future, as once in the past, they may be a people zealous of good works, walking in the power of the Spirit, and testifying for righteousness.

The Things which shall be Hereafter; or, God's Testimony about the Future. Gathered from the Sacred Scriptures. By Septimus Sears. Nisbet & Co.

More prophesying? Surely the market is well supplied already; can there be room for fresh arrivals? This little book is one of the best of its kind; we do not endorse all its conclusions, but we admire its orderly, sententious manner, and its modest, judicious spirit. Here we have as much teaching in about eighty pages, as one might get from eight hundred of the usual word-spinning sort, such as Dr. Cumming has poured forth by the score. The author gives his views in brief paragraphs, and then appends the texts which, in his judgment, prove his points. This is a wise method, and honours the Word of God; we want more such handbooks on other and more practical subjects.

Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children. Edited by W. Logan. Third edition, enlarged. James Nisbet & Co.

We have aforetime mentioned with much approbation this well-stored treasury of comfortable words. The present edition is enlarged in matter and improved in appearance, and is upon the subject of Infant Salvation, a very valuable compendium of the opinions of divines, and a choice collection of the songs of poets. Rachel mourning for her children will, in this volume, hear a consoling voice from the excellent glory, saying, "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears."

Thoughts on Inspiration and the Canon of Scripture. By Rev. John Douglas, Portadown. William Lister, Commercial Road, and Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

A pamphlet worthy of an extensive circulation. Mr. Douglas has succeeded in presenting the main arguments for the inspiration and canonicity of Scripture, in a manner and form well calculated to meet the requirements of the village preacher and Sunday-school teacher. The price is below the grumbling point. Were we to suggest an alteration it would be to trim unsparingly the few high-flown and redundant sentences that occur in the opening chapters.

Hymns and Songs for the Christian Church. By Emma Jane Worboise. James Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet Street.

These are less fitted for public assemblies than for the social circle; less for men in the battle of life than for lookers-on; and less for ordinary thinkers than for the sentimental and refined. Hymns in churches should be too full of precious truths to be very poetic: their poetry is in their theme. The perfection of religious poetry is the condensation of much thought in a few apt and sonorous words. Such are the songs of which the echoes have reached us from heaven. The poems before us are well adapted for private and social reading. The sentiments are devout and pure, and the poetry, if not of the highest inspiration, never sinks down into mere prosaic rhyme.

The Romish Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception traced from its Source. By Dr. Edward Preuss, principal of the Friedrich-Wilhelm's Gymnasium at Berlin. Translated by G. Gladstone. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clarke, 38, George Street.

An exceedingly scholarly work, affording to the student an amazing, and in some respects amusing, insight into the growth of a false doctrine from its germ in the fervid expressions of orators, up to its proclamation as an infallible dogma by Rome's boastful Pontiff. The author's conclusion shows the object of the book, an object which it will most surely subserve in the minds of all sensible men: "Wherefore have I written this? I have done it for the sake of my brethren, whose ardent desire is towards Rome; children of the same Father; children who are wearied of being driven hither and thither with every wind of doctrine, who seek some anchorage which will shelter them in these stormy times. Is the Papacy such an anchorage as they need—the poor Papacy which at first was intimidated by the flapping of the wings of the French eagle, then sold to the Franciscans, then bewitched by bigoted women, and lastly followed the banner of public opinion? Poor successor of Honorius the First, the infallible heir of an infallible Pope, the duty has devolved upon thee of branding with heresy the noble church which triumphed from the time of St. Paul to that of St. Bernard. And shall we believe him? Shall we believe him rather than the Scriptures, or the church above which is before the throne of the Lamb?"

The Apologetics of the Christian Faith. By W. H. Hetherington, D.D., LL.D. T. and T. Clarke, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

This volume consists of lectures delivered by the author to the students of the Free Church College, Glasgow, and published after his decease. They betoken an extensive course of previous study, and are the result of deep thought and close reasoning. The subjects to which they are devoted demand an unusual amount of careful and enlightened research, without which no one could expect to be patiently heard. They are such as the harmony between

revealed and natural theology, the origin of good and evil, the freedom of the will, and the relation of inspired history to the discoveries of modern science. The author fearlessly thinks for himself, and occasionally displays originality of ideas and of argumentation; of which instances will be found in the way in which the laws of nature become expressions of the divine will, and the manner in which human souls are successively produced.

We are not in favour of a geological interpretation of the Mosaic history of creation. There is no need to allegorise Scripture facts in accommodation to the deductions of science: let science take care of itself, and the Bible will take care of itself. We agree with Dr. Chalmers, that in the first verse of Genesis, the geologist may find all he can reasonably demand. There is no necessity for interpreting the six days' creation as six geological periods of indefinite duration; and the attempt, we consider, hitherto has signally failed. Nor do we see anything gained by supposing the first chapter of Genesis to have been the primitive Adamic revelation, of which much is here made as a new discovery, since, if the geological history of the globe had been known to Adam, it must have been known to his immediate descendants, and some traditions of it would have remained. "The evening and the morning," to our minds, clearly expresses a natural day. If the six days were periods of some thousand of years, why not the seventh? The seventh is surely so called in relation to the six. It must have been a seventh of a similar kind; but a natural day and a day of long and indefinite duration are not units of the same kind. If the seventh was not a natural day, where is the authority for a seventh-day Sabbath? We are aware of the great names by which the interpretation we have ventured to oppose is sanctioned, but they are principally distinguished by their knowledge of science rather than of the Word of God. With this exception, the integrity and authority of Scripture are ably maintained against the most subtle adversaries in the volume before us. It is no small honour to the Free Church of Scotland to have had, at so early a period in its history, a professor worthy to stand by the side of the most eminent *literati* of his own times. These lectures, we presume, were followed by others of equal force upon the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, without which, they must have failed in their principal end of training up effective and warm-hearted preachers of the divine Word.

How to Study the New Testament. By Henry Alford, D.D. Alexander Strahan, London.

The second edition of this admirable little work is every way worthy of the high position it has acquired, by the sound scholarship and eminently Christian spirit which are conspicuous throughout all its pages. All the most important variations from the original, and the different renderings of the text, are here given in a condensed and popular form, likely to be exceedingly serviceable to all students of the New Testament.

Notices.

On Tuesday, June 4th, the New Chapel at Penge was opened, when two sermons were preached by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon to large and attentive congregations; after which, £43 were collected. From 300 to 400 friends were provided with tea in a marquee. On the following Sunday two sermons were delivered; that in the morning by Mr. G. Rogers (Tutor of Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle); that in the evening by Mr. J. Mitchell Cox (the pastor), to encouraging assemblies. On Tuesday, the 11th, after tea, a public meeting was held; John Everett, Esq., presided. Messrs. E. Morley, R. Makin, A. Tessier, and J. Mitchell Cox addressed the meeting; Messrs. W. Olney and T. Cook gave practical addresses. At this meeting the sum of £120 was raised, which freed the chapel from debt, with the exception of £300 lent by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Building Fund, without interest. Votes of thanks were given to Messrs. W. and F. Croker, builders, and Mr. W. Lawrance, architect, for services gratuitously rendered by them, also to the chairman, which was

duly acknowledged. The erection of this place is greatly owing to the liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, and to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. W. Olney.

The re-opening of Alfred Place Chapel, Old Kent Road, took place on Sunday, the 16th of June. Mr. Buck, pastor of the place, preached in the morning, and Mr. Brown, of Drummond Road, in the evening. On the following Tuesday, a tea and public meeting was held, under the presidency of W. Olney, Esq., who infused a very hearty feeling throughout by his genial manner and thorough sympathy. Mr. Gain, one of the deacons, read the cash statement, from which it appeared that the repairs had cost £93 17s. 1½d; towards this, £67 17s. 7d. had been raised, principally through the means of a bazaar, leaving a deficiency of £25 19s. 6½d.; but before the close of the meeting the pastor was enabled to announce that the whole of this sum had been made up, more than half being received at the time, and the remainder being promised before the 1st of August. Most interesting addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Mitchell Cox, A. Tessier, H. Buck, J. de Kewer Williams, W. Harrison, Esq., and J. E. Tresidder, Esq. The list of donations included £6 from the chairman; W. Harrison, Esq., £2 2s.; — Williams, Esq., £2.; and smaller sums. We are pleased to learn that since the settlement of Mr. Buck, the congregation has greatly increased, and a considerable number have been added to the church.

On Wednesday evening, June 5th, a tea and public meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Aylsham, Norfolk, in connection with the settlement of Mr. S. H. Akehurst, as pastor. The chapel was very tastefully decorated, and tea was served, in excellent style, to about 150 friends. At the public meeting (presided over by the pastor) the company had great pleasure in listening to some earnest and talented addresses from Messrs. Stembridge (Wesleyan), Trapp (Baptist), Goff and Hobbs (Independents), and Jackson (Primitive Methodist). The choir also greatly enlivened the meeting by the performance of various pieces of music at intervals during the evening. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the attendance was very good; and judging by the frequent applause all were exceedingly gratified with the evening's proceedings. The pastor meets with a most cordial welcome from the church, and also from the neighbouring ministers. May God abundantly bless the union to his church's good and his own glory.

An anniversary of the Baptist Chapel at Uxbridge, was held on Wednesday, the 19th of June. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. After a well-attended public tea meeting, the friends again assembled in the chapel. Mr. Rogers presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Julyan, of Pinner; Mr. Orr, an Independent Minister at Uxbridge; Mr. Smith, a deacon of the church at Harrow; Mr. Bailey, a deacon of the church at Uxbridge; Mr. Hill, of Harrow; Mr. Edgley, of Camden Town; and Mr. J. Smith, the minister of the chapel. The labours of Mr. Smith, who is still a student in the Tabernacle College, have been greatly blessed in the revival of this church and congregation, of which the services of this anniversary have given still greater promise.

Mr. Percy F. Pearce has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Lock's Lane, Frome.

Mr. G. D. Evans, of Upton Chapel, Lambeth, has accepted the pastorate of the Grove Road Chapel, Victoria Park, which has been taken up by the London Baptist Association. The chapel was re-opened on the 23rd of June, and Mr. Evans will commence his ministry on the 30th. We wish for our friend a large measure of success in his new and enlarged sphere.

We are glad to learn that the friends at Romney Street Chapel have a flourishing mission in connection with their place of worship. The first annual report of the mission states that the members visited through the first part of the year six lodging houses, but now have extended their labours to twelve, which are visited every Sunday evening, when an address is given, prayer is offered, or a verse or two of a hymn is sung, which is sometimes heartily joined in by the listeners. During the year about 500 services have thus been held, with an average of about 400 hearers each evening, and considering that the lodging-house people are a migratory class, the number thus been brought under the sound of the Word is great. There have been also forty-six open-air services, conducted by members of the mission, two every Sunday evening during the summer months. About 60,000 tracts have also been distributed; one half of these have been supplied gratuitously, having been given away in the lodging houses, in the hospital, in every house in the neighbourhood, and by the wayside. Westminster hospital has been regularly visited by the female members of the mission, and books and tracts have been supplied to the patients. There is also a mothers' meeting, a Bible-class, and a prayer-meeting conducted by the same sister. There is a Loan Tract Society, which

has over 200 of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in circulation. Mr. J. S. Morris is pastor of the church.

The friends at the Tabernacle celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of their pastor's birthday on Monday, June 24th, Mr. Spurgeon being absent on the 19th. With many loving words and good wishes, with grateful acknowledgment of the divine hand in the continued prosperity vouchsafed to the church, the sum of £33 was given to the pastor in aid of his favourite work, the college. The pastor was never more happy, and his work never more prosperous. He praised God, thanked his people, and rejoiced in his heart.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th, to June 20th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Mr. E. Ellis	1	0	0
Mrs. Grange	0	10	0
Mrs. Baird	0	5	0
Mr. Hobson	3	0	0
The Baptist Church, Forres, per Mr. R. Stewart	1	0	0
Collection at Aberdeen, per Mr. Chambers	5	12	0
The Elders' Bible Class at the Tabernacle	10	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. W. Galt, Irvine	1	0	0
Miss J. Brockie	2	0	0
Miss Cay	0	1	0
Mr. W. Knight	0	10	0
Mr. Balls	3	0	0
M. A., Jersey	0	10	0
Crux	0	10	0
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	10	0	0
Mr. Rathbone Taylor	10	0	0
Miss Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. R. Harris	5	0	0
Rev. W. G. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. J. Strachan, South Shields	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fowler	50	0	0
Mr. P. H. Gutheridge	5	0	0
Mr. T. Harvey	5	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	1	10	0
Mr. S. Morley	100	0	0
Mr. Lawrence	1	0	0
Master Lawrence Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. Champion	1	1	0
Mrs. Carrington	0	10	0
A Widow, J. B.	0	10	0
Mr. B. A. Duncan	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
A Birthday Offering	5	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Gamage	0	5	0
Mr. Bastow, Bovey Tracey	0	10	0
An Old Friend, Scotland	1	10	0
Miss Anderson	1	4	0
Mr. J. Nichol, Edinburgh	7	7	0
An Offering to the Lord, from late Master Ayley's Money-box	0	9	8
Per Editor "Christian World"	0	5	0
Mr. C. Tucker, Chiswick	0	5	0
Old Swan, Moiety	5	0	0
The Misses Bransfield	2	2	0
A Friend, Nova Scotia	0	15	0
Maria Bolton	0	2	6
A Friend, Nordhausen	10	0	0
Lilah	1	0	0
A Birthday Gift to Papa, from Charles and Thomas Spurgeon	3	0	0
Mr. Mason	20	0	0
Mrs. Field	0	4	0
Mr. T. R. Facer	0	5	0
Quartus	0	10	0
May	0	5	0
Mrs. Haffenden	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 26	31	8	5
" " " June 2	32	6	8
" " " 9	33	18	6
" " " 16	27	0	11
	£416	9	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts, from May 20th, to June 20th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Patrie	1	1	0
An Orphan	0	1	0
Mr. W. Carter, sen.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	1	0
A. F.	1	1	0
One of a Thousand	1	1	0
Mr. Whitehead, Wandsworth	1	1	0
Two Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," per E. Paddock	2	2	0
Per Mr. Boustead—			
Mr. O. Barton	1	1	0
Mrs. Till	1	1	0
Major-General Sir G. Bell, K.C.B.	1	1	0
Lady Bell	1	1	0
Mrs. McDougal	1	1	0
Mr. G. Lawrence	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	1	1	0
Mr. T. Whittle	2	0	0
Rev. J. E. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. N. Blair	1	0	0
Mr. C. West	0	5	0
M. A., Jersey	0	10	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle Gate	1	1	0
Mr. T. Dodwell	1	1	0
Miss E. Dodwell	0	10	6
Mr. Tyson, Bristol	1	1	0
Mr. T. Whitehead	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
A Little Girl	0	0	6
A Friend at Monday Evening Prayer-meeting	0	10	0
T. C. C., Brighton	1	1	0
Mr. J. Strachan	1	1	0
J. E. H., per Rev. W. Brock	1	1	0
St. Peter's Church, Saffron Hill Sunday School	1	7	6
Mrs. Howard	1	1	0
H. S.	2	0	3
P. P.	5	0	0
R. H.	1	1	0
Mr. Harvey	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grango	0	10	0
Mr. T. Sinister	1	1	0
Miss Eastty	0	5	0
Mr. E. Olmotherly	1	1	0
Mrs. Daw	0	10	6
Mrs. Nicholson	0	5	0
Mrs. Wheeler	1	0	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	1	0
Mrs. D. Barclay	1	0	0
An Inval'd, Edinburgh	1	1	0
Mrs. Whitney	1	0	0
Sunday School Class, Perth, per Miss Scott	0	5	0
Mr. P. Balnbridge	0	10	0
Miss Meckling	1	1	0
Mrs. Dickinson	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Gamage	1	1	0
Mrs. Mackrill	2	2	0
Mr. S. Gray	1	1	0
A Reader of Sermons in India	0	10	0
Mrs. Lloyd	1	0	0
A. L.	0	5	0
H. E.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gooch	1	1	0
Mr. Lamb	0	10	0
F. M. B.	1	1	0
Mrs. M.	1	0	0
A Friend at Peppard	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown	2	2	0
Old Swan. Moioty	5	0	0
A Widow	0	2	0
Mrs. Boorne, Reading	1	0	0
Mr. E. Farndon	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans, Bristol	1	1	0
30107	5	0	0
Mrs. Potter	1	1	0
Mrs. Partridge	1	1	0
S. G.	0	3	0
E. S.	0	1	0
A Friend	40	0	0
Mr. H. Slade	1	1	0
Mr. J. Given	2	0	0
Per Editor, "Christian World"	0	5	6
Mr. G. Cadogan	1	1	0
J.	1	1	0
Collected by Lillah	1	1	0
Forty-two Bricks at 6d., Collected by Mr. Medhurst, Glasgow	1	1	0
Mr. R. Walls, Sterling	2	0	0
Mr. Downing, Reading	2	0	0
A Sister at City Road Chapel	1	0	0
Miss Higham's Class	0	5	0
A Reader of Sermons, Wareham	2	2	0
A Friend, Nova Scotia	0	10	0
Mr. Russell	1	1	0
Mrs. Simmonds	0	3	0
Mr. Thorne, Leamington	1	1	0
Per Mr. Phillips—			
Master C. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Master T. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. H. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. J. Ritchie	1	1	0
Mr. Derriman	2	2	0
Mr. Haycroft	1	1	0
Mr. Martin	1	1	0
Mr. Court	1	1	0
Mr. Whitehead	1	1	0
Mr. G. Ward	1	1	0
Mr. Wainwright	1	1	0
Mr. Everett	1	1	0
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. Dodson	1	1	0
Mr. Churchill	1	1	0
Mr. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. Mason	1	1	0
Mr. Dare	1	1	0
Mr. J. Clay	1	1	0
Mr. Freeman	1	1	0
Dr. Wain	1	1	0
Mr. Booth	1	1	0
Mr. J. Kidd	1	1	0
Mr. Temple	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	2	2	0
Mr. C. Potier	1	1	0
Mr. McMicken	1	1	0
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. J. S. Budgett	1	1	0
Mr. Willis	2	0	0
Mr. Parton	1	1	0
Mr. Neale	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	2	2	0
Miss Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. H. McMillan	1	1	0
Miss Hayward	1	1	0
Mr. Harris	1	1	0
Mr. Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. Chilvers	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wood	2	2	0
Mr. C. Ball	1	1	0
Mrs. Hawkins	1	1	0
Mr. E. Hewitt	1	1	0
Mr. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. Balfour	1	1	0
Mr. J. Alexander	1	1	0
Mr. Lambert	1	1	0
Mr. Perrin	1	0	0
Mr. Hollings	1	1	0
Mr. J. Joyce, Canterbury	1	1	0
Mr. Slaughter	1	0	0
Quartus	0	5	0
Moioty of Collections at Folkestone, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	20	17	9
	£225	1	0

For Almshouses.—Mr. Hobson, £2; Mr. Gamage, 10s. 6d.; Mr. Gould, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Potier, £2 2s.; Mrs. Gilbert, £2 2s.

Help for Italy.—An Old Friend, Scotland, £1 10s; Mr. Johnson, Cambridge, £1.

For Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Evangelists' Mission, Golden Lane.—H. Gifford, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M., 5s.; O. H., 5s.

For Colportage Association.—Donations.—Messrs. R. Barbour and Brother, Manchester, £10; C. H. Spurgeon, £50.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mr. Bard, Ely, 10s.; A. Chamberlain, £1 1s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

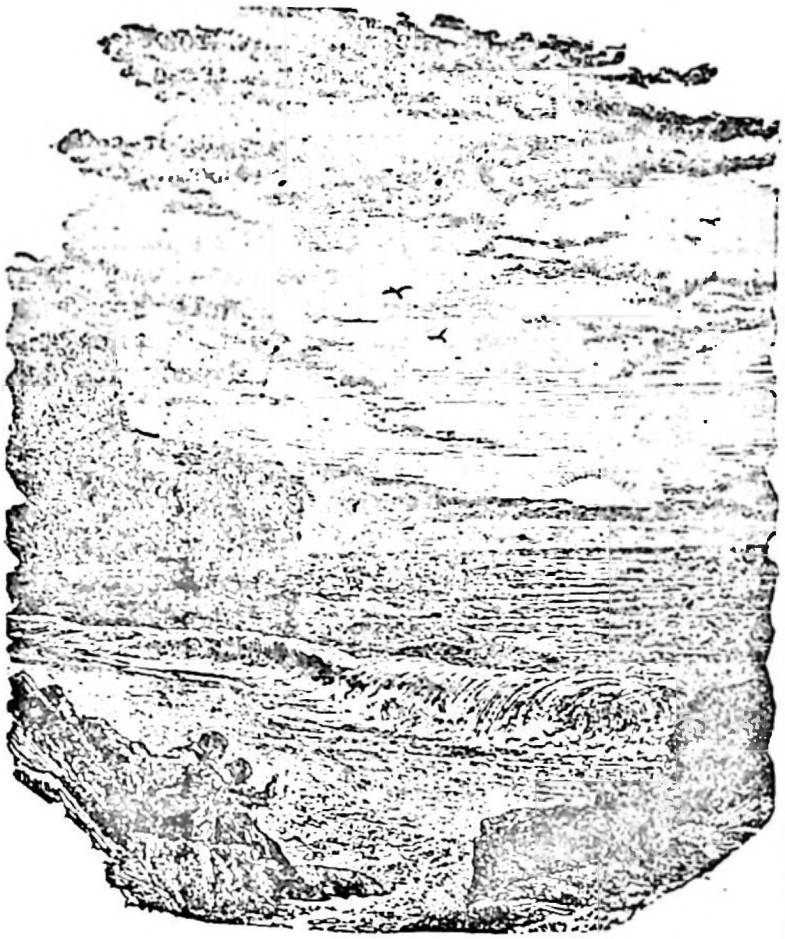
THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1867.

The Christian at the Seaside.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



AT this season many seek rest and recreation at the seaside, or in some rural retreat: not a word can be said against this, but a few gentle reminders may be seasonable. Ought not Christians to be consistent abroad as well as at home? Are they always so? We have no more license to sin at Margate, or Brighton, or Scarboro', or Dunoon, than we have at home; and though the same eyes may not watch us, there is one all-observing eye for which we should feel the utmost regard. Cheerful, genial, unrestrained, and at ease, we may be—the holiday is useless without it; but even when out of harness, a good servant of Jesus Christ will let his conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ. Our liberty is not license when, without care, we are not

careless. We should not be without salt when sojourning by the sea, nor barren as the sands when walking on the beach.

Can we not do something for Jesus on the sands? If so, let us not miss such a happiness. What situation and surroundings can be better for earnest, loving conversation with our young friends concerning their souls' best interests? A few words about the sea of eternity and its great deeps, a sentence or two upon the broken shells and our frailty, upon the Rock of Ages and the sands of time, may never be forgotten, especially if they be but few, and those pleasant, solemn, and congruous with the occasion. A good book lent to a lounger may also prove a blessing. A handful of interesting pamphlets scattered discreetly may prove to be fruitful seed. Souls are to be caught by the seashore and in the boat: gospel fisherman, take your net with you.

Believers should not go to the worldly fashionable churches when they are away from home, but should seek out faithful pastors of their own faith, and cheer them with their presence and with an extra contribution. It is a shame that the members of our churches should be seen frequenting the places where the world's religion flaunts its meretricious finery. Our friends labouring at watering places have much reason to complain that they do not meet with the sympathy from Christian visitors which they have a right to expect. Let not these loud and long complaints be aroused by the conduct of any reader of "The Sword and the Trowel." Drop in at the prayer-meeting if you can, but any rate on the Lord's-day worship with your own people, and have a good word for the minister.

Godly lodging-house keepers complain that Christian families are not so thoughtful as they might be in the matter of allowing them to get out to worship on the Sabbath. Cooking is sometimes expected to be done, and other labours are required of them for which no necessity can be pleaded. Surely a hint will be sufficient to remedy this evil. We would not detain our own servants from public worship: upon what principle are we justified in making other people's servants slave on the Sabbath for our conveniences or whims? A Christian household should leave a sweet savour behind, even after the shortest sojourn; and how can this be, when both mistress and servants are kept at home all day on the Lord's-day to oblige us?

Dear reader, living near to God during the season of rest will make it a double blessing, a recreation for both soul and body. Aim at this, and the Lord send you your desire. Surely the calm and beauty of all around you should assist you to be devoutly happy, serenely holy, sacredly at ease. You have had the yoke taken from your neck, and have left the exhausting cares of the world at home, will you not return unto your rest and rejoice in the Well-beloved who has dealt so bountifully with you? Seek the sweet society of your soul's Lord and King. Bathe in the sea of Jesus' love, pray for those healing winds which come from the wings of the Son of Righteousness, rest in your Father's bosom, and so be filled with heavenly peace.

The editor will be on his way to Hamburg to preach the Word soon after this number reaches his readers; he asks their prayers that he may have fruit in that city also, and that his brief respite from toil may refresh him to endure the unusual responsibilities of his position.

Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall."—Malachi iv. 1, 2.

THERE can be no doubt as to "the day" here meant by the prophet. It is the day, "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. i. 7, 8. It is "the day" when he shall take vengeance on them that know him not, and yet "the day" when "the Sun of Righteousness" shall "arise with healing in his wings." Most of you now despise Christ, and despise the Bible. Many of you live in open sin, in breaking the Sabbath—in open profanity. This is the hour when darkness is over the earth. A dark cloud at present hangs over the earth. How many of the nations are covered with idolatry—of Mohammedanism—covered with the black cloud of Popery? The earth is covered with thick darkness. It is the night season, so Paul says, in the thirteenth chapter of Romans, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." The day is coming when "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings."

At present, by the help of the Holy Spirit, I shall show you two things from these words:—

I. *The character of the Lord Jesus Christ as "the Sun of Righteousness."*

II. *The time spoken of in these verses.*

I.—THE CHARACTER OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AS "THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS." You know, dear friends, that the light comes from the sun—without it we should be in darkness. So is it with Christ: all spiritual light comes from him. Some may ask what light Christ gives? He gives you *spiritual light.* You know that when the sun shines upon the world, it lightens first the mountain tops, and then, it lightens the glens and dales, and it lightens up the forest glades. It shines into your windows in the morning, chasing away the shadows of night. The sun reveals himself. He reveals himself to show his own glory; so is it with Christ, "the Sun of Righteousness;" he not only shines into your bosom, but he shows himself. When he shines into a sinner's soul, he shows himself. Thus he rose on Mary, "Jesus saith unto her, Mary! she turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni." On Thomas, when he said, "My Lord and my God." On Paul, at his conversion, when there shone a brightness brighter than the midday sun. Has *this* Sun ever shone on your soul? Better that that golden orb had never shone on you than that you should be without light from Christ.

There is still another way: the sun *lightens us on our way.* When the traveller has lost his way, he lies in the forest till the morning, and

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached on Sabbath forenoon, October 17th, 1841.

when the sun rises, he sees his way, and is enabled to go on his journey. So is it with Christ. We had lost our way, and were walking in the dark, not knowing whither we went, but Christ shone in the path. I now put the question to you, has Christ risen on you? Has he risen on your soul? In the sixtieth of Isaiah, it is said, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee."

2nd. *Christ is "the Sun of Righteousness."* I do not think that it means the *righteous Sun*, but *the Sun that maketh righteous.* It is well-known that it is the sun shining on the world, and being reflected back again, that gives objects their colour—objects have no colour in themselves. When we look at a thing in the dark, it has no colour. This is just the way with Christ and the soul: the soul of a sinner is all black, but when Christ "the Sun of Righteousness" arises, he casts the mantle of his glory over it. This is what is spoken of in that passage we have already quoted in Isaiah lx. 1, 2: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," &c. The same thing is spoken of in the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel, verse 9: "Then washed I thee with water; yea, I thoroughly washed away thy blood from thee, and I anointed thee with oil," see also verse 14: "And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty; for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God." The same thing is spoken of in Isaiah lxi. 10: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." It is the very same garment that is spoken of in all these places—"*the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.*" My dear friends, do you think that "the Sun of Righteousness" has risen on you? There are many of you that are seeking to make yourselves righteous; but do you think that you will ever make yourself divinely fair? You do not think that! Well, no other righteousness will do.

3rd. *Christ has "healing in his wings."* The sun carries "healing in his wings" in two ways: (1.) When a person has been sick, and when recovering, is taken out to the door, the gentle beams of the sun put new life into the man; so is it with Christ, he pours in balm into the wounded soul. (2.) Again, the sun is healing to the earth. When the earth has been frozen during the winter, and the ground is hard, and the plants appear dead, when the sun arises on the world in spring, it puts life into it; the plants that appear dead revive, and the earth is softened; such is it with Christ, he melts the icy heart, and the plants of righteousness begin to spring up.

II. THE TIME SPOKEN OF IN THESE VERSES. "Behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven," &c. 1st. *There is a day fixed for the coming of Christ.* You know this is the case with the sun: there is a time fixed for his rising, and men can tell when it shall rise, when it it shall be in this or that place; but the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ no man can calculate. Yet, though this is the case, the day, the hour, the minute is fixed when he shall come. 2nd. *It will be a very terrible day to many.* "The day cometh, that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the

day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Dear, dear, dear friends, if you "do wickedly" when that day cometh, it shall burn you up. Oh, what a day will that be to this congregation! When He comes, you will be planting and sowing, the railroad will be running, the shopman will be behind his counter, and the weaver at his loom; all will be activity—no thought of the coming of the Son of Man. Oh, what a day that will be! You will wail, and why? because mercy is past! You will wail that day Christ shall come; you will say, "There he comes; him whom we have despised, whose Bible we have neglected, whose Sabbaths we have broken."

Lastly. *It will be a day of blessedness to those of you who fear his name.* There are many of you, I rejoice to think, who have beheld "the Sun of Righteousness." Look you to him, lean on him, so he will heal all your backslidings and love you freely. Let us, then, go on our way Zionward.

I have little more to say, but only to pray that Christ may not trample any of you beneath his feet, like ashes, when he comes again. May the Lord bless his own word. Amen.

John Ploughman's Talk.

ON GOOD NATURE AND FIRMNESS.

DO not be all sugar, or the world will suck you down; but do not be all vinegar, or the world will spit you out. There is a medium in all things, only blockheads go to extremes. We need not be all rock or all sand, all iron or all wax. We should neither fawn upon everybody like silly lapdogs, nor fly at all persons like surly mastiffs. Blacks and whites go together to make up a world, and hence on the point of temper we have all sorts of people to deal with. Some are as easy as an old shoe, but they are hardly ever worth more than the other one of the pair; and others take fire as fast as tinder at the smallest offence, and are as dangerous as gunpowder. To have a fellow going about the farm as cross with everybody as a bear with a sore head, with a temper as sour as verjuice and as sharp as a razor, looking as surly as a butcher's dog, is a great nuisance, and yet there may be some good points about the man, so that he may be a man for all that; but poor soft Tommy, as green as grass, and as ready to bend as a willow, is nobody's money and everybody's scorn. A man must have a backbone, or how is he to hold his head up? but that backbone must bend, or he will knock his brow against the beam.

There is a time to do as others wish, and a time to refuse. We may make ourselves asses, and then everybody will ride us; but, if we would be respected, we must be our own masters, and not let others saddle us as they think fit. If we try to please everybody, we shall be like a toad under a harrow, and never have peace; and, if we play lacquey to all our neighbours, whether good or bad, we shall be thanked by no one, for we shall soon do as much harm as good. He that makes himself a sheep, will find that the wolves are not all dead. He who

lies on the ground, must expect to be trodden on. He who makes himself a mouse, the cats will eat him. If you let your neighbours put the calf on your shoulder, they will soon clap on the cow. We are to please our neighbour for his good to edification, but this is quite another matter.

There are old foxes about whose mouths are always watering for young geese, and if they can cozen them to do just what they wish, they soon make their market out of them. What a jolly good fellow you will be called, if you will make yourself a hack for your friends, and what a Benjamin's mess will they soon bring you into! Out of that mess you will have to get all alone, for your old friends will be sure to say to you, "Good-bye, basket, I've carried all my apples," or they will give you their good wishes and nothing more, and you will find out that fair words won't feed a cat, nor butter your bread, nor fill your pocket. Those who make so very much of you either mean to cheat you, or else are in need of you: when they have sucked the orange they will throw the peel away. Be wise, then, and look before you leap, lest a friend's advice should do you more mischief than an enemy's slander. "The simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going." Go with your neighbour as far as good conscience will go with you, but part company where the shoe of conscience begins to pinch your foot. Begin with your friend as you mean to go on, and let him know very early that you are not a man made of putty, but one who has a judgment of his own, and means to use it. Pull up the moment you find you are out of the road, and take the nearest way back at once. The way to avoid great faults is to beware of small ones, therefore pull up in time if you would not be dragged into the ditch by your friend. Better offend your acquaintance than lose your character and hazard your soul. Don't be ashamed to walk down Turnagain Lane. Never mind being called a turncoat when you turn from bad courses: better to turn in time than to burn in eternity. Do not be persuaded to ruin yourself—it is buying gold too dear to throw oneself away to please our company. Put your foot down where you mean to stand, and let no man move you from the right. Learn to say, "No," and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody, or else in his simplicity he robs his family to help strangers, and becomes brother to a beggar. There is wisdom in generosity, as in everything else, and some had need go to school to learn it. A kind-hearted soul may be very cruel to his own children, while he takes the bread out of their mouths to give to those who call him a generous fellow, but laugh at his folly. Very often he that his money lends, loses both his gold and his friends, and he who is surety is never sure. Take John Ploughman's advice, and never be security for more than you are quite willing to lose. Remember the word of God says, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretiship is sure."

When we are injured, we are bound as Christians to bear it without malice; but we are not to pretend that we do not feel it, for this will but encourage our enemies to kick us again. He who is cheated twice by the same man, is half as bad as the rogue, and it is very much so

in other injuries—unless we claim our rights, we are ourselves to blame if we do not get them. Paul was willing to bear stripes for his Master's sake, but he did not forget to tell the magistrates that he was a Roman; and when those gentlemen wished to put him out of prison privately, he said, "Nay, verily, let them come themselves and fetch us out." A Christian is the gentlest of men, but then he is a man. A good many people don't need to be told this, for they are up in a moment if they think anybody is likely to illtreat them; long before they know whether it is a thief in the farmyard, or the old mare got loose, they up with the window, and fire off the old blunderbuss. Dangerous neighbours these; a man might as well make a seat out of a bull's forehead, as expect to find comfort in their neighbourhood. Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go. "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

In my day I have seen a few downright obstinate men, whom neither sense nor reason could alter. There's a queer chap in our village who keeps a bulldog, and he tells me that when the creature once gives a bite at anything, he never lets go again, and if you want to get it out of his mouth, you must cut his head off; that's the sort of man that has fretted me many a time and almost made me mad. You might sooner argue a pitchfork into a threshing machine, or persuade a brickbat to turn into marble, than get the fellow to hear common sense. Scrubbing blackamoors white, and getting spots out of leopards, is nothing at all compared with trying to lead a downright obstinate man. Right or wrong, you might as easily make a hill walk to London, as turn him when his mind is made up. When a man is right, this sticking to his text is a grand thing; our minister says, "it is the stuff that martyrs are made of;" but when an ignorant, wrongheaded fellow gets this hard grit into him, he makes martyrs of those who have to put up with him. Old Master Pighead swore he would drive a nail into an oak board with his fist, and so lamed his hand for life; he could not sell his corn at his own price, and so he let the rats eat up the ricks. You cannot ride by his fields without noticing his obstinacy, for he vows "he won't have none of these 'ere new-fangled notions," and so he grows the worst crops in the parish; and, worst of all, his daughter went among the Methodists, and, in a towering rage, he turned her out of doors; and though I believe he is very sorry for it, he will not yield an inch, but stands to it he will never speak to her so long as he lives, and meanwhile the dear girl is dying through his unkindness. Rash vows are much better broken than kept. He who never changes, never mends; he who never yields, never conquers.

With children we must mix gentleness with firmness; they must not always have their own way, but they must not always be thwarted. Give to a pig when it grunts, and to a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a spoiled child. A man who is learning to play on a trumpet, and a petted child, are two very disagreeable companions even as next-door neighbours; but unless we look well to it, our children will be a nuisance to others and a torment to ourselves. "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his

mother to shame." If we never have headaches through rebuking our little children, we shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up. Strict truthfulness must rule all our dealings with the young; our yea must be yea, and our nay nay, and that to the letter and the moment. Never promise a child and then fail to perform, whether you promise him a bun or a beating. Be obeyed at all costs, disobedient children are unhappy children; for their own sakes make them mind you. If you yield up your authority once, you will hardly ever get it again, for he who says A, must say B, and so on. We must not provoke our children to anger lest they be discouraged, but we must rule our household in the fear of the Lord, and in so doing may expect a blessing.

Since John Ploughman has taken to writing, he has had a fine chance of showing his firmness and his gentleness too, for he has received bushels of advice for which he begs to present his compliments, as the squire's lady says, and he does not mind either returning the advice or some of his own instead, by way of showing his gratitude; for he is sure it is very kind of so many people to tell him so many different ways in which he might make a stupid of himself. He means to glean as many good hints as he can from the acres of his friends' stubble; and while sticking to his own style, because it suits his hand, he will touch himself up a bit if he can. Perhaps if the minister will lend him Cowper or Milton, he may even stick a sprig of poetry into his nosegay, and come out as fine as the flowers in May; but he cannot promise, for the harvest is just on, and reaping leaves no time for rhyming. The worst of it is, the kind friends who are setting John to rights, contradict one another; one says it's very poor stuff, and all in an assumed name, for the style is not rough enough for a ploughman; and another says the matter is very well, but really the expressions are so coarse, he wonders the editor puts it in the magazine. John means to pay his advisers all the attention which they deserve, and as some of the mice have been bold enough to make a nest in the cat's ear, he means to be after them and write a paper upon giving advice gratis, in which they will be likely to get a flea in their ear in return for their instructions.

ON PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is better than wisdom: an ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains. All men praise patience, but few enough can practise it; it is a medicine which is good for all diseases, and therefore every old woman recommends it: but it is not every garden that grows the herbs to make it with. When one's flesh and bones are full of aches and pains, it is as natural for us to murmur as a for a horse to shake his head when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle when a spoke is loose; but nature should not be the rule with Christians, or what is their religion worth? If a soldier fights no better than a ploughboy, off with his red coat. We expect more fruit from an apple-tree than from a thorn, and we have a right to do so. The disciples of a patient Saviour should be patient themselves. Grin and bear it is the old-fashioned advice, but sing and bear it is a great deal better. After all,

we get very few cuts of the whip considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. Pain past is pleasure, and experience comes by it. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a waggon to bring their troubles home in. Many people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed; they chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water. They think every other man's burden to be light, and their own feathers to be heavy as lead; they are hardly done by in their own opinion; no one's toes are so often trodden on by the black ox as theirs; the snow falls thickest round their door, and the hail rattles hardest on their windows; and yet, if the truth were known, it is their fancy rather than their fate which makes things go so hard with them. Many would be well off if they could but think so. A little sprig of the herb called content put into the poorest soup will make it taste as rich as the Lord Mayor's turtle. John Ploughman grows the plant in his garden, but the late hard winter nipped it terribly, so that he cannot afford to give his neighbours a slip of it; they had better follow Matthew xxv. 9 and go to those who sell and buy for themselves. Grace is a good soil to grow it in, but it wants watering from the fountain of mercy.

To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot: if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after, than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. A poor man's table is soon spread, and his labour spares his buying sauce. The best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman, and many a godly ploughman has all these gentlemen to wait upon him. Plenty makes dainty, but hunger finds no fault with the cook. Hard work brings health, and an ounce of health is worth a sack of diamonds. It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy that makes happiness. There is more sweet in a spoonful of sugar than in a cask of vinegar. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have that makes us truly rich. The parings of a pippin are better than a whole crab; a dinner of herbs with peace is better than a stalled ox and contention therewith. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith." A little wood will heat my little oven, why, then, should I murmur because all the woods are not mine?

When troubles come it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of providence: that is kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain, we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade and yields no profit, but patience has a golden hand. Our evils will soon be over. After rain

comes clear shining; black crows have wings; every winter turns to spring; every night breaks into morning.

Blow the wind never so fast,
It will lower at last.

If one door should be shut God will open another; if the peas do not yield well the beans may; if one hen leaves her eggs another will bring out all her brood; there's a bright side to all things, and a good God everywhere. Somewhere or other in the worst flood of trouble, there always is a dry spot for contentment to get its foot on, and if there were not it would learn to swim.

Friends, let us take to patience and water gruel, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miserables, and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land: whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace came to glory in tribulations also. Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes. We must needs go to glory by the way of Weeping Cross; and as we were never promised that we should ride to heaven in a feather bed, we must not be disappointed when we see the road to be rough, as our fathers found it before us. All's well that ends well; and, therefore, let us plough the heaviest soil with our eye on the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing at our labour while others murmur.

Woman's Work in London.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE misappropriation of comfort is one of the peculiar gifts of a defective mind. It is within the province of mediocrity to gain assurance from truths which cannot, save by a hideous process of contortion, be applied to inferiority. The ass may boast of its great ancestor who conversed with an angel, but it only makes a bigger ass of itself for its unequal comparison. La Fontaine's frog, that in vain blew and swelled to gain an ox's corporeal dimensions, doubtless gratified its pride, but the collapse was a sad commentary on its pretensions. The Darwinians may be satisfied with the scientific conclusion that they were—by an extraordinary theory of variability, or by "natural divergencies" that would take more centuries than this world has yet seen to fully develop—originally derived from an improved stock of monkeys; but there is more difficulty in extracting mental nourishment from such a comfortless thought than in developing rays of light from a cucumber. Humility is a virtue which becomes a vice when openly exposed to vulgar gaze. The disproportion that exists between some men's

assumed humility and their ascertained purpose revolts the truthful mind. But, perhaps, of all conditions of moral disease requiring skilful diagnosis, that of applying obviously unsuitable "unction to the soul" is most strangely ludicrous. One of the earliest poems committed to memory by schoolboys is that elegy of Gray's which has immortalised the churchyard at Stoke Pogis. Next to Longfellow's "banner with the strange device 'Excelsior,'" which one regrets was not for ever buried in the Alpine snows, so sickened are we of its recitation, the great comfort of an aspiring, but never appreciated genius, is contained in those pearl-studded lines:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But sacrilegious minds have so misused the lines, that it is almost doubtful whether my readers will receive them as conveying an important truth. Of woman's work in this great metropolis it may unhesitatingly be said, that it is hidden from vulgar gaze, and its sweetness, though, through God's mercy, not wasted, is yet unrecognised by worldly men. Bernard Barton beautifully enlarges Gray's thought, and makes a finely-drawn picture of the blessedness of quiet, unobtrusive Christian effort:—

"Many a flower by man unseen
Gladdens lone recesses;
Many a nameless brook makes green
Haunts its beauty blesses;

Many a scattered seed on earth
Brings forth fruit where needed—
Such the humble Christian's worth,
By the world unheeded."

There is an unobserved halo surrounding the work of the Bible-women of London. Few know anything of the individual effort of these simple-minded messengers of good tidings. Men who say such saucy things about the selfishness of Christian missionaries ignore these hard-working agents of good. Those who so ignorantly complain of the feebleness of evangelistic service, do not comprehend the hidden strength which is possessed by this one effort. We have tried to understand the power which resides in one Bible-woman, and in amazement we cry, God with her, her power is infinite. If we could only get a glimpse of the future history of one of those penitential tears which fall down the hard-lined cheek, like God's gracious dewdrops descending from the heaven of his mercy, through which the Sun of Righteousness has beamed, and made them radiant with his prismatic glory, we *might* understand the power of the meanest instrument when used by Divinity. Those tears of repentance are like the percolations of water through the fissures of rocks. They leave their impressions on this solid world for ages to come, just as the tracks of the sea-waves of a thousand years ago are now indelibly inscribed no longer on sand, but on the close-textured crystalline rock. If you say, These women are weak instruments for missionary enterprise, I reply, True, but God has given them the power of extracting influential tears from stony hearts!

Of woman's work in connection with our churches and chapels we do not purpose saying anything on the present occasion. That in the

excellent matters of tract distributing and cottage visitation, our Christian women have long been, and are still, a blessing to the poor, is well known by every man who is at all acquainted with the working of our churches. Their work, however, is almost always among the decent poor. The degraded classes of London are almost out of their reach. Certainly they were so a few years ago. Those who have visited the homes of our criminal and miserably depraved poor, will only wonder at the number of women who have risked their lives by frequenting such haunts. Yet the effort to evangelise these classes must be made; and we know no mission which has so ably and blessedly grappled with the difficulties of the case as the Bible-woman's mission.

The public have been well informed, by various means, of the earlier history of this work. We shall, therefore, but briefly sketch its origin, and thus have the more space to afford an idea of its present working.

One sultry day in the summer of 1857, a lady who had been of considerable service in assisting the objects of the Bible Society in her native village, was threading the courts and alleys of St. Giles'—at which time it was a far more densely-populated and overcrowded place than now—in company with a professional man. She had been previously forcibly struck with an observation made by Dr. Livingstone, that if he had not been a missionary to the African heathen, he would have laboured for the poor heathen of London. With a warm loving heart, and a spirit of enthusiasm, without which no one can grasp a great benevolent idea, the lady united a calculating and shrewd practical penetration, which led her to consider what could be done on behalf of the wretched heathen of St. Giles'. An artist photographer knows the value of a good focus. Mrs. Ranyard—the lady we refer to—at once obtained one. It was the BIBLE. The great want of mankind is the truth of God. The poor home heathen must have the Bible. If they can only be persuaded to take an interest in God's revealed Word, a noble work will be accomplished. We have been told that, in the poorest neighbourhoods, there are hundreds of women who support street literature—songs, dying confessions, odes appealing to the feelings of womanhood, like that immortalising Marshal Haynau, and his taste of something stronger than ale at Barclay's Brewery. Those who can read, read aloud to those who cannot; and the most illiterate women are sharp-witted enough to beat out a fact to an interminable length. Some crusty old gouty bachelors wickedly persist in saying that "women *will* talk;" and he who has perambulated a wretched quarter in the metropolis, will have met with not a few street debating parties, composed wholly of women, who can expatiate as no parliamentary orator can, upon the doings of the not over "honourable members," who live in the next court. These groups or neighbourly clubs may be counted by the hundred in densely-peopled districts; and if instead of talking so loudly of the squabbles of the court, they could be drawn into a conversation about the Saviour and the Bible, great good would be done.

So it was concluded that these people must possess—what they yet had not—a Bible; and that poor women should be engaged to carry it to the homes of the poor. This agent should have "the constant aid and sympathy of a Christian sister from the educated classes." In other words, there was a wide chasm between the London heathen and

Christian effort. A link was missing, the Bible-women supplied it, and hence they have been recognised as a body, as "The Missing Link." Be it understood, that *the* object of the mission is to supply the poor with the Bible; the improvement of their social position, however necessary, is an object of secondary consideration. No Bibles are given away: gratuitously distributed Bibles are invariably pawned. No society is needed to assist the depraved in procuring gin. The great lesson for the poor is that of self-reliance. Be independent of our pecuniary help, and help yourself, is the doctrine inculcated by the Bible-woman, as she facilitates the purchase of the Book by obtaining weekly penny subscriptions. And, from observation, we must confess that the principle is a sound one. The poor are far more likely to prize such a well-gotten gain than if it were patronisingly given them. The same lesson is incidentally taught with respect to social improvement. The independence of the poor is awakened by the assurance of the Bible-women, that they can best help themselves to the decencies and comforts of life. Just imagine, good reader, how a man would talk to these poor creatures about that! How he would bungle and blunder! By a sudden hapless jerk of a thought he would say something that would be sure to offend. In the best intentioned manner, he would give counsel that would be inwardly resented. He would wriggle in his seat, try all the corners thereof, feel miserably uneasy, and leave with a profound impression that it was of no use to converse with these people about self-advancement. A minister's lady once assured us that only one man in the present generation ever understood a woman. He, alas, is dead! But, to listen to the dexterous pleading and interpleading of a Bible-woman on the subject of domestic duties, would convince the most empirical of his inferiority, in this respect at least. As a kind of addendum to her work, she will, perhaps, say, "But why is your little girl's face so dirty? Just give me that bit of rag, and I will wash her. There now, does'nt she look much better now? And how is it her dress is all but gone? Poor thing! I will tell you where you may get some nice material for only fourpence a yard;" and thus the Bible-woman obtains the heart of the mother, and so raises her interest in higher things.

A few words respecting the mission before we conduct the reader to some of its spheres of labour. The principle upon which the work is carried on, is exceedingly simple. London is mapped out into certain districts. To each of these districts there is a lady superintendent and a Bible-woman, and the total number of the former is about 200, and of the paid latter 223. The lady's work is to pay the Bible-woman her weekly salary (twelve shillings and sixpence) and the rent of the mission-room, to conduct mother's meetings, prayer meetings, and indeed, to superintend the general affairs of the mission, furnishing every three months to head-quarters a report of what has been done, and what money expended. This association of the more educated and better circumstanced with the less socially favoured Bible-woman is found to be most helpful. The superintendent requires to be a devoted Christian woman; and, as the society's monthly organ attests, a person of great zeal and deep piety. Naturally she would be a better organiser than the Bible-woman; but she is not content with giving her attention to the managerial department—she will visit the homes of the poor herself,

and, with wise discretion, will minister to the temporal wants of those in distress. The mission is conducted as a private undertaking, by Mrs. Ranyard and paid helpers, and thus a committee is not required. Being thoroughly well furnished with intelligence from each station, Mrs. R. knows more of the work and its requirements than could be gained by the most assiduous committee that could be formed in these pre-millennial times. Two or three times in the year, for the accrediting of finance, or in the event of any peculiar difficulty in the management, reference is had to a *council of friends*, of wide experience in the Christian world, the president being the Earl of Shaftesbury. They have long given their names and sanction to the work of the Bible-women, and, while not called together on account of executive detail, they have their eyes always fixed on the principles and progress of the institution. An income of £10,000 a-year is voluntarily sent to Mrs. Ranyard, mainly, we believe, from readers of the "Missing Link Magazine." No one is asked for a subscription. "I have only *once* asked for a contribution," remarked Mrs. R. to us, "and then *I was refused*." She therefore concluded that that was not to be the Lord's method of supporting the work. Neither are there any public or annual meetings—no Exeter Hall vapidities—a fact we commend to the notice of our grim friend Mr. Carlyle. The work is essentially a quiet one—unobserved by the world, recognised by God, blessed to poor humanity, affording joy to celestial spirits in heaven, who, our Lord himself said, rejoiced over penitent sinners, and producing joy on earth likewise.

The greatest care is taken in the selection of Bible-women. They are chosen from all denominations, and never solely on the ground of a friendly recommendation; but are examined more than once, their characters and dispositions enquired into, are trained with others, and a three months' trial given before engaged permanently. The woman must not be a tattler, a bearer of tidings from house to house, for she would soon undo the whole of her work if she possessed an inordinate curiosity and a gossiping character. It is no small blessing to obtain women devoid of these failings; and considering the temptations and opportunities for indulging in scandalous chit-chat and unneighbourly small-talk, it is a matter for thankfulness to the promoters of the mission that the cases requiring severe discipline have been remarkably few. Some of the Bible-women are enterprising and zealous, pushing and undaunted; others are,

> "Fair, and full of meekéness;
> Good, and glad, and lowly."*

Some are well gifted; others have less showy abilities. "They are so unobtrusive, so in the shade, that if it were not that every now and then their work revealed itself, they would remain altogether unknown."† It is the object of all connected with the work to discountenance any spirit of vainglory; and such is the fear lest the publication of notices of the good done should result in a loss of the humility that should clothe the mind of the Bible-woman, that names are not published—sometimes not the names of districts.

To the worldly mind no work can be more terribly prosaic than that

* Chaucer. † The "Missing Link Magazine," vol. I., p. 142.

of visiting day after day the homes of the poor, and ministering to them the comforts of religion. Yet the discerning will find no dulness in doing that which is stamped with the divine approbation. Just accompany one of these simple-hearted, earnest women on her rounds. With a small bag in her hand, a shawl loosely thrown over her shoulders, an unpretentious bonnet on her head, and clothes that, though tidy and clean, have no marked features about them to attract attention, she pierces her way through the labyrinth of courts and alleys, meeting plenty of smiling but dirty faces on her route, recognised by poor ragged children, who know that she is mysteriously good, and shaking the hard coarse hands of several draggle-tailed women who have been conversed with on former occasions. At last, in a dingy court, she stops and gently taps at a horribly dilapidated house. There is a rush at the door: the children gather around her: the mother speaks respectfully, apologises for being "in the rough," and offers the visitor a seat. The cane chair is not only ricketty, but the seat is dreadfully out of repair, yet it is accepted, and no remark is, of course, offered. There is a little friendly chat about the children's ailments, and then, as the occasion is opportune, there is a word said respecting THE BOOK. It is recommended as containing the grandest of all messages: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," etc. The poor woman is induced to subscribe the first penny towards the Bible. She can read it in her way—spelling long words, and skipping some of the proper nouns; and though her husband cannot read a bit, yet she can tell him what the Book says. The Bible-woman does not forget to set forth the plan of salvation, and the listener evidently understands it, and acknowledges feelingly that the message is a good one, and that the Great Giver of the message must be very kind and merciful to poor folks. The next house belongs to a costermonger. "Ah! sir," the Bible-woman will inform you, "when I first came here on the district, these cottages were noted for their dirt, and for the quarrelling and the awful language which proceeded thence; the manners of the people were so rough that one seemed almost to shrink from them: now they dwell peaceably, and are become gentler and kind." In one house the mothers' meetings are held. In the room lies a dead infant, who has been snatched away from this sinful world. The mother cries, and says she thinks God allowed her child to suffer so much because she used to swear so dreadfully. But she did not swear now. "Oh, no!" says she, "I pray that the Lord would forgive me my sins." In the opposite cottage a father lies dying. The Bible-woman prays by his bedside. He entreats her not to leave him yet; but "read, read." And a chapter is read, and another earnest simple prayer offered up. He confesses his sinnership. He knows he wants a Saviour; and he is directed to the only One who can take away his sins. The Bible-woman's visits to the sick and dying bed are not few. Hers is no mean work. She breathes pestilential air; is frequently half-suffocated by the closeness of rooms that have contained the poor woman who for months has been lingering immovable on a straw mattrass in the last stages of consumption; yet, she argues not

> "Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope,"

but presses forward, gaining what has been promised her, "strength according to her day."

Sometimes these messengers of good tidings are repulsed, only, however, by the ignorant Irish, who are the most obdurate and unpromising of our London "roughs." Attempts to obtain admittance into a certain court in St. George's-in-the-East have hitherto failed. On one occasion the pioneer and Bible-woman were driven out with loud cries for the Pope and the "blessed Virgin." The Bible-woman is taught to be careful in all such cases. She will agree with the Roman Catholic as far as she can, acknowledging that the Virgin Mary was a good woman, but maintaining that she was not Christ. Opposition, therefore, is very rare, since the utmost conciliation is used—a conciliation necessary in dealing with an obtuse, coarse race of heathen. With superior Irishmen there is less difficulty. An intelligent man was induced to read the Scriptures. He was struck with the expressions "born again," and "born of the Spirit," acknowledged that he had never heard before of such expressions; for the Irish have no idea, as we have before now remarked, of the plainest necessary gospel truth, which is purposely hidden from them by the priests. He attended the class meeting. "Who was Moses?" he was once asked. "One of the apostles," was the reply. Poor fellow, he was utterly ignorant of the Scriptures, and yet manifested a desire to become acquainted with them. That ever-blessed verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he tried to commit to memory. He said he could not sleep for thinking of it, and one of the words he could not get right, so he struck a light in the night to see if the word was *eternal* or *everlasting*. He soon became exceedingly fond of the Bible.

Sometimes, the Bible-woman is puzzled with very queer, sharp questions. A lady-superintendent once met with a troublesome customer—a young widow—who could talk for the day about the Council of Chalcedon and of Trent, and of the Apostles', the Nicene, and Athanasian creeds. One evening, after the lady had proved from Scripture, that the hot fires of purgatory existed only in the heated imagination of the Romanist, she was met by the question, "I want to know where people's souls went to, when heaven was shut up, before Christ died on the cross? It must have been to purgatory." She was asked to prove that heaven was shut up. She persisted it was in God's Word, for it said, "When he overcome the sharpness of death, he *opened* the kingdom of heaven to all believers;" so, "of course, it was shut up." The quotation was from the "Te Deum," and not from Scripture; and when that was proved, the lady showed how it was true that the way was opened up by Christ, and how the patriarchs had obtained an entrance into heaven by believing in the promised Saviour. After all, this is not so bad an instance of misquotation as that made in conversation with the writer by an eminent literary man, who thought that Cowper's line, impressed on the frontlet of our denominational organ, *The Freeman*, "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free," was taken from the sacred writings. The astute widow, it may be added, became a Protestant, endured great privation for the truth's sake, and now is grasping that promise, "Let thy widows trust in me."

It is almost mere surplusage to observe that the Bible-woman easily gains the affections of the poor, who frequently give her homely, feminine tokens of gratitude, sometimes in the shape of a geranium made in scarlet wool. Although such presents are not desired, yet it would hurt the delicate feelings of the giver if they were always refused. Those who have witnessed the spontaneous, kindly emotions of the poor, will readily understand us when we say that their enjoyment in manifesting their appreciation or love by an humble gift, is as hearty and noble as with others better circumstanced. At one time it was arranged to withdraw one of the agents from a certain district; and such was the dismay caused among the poor women that fifty-six voluntarily signed a petition, begging, as one poor woman expressed it in a letter, "In the name of Jesus i Plead To have her remain among us." On one occasion, when a poor Bible-woman died, the mothers' class, of their own accord, put their mission-room into mourning, each person wearing some morsel of crape. It appears they had subscribed eight shillings, to make her some useful present, just as she was taken away from them. After her death, the pennies rose to one pound four shillings, to help pay for her funeral.

The deep spirituality of some of these Bible-women is very refreshing. They seem, to use one of Secker's apt illustrations, to be like God's dials on which the Sun of Righteousness shines. The consciousness of inward peace is the best type of happiness. A superintendent was talking to a poor woman of the glory reserved for the children of God, when, with deep feeling, and with spiritual insight, she remarked, "Ah! ma'am, but it's worth all to have the peace of a child of God *here*." Such women's holy influence must be catching. The same deep penetration into the hidden things of God seems to exist in the minds of some of the dying poor who have been converted by the divinely-blessed efforts of these women missionaries. "I'm not afraid to die *now*," said one man whose bodily pains were excruciating, "for Jesus has promised to be with me in the valley of the SHADOW of death." Not only in death, but in the valley of it, and by a refinement of figure, even in the "valley of the shadow of death." What a sermon, my brother, is there in this comfortable thought!

Every month, a day is set apart for social meeting of workers. At these meetings, there is a pastoral address of a spiritual nature. At tea, there is some friendly conversation respecting each other's work; after which the month's difficulties are brought forward and prayed over. These meetings have been found exceedingly helpful. There is also a quarterly prayer-meeting of the superintendents. We regret that we cannot give a sketch of these interesting and refreshing meetings; but we may, in the course of our labours, have occasion again to speak of the work done by these good women among the lowest of our metropolitan poor.* They succeed in disposing of their Bibles to the average extent of £6 or £7 worth in the year, for London is now so much better supplied than formerly; but their great work is to get dusty Bibles read and shut ones opened.

* I have not said anything of the numerous agents employed in foreign countries but in a sketch it is impossible to do full justice to so widely-extended a work.

An interesting narrative is told by a worker in Whitecross Street, where much good has been done amongst the poor of that district. A poor woman was brought to the knowledge of the Saviour in the little mission room. She was so very anxious not to be led astray and grieve her Saviour, that, in the simplicity of her heart, she kept the shutters of her room closed, and sat partially in the dark during three days of a holiday season, that she might not be sought by bad companions. She was often ailing, and was afraid that she might not be *lawfully* united to her companion before death. After she was married, she exclaimed, "Now the only thing I want is the wedding garment." This her Lord soon gave her. Said the Bible-woman to her on her death-bed, "You will soon be for ever with the Lord." The feebly-expressed reply, was, "Amen, so let it be." And her wish was in a few moments gratified.

Perhaps one of the most marvellous instances of God's blessing upon the work of these Bible-women is the following, with which I reluctantly conclude this paper.

A young, good-looking, genteel girl, whose beauty made many sad, was sent at the age of seventeen, to serve at a coffee-shop. She grew pert, was fond of dress. Notwithstanding she had no means, she obtained costly garments. She ultimately agreed to live with a young man who had described himself as a cabman. She soon discovered that he was a professional thief. They were both fond of pleasure, and the gratification of their evil passions. They would take, every now and then, a few days' trip out of town. At Woolwich, they dined at a coffee-house. On the mantelpiece was a very valuable and curious clock. The temptation was too great to be resisted. Notwithstanding the girl's protestations, he seized the clock, and ran out of the house. "Carry," as she was called, ran out also, but in a different direction. When night came on, they entered a steam-boat bound for London. They were then apprehended, he having the stolen article in his possession. They were placed in Newgate. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. One evening before her trial, Carry was in her prison cell, when the warder brought her as usual a basin of gruel, and a match to light her gas, both being put through a hole in the door. In lighting the gas, and while placing a tin shade over it, her shawl caught fire. The flames gathered round her. She screamed. The warder was too far away to come immediately. When he did, he threw her on the floor, covered her with a large rope mat, and threw a pail of water over her. She was fearfully burnt, and the dust out of the mat settled into and aggravated her wounds. It is said that six half-quartern loaves a day were used for poultices. For ten weeks she was carefully nursed night and day. She left the prison for a hospital. Her right arm mortifying, was amputated at the shoulder. The left arm was stiff and shrivelled: the surgeon broke it at the elbow, that she might feed herself. Poor creature, her body was a sad wreck. But better her body than her soul be wrecked. A Bible-woman found her and brought her to Jesus. She is a happy believer in the Saviour of the soul. She as heartily hates her old ways as she once loved them. She has no connection with her old companion who led her still further into sin. Redeemed by precious blood, she seeks to live alone to God. She has tasted of the pleasures

of sin, and has found them unprofitable: she has tasted the unpleasantness of affliction, and has found it exceedingly profitable. "It is well known," says an old divine, "that by the greatest affliction the Lord has sealed the sweetest instruction." We confess we have cried like a child over her case: to learn of her happy reliance on the God of mercy—her longing and panting after a resemblance to the divine image—her thankfulness to God for his redeeming grace and confidence in his faithfulness! Poor Carry is now desirous of becoming a ragged school teacher, and we should be glad to hear of someone who would engage her. She is now a great blessing to her family. She has learned to write with her left hand. We would rather attain to her trustfulness of heart and peace of mind than to the greatest pinnacle of worldly renown. Burnt Carry teaches us all a profitable lesson.

Labour and Success.

BY DAVID GRACEY.

THE fact that the consciousness of success exerts an almost unlimited influence over the whole manner and aim of our labours, is a sufficient reason for making a few enquiries concerning it. These enquiries themselves are but the outward expression of what the spirit of every earnest man is ceaselessly demanding within—"Is my labour a failure, or is it a success?" We all know that if, in moments of depression, or trial, or disappointment—and I dare say each one of us is more or less acquainted with these—if at these times we can say in all assurance, "*No*" to the former, and "*Yes*" to the latter of these two questions, how soon the dawning drives away the darkness from our mind; how soon hope displaces despair; how soon fear gives way to courage; and the utter bewilderment of our heart at the thought of our being but parasites in the universe, and ciphers in the kingdom of grace, vanishes before the conviction that we have a name and a place, a purpose and a service in the house of our God, in the economy of his creation, which contribute glory to the one and happiness to the other; and in proportion as we have evidence that our service is fruitful, our purpose being fulfilled, and our office being magnified, do we begin to bring into action the best faculties of our being for the maintenance and furtherance of our life-work.

The hope of success is strong within us naturally. Perhaps it would be impossible to find a single individual who did not believe that success was his rightful inheritance—its language his native tongue; and who, even in the wildest disturbance of his plans and prospects, did not secretly cherish the expectation that success would visit his endeavours, though it sprung from the very ashes of his former hopes. Certainly there is no one who has not brought frequent offerings to its shrine, acceptable or unacceptable, that he may gain its favour; yea, all imagine that it alone is the prize that measures justly the merits of their toil.

Were it not for this wide-spread belief, the condition of mankind in general would be one of unmitigated misery; and one of the most abundant streams of pleasure in the service of Christ would be

completely dried up. It is appointed unto man to labour, and this so universally, that life, whether it be the mere life of the natural man, or the higher life of faith, life in either sense, and labour, are convertible terms. Did this reveal the whole picture, one could not escape the degrading conviction that this world presented no suitable field for the application and development of the nobler powers of the mind of many. But just at this point inspiration steps in, and lifts us from bondage into liberty, from the fellowship of irrational animals to the responsibility of moral agents—"*In all labour there is profit.*" To labour without fruit, or reward, or success, is the lot of the insane, the degradation of the slave, the penalty of the convict; while to the wise, the free, and the upright, the assurance is given, as they toil under labour's heavy burdens, that they shall partake of its fruit, gain its reward, and be enriched by its success.

Still, we must not forget or leave out of sight the truth, that there is a *method* and *degree* to be observed in our labours before we can lawfully claim success. A man may run, or wrestle, or fight, but the mere fact of his performing these actions will not gain for him the crown. Nay, he must *so* run that he may obtain, *so* wrestle that he may win, *so* fight that he may overcome. And, in the same way, a man must *so* labour that success will not be a contingent, but an infallible, result. Herein do we see how, that while labour is the birthright of all mankind, success is the blessing of the few; for only they who use the birthright well can secure the blessing as their own. Throughout all the earth labour and success go hand in hand; the one the care-worn mother, the other, the smiling daughter; and he that would win the daughter as the companion of his life, must satisfy every condition imposed by the mother. Here, nothing is done while aught remains undone. Those who would succeed must act upon the principle of those who have succeeded most, that labour and suffering are indispensable to success. Let these be given, and success is purchased, and will soon be in possession. And there is a special guarantee with regard to the work which we do for the Lord Jesus. This is no common concern of providence; the very faithfulness of God is engaged in it. "For God is not unmindful to forget your work of faith and labour of love."

Yet the arrival of success may be delayed, and, when it comes, it may seem in some cases sadly inadequate to the labour expended, and in others, excessive and unmerited. At this point, both faith and reason are brought to a standstill before the mystery of God's sovereign dealings, which is supposed to be first and last in this whole matter. This prevailing notion appears to me capable of being considerably modified. The sovereignty of God is of course displayed in this, as in everything else pertaining to his kingdom and his people, but not to the extent often imagined in the sense of granting success to unworthy services, and inflicting disappointment upon the truly worthy. This will appear if we remember that, as in the kingdom of nature the unalterable law is, that every seed rises in its own body, so, in the dispensation of grace, every work issues in its kindred result. But, as there are some seeds naturally more prolific than others, so every kind of labour is not equally productive. Bodily exercise may be undergone till the exhausted frame can endure no more. Mental labour, to the

utmost strain of the faculties, may be employed with very scanty and very unworthy results, while but a single exertion of spiritual power may rescue hundreds from the rule of Satan, and bring them in godly sorrow to the Saviour's feet. If, therefore, a person employ mere bodily or mental labour where only spiritual can be acknowledged, how can he justly attribute his failure to the sovereignty of God thwarting his endeavours, especially since that spiritual power is freely promised? This consideration fully meets the case of many a minister who finds his labours barren.

It might tend still further to modify current conceptions concerning this seeming variance between a labourer's merit and the purposes of divine sovereignty, if we considered that, like all things in the universe, the labours of God's servants are interwoven with each other in mutual dependence. Moreover, we are ignorant, for the most part, of the relationship which may hold between a man's labours and those of his predecessors, colleagues, or successors, between those of the past, present, and future generations. No man, and chiefly no disciple of Christ, liveth unto himself: distant lands may be blessed through his ministry, future generations through his memory. And, as it is impossible to discover the extent to which others may have influenced him, so it is equally impossible to find out to what extent he may influence others. The general truth we do know and acknowledge, that what the fathers have sown with tears, their children reap with joy: they have laboured with sorrow, we enter into their labours. And, as a kind of recompense for this, and as provision for days to come, the all-wise Husbandman ordains that weeping sowers must still go forth, and mourning labourers still toil on. But where his omniscient eye makes the beginning, and where the ending of the influence of the labours of a single worker in his vineyard, are matters infinitely beyond our comprehension; the mind is driven back in confusion from the search for all those unseen springs whence an individual's labours derive their strength, and those unknown ways where they shed their fruit. And, in the presence of this our inability to trace the lines of influence that lead up to our actions and proceed from them, one feels it utterly out of the range of his knowledge, not whether he has succeeded, but to what degree his success may be due to others, and the success of others owing to him. If it be thus impossible to compute the amount of any person's success, it may remove our surprise if we should ever see it happen that great success should attend feeble endeavours, and small success tearful labour. But could we review these apparently unequal dispensations in the light of the great white throne, we should doubtless arrive at the conclusion that the only manifestation of divine sovereignty here consists in "*every man receiving his own reward according to his own labour.*"

One more remark before leaving this question. Where the sovereignty of God is to be seen working, is I believe, besides in ourselves, in the spheres, the time, and the circumstances of our work; and here though one can most distinctly recognise the hand of God, he must not forget that he can also trace the impress of personal inclinations. In the varied history of almost any Christian church, you have all the changes of the seasons, and each of these has its own heavy labour and anxious care; but all have not the same outward tokens of success. There must

be a time of seed-sowing, after which, the seed lies hidden in the furrows, and not unfrequently the sower lies hidden too. The world thinks the man has laboured in vain, but he that hath faith in his work, and believeth in his God, does not make haste, being confident that the seed scattered shall shoot forth, if not at once, at least by-and-by, in all the luxuriance, fruitfulness, and beauty of Lebanon. That labourer, however, may not reap the harvest he hath sowed: another may come in his stead, for, "One soweth and another reapeth." The reaper may reap that whereon he bestowed no labour." All see his work. They say he is the successful man. Moreover, it is said of him, "And he that reapeth receiveth wages," which is not said of the sower. Notwithstanding, if a man be only a reaper he is really a debtor to others, while if he be a sower he makes others debtors to him. The sower weeps over his dry furrows, the reaper sings over his golden sheaves. Above, there is no divided joy; he that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together over the fruit gathered into life eternal. Happy, doubly happy, is he who unites in himself the office and work of both sower and reaper, whose hand is liberal and whose sickle is sharp.

The work that a minister must do, and the kind of success he achieves, are decided in a great measure by the talents with which he has been entrusted, and by the state of Christianity among the people of his charge. Were a man to undertake the pastorate of a church where a dull, heavy, lazy minister had preceded, where the power of godliness was unknown and its life almost extinct; if, then, he became the instrument of reviving love to Christ, rekindling zeal in his work—of awakening the church to feel, and directing its energies to discharge its responsibility to the Saviour and to the souls of men; and were he to leave that church in the possession and exercise of a vigorous piety, though not one were added to its number through his means, he would be justly entitled to look upon his work as successful. Again, were a minister to be chosen as the successor of a man who had won many souls to the Saviour, of a man who could use the crook well and bring in many wandering sheep; and were his ministry to edify and establish in the truths of the gospel and in the ways of Jesus, a church which had been rapidly and largely augmented, and yet be barren in conversions, his vigilance and care over the flock, his feeding the followers of Jesus with the bread of life, should receive its rewards from the hands of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. But if a preacher's efforts reached thus far, he should expect that they would not terminate here. He should expect that the means which revived former would bring new converts to the Saviour; that those ministrations which preserved divine love from burning low in breasts where it was already kindled, would enkindle it in hearts hitherto cold and dead. And what earnest minister could be satisfied unless this were so? For not so much in guarding the prey already delivered, as in taking additional spoils from the mighty prince of darkness, does zeal find its congenial employment, and make known its sincere character. In the same way others are constrained to acknowledge that a man is sent of God. When the little cruse of oil and the handful of meal lasted, at the word of Elijah, day after day in the midst of sore famine, the widow of Sarepta must have felt that her

stern visitor held a divine commission. But yet it seems as if some doubts and questionings lingered in her mind; for it was not until he raised her dead son to life that she was completely convinced: "*Now by this* I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth." Whatever proofs a minister may give in his supplying the spiritual necessities of the saints, that God is with him, his great, his last argument ever is, that the message he delivers quickens with the life of holiness sinners dead in trespasses and sins.

On the other hand, one may easily discover, by the absence of such results as these, the failure of his ministry. If a man took the oversight of a people in whose midst the light was fast flickering, and all his efforts failed to restore the flame; or of a church, where the light was shining, and his labours not only did not increase its brightness, but permitted it to grow dim, no oracular voice from the skies should be required to tell him in thundering tones that God had withheld his approval, if not from himself, at least from his labours in that place. Nor need a minister under these circumstances wait till the young people begin to whisper that the services are dry; till mature believers begin to sigh that they have received no food; till the pews become half deserted; till the income becomes a skeleton of its former self; and till his own heart is pierced through with many sorrows, before his mind may arrive at the same sad conviction; for the feeble beating of the spiritual pulse of the church growing feebler still, is a sign sufficiently distinct and terrible of the inefficiency of his ministry, and of the most deplorable disasters to vital godliness among the people.

And here, lest I should seem to advocate, I would raise an emphatic protest against, the practice of those who are continually urging that immediate outward success is the true judge of our work, its decision final, and its sentence irrevocable. Were we to accept their dictum, we should be obliged, by consistency, to blot out from its annals some of the brightest names among the worthies of the church; but there is a higher throne, a more exalted tribunal, a more impartial, yea, a perfectly infallible judge, in whose judgments ignorance finds no existence, and over whose rewards chance can exercise no control. To the King, whose sceptre is righteousness; to the Judge, whose eye is flame, the faithful servant appeals; before his throne he spreads his labours; to the day that shall burn as an oven he commits his works, and counts nothing real that will not bear that fire, and nothing worthy or lovely that will not pass the scrutiny of the King, and gain his approbation in the day of his appearing. But let it be once adopted as a principle in our life and works that a man shall pursue only those courses which bring immediate results, and shall abandon everything requiring perseverance and patience, and at once the solid particles of his character dissolve into the fickleness and restlessness of Dryden's Zimri, who was

> "A man so various, that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

Without necessarily exposing ourselves to such pitiful inconsistency of

purpose and conduct, there is frequently a strong temptation to form our plans, and pursue them in the light of the present only; to sacrifice to current opinions when, by doing so, we sacrifice ourselves; to hastily launch upon the popular tide, without stopping to consider whether we can float upon its wave, whether it is at its ebbing or its flowing; and, consequently, whether we shall be lifted upward into higher usefulness, or borne downward to disappointment and oblivion. Perhaps the greatest danger in thus catching at premature and ephemeral success is, that while all the energies are strained for this purpose, we are necessarily unable to enrich and fortify the mind with those precious and divine principles and truths which give sanctity and stability to our character, and enable us to add durability to our usefulness.

Nevertheless, while I earnestly protest against those who would never have us wait for success, I would still more earnestly protest against those who would have us always wait, and wait long. They tell us we should never expect immediate results, and give us the ministry of Jesus as an indication of what ours is to be. A word or two will suffice.

It is true, that the typical element extends throughout the life of Christ, and does not terminate till he expires. It is true that, if measured by the degree of outward success attained before his death, no life ever appeared such a failure as the life of Christ. But, in whatever else Christ's life is typical of his disciples, it is certainly not with regard to the result of their ministry—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and *greater* works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." The gathering of the people, the drawing of the nations unto Christ, was dependent upon his death; and not till our Lord suffered on the tree did his grand conquests among men begin. His disciples are in his name to obtain these conquests, and his merit and Spirit make sure their success. As the French general who, while being carried, covered with wounds, from the front of the battle past his advancing soldiers, pointed with his bleeding arm to the foe, and exclaimed, "*A la gloire, mes enfants, a la gloire!*"—to glory, my comrades, to glory!—so speaks the wounded Saviour to all his faithful ministers. This is the language of the crown of thorns, the assurance of the ignominy and agony of his death. And this is his language still lingering in our ears, as it fell from his lips when he entered upon his triumphal march from Olivet, through skies and stars, and suns and systems, to the shining throne of the eternal Father—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations." We triumph too, he in the higher sphere, we in the lower; he triumphs in the van, we in the rear. Success is already purchased, the Spirit is given, victory secured; and it is the privilege of those who are called of God to the work, to adopt the language of the apostle concerning the results of their ministry, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place."

The Wynds of Glasgow.

"AH, sir, its awfu' work this. The folks here are like rotten wood, they winna haud the nail!" These words were addressed by an earnest Sabbath-school teacher to a gentleman on his first missionary trial in the Wynds of Glasgow. These Wynds are in the heart of that remarkable city. Formerly they were inhabited by nobles, merchants, and gentlemen of influence. Here a provost had an orchard famous for its apple trees. Two hundred years ago, Glasgow only numbered eight thousand souls. Now, the Wynd district holds nearly double. Up to within the last sixty years, many respectable people resided in the old roomy houses to be found in the Wynds. The population of the city, like that of our own metropolis, has so rapidly grown, that the citizens have emigrated to the suburbs, leaving the once reputable and aristocratic districts to the humbler portions of the community. The Wynds rapidly deteriorated. The houses were let and sublet to the poorest and most depraved. The numerous courts and alleys intersecting each other, like those in Golden Lane, already described in this magazine, afforded the best shelter for the lawless. They became the haunt of the harlot and the thief. Poverty, too, hid itself here. The broken-down and distressed tradesman, the worn-out, dissipated shoemaker; and the halt and maimed and blind, who begged in the streets for a living, inhabited these long, narrow, dirty lanes. The victims of whisky here found an appropriate refuge. The Irish, who huddle together without any sense of decency or domestic comfort, swarmed the Wynds. In the summer, numbers died of fever generated by ill-ventilated rooms and badly-drained closes: in the winter, the old and tottering were taken off by cold and hunger. The churches which were once thronged with listeners to the matchless eloquence of Chalmers and Irving, were deserted. The Wynds became a seething bog. Christian effort declined, or was transferred to the suburbs and to the more decent parts of the great city. "The streams of busy life, like mighty rivers, had long been making new channels through a richer soil, and those large oozy depths were thus less and less within reach of the main routes of those who go down to the sea of city life." To some it seemed like throwing money into a marsh, to support a missionary for the reclamation of this bog. A new church was, however, built in 1854, and was called the Wynd church. Several able preachers declined to accept so unpromising a charge. At last, Mr. Maccoll, a Free Church minister, undertook the work. From that time to the present, he has laboured diligently, and he has now published in a cheap and beautifully got-up volume, an account of the Lord's blessing upon his arduous efforts.*

Mr. Maccoll is evidently a man of education and refinement. Fitted for a higher sphere, he has willingly accepted what some might call a lower one. He is another proof of the fact, often stated in these columns, that a man of education and abilities is best fitted for aggressive work among the masses. Such a man inspires confidence and respect;

* Among the Masses; or, Work in the Wynds. By Rev. D. Maccoll, Glasgow. London: Nelson and Sons.

while, as we have often found, the reverse is almost always the case where there are no gifts to fit a man for evangelistic labours.

The first day's visit to the Wynds was full of remarkable impressions. Up in the garret of a large high house, were three persons seated on the floor, with a broken bottle and a couple of broken tea-cups. The old man and his wife were in a deplorable condition. Another man in the room was dressed in good black, with "thin silky grey hair falling over a forehead that bore the marks of some culture." This man had been a respectable tradesman, but drink had been his ruin. "Well, Jamie, hoo are ye getting on?" asked Mr. Maccoll's *cicerone*. "Jist gaun to the deevil again, Master Hogg," replied the wizened-face old fellow, as he dropped the cup with its contents from his hand. The wife put herself in a fighting attitude, and dealt out some imaginary blows which were intended to punish the old man for his naughty language, but the rebuke had no effect. The place of a sinner like him, she said, was to sit silent and listen. The old man did not acquiesce, but ordered her to be quiet, which she did with her tongue, but not with her arms and hands, which were still vapoured over the head of Jamie. In another garret, an old woman, who resembled a bundle of rags, was lying crouched in the corner. On the window-sill was a well-thumbed copy of Horace, which was the mental food of the old woman's son, who supported her as best he could on a few shillings a week. An old Highlander, whose nose and chin nearly met, and whose "long elfin locks, half black and half grey, gave her a weird appearance," had been brought to the Saviour in her affliction and poverty.

The church at first numbered ninety-nine members, all of them poor. At his ordination, Andrew Gray, of Perth, gave Mr. Maccoll a peculiar benediction. With his arms around the young minister's neck, and with his eyes uplifted to heaven, Andrew Gray said, "Lord, bless this young man, and make him a good and faithful servant in the gospel of thy Son; and oh! preserve him from ever becoming a popular preacher." The church would seat nearly six hundred persons. About one hundred and fifty sittings were let. The members were quite unfitted to engage in any Christian effort; they were too ignorant to become Sabbath-school teachers. The temporary loan of three elders was therefore obtained until a native staff could be had. Helpers, however, gradually came. A missionary was employed. Well-dressed persons were not encouraged to join the church, so that it might be essentially a poor man's conventicle. The people came in slowly at first. No mission work among the destitute poor succeeds by rapid strides. Spasmodic success generally in this work meets with a collapse. Each person had to be asked before he came—some even scores of times. This is the universal experience of all home missionaries. Some old people came "with certificates of church membership twenty-eight years old, kept carefully, like title-deeds, when everything else was gone." "There was John Duncan, the bill-sticker, who remains with us till this day, leading gently to every meeting on Sabbath and week night, his pale, patient, blind Mary, the wife who, even then, washed and baked for him. There too, was Alexander Thorburn, standing daily at the auction-room door, or at the photographer's with necklace of pictures; and his wife, too, that needed all her clear vision, to keep him straight. There, too, was John Bonar,

sideling with slow pace into the meeting, but always there with fresh gilt Bible, at which he looked from an angle impossible to any other eye. There were strange characters, too, such as little Charlie, so we called him, though he was a man of thirty; but he crept into church and up the stairs upon his knees, climbed on the pew like a cat, and there, with his broad brow and deep attentive eyes, no one could have supposed that he was unable to walk like other men." It must have been a unique congregation, comprising representatives of all classes of her Majesty's forlorn subjects. The blind, the toothless, the legless, the armless, the one-eyed, the cross-eyed, the deaf, dumb, frail, half-naked, were there, and had the gospel preached unto them. On one occasion, at the Lord's table, a poor old man of eighty-one years, admitted there for the first time, took the large slice of bread handed by the elder, and instead of breaking off the morsel (a slovenly way of administering the ordinance in vogue in Scotland), ate the whole slice. "I stopped the elder as he was about gently to speak to him," says Mr. Maccoll, "and said, 'Our Master would not take it from him.'" But Mr. Maccoll forgets that the Master would have prevented the mistake by breaking the bread himself, as was his ordained method.

In the second winter, a Sabbath evening service for people in working clothes was started: for the ordinary morning and afternoon worshippers came dressed as well as they could, and after conversion, their clothes improved. A night brigade was instituted. This band of male visitors were armed with bull's-eye lanterns, with which they penetrated the dark closes and stairs a little before the service began, to get promises of attendance fulfilled. When the church was crowded, "some of the visitors would peep into the vestry before service, and say, 'We have swept the closes clean to-night.'" "The audience," says the author, "affected me profoundly. They taught me how to preach. There they sat, many of them in rags, some of them unwashed, some brought in from their firesides as they sat after their Saturday night's dissipation. Many had never in their life been within a church door, many had not been for ten and twenty years. And there they sat, as I stood up to preach, looking into my eyes with eager search, as if for light, waiting to know if I really had any good news for them. They seemed to say, 'We have come for once in our life, at any rate, within your reach, and we shall listen to-night till you're done. Say your best. Do your utmost. We are dead, hopeless creatures. We know we're lost; you need not tell us that. We believe in hell; we have been there. But is there salvation for us?'" With such feelings as those, a man cannot preach anything but Christ. Conversions became numerous. A communion class was formed. "I want to be admitted," observed a man, "dressed in blue pilot cloth, with a great shaggy head and a rough weather-beaten face, one eye hopelessly disfigured, as if by some terrible blow." "What makes you press forward to-night?" he was asked. The reply was, "Seeing sae mony press into the kingdom, and I'm likely to be left oot." Strange ways had some of these characters of expressing the great change which Christ had wrought for them. "I'm a changed man," said a noted drunken man, "the guid used to be drooned by the evil, but noo it's floating on the tap."

At the end of four years, the Wynd church was filled. There were

four hundred communicants. The voluntary agency was large and effective. The time for attempting further extension had arrived. A site for a new church in the very centre of Bridgegate was fixed upon by the pastor. A gentleman gave £1,800, the cost of the site. By earnest effort £3,000 were obtained, and the new church was erected. The story relating how the money was obtained is most interesting; but the reader must refer to the book itself for this part of the narrative. The erection of this new building encouraged others to build similar structures in Glasgow. "The prayer meeting had, from the first, been the centre of our work. Here our motive power was largely generated. Every wheel in our machinery was attached to some part of the gearing that was moved here. The great driving belt, how ever far it travelled, always passed back again here." The school in the Bridgegate was undertaken by the members of the Wynd church. A medical mission was opened, and was the means of relieving much distress and sickness. A capital plan, worthy of universal imitation, was adopted. There was a large space in front of the new church, which would serve well for out-door services. This suggested the idea of building a stone pulpit outside, on the wall of the church, about ten feet above the street. From this pulpit the gospel was frequently preached. The Lord favoured the church with a revival, and for many months the building was open every night in the week but Saturday for services. Yet there was no alteration made on the methods of work, and no novel plans were adopted. One pleasant result of the good work was the commencement of daily prayer meetings in workshops and factories. In one case, seven hundred factory girls were present, one of the partners presiding. During the revival there were a number of cases of intense mental excitement, resulting in what Mr. Maccoll designates "dreams and visions," and of which he speaks more approvingly than we should be inclined to write. But the work was not characterised by these raptures, which were perhaps produced by the protracted meetings. The late hours were a cause of discomfort to the pastor at first, but when he, on one occasion, expressed his fears, he was met with the reply from an old Scotchman, "O dinna grudge us a wee while langer! The Bridegroom is wi' us. When he's awa' ye'll no be troubled wi' late hours." The late meetings, however, brought in the waifs and strays—pie-men and street hawkers, whose business kept them at work until nearly twelve o'clock at night. Tracts were specially written and largely distributed. "The Wynd Journal," a quarto of eight pages, was issued at the price of a halfpenny. This was a record of the work, and a religious journal generally. It was continued for about three years and a-half, issuing weekly from ten to seventeen thousand copies. Mr. Maccoll states that all the conversions have, with only four exceptions, stood the test of several years; and of these exceptions he still has hope.

The church in the Bridgegate was opened in June, 1860, and Mr. Maccoll commenced his labours there under auspicious circumstances. Mr. Robert Howie, M.A., undertook the work at the Wynd church. New suburban districts were opened, and ministers appointed. The stone pulpit in the Bridgegate was occupied every Sabbath night, and crowds were present. "The Psalm, sung by two or three thousand,

floating over the district, would draw out from their dens the most extraordinary characters, such as we had scarcely been able to reach before. The windows within reach were crowded with eager hearers. Sometimes a sentence, like an arrow, would transfix several as they crowded some narrow aperture, and we would be called on at a later hour to send some one to speak to their distress. One night, in a low lodging house, where thirty or forty men and women were indiscriminately huddled together, two or three who had been listening outside, came in weeping and crying out. The rest cursed them, and tried to drown their cries with ribaldry." The Papists were determined to deter the minister from preaching in the open air; and on one occasion there was a sad riot, which caused great consternation. The church rapidly increased. "On the evening of one day we gave the right hand of fellowship to two hundred and sixty-two new members. So great was the crowd seeking admission for the Sabbath, that we were obliged to admit by ticket, and had upwards of three thousand present during the whole day." This was in the City Hall. The Bridgegate church was not long opened, when a mission church was built in Campsie, a suburb of Glasgow, at a cost of £2,000, and it was opened free of debt. A stone pulpit was built outside the church for evangelistic purposes. A special service for children was also held every Sabbath afternoon in the City Hall, and was soon attended by about five hundred. "During the last six years, much precious fruit has been gathered from this field. Children of drunken fathers and heart-broken mothers have not only been blessed, but made a blessing, carrying home the first real peace and prosperity for ten or twenty years." A mission-hall was opened in Cadder, and a church eventually built. Several other mission-halls and churches have also been erected by the indefatigable efforts of the parent church.

The record is really a most wonderful one, and is very suggestive. We wish there were hundreds of such churches in London, labouring as disinterestedly, and with such manifest tokens of the Master's blessing. The first work of a successful church should be colonisation. Not to mention the case of the church at the Tabernacle, which may be regarded as an exceptional one, we believe that Mr. Lewis's church at Bayswater has, during the last twenty years, been the means of establishing eight new and successful causes in the suburbs. His own church, in consequence, has richly prospered. The like blessing would, we feel sure, attend similar efforts put forth by our churches, in humble but strong reliance upon the Lord's blessing. Here, in this great metropolis, with all our endeavours, we have barely touched the fringe of this great spiritual destitution. And we see no chance of a remedy until our Christian churches are more strongly influenced by a home-missionary spirit.

Missionary Work in China.

THOSE who read "A Lesson in Missionary Enterprise" in *The Sword and the Trowel* for May, 1865, will be interested in a brief account of the progress of Mr. Stephan P. Barchet, who was sent out by the church at Bryanston Hall, of which he is a member, to preach the gospel in China, and who has been since sustained by them in that mission field. Within a year of his departure from

England, he had sufficiently mastered the language to enable him to preach daily among the Chinese. Having been convinced of the wisdom of Mr. Judson's plan of working, he decided to go away from the immediate neighbourhood of the European missionaries, and live quite among the people whose salvation he sought; he accordingly located himself with a Chinese Christian assistant, at Nying-kong-gyiao, a few miles from Ning-po. The only dwelling-place he could obtain was a hut without door or windows, and but one storey high; and somewhat incautiously making his bed upon the earthen floor, he had several attacks of ague. The people around him were not long in discovering that he really desired their good, and soon began to regard him as their friend, and he had the joy of receiving earnest enquirers after truth: he has reason to believe that many have received Jesus, and seven have given most satisfactory evidence of conversion, and have been baptised. His first convert was brought to God through a somewhat singular incident. A friend from Ning-po came one day to visit him at Nying-kong-gyiao, carrying a gun with him; on the way, the boatman called out, "Wild ducks, wild ducks!" Mr. Barchet's friend levelled his gun and shot one of the birds, but it proved to be a tame duck, not a wild one. Mr. Barchet and his friend were both much concerned, fearing that the circumstance would prejudice the minds of the people against their doctrine; so after the departure of his friend, Mr. Barchet set out to the village near which the duck had been killed, to endeavour to find the owner, and pay him. When the villagers knew for what purpose the foreigner had come, they were so amazed at such, to them, unheard of honesty and truthfulness, that in ten minutes all the inhabitants were around him, beckoning for silence. He told them that the true God, the maker of heaven and earth, had commanded every one to love him, and to love his neighbour as himself—that he hated everything that was bad—and if we loved him, we should not wish to rob, nor to quarrel, nor do anything that was unjust. If people would only attend to these two commandments, they would live in peace. "True! true!" was the unanimous outcry. Then he told them how they had lived contrary to God's laws, and that a heavy and eternal punishment awaited them, which they could not possibly avoid, except by relying upon Jesus, the Son of God, who came down from heaven to save us evil doers. A deep impression was made, and one man received the gospel at once, identified himself with the missionary, and was presently baptised. Several of those who have not yet been baptised, give evidence not only of having received the gospel, but of an earnest desire to spread it. One woman, for example, whose heathen husband will not allow her to come into the town where the missionary dwells, speaks of the new doctrine to nearly every one she comes in contact with; taking out of her bosom a worn tract containing a brief summary of Christian doctrine, she begs every new comer to stay and listen to the plan of salvation. O may her voice say to us—

"Christian, go and tell of Jesus,
How he died to save our souls;
How that he from sin might free us,
Suffered agonies untold."

Mr. Barchet has established a school, and has a promising youth of seventeen in training as an assistant, one of the brethren at Bryanston Hall having kindly undertaken to provide his salary, which will not be more than about fourteen shillings a month. It has been absolutely necessary to build a house at Nying-kong-gyiao, the lower part to be used as a chapel, and the upper as a dwelling-house; the damp ground being so very injurious to the health of Europeans. The building has cost £200, a considerable portion of which has been contributed. Any friends who would like to help in this work, are invited to send their donations to Mr. Spurgeon, or to Mr. Thomas D. Marshall, 192, Oxford Street, W., or W. S. Berger, Esq., Saint Hill, East Grinstead.

A Midnight Meeting.

PERHAPS there was never a time when evangelistic labours were so extensively carried out for the different classes of the community as at the present time. Particularly are these efforts put forth for the benefit of those who are sunk deep in degradation and sin; and amongst the most successful means employed to secure the attendance and the attention of such, is that of well-conducted *tea meetings*. Hence we hear of tea meetings for dustmen and scavengers, for sweeps and navvies, for thieves and vagabonds, for outcasts and gipsies; in fact, either in one part of the metropolis or another, the Christian church is making special exertions for the salvation of every class and condition of the ungodly; and surely the last great day alone shall declare how vast the amount of good which has been effected by thus gathering together the outcasts and offscouring of our London society.

There is one class of sinners, however, for whom special meetings are occasionally convened, of which we hear but little. No posted placards announce where or when they shall be held; no tickets are advertised for admission; even the persons who attend are not invited until an hour or so previous to their commencement, and no report is afterwards circulated to inform the public of the results of these assemblies; and yet those meetings are deeply impressive and highly interesting. I refer to the *Midnight Meetings*. I feel ti would be well for the people of God, especially our zealous Tabernacle friends, to be informed a little on this subject, that they, at least, who are forward in every good word and work, may manifest a lively interest in so important a mission as the *rescue of the fallen*.

Do not shrink, dear reader, as though I were treading unholy ground, and touching upon a subject not fit to be named among us, as becometh saints. I am aware that this "social evil" is indeed a great and fearful evil; but, remember, *it is an evil that must be met*. It is vain to pass it by and merely say to our erring sisters, "Stand off, for I am holier than thou." It is cruel to puff ourselves up with a sort of mock-modesty, and thus let our fellow creatures go on headlong to destruction, because we will not kindly advise them, or stretch out a friendly arm to their rescue. Some good people think that these poor prodigals are sinners above all the dwellers in London, and that therefore they are beyond the reach of the gospel and the power of the Spirit—that they are so thoroughly hardened, it is useless to attempt their good; but, oh, no! they are sensitive and susceptible of impressions even as others; yea, the "field is ripe unto the harvest;" for thousands of them, with aching hearts, pant and yearn for more solid pleasures than the vanities of this world can afford. Many hundreds, too, have been reclaimed, some of whom have become trophies of sovereign grace, and have proved by their holy and consistent lives the truth of the Saviour's words when he said, "He that hath much forgiven loveth much."

But, to return to our "Tea Meetings." I was going to give some account of one—a Midnight Meeting—which I had the pleasure, a short time ago, of attending.

It is not necessary, perhaps, to state the exact locality in which it was held; suffice it to say that it was conducted in the hall of a working men's club, about a couple of miles westward beyond the bounds of the city.

A preliminary meeting for prayer was held at eight o'clock in the evening, when about a dozen Christian friends assembled to implore divine direction and the blessing of God on their labours during the night. This was a happy season, and the Master's presence was realised in our midst: faith seemed to catch a glimpse of the blessing which awaited us. After this we partook of refreshments, previous to separating for our mission, during which a short time was pleasantly occupied in conversation on the good work in which we were engaged.

Shortly after ten, we dispersed into the streets and highways to seek out and invite to the meeting any who belonged to that unhappy class whose welfare we specially sought. We were not long in "finding," for our great metropolis, alas! abounds with those "poor unfortunates." The night was raw and cold, and the fog was very dense, insomuch that we almost despaired of securing a good attendance. But even now, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, they were still dimly to be seen. We kindly accosted them and offered them our midnight tickets; and they were, in almost every instance, gladly received. The recipients, too, were extremely civil, and promised, in most cases, shortly to attend the meeting; nor were they slow to fulfil that promise, for we found on returning to the hall at half past eleven, that a goodly number had already assembled.

They were now regaled with a bountiful tea, with bread and butter and cake. Between seventy and eighty were present; so we took our seats amongst them; and while rendering our best services to supply the physical wants of the body, we likewise embraced every opportunity of speaking a word in season for the welfare of their souls; and we would fain hope that those words were not altogether in vain, for we saw the tears trickling down the faces of some, who, while they enjoyed the repast provided them, evidently felt somewhat uneasy in their minds, as the bright, innocent days of their childhood were remembered, long ere they were drawn aside into these detestable paths of vice. Poor girls! the sight was a very sad one; and yet it was pleasant too: sad indeed, that all these, some of them amongst the fairest of our sisters, should have been allured into the net of the destroyer, and now be treading in the enemy's high road to hell; yet pleasant to behold in them some marks of sorrow for the past, to hear their penitential confessions, and to witness their resolves to forsake their iniquitous course in the future. There was no indecent conversation either, no unseemly behaviour whatever, as might almost have been expected from such a gathering of fallen females. Their conduct on this occasion certainly did them credit, and they manifested their appreciation of the kindness shown to them, not merely by partaking of those refreshments in an orderly manner, but, afterwards, by resorting to an adjoining hall, where the gospel of Jesus was faithfully proclaimed to them.

Such was their earnest attention to the truths which were spoken, that it might almost put to shame the indifference of many who listen to those truths from time to time in the house of God. Moreover, they joined, too, in the singing of the hymns with such apparent fervour, that told plainly that this was not the first time their voices had united in the praises of God. The prayers which were offered for them also, being full of life and fire, had a very powerful effect on their minds; and when exhorted to seek pardon through the blood of Jesus, many stout-hearted sinners were melted down and completely overcome under their load of guilt. Some even of the oldest and most hardened, wept under the sound of the gospel message, and the deep searchings of heart by which several were exercised, were discovered openly by agonised weeping and sobbing aloud. Oh! it was blessed indeed to behold these poor, sunken sisters, remembering the gracious Father from whom they had strayed, and, like the prodigal, "coming to themselves." *They* wept for sorrow, but *we* for joy, for our hearts were right glad to see them brought thus low, since now there was hope that the Spirit was applying the word, and that some, at least, would rise henceforth into newness of life. Not that we presume that all, or even one half of those who wept that night, were savingly wrought upon by the Holy Ghost; yet we do believe there was joy in the presence of God with the angels in heaven over *some* sinners brought to repentance.

The meeting drawing to a close, the girls were now informed that any who were anxious to forsake their evil way, or desirous of further advice, could remain for a season, while the others would quietly depart. The majority, therefore left, not without a promise however from some that from this time forth they would amend their ways and turn unto the Lord. About thirty

stayed behind, and we now had them in little groups of three or four together, praying with them and seeking to direct their faith to him who came into the world to seek and to save them which were lost. The effect was indeed blessed, and the thrilling scene will not be soon forgotten by those who were privileged to witness it. How many found peace that night, however, we do not presume to say; it will be wiser to wait and see the "fruit," than to speak prematurely in terms too positive of the *blossom*. Thus much though, *twenty-five* of those young women accepted the kindness offered them, in being conducted to "Homes;" one of whom soon after left, the others, when informed of their welfare a month after the meeting, were hopeful cases, and doing well in the several institutions to which they were sent.

I have many times since thought of the words of one poor girl at the close of the meeting. She was deeply impressed, and resolved to reform; she was anxious to be received that night into a Home. A companion who was with her tried to dissuade her from it, assuring her that if she would stay until morning, she would accompany her to the office, and they would enter the Home together. I spoke to her of the danger of procrastination, and the many temptations which might beset her path next day if she deferred. Poor girl, bursting into tears, she exclaimed in an agony, "Oh, I shall go back again if I don't yield now!" and carrying her present resolve into action, she was safely conducted to a comfortable home, while her companion, alas! returned to the streets, and forgot her promise to appear at the office of the Society on the following morning.

Such, then, was the "Midnight Meeting." Surely this work is of God, and deserves much sympathy from his people. Truly blessed is it, to be the instruments in his hands of plucking some of these brands from the burning. Vile indeed they are; but do not, dear reader, condemn them too rashly. Remember, *they were not always what they now are*. Time was when they would have shuddered at their present condition, and have asked, "Is thy servant a dog that she should do this?" But in an evil hour they were tempted, not merely by Satan, but in too many cases by *those who professed to love them*. They *ought not* to have yielded to the tempter; true, they ought not, but *why treat them as outcasts*, while *the men who made them what they are* still dwell amongst us, are treated with respect, and regarded as honourable members of society? If one deserves reproach, so does the other. In many cases, too, they have been absolutely driven to their follies by cruel parents; in others, extreme poverty and the loss of friends are the primary cause of this grievous evil. Oh! you who are nourished by tender parents and counselled by godly friends, little know the bitter temptations to which thousands are exposed in this great and iniquitous city. Do not, therefore, hastily condemn, but rather forgive, and lend a helping hand to the many unhappy creatures who would most gladly return to the paths of virtue, if only some prospect were held out of earning their bread in an honest way. Indeed, the applications at the various institutions by far exceed the number of those which they are able to admit; and I heard a secretary once say, that instances had come under his notice of those whom he had been compelled to refuse, actually going away and committing suicide. I regret to say, too, that in consequence of the depressed state of its funds, the midnight movement has been able to hold only four or five meetings this year at present. Should any feel desirous of aiding its mission, the office of the Society is at No. 5, Red Lion Square, W.C.

C. H. B.

We have felt much satisfaction in inserting this short appeal from an earnest lover of souls. We are deeply interested in the work of the Midnight Mission, whose work is Christlike in the highest degree, and must in some future number take up the subject at length.—Ed.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXIX.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David. *The title affords us no information beyond the fact that David is the author of this sublime song.*

SUBJECT.—*It seems to be the general opinion of modern annotators, that this Psalm is meant to express the glory of God as heard in the pealing thunder, and seen in an equinoctial tornado. Just as the eighth Psalm is to be read by moonlight, when the stars are bright, as the nineteenth needs the rays of the rising sun to bring out its beauty, so this can be best rehearsed beneath the black wing of tempest, by the glare of the lightning, or amid that dubious dusk which heralds the war of elements. The verses march to the tune of thunderbolts. God is everywhere conspicuous, and all the earth is hushed by the majesty of his presence. The word of God in the law and gospel is here also depicted in its majesty of power. True ministers are sons of thunder, and the voice of God in Christ Jesus is full of majesty. Thus we have God's works and God's word joined together: let no man put them asunder by a false idea that theology and science can by any possibility oppose each other. We may, perhaps, by a prophetic glance, behold in this Psalm the dread tempests of the latter days, and the security of the elect people.*

DIVISION.—*The first two verses are a call to adoration. From* 3 *to* 10 *the path of the tempest is traced, the attributes of God's word are rehearsed, and God magnified in all the terrible grandeur of his power; and the last verse sweetly closes the scene with the assurance that the omnipotent Jehovah will give both strength and peace to his people. Let heaven and earth pass away, the Lord will surely bless his people.*

EXPOSITION.

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name; worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

1. "*Give*," *i.e.*, ascribe. Neither men nor angels can confer anything upon Jehovah, but they should recognise his glory and might, and ascribe it to him in their songs and in their hearts. "*Unto the Lord*," and unto him alone, must honour be given. Natural causes, as men call them, are God in action, and we must not ascribe power to them, but to the infinite Invisible who is the true source of all. "*O ye mighty.*" Ye great ones of earth and of heaven, kings and angels, join in rendering worship to the blessed and only Potentate; ye lords among men need thus to be reminded, for ye often fail where humbler men are ardent; but fail no longer, bow your heads at once, and loyally do homage to the King of kings. How frequently do grandees and potentates think it beneath them to fear the Lord; but, when they have been led to extol Jehovah, their piety has been the greatest jewel in their crowns. "*Give unto the Lord glory and strength*," both of which men are too apt to claim for themselves, although they are the exclusive prerogatives of the self-existent God. Let crowns and swords acknowledge their dependence upon God. Not to your arms, O kings, give ye the glory, nor look for strength to your hosts of warriors, for all your pomp is but as a fading flower, and your might is as a shadow which declineth. When shall the day arrive when kings and princes shall count it their delight to glorify their God? "All worship be to God only," let this be emblazoned on every coat of arms.

2. "*Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.*" A third time the admonition is given, for men are backward in glorifying God, and especially great men, who are often too much swollen with their own glory to spare time to give God his rightful praise, although nothing more is asked of them than is most just and right. Surely men should not need so much pressing to give what

is due, especially when the payment is so pleasant. Unbelief and distrust, complaining and murmuring, rob God of his honour; in this respect, even the saints fail to give due glory to their King. "*Worship the Lord*," bow before him with devout homage and sacred awe, and let your worship be such as he appoints. Of old, worship was cumbered with ceremonial, and men gathered around one dedicated building, whose solemn pomp was emblematic of "*the beauty of holiness*;" but now our worship is spiritual, and the architecture of the house and the garments of the worshippers are matters of no importance; the spiritual beauty of inward purity and outward holiness being far more precious in the eyes of our thrice holy God. O for grace ever to worship with holy motives and in a holy manner, as becometh saints! The call to worship in these two verses chimes in with the loud pealing thunder, which is the church bell of the universe ringing kings and angels, and all the sons of earth to their devotions.

3 The voice of the LORD *is* upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the LORD *is* upon many waters.

4 The voice of the LORD *is* powerful; the voice of the LORD *is* full of majesty.

5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

6 He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

7 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire.

8 The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness; the LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

9 The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of *his* glory.

10 The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever.

3. "*The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.*" The thunder is not only poetically but instructively called "the voice of God," since it peals from on high; it surpasses all other sounds, it inspires awe, it is entirely independent of man, and has been used on some occasions as the grand accompaniment of God's speech to Adam's sons. There is peculiar terror in a tempest at sea, when deep calleth unto deep, and the raging sea echoes to the angry sky. No sight more alarming than the flash of lightning around the mast of the ship; and no sound more calculated to inspire a reverent awe than the roar of the storm. The children of heaven have often enjoyed the tumult with humble joy peculiar to the saints, and even those who know not God have been forced into unwilling reverence while the storm has lasted. "*The God of glory thundereth.*" Thunder is in truth no mere electric phenomenon, but is caused by the interposition of God himself. Even the old heathen spake of Jupiter Tonans: but our modern wise men will have us believe in laws and forces, and anything or nothing so that they may be rid of God. Electricity of itself can do nothing. it must be called and sent upon its errand; and until the almighty Lord commissions it, its bolt of fire is inert and powerless. As well might a rock of granite, or a bar of iron fly in the midst of heaven, as the lightning go without being sent by the great First Cause. "*The Lord is upon many waters.*" Still the Psalmist's ear hears no voice but that of Jehovah, resounding from the multitudinous and dark waters of the upper ocean of clouds, and echoing from the innumerable billows of the storm-tossed sea below. The waters above and beneath the firmament are astonished at the eternal voice. When the Holy

Spirit makes the divine promise to be heard above the many waters of our soul's trouble, then is God as glorious in the spiritual world as in the universe of matter. Above us and beneath us all is the peace of God when he gives us quiet.

4. "*The voice of the Lord is powerful.*" An irresistible power attends the lightning of which the thunder is the report. In an instant, when the Lord wills it, the force of electricity produces amazing results. A writer upon this subject, speaks of these results as including a light of the intensity of the sun in his strength, a heat capable of fusing the compactest metals, a force in a moment paralysing the muscles of the most powerful animals; a power suspending the all-pervading gravity of the earth, and an energy capable of decomposing and recomposing the closest affinities of the most intimate combinations. Well does Thompson speak of "the unconquerable lightning," for it is the chief of the ways of God in physical forces, and none can measure its power.

As the voice of God in nature is so powerful, so is it in grace; the reader will do well to draw a parallel, and he will find much in the gospel which may be illustrated by the thunder of the Lord in the tempest. His voice, whether in nature or revelation, shakes both earth and heaven; see that ye refuse not him that speaketh. If his voice be thus mighty, what must his hand be! beware lest he provoke a blow. "*The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.*" The King of kings speaks like a king. As when a lion roareth all the beasts of the forest are still, so is the earth hushed and mute while Jehovah thundereth marvellously.

"Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all."

As for the written word of God, its majesty is apparent both in its style, its matter, and its power over the human mind; blessed be God; it is the majesty of mercy wielding a silver sceptre; of such majesty the word of our salvation is *full* to overflowing.

5. "*The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars.*"

"Black from the stroke above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk."

Noble trees fall prostrate beneath the mysterious bolt, or stand in desolation as mementoes of its power. Lebanon itself is not secure, high as it stands, and ancient as are its venerable woods: "*Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.*" The greatest and most venerable of trees or men, may not reckon upon immunity when the Lord is abroad in his wrath. The gospel of Jesus has a like dominion over the most inaccessible of mortals; and when the Lord sends the word, it breaks hearts far stouter than the cedars.

6. "*He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.*" Not only the trees, but the mountains themselves move as though they frisked and leaped like young bulls or antelopes. As our own poets would mention hills and valleys known to them, so the Psalmist hears the crash and roar among the ranges of Libanus, and depicts the tumult in graphic terms. Thus sings one of our own countrymen:—

"Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crash
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaen Mawr, heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles."

The glorious gospel of the blessed God has more than equal power over the rocky obduracy and mountainous pride of man. The voice of our dying Lord rent the rocks and opened the graves: his living voice still works the like wonders. Glory be to his name, the hills of our sins leap into his grave,

and are buried in the red sea of his blood, when the voice of his intercession is heard.

7. "*The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.*" As when sparks fly from the anvil by blows of a ponderous hammer, so the lightning attends the thundering strokes of Jehovah.

> "At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
> The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
> And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
> The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
> The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
> Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts
> And opens wider; shuts and opens still
> Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze."

The thunder seems to divide one flash from another, interposing its deepening roar between the flash which precedes it and the next. That the flashes are truly flames of fire is witnessed by their frequently falling upon houses, churches, etc., and wrapping them in a blaze. How easily could the Lord destroy his rebellious creatures with his hot thunderbolts! how gracious is the hand which spares such great offenders, when to crush them would be so easy!

Flames of fire attend the voice of God in the gospel, illuminating and melting the hearts of men: by these he consumes our lusts and kindles in us a holy flame of ever-aspiring love and holiness. Pentecost is a suggestive commentary upon this verse.

8. As the storm travelled, it burst over the desert. "*The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.*" God courts not the applause of men—his grandest deeds are wrought where man's inquisitive glance is all unknown. Where no sound of man was heard, the voice of God was terribly distinct. The vast and silent plains trembled with affright. Silence did homage to the Almighty voice. Low lying plains must hear the voice of God as well as lofty mountains; the poor as well as the mighty must acknowledge the glory of the Lord. Solitary and barren places are to be gladdened by the gospel's heavenly sound. What a shaking and overturning power there is in the word of God! even the conservative desert quivers into progress when God decrees it.

9. "*The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve,*" those timid creatures, in deadly fear of the tempest, drop their burdens in an untimely manner. Perhaps a better reading is "the oaks to tremble," especially as this agrees with the next sentence, *and* "*discovereth the forests.*" The dense shades of the forest are lit up with the lurid glare of the lightning, and even the darkest recesses are for a moment laid bare.

> "The gloomy woods
> Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
> Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake."

Our first parents sought a refuge among the trees, but the voice of the Lord soon found them out, and made their hearts to tremble. There is no concealment from the fire-glance of the Almighty—one flash of his angry eye turns midnight into noon. The gospel has a like revealing power in dark hearts, in a moment it lights up every dark recess of the heart's ungodliness, and bids the soul tremble before the Lord.

"*In his temple doth every one speak of his glory.*" Those who were worshipping in the temple, were led to speak of the greatness of Jehovah as they heard the repeated thunder-claps. The whole world is also a temple for God, and when he rides abroad upon the wings of the wind, all things are vocal in his praise. We too, the redeemed of the Lord, who are living temples for his Spirit, as we see the wonders of his power in creation, and feel them in grace, unite to magnify his name. No tongue may be dumb in God's temple when

his glory is the theme. The original appears to have the force of "every one crieth glory," as though all things were moved by a sense of God's majesty to shout in ecstasy, "glory, glory." Here is a good precedent for our Methodist friends and for the Gogoniants of the zealous Welsh.

10. "*The Lord sitteth upon the flood.*" Flood follows tempest, but Jehovah is ready for the emergency. No deluge can undermine the foundation of his throne. He is calm and unmoved, however much the deep may roar and be troubled: his government rules the most unstable and boisterous of created things. Far out on the wild waste of waters, Jehovah "plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm." "*Yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever.*" Jesus has the government upon his shoulders eternally: our interests in the most stormy times are safe in his hands. Satan is not king, but Jehovah Jesus is; therefore, let us worship him, and rejoice evermore.

11 The LORD will give strength unto his people; the LORD will bless his people with peace.

Power was displayed in the hurricane whose course this Psalm so grandly pictures; and now, in the cool calm after the storm, that power is promised to be the strength of the chosen. He who wings the unerring bolt, will give to his redeemed the wings of eagles; he who shakes the earth with his voice, will terrify the enemies of his saints, and give his children peace. Why are we weak when we have divine strength to flee to? Why are we troubled when the Lord's own peace is ours? Jesus the mighty God is our peace—what a blessing is this to-day! What a blessing it will be to us in that day of the Lord which will be in darkness and not light to the ungodly!

Dear reader, is not this a noble Psalm to be sung in stormy weather? Can you sing amid the thunder? Will you be able to sing when the last thunders are let loose, and Jesus judges quick and dead? If you are a believer, the last verse is your heritage, and surely that will set you singing.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 9.—"*In his temple.*"—Some conceive that this Psalm was appointed by David to be sung in the temple in time of thunder, which is not unlikely. There are writers who make God to be the nominative case to the verb speaketh; and render it thus, *in his temple doth he utter all his glory.* As much as to say, much of his glory God uttereth in his thunder, but all in his temple, for whatsoever there he speaketh with his mouth he fulfilleth it with his hand.—*Trapp.*

Verse 11.—"*With peace.*"—Peace internal, external, eternal.—*Joseph Trapp.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The duty of ascribing our strength and the honour of it to God; the penalty of neglecting to do so; the pleasure of so doing.

National glorying should be in the Lord.

Verse 2 (*first clause*).—Royal dues, the royal treasury, loyal subjects paying their dues, the king receiving them. Smugglers and preventive men.

Verse 2 (*second clause*).—Inspired ritualism. What to do? "*Worship.*" Whom? "*The Lord.*" How? "*In the beauty of holiness.*" Absence of all allusions to to place, time, order, words, form, vestments, &c.

Verse 3.—God's voice heard in trouble and above trouble.

Verse 4.—Power and majesty of the gospel. Illustrate by succeeding verses.

Verse 5.—The breaking power of the gospel.

Verse 6.—The unsettling power of the gospel.

Verse 7.—The fire which goes with the word. This is a wide subject.

Verse 8.—The arousing and alarming of godless places by the preaching of the word.

Verse 9.—The revealing power of the word of God in the secrets of man's heart.

Verse 9 (*last clause*)—I. Matchless temple. II. Unanimous worship. III. Forcible motive. IV. General enthusiasm, "*glory.*" *See* comment.

Verse 10—The ever present government, and undisturbed of God.

Verse 11.—The twin blessings from the same source, their connection, and their consummation.

The Word of God at the Paris Exhibition.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

THE Lord Jesus having laid upon our hearts the desire to distribute gratuitously the "Word of God" at the Paris Exhibition, we feel sure you will rejoice with us that from April 1st to the present time very nearly One Million Gospels or other portions of the New Testament have been given away in the following fifteen languages:—French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Arabic, and Turkish; and 25,000 of these have been circulated amongst the French army, including an Arab regiment, to whom 250 Gospels of St. Matthew in Arabic were given.

Thus saith the Lord, "My Word shall not return unto me void: the entrance of my Word giveth light." And as we know from Scripture that souls are born of God by the incorruptible seed of the Word, and sanctified through the truth, let us work with all our might in spreading abroad these little lamps of God's truth.

Hear also what Martin Luther said, "God does more by his Word alone than you and I, and all the world besides." Therefore, with these precious truths before us, is it not the duty and privilege of every child of God to do *all* he can in helping forward this work which our loving God and Father has, for the sake of his dear Son, opened up to us? not only having disposed the hearts of the Imperial Commissioners, but also of the police authorities of Paris, to grant us all we desired, and we are now permitted to work without the slightest opposition or hindrance in any way.

We rejoice also to tell you that, in answer to the prayer, "That God would, for the sake of Jesus, move upon the hearts of his people by the Holy Spirit, and cause them to give liberally and cheerfuly to this, 'his work,'" he has inclined more than 5,000 Christian people to give more than £5,000; but yet we want more (about £3,500), and we look to the Lord to send us this also. At one time imaginary persecutions and want of funds nearly deterred one of the undersigned from entering on this glorious work; but he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord he believed heard him, for upon opening the Bible after prayer, the first words which caught his eye were these, "Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver." This at once determined him to proceed, and God has stood by us, blessing, we hope, the work which he has permitted us to do, "That the Father may be glorified in the Son."

The cost of the separate Gospels is £2 10s. per thousand, and any amount will be received with Christian thanks by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., 54, Lombard Street, or by either of the undersigned.

We also enclose a description of the work by an eye-witness and fellow labourer in the Lord's vineyard at Paris.

"On that eastern corner of the triangle of the 'Missions' section,' you will observe the kiosk appropriated to the Bible-stand. It seems like a large hive, and within it are the true working bees. At that window stands a young German, at the next an Englishman, highly honoured as the chief promoter of this great enterprise. At the third, a Frenchman, whose work is more constant than that of his coadjutors, and needs all his energy—bodily, mental, and spiritual. At the next a Russian gentleman, counting it all honour to devote his time in such a cause. At the next, an Italian Christian, ready for a word of welcome to his compatriots; and, at the neighbouring window, a Spaniard, fellow prisoner of Matamoros, rejoicing in liberty to give to his countrymen those Scriptures which have been the joy of his own soul; and then a Christian man at the next window, skilled in Oriental languages, and still another whose mission is to his own people, to whom once were entrusted the oracles of God. These are the workers within the hive, and outside it will gladden your hearts to see flocking, as if with eager haste, a hungry throng around the hive; but they

come, unlike the swarm of bees of which they have often reminded me so forcibly, not with, but for, that which is sweeter than the honey and the honey-comb. As you look upon that sight, enough to make your heart dance for joy, you will, perhaps, be reminded of the enquiry of the prophet in olden times, as you trace in that kiosk no fanciful resemblance to an eastern dove cote—'Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows?' O Christians, pray for this band of men whose hearts God has touched and inclined to this noble work. It is one of the greatest marvels of this exhibition that they are here at all; and should their work, by any opposition of the enemy, even now be stopped, it would not be in vain. But it is of God, and if he be for us, who can be against us? Christians, as you pass by that kiosk, give a kindly word of sympathy and love to those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day. They need it, and they deserve it. There have been opposers that have tried to prevent the work—and shame upon them! Englishmen, from the land of Bibles, have looked coldly and with a passing sneer upon the workers. But I need not tell you of the opposition from those who fight against God in this matter, and of journalists in London or in Paris who would rejoice to hinder this unprecedented circulation of his truth. Nor do I dare to tell you of the encouragements that have cheered our brethren on. It would not be well to publish names of those, however exalted and influential they may be, who have thus received the Word of life, nor the numbers of the priesthood of the Romish communion that have accepted these portions of truth, and asked for more. We can but rejoice that the incorruptible seed is scattered with the full assurance that it must germinate, and that it will bring fruit for the great harvest-tide."

The following is an extract from a letter just received from Paris:—

"To day a battalion of Algerian soldiers consisting of 630 men have received Gospels in Arabic. When these men saw the gospels in their own language, they surrounded us, and the officers were not able to keep them in line.

WILLIAM HAWKE,
JOHN M'CALL.

There is no room for two opinions concerning this unrivalled work. It is the direct dissemination of God's own word, and about its usefulness or success no doubt can be admitted. Glory be to God that such a work has been found possible! What would Paul have thought if he could have foreseen that such a door would be opened for the word? Our eyes are ready to overflow with tears as we think of the golden opportunity, and the courageous manner in which our brethren have grasped it: for once we wish we were rich, for then we would just write a cheque for £3,500, and think it the best expenditure that we ever made. The brave leaders of this enterprise must not be left in the lurch; those who are favoured with wealth must aid them, aid them at once and without stint. Our own works of faith at the present moment more than absorb the energies of our own friends, or we would urge upon them publicly the claims of this movement. If the above letter should find for the writers a friend, able and willing to help them, we shall be glad indeed.—C. H. S.

Metropolitan Colportage Association.

OUR readers have, in previous numbers, been made acquainted with the work of the Colportage Association formed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The society has only been in active work for eight months, but during that time it has been the means of circulating large numbers of good books. On Monday, June 24, the usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was made special for the purpose of bringing under the notice of the congregation the work of Colportage, and of soliciting an interest in their prayers. During the evening, Mr. Goodwin, the secretary, reported that seven colporteurs were now employed by the society.

The first was started in November last, in the East of London; another commenced in December, in Cambridgeshire, and others in East Kent, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, and Leicestershire. The character and progress of the work may be judged from the fact that already in East Kent, the agency is one-half self-supporting; that 210 Bibles, 463 Testaments, 278 portions of Scripture, 1,280 Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, 253 "Pilgrim's Progress," 29 "Morning by Morning," etc., etc.; and 1,000 miscellaneous works of pure religious literature, and about 300 magazines and periodicals monthly.

The meeting was commenced by a happy speech from the pastor, Mr. Spurgeon, who referred to the use the Reformers made of the printing press in spreading the truth. Before the Reformation, he said, Wycliffe used to give portions of the Scriptures, as fast as they were translated, to the young men of Lutterworth, and then would start them off to various towns to read publicly in the market-place, so that, though copies could not be readily increased, yet care was taken to read the one copy there might be in a town in the open street, and at the market cross, and thus the people became acquainted with the Bible. In Luther's time, the world declared the words of the great reformer were carried on the wings of angels—the angels being "printers' devils," who ought much more felicitously to have been designated "printers' angels." Mr. Spurgeon then gave a sketch of the colporteur of the age of persecution. He said:—

"But we find that the Word of God was sold in those days in places which it was not likely to reach through the shop of the common bookseller, and this was done by means of persons who took the Book and carried it secretly, hoping to meet with a sale. Very frequently in foreign countries the colporteur might be seen with a box of trinkets on his back, containing jewels for fair ears, rings for my lady's finger, and such like; and when he got my lady at the castle-gate, fully attentive, and looking over the trinkets, he would say that he carried with him a treasure better than all he was showing to her ladyship; but he would have to trust his life in her hands if he showed it to her. If she showed signs of displeasure, very likely nothing more was said, but very probably, when the lady heard of the dangerous secret, particularly wished to see it, and was especially curious about it—as we all are in such a case—she would tell the good man that he might safely trust his life with her—what was it he had to show her? Then, by-and-by there came out a copy of the Word of God, which he offered to sell. She would ask the price of it, and if she bought it, the purchase would be quite a secret between the two; for if any one heard of it, their lives might be called to account. So the priceless treasure soon changed hands, and the Book was read; and her ladyship did not long read the Book alone, but it got into the hands of the servants, who perceiving that her ladyship read a Book which she always popped away when anybody came in, wanted to know what it could be. So the truth spread throughout the household; and Rome, with all its power, was unable to check the sale of the Word of God. If the Book was not sold, still, perhaps, the good man, before he went away, asked if they would accept a little tract; and just a little leaf was left which contained some words of truth, which, even if it were burnt, might yet burn its own way into the heart before the hand had committed it to the flames. In that way, too, the truth was spread all through England. Mr. Spurgeon said that, "The word 'colporteur' was a horribly ugly name, he had heard people call it 'coal-porter;' and they have thought that a Colportage Society was a society for carrying coals. Now, that is very nearly correct. It is a society for carrying live coals about; and those live coals, I believe, set many a place on fire. In our own country, since those times, the sale of religious books has always been a main help to the cause of truth, and I may add a potent means for spreading error too. This day Romanists scatter those little books of Dr. Challoner against Protestantism amongst young people, and on the cover it is stated, and very properly stated, by the author, that we ought not to wonder at Romanists giving away their

little blue books, because we Protestants delight in doing the same. They say that the whole Reformation was got up through the secret distribution of books, and why should not they adopt the same means for the spread of their views? When good men think of the infidel publications of England, and, what is worse, the silly trashy novels which debauch the minds of the young, they feel the greater necessity for meeting this evil by scattering good books all over the land. There are many large districts where the ordinary bookseller is not within reach, and here the 'colporteur' has fine opportunities for disposing of his books. In Scotland there is a similar society, which was started about twelve years ago by three men, and which, under the blessing of God, has so grown that they have now more than a hundred and fifty agents, who go over Scotland, scattering the truth as it is in Jesus. He believed the committee of their own society were ambitious to do for England what the other society had done for Scotland, and he wished them success, since it was the right kind of thing to take up. There were many earnest brethren who were not adapted for preachers, but who were the right sort of men to sell a book, to pray with the sick, to comfort the desponding, to guide the anxious, and to lead sinners to the cross of Christ."

An interesting address was also delivered by Mr. Young, the agent in East Kent.

This society languishes for want of funds, but it is one which, under God, would be a mighty weapon if it were well used. We intend in future numbers to keep it before the mind of our readers. Let it be remembered that the committee will send a man into any district in which £30 *per annum is raised. Already one colporteur has been the means of raising a new church, and much of this higher work would grow out of colportage if it could be thoroughly carried out. We are overworked, and have in hand enterprises beyond our means; but God's work must be done, and we may soon be dead, therefore, O Lord, send help to thine own cause.*—C. H. S.

The Stockwell Orphanage.

LET the facts which, with deep gratitude, we record this month, strengthen the faith of believers in the power of prayer. In answer to many fervent prayers, the Lord has moved his people to send in, during the past month, in different amounts, towards the general funds of the Orphanage, the sum of £1,075, for which we give thanks unto the name of the Lord, and gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the donors. More especially do we see the gracious hand of God in the following incidents. A lady, who has often aided us in the work of the College and other enterprises, having been spared to see the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage day, her beloved husband has presented her with £500 as a token of his evergrowing love to her. Our sister has called upon us, and dedicated the £500 to the building of one of the houses, to be called, Silver-wedding Cottage. Great was our gratitude to the Lord our God when this answer to prayer was vouchsafed, and earnestly did we plead that our friend and her husband might be enriched with all spiritual blessings and temporal mercies in return. The Lord had, however, another substantial gift in store to encourage us in our work, for, a day or two ago, a brother beloved in the Lord, called upon us on certain business, and when he had retired, our secretary handed in a sealed envelope, which he had been charged to give to us when the friend had retired, but not before. Our friend had thus modestly spared us the difficult task of expressing by word of mouth the overflowing and joyful gratitude which we felt upon opening his letter. That envelope contained a cheque for £600, which is to be expended in erecting another house. As this donation was as little expected as the first, except that our faith expects that all our needs will be supplied in the Lord's own way, we could only praise the faithfulness of the Lord and take courage. Only

the next day, when preaching in the open air, a sister, whose name we do not know, put an envelope in our hand enclosing £20 for the College, and another £20 for the Orphanage. What hath God wrought? Let us go forward, for the Lord is with us.

Our present plan is as follows, to issue tenders at once for three houses: the Workmen's House, Silver-wedding House, and the third house which we shall ask our friend to name. These, if the contracts should come in at the prices named by our architect, will cost £1,700; and for this expenditure all the money is provided. We hope to lay the first stones of these houses at the great meeting to be held upon the ground on our return from the Continent in September. The large shed to serve for a playground for the boys in wet weather will, by that date be completed, and will be used for the public meeting; this will cost £600, and as we have £1,735, we shall be able to pay for it, and the balance will go some way towards draining the land and furnishing the houses. We shall then have room for about fifty boys, which will be quite as many as we think it right to take for the present, as we shall have no proper school accommodation for them. Our next effort ought to be to clear off the £3,000 debt upon the land; we wish our friends would make up their minds that this shall by God's help be done by the end of this year at the latest, by subscriptions, by the meeting in September, and by a great bazaar which we purpose to hold in the lecture-hall and school-room at Christmas time. It would be a noble thing if that debt could once for all be expunged; we do not like the idea of debt ever being associated with the Orphanage. Then we must erect the school-rooms, chapel, dining-hall, general kitchen, stores, lodge-gate, &c., as soon as our gracious Lord shall send us the means, and after that we can proceed to building more houses and receiving more children, but not until the central buildings are completed. It is the Lord's work and it is sure to prosper, only he would have us all become willing instruments in his hands. Our esteemed brother, Mr. Medhurst, of Glasgow, has sent us two guineas, being two sets of forty-two sixpenny bricks which he has collected—cannot others do this? One thoughtful young friend has made up a number of neat and good articles of boys' clothing, and forwarded them; we thank her very much, and hope that all, old and young, among our readers will join hand and heart in enabling us to build and support our Orphanage, for many are the widows and the fatherless children begging for our help. Seven boys have been elected by the trustees, so that our expenses have now commenced. The friends of these poor children were not put to the expense and labour of canvassing for votes, &c.; but were received upon the merits of their cases, as all others will be in rotation, at the discretion of the trustees, according to the state of our funds; thus the poor are saved very much trouble and needless expense. Brethren, pray for us and for this work every day, and see if the Lord do not still further appear for us.

Reviews.

The Great Possession. By Richard Bell. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

"The Great Possession," indicated by the title of this book, is the human soul. Intellectually and morally this is true; but in the vocabulary of a Christian minister would be more likely to suggest a pearl of greater price. The truths principally intended to be established are, that the soul is spiritual and immortal, and that the gospel of Christ provides satisfaction for all its capacities and desires. These noble topics are presented in a clear and comprehensive manner, and we would gladly add, if we could, with some originality of thought and beauty of style. It abounds with quotations, and may contribute not a little to the intellectual improvement of a certain class of youthful readers; but as a "contribution to Methodist literature," under which form it is given to the public, our Wesleyan friends are not likely to be exalted by it above measure.

It is flavoured with a tincture of denominational views, and it might be thought to lend some little encouragement to the evil of extolling human reason beyond its province in reference to revelation. This evidently was not its intention, and yet it could hardly fail to be suggested by the prominence assigned in a religious treatise to the powers of the human mind. Had the adaptation of the gospel to those powers been explained and enforced to the same extent, the work would have been more profitable and complete.

Iscah; or, Jephtha's Vow. A Poem in six cantos. By Isabella de Paton. Binns and Goodwin, 123, Chancery Lane.

We are very much mistaken if we have not the works of a true poet here. The fugitive pieces at the end strike us as having a glow of genius in them which indicates the possession of the true fire. We must read the six cantos when we have leisure, and judge further; this is not a book to be overlooked.

Old Jonathan, published by Mr. Collingridge as a penny monthly paper, is a well-established favourite. It has more of a rich evangelical savour in it than any other publication of its class. The old established *Gospel Magazine*, by the same house, is always a dainty dish to those who love Calvinistic doctrine of the highest form, presented in connection with practical godliness. *The British Workman* and *The Band of Hope Review* are better and better. *The Baptist Messenger* fills its niche usefully; we should like to see a little more vigour manifested, for it is a capital little magazine, and must not be allowed to flag. *The Bulwark* (Nichol, Edinburgh) hammers away at Popery with more vigour than judgment, but it could ill be spared. *Over the Sea; a Record of Emigrant and Overland Life* (W. Macintosh), is a new penny monthly illustrated; we should question whether it will find a sufficient constituency to support it; it certainly gives a great deal for money. *The Watchmen of Israel*, Macintosh.—This is a sixpenny magazine, entirely *sui generis*, propounding, explaining, and defending the doctrine of our Israelitish origin. Although we are not converts to the theory it advocates, we often marvel at the vigour, freshness, research, and information which this periodical contains. If it had advocated the piquancy of the white of eggs, or the immortality of greyhounds, this magazine would still have commanded a wide circle of readers on account of the extraordinary power of its editor's genius, and the earnestness of his convictions.

Ante-Nicene Christian Library. Vols. III. and IV. T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

We are heartily glad to see this edition of the early Fathers. Though the subject-matter of these volumes is not perhaps so valuable as others in the series, it will amply repay a careful perusal. We are so frequently plied with quotations from the Fathers, and such strange contradictions are made in the course of argument, that it is every way desirable that the generality of readers should be put into a position to read and judge for themselves. In this exceedingly careful and accurate translation, our friends may easily discover the views of the teachers of the early church, and decide for themselves as to the countenance given to the Popish ritualism and teaching of the present day. The style of binding is a decided improvement on the series of foreign divines by the same publishers, and we congratulate them on the handsome "get-up" of the books.

St. Alban's; or, the Tabernacle? By Thomas Scott Bonnin, B.A., formerly of Queen's College, nine years curate of Claybrook, and twenty years curate of Sulcoates, Hull. Price One Shilling. Williams & Norgate, Covent Garden.

A most extraordinary pamphlet with two frontispieces facing each other; the first of which, representing a ritualistic altar, is alone worth the price of the pamphlet; the second is intended for a likeness of the editor of "The Sword and the Trowel" The honour so kindly done to us we cannot claim, but appreciate very heartily the generous estimate of the author. How to review this singular production we know not. It is evidently the work of a learned, clever, genial, but eccentric gentleman, whose large-heartedness is visible on every page.

The Wisdom of our Fathers. Selections from the Writings of Robert South; with a Memoir. Religious Tract Society.

THANKS to the Tract Society for this series of small bottles from great vintages; the idea was a good one—to give the many a taste of the banquets enjoyed by the few—and the execution of the idea has been worthy of all praise. This particular volume is a fair specimen of the sparkle, pungency, and abundance of South's salt. Dr. Johnson said, "the best way to praise South is to quote him;" and Johnson was right. If our modern divines would be less squeamish and more manly, if they had more common sense and less rhetorical flourish, preaching would not be so evil spoken of as it is. A man had need have more grace than South to be of much use in winning souls; but if those who have the grace could get one half his shrewdness and his wit, it would give them far more access to the public ear than they will ever have without it.

Thoughts for the Inner Life. By JESSIE COOMBS. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS venture of an unknown author will succeed, if intrinsic merit be any guarantee of success. The author is a ready and weighty writer; we do not theologically agree with him upon some points, but experimentally we commune in the the one inward life. Some heart-truths are here very beautifully put, with a dew upon them, which not only glitters before the eyes, but refreshes the soul. We shall be much surprised if we do not see the author dipping his pen in the ink again; there must be rich stores where these few papers came from, and they should not be kept concealed. The volume is most tastefully got up. We do not know the price, or we would have informed our readers; the price should have been pencilled upon the cover, not only in this case, but in all books sent for review.

Christ and the Scriptures. By ADOLPH SAPHIR. Morgan and Chase.

WE do not wonder that so many spiritual persons of all denominations attend the ministry of our friend at Greenwich, for if these discourses are specimens of his ordinary ministry, it is instructive indeed. There is far more depth, freshness, power, and teaching in this volume than in Mr. Saphir's former works, although those were exceedingly valuable. A profound and sympathetic acquaintance with Israelitish modes of thought and expression is here made tributary to the grandest and sweetest of all themes. Those in our churches who are advanced in the spiritual life will find here meat for strong men, and bones which will need to be broken before the marrow can be enjoyed.

Memorials of James Henderson, M.D., Medical Missionary to China. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS valuable biography must be the theme of an early paper in our magazine: we only notice it now to advertise it to our readers as a valuable addition to missionary literature. It demands a longer notice, and shall have it as soon as possible.

The Man who kept himself in Repair. By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. Wm. Macintosh. Price Twopence.

MR. POWER is not only one of the sweetest and soundest of evangelical writers, but he is the wittiest, wisest, and prettiest of tract-writers. His humour is well restrained and yet wisely indulged. Some of his telling tales have reached eighty thousand, and deserve to be circulated by millions.

Coming Wonders, expected between 1867 *and* 1875. By the Rev. M. BAXTER. S. W. Partridge, London.

PROBABLY the wildest of all the wild things which the present prophetic mania has produced. This volume of nonsense is adorned with pictures, such as would suit the outside of a travelling show, and its matter will have great weight with the sort of audience which gathered to see Katterfelto and his black cats—Katterfelto with his hair on end at his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

Revelation by Look, and other Essays. By the Author of "What my Thoughts are," &c. London: Jarrold and Sons.

A COLLECTION of brief, thoughtful essays, evidently written by a man of much taste and reading. Written in unsought leisure, these essays will usefully beguile a leisure

hour, but to those who feel the all-consuming energy of the age burning within them, and better still, are inflamed with a zeal for direct soul-winning effort, they will be of small service. For the quietly meditative, here is food for thought of no mean order.

Jesus all in all. By C. R. Howell. With a Preface by the Rev. Samuel Martin. Second Edition. Price One Shilling and Sixpence. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

A soul-saving book, full of Jesus, interestingly written, earnestly intended, and likely to be much blessed by the Holy Spirit. We do not wonder that Samuel Martin and others should speak so well of it; for it is one of the best books of its class. God speed it.

The Face of the King; or, seeing Jesus, Man's greatest Pleasure and grandest Occupation. By J. Hiles Hitchens, Author of "Near the Cross," &c. London: James Clarke and Co.

Friendship for the author and reverence for his theme alike forbid the exercise of severe criticism in this case, or we might have observed that the matter is rather pretty than deep. There is throughout the whole of this neat little volume so evident a desire to glorify the Lord Jesus, and so much warmth of admiration of his blessed person, that none can read without benefit. The style is exceedingly ornate, and will have great attractions for those of gentle mould and polished speech who love the angels' Lord. To us he is alike glorious in whatever frame men may hang his portrait; he richly deserves the choicest language of the noblest orator, but still, after our manner, we have often thought him "Most adorned when unadorned the most."

Satisfying Mercy. An Address to Senior Scholars. By C. H. Spurgeon. Sunday School Union. One Penny.

We have heard of conversions from this address. What God owns, his people should disseminate.

We cannot every month notice all our contemporaries who favour us with copies, but we will not neglect them altogether.

Notices.

At our two last College conferences we requested our brethren to procure some statistics of the Lord's work in their different churches; and we have just been furnished with the results for the past year, which we subjoin. The Lord chastised David for numbering the people, because his motive for doing so was not God's glory, but his own. We feel that we are clear in this matter, as our motive in placing before our friends some of the blessed results of our brethren's labour, is to strengthen the faith of those of the Lord's people to whom our College is very dear, and who manifest this by their constant and hearty support of the work. The more we see and hear of the Lord's blessing upon the College the more we are constrained to exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." We feel that we owe to our many subscribers in all parts of the world an occasional proof that their confidence in the Lord is well placed in this matter. We are sure that on seeing these continual proofs of God's faithfulness, they will exclaim with us. "What hath God wrought!" Of the 123 brethren settled in the ministry at the time of making out the returns, 100 have forwarded to us the desired information, which is as follows:—Added to the church by baptism, 1,682; additions upon a profession of faith, by letters of dismission from other churches, and by restoration, 806; total, 2,488. Deduct removals by death, dismission, and exclusion, 618: net increase, 1,870, or 18 per church. The number of church members represented by the 100 brethren is as 10,039. The above return shows an increase of 23 pastors, 447 baptisms, and 409 church members above the previous year's returns.

The recognition of Mr. J. M. Honan, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist Church, at Sudbury, in Suffolk, took place on the 3rd of July last. Mr. J. Morris, of Ipswich, presided in the afternoon. Mr. G. Holler, of Sudbury, read and prayed. The senior deacon

gave a brief statement of the circumstances that led to the choice of Mr. Honan to the pastorate. Mr. Honan gave a full account of his conversion, his call to the ministry, and the reasons for his accepting the call to that sphere of labour. Prayer was offered by Mr. C. Talbot, of Debenham. Mr. G. Rogers gave the charge to the minister, and concluded the service. After public tea, a meeting was held in the evening, at which Mr. Rogers presided. Mr. Neville prayed; Mr. Morris addressed the church; Mr. Talbot, the congregation; Mr. Spurrier, of Colchester, the Sunday-school teachers; and Mr. Stote, of Earls' Colne, the young. The attendance throughout the day was good. Mr. Honan's labours have already revived both the church and congregation, and give promise of much greater success.

On Tuesday, July 16th, meetings were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. A. Walker, as pastor of the church, at the Tabernacle, Winslow, Bucks. Service commenced at three o'clock. Mr. John Neal, of London, presided. After reading and prayer, by Mr. C. S. Madder, of Aylesbury, Mr. M. Fulks made a statement on behalf of the church, and Mr. Walker gave the customary account of his call to the ministry, etc. Prayer was then offered by Mr. W. Piggott, of Aylesbury, Wesleyan. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. G. Rogers. After tea a public meeting was held. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Neal. Addresses were delivered by the following ministers and gentlemen: Messrs. G. Walker, of Fenny Stratford; W. Cuff, of Ridgmount; A. G. Hamilton, of Brackley; J. W. Inglis, of Wootton; A. McKenley, of the Tabernacle College; C. S. Madder, of Aylesbury; G. Croker, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and the newly settled pastor, A. Walker. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the attendance was most encouraging. This interest is already revived under Mr. Walker's ministry, and there are good prospects of increasing usefulness.

A Baptist church, which may be said to be the first ever formed here, has recently been established at Melton Mowbray, by some members who seceded from the Independent church. They have engaged the Corn Exchange, where they have collected good congregations, and secured excellent evangelical preachers; and evidences of divine approval have been graciously afforded them. The church now numbers thirty-three members, the services are conducted in the simple, old-fashioned style, and great interest is manifested in them. The members have just purchased a very chaste communion service. We trust "the little one will become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation," and that God's glory may be abundantly promoted amongst them The members now go to Leicester for baptism.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from June 21st, to July 20th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Birthday Present to Mr. Spurgeon, by a few Friends at Tabernacle	33	0	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
Miss Eliza Marsh and Friends	1	0	0
Sunday School Box, per Mr. Avery, Wolvercott	1	13	3
Moiety of Collections at Hastings, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	24	13	10
Mrs. Miller, Wisbeach	1	1	0
Mr. Longbotham	11	10	0
E. E., Ipswich	0	5	0
Mr. T. Horsfield	0	5	0
Mr. W. Webb	10	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Pledge	0	2	6
G. H. R.	0	10	6
H. A.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ballard	0	2	6
John xvii. 20 and 21.	5	5	0
Collection at Camden Road Chapel after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Tucker	56	19	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Stacey	0	7	6
Mrs. C. Ware	0	7	6
Mrs. Ware	1	14	2
Collected at Roud, Isle of Wight	1	4	0
Mr. H. Kinvig	0	15	0
May	0	5	0
Collections at Chadlington, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	22	10	0
M. A., given in Notes to Mr. Spurgeon	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, a Thank-offering	73	10	7
Mr. T.	50	0	0
Mrs. T.	12	10	0
A Friend, per Mrs. T.	1	0	0
Mr. Dow	0	10	0
Martha	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, June 23	34	12	9
" " " " 30	31	8	5
" " " July 7	42	15	4
" " " " 14	50	4	0
	£495	8	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 21st, to July 20th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Miss M. J. White	1	0	0
Mary B.	1	1	0
Mrs. Whetstone	1	1	0
Miss Gray	5	0	0
M. T., Sevenoaks	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. Sharp	0	1	0
Mr. Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. H. Glinn	0	10	0
M.	0	10	0
A Reader of Sermons	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Tweedside	0	10	0
Two Children	0	1	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Clifton	0	3	0
Mrs. Glennan	1	0	0
Miss Jephs	0	2	6
Miss Emma Blakeway	1	1	0
Mr. M. E. Herbert	0	5	0
A Second Instalment of forty-two bricks, per Mr. Medhurst	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Blake	2	0	0
Mr. H. W. Palmer	0	10	6
Mr. E. G. Clover	0	2	6
Mr. Read	0	5	0
Mr. R. Amery	2	10	0
Mr. J. V. D. Lawrence	0	10	0
Mr. H. Hall, Litchfield	1	0	0
Mrs. L. O. Jamison	1	0	0
Mr. H. Childs	1	1	0
A Birthday Gift, Miss B.	1	1	0
Mrs. Linklater	2	0	0
R. P., St. Alban's	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Frearson	1	1	0
Two Young Friends at Torquay	0	10	0
Mrs. Webb	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Webb	1	7	0
Mr. G. McCrea, Clontrebet	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Trott	1	16	0
W. I. G.	0	4	0
G. H. R.	0	10	6
Mr. Baker, Tunbridge	1	1	0
A Friend	30	0	0
Ewell	5	0	0
Mrs. Legget	1	1	0
Mr. Coles, Collingham	0	5	0
Mr. W. S. Ashby	1	1	0
Conscience Money	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	0	0
Mrs. Brewster	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson, Sheffield	5	0	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
A Working Man	0	5	0
A Friend, for Cottage	600	0	0
Mr. J. Griffiths	10	0	0
Miss Summers	0	10	0
H. G. Alyth	1	1	0
J. H.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Kinvig	0	5	0
Per Mr. Phillips—			
Miss F. Gilbert	1	1	0
Miss H. Glennie	1	1	0
Mrs. Holt	1	1	0
Mr. Fidge	1	1	0
Mr. J. A. F. L. Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. L. Balfour	1	1	0
A Clergyman's Wife	1	1	0
Mr. R. Evans	1	1	0
Mr. W. Corderey	1	1	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. A. Hinton	1	1	0
Mizpah	2	2	0
Mr. J. Gowland	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. Catterson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Raines	2	2	0
Mr. Stiff	1	1	0
Mr. Ranford	1	1	0
Mrs. Turner	1	1	0
Mr. B.	1	1	0
W. Z.	1	1	0
Mr. C. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. T. Ball	1	1	0
Mr. Comber	1	1	0
Mr. Shin	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Butterworth	1	1	0
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. D. Carpenter	1	1	0
A Friend, Liverpool	2	0	0
Mr. Harvey	1	1	0
Mr. Benham	1	1	0
Mr. Sands	5	0	0
Mr. Cox	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Willson	5	5	0
Honor	1	1	0
Mrs. Petavel	1	1	0
Mr. Chew	1	1	0
Mr. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. Green	1	1	0
Mr. B. J. Butterworth	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cubitt	5	5	0
Mrs. Rowton	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coles	2	2	0
Messrs. Taylor and Higgs	1	1	0
W. F.	1	0	0
Mr. Ryman and Sisters	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kimber	2	2	0
Miss Kimber	1	1	0
Mr. Maddox	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Hall	3	0	0
Mr. Dodwell	5	5	0
Mr. Huckvll	1	1	0
Mr. T. Abrahams	1	1	0
Mr. G. King	1	1	0
Collected in Mr. Hanks' Class	3	6	0
Mr. J. Davidson	1	0	0
Mr. Conolly	2	0	0
Mr. T. Coventry, Nice	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Magnus	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Johnstone	1	1	0
Matt. xxv. 40.	0	16	6
M. E. A. M. A. R.	1	1	0
Anonymous	1	1	0
M. A., given to Mr. Spurgeon in Notes	20	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Mr. Charles S. Spence, New York	1	0	0
Miss M. G. Scott Makdougal	5	0	0
Martha	0	10	0
Silver Wedding Cottage Moiety	250	0	0
	£1,075	10	6

For Almshouses.—J. C., 3s. *For the Poor.*—Mr. Ball, £2. *Help for Italy.*—E. B., £10.

For Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Mission, Golden Lane.—Mr. G. Pasfield, 5s.; B. Ingram, 3s.; O. H., 5s.; Mrs. Dalton, 2s.; Mrs. Brown, Stratford, 10s.; R. Law, 2s. 9d. "A Reader," Tweedside, 10s.; John Smith, Ely, 7s. 6d.; Martha, 10s.; and a few prizes for the school children.

For Orphans.—A Parcel of Clothing from Lillah, thankfully received.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

The Joy of the Lord.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry for the joy of the Lord is your strength."—Nehemiah viii. 10.

THE restoration of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, is one of the most interesting portions of the word of God. It is an interesting commentary on the words of Daniel. "The street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times." You remember, God first of all stirred up Cyrus, and he made a proclamation, permitting the Jews to return to their own land, and to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem. So Zerubbabel, and the chief of the fathers of Judah, and Benjamin, and the priests, and the Levites, and all those whose spirit God had raised up, went up to Jerusalem, and the work of building the temple was commenced; but it was soon stopped by the enmity of the Samaritans. And so it continued for some twenty years until the decree of Darius, when the work was again begun and finished. Eight and fifty years after this, the Lord stirred up Artaxerxes to send Ezra the priest with presents of vessels for the use of the temple, and letters to the governors of the land. And twelve years after, Artaxerxes sent Nehemiah, and gave him permission to build up the walls of Jerusalem that were broken down. So that during a period of ninety years, Jerusalem was restored, and the walls were built in troublous times: for "they which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon: for the builders every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." Nehemiah iv. 17, 18. And now, when all was done, Nehemiah and Ezra gathered the people

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached on Thursday forenoon, December 1, 1842. Thanksgiving-day for an abundant harvest.

together to hear the words of the law of God—and when the people heard the words of God's law, which had been so long laid by, they began to weep; but Nehemiah and Ezra said, "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not, nor weep . . . Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Dear friends, the doctrine we draw from this is—*That there are particular seasons when it is the duty of the people of God not to mourn nor weep, but to rejoice.* It was the case with this people. When they looked back, they had to look back to all the wonderful way which God had led them, and remembering the Lord's goodness, it was a day not to weep, but to rejoice, "Eat the fat, and drink the sweet," &c. Such a day I believe this is, when we are assembled. Like the Jews, we are surrounded with enemies on every side; like them, we have much sin, yet much cause to rejoice that this day has been set apart to "eat the fat and to drink the sweet," yea, and to be glad, and rejoice.

I propose, dear friends, under the divine blessing and teaching of the Spirit, to show you—

I. *What "the joy of the Lord" really is.*

II. *What is the advantage of it: "The joy of the Lord is your strength."*

I.—WHAT "THE JOY OF THE LORD" IS; and,

1st. *It is not mere animal joy.* It is not merely the joy of eating and drinking. This is not "the joy of the Lord." And if it is not animal joy, much less is it *carnal joy—joy in sin.* Moses spoke of the pleasures of sin, and the devil speaks of the pleasures of sin. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." So that, though sin is bitter, there is some pleasure in the cup; but ah! this is not "the joy of the Lord." It doth not consist in this. It doth not consist in drinking and debauchery, or the joys of the ale-house. These are th joys that make a death-bed sad. And still farther, it is not *mere innocent joy.* There is an innocent joy. There is the joy that a child feels in waving its little hands to and fro, and in its innocent sport; but this is not "the joy of the Lord;" it is separate from it, and springs from another source.

2nd. *What, then, is "the joy of the Lord," and where does it spring from?* (1st.) "The joy of the Lord" springs from *the discerning of the way of salvation.* Thus Christ, you remember, in the fortieth Psalm, said, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." Ah! brethren, this was "the joy of the Lord." You remember the Ethiopian eunuch, when he was returning home sad and sorrowful. He had come seeking peace, but had found it not; and as he journeyed home, the wheels of the chariot rolling heavily along, you remember, God sent a messenger to him to instruct him; and when Philip came near, he heard him read the prophet Isaiah, and he said, "Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him." You remember, he was reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "He

was led as a sheep to the slaughter," &c.; and Philip began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayst." And when they came up out of the water, it is said, "He went on his way rejoicing." This is "the joy of the Lord." And you remember the jailor of Philippi, as he felt the prison walls shaking, and the earth trembling beneath his feet, he became alarmed, and ran in and fell down at the apostles' feet, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. And he brought them into his house, and set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God." That was the daybreak in the jailor's soul. You remember what Paul wanted for the Romans! "Now the God of hope fill you with all peace and joy in believing." Here we see distinctly what this joy is. *It is joy in believing*—in admitting the Lamb of God into your heart. This, and this alone, is "the joy of the Lord," which is strength. Dear friends, do you know anything of this joy? It would be worth all the world to you that this joy dawned on your soul. Have you felt this day the eunuch's joy? This, and this alone, is "the joy of the Lord." You may have other joys, but unless the soul has embraced another's righteousness, you have never yet begun to taste "the joy of the Lord." Oh, there is no joy like this! All other joys are like a reed, which, if you lean on it, it breaks. Tell me, sinner, have you ever had your eyes opened by him who said, "Ephphatha" to the blind man? Have you ever seen self a wretched, sin perverted thing? And, tell me, have you ever seen the Lord coming in, and saying, "I am the Lord your righteousness"? Have you ever submitted to be righteous in the righteousness of another? Then, and then only, have you tasted "the joy of the Lord." Brethren, look into this matter, for it is easy to go merrily to hell.

(2nd.) Let me mention to you another spring of "the joy of the Lord." *It is the love of God shining on the soul.* When young believers are first drawn to Christ, they are generally taken up about Jesus himself; they do not think of him who sent him; but after they begin to get more acquainted with Christ, they find him saying, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me;" and they begin to find that Christ is the Mediator between them and God. Brethren, this is another sweet spring, if I may so speak, of "the joy of the Lord," which is "your strength." Look at the fifth chapter of Romans, and you will see this exactly. In the first verse of that chapter you have the joy that proceeds from believing. Verse 1.—"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." But a little after, you find another spring breaking out in the heart. Verse 11.—"And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." The first joy was in Christ, but the second joy was in God. Now, this is what I would call the two sources of joy in the believer. Oh, it is sweet when I begin to find out that there is a path for my soul to heaven, and that I can come even into the presence of God! Oh, it is sweet when I come to find out that he loves me with the same love with

which he loved Christ! Then, brethren, I feel I have "the joy of the Lord," which is my strength, and am thus enabled to go through the valley of the shadow of death without fear. It was this joy Habakkuk felt when he said, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Take from me what you like, if you give me the love of him who filleth all in all. I ask no more, if I have the love of him who filleth all things. And then it is UNCHANGEABLE LOVE. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Meditate over this passage when you go home, and think if this joy is yours.

(3rd.) I would just mention a third spring of this "joy of the Lord," and that is, *the coming of the Comforter.* "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." This is the third spring of joy in a believer's soul. The moment a soul believes on Christ, he is righteous in the eye of the Father. Oh, what a moment is the moment of believing! It is the most remarkable moment in a sinner's history. Oh, it is a wonderful moment! It is the birthday of the soul. It is the moment which will give joy to the angels amid the bowers of the never-ending paradise. In that moment the Spirit comes and says, "This is my rest, here will I stay, for I do like it well." In that moment the dead live. O brethren, need we wonder that "the joy of the Lord" is our strength? Has the Spirit ever come to you? Do you know what "the joy of the Lord" is? This is what is spoken of in the Bible as "joy in the Holy Ghost." It is what is spoken of in the forty-fifth Psalm as the "joy of gladness." It is what is mentioned in the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah as "the oil of joy." Verse 3.—"To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." This is the very thing; "the oil of joy" is just the Comforter. It is this that is mentioned here, "the joy of the Lord is your strength."

II. I now come, dear brethren, briefly to show you THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS HEAVENLY JOY. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Mourn not to-day, nor weep; "for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." The joy of the Lord is not only sweet, but it *makes the soul strong.* You know the poor Jews had many enemies round about them; but Nehemiah says, you are not to be sad for all that; for "the joy of the Lord is your strength." And so with us. Ah! it may seem very strange that we are called upon to rejoice when they are going to break down our beautiful house with axes and hammers. It may be that this is given to strengthen us; for joy does impart strength.

1st. *It is so in the nature of things.* This is the case in natural joy. A man who has any joy will go a farther journey than the man who has

none. Now, if it be so with *natural joy*, how much more with *spiritual joy?* It is remarked by physicians, that a person possessed of buoyant spirits will go through any operation much more easily than a person of an opposite spirit. Now, if this be so *naturally*, how much more *spiritually?* for spiritual joy is so much more lasting. Where there is guilt there is weakness. A guilty conscience will shrink from before the enemy; but when there is a good conscience, it will stand and face the foe.

2nd. *"The joy of the Lord" gives strength to the soul, because it brings the soul near to God.* The soul is never strong unless it be near to God; and the nearer we are to God, we will have the more joy. But do not mistake me, for I find that in what is called desertion, God is near; but what I say is, that that soul is in its healthiest state when it is nearest to God. It is this that makes us bear fruit even in old age. You know, a man with his back to a rock may stand against a thousand enemies. The Lord says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This is a rock on which to rest.

3rd. *Then the in-flowing of the Comforter is the in-flowing of the Sanctifier.* Do you understand me? When the Comforter comes into your soul, he comes to sanctify you; for when he comes into the soul, he comes in all his offices. And then, when the Comforter is come, your soul receives strength. Dear friends, learn to correct all prevailing mistakes by this. There are some believers who always wish to be down when the waves and the billows are passing over their soul. Then learn that "the joy of the Lord is your strength." Darkness is weakness; but "the joy of the Lord" is as marrow to the bones, and strength to the soul." Therefore, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Young Men and Evangelistic Work in London.

THE RASH HEROISM OF YOUTH.—THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE AND LONDON CHURCHES.—MISSION WORK IN ST. GILES'.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

MANHOOD has been recognised as the isthmus between the two extremes of rashness and timidity. Youth forms the occasion of many a solemn shake of the head: old age is the butt for the bitterest sarcasms of youth. Inexperience is the verdict of the aged on the daring movements of youth; caution, or "old-fogyness," is the deliverance of youth on the prudence of age. Prudence, we young men think, walks in silver slippers, and fears to tread pebbly roads. Heroism walks trippingly over dangerous ruts, because its shoes are of iron and brass. Prudence has the sugar-plums, compliments, card-baskets, ice-creams, tissue-like refinements, and lackadaisical joys of life. Heroism—being the condition of conflict of the soul with some base thing—has to wear heavy buckram, cumbrous armour, and bear severe discipline. Prudence, at the instigation of sloth, has smothered many virtues at the birth.

Rashness, so termed, has nipped many vices in the bud. Timidity has turned the scale in favour of weakness and insipidity. Courage has bearded the lion in his den, and shouted the pean of victory; has taken up the jawbone of an ass and has slain thousands, while Hesitation has admired the as sand become assimilated unto it. For fear of innovation, men have slunk into disservice and obscurity; for fearlessness of warring against the fashion of things that passeth away, men have worked contradictions by displanting the old and re-planting still older things on their site.

To my mind this development of youthful rashness, which is not always, however, the result of a zeal proportionate to knowledge, when condemned by old sages who mourn over the decadence of the times, and long for the return of gilt coat-buttons, knee-breeches, swallow-tails, and pigtails, that characterised our most venerable, grave, and learned grandfathers, has in it a wealth of noble purpose not to be ascertained by petty calculations. Mediocrity, I know, may be gifted with complacent pride; and that pride may soon produce, if unchecked, a kind of mental hydrophobia which earthly skill will never cure. But genius must possess a healthy measure of self-trust; and inexperienced hardihood and overwhelming ambition, not selfish, in a good cause, may not settle down before a dish of philosophical distinctions, but may prefer its meal of herbs with all their bitterness. After all, heroism, as some American author has observed in some essay only exceeded in dulness by the paper you, my good-tempered reader, are trying to wade through, is an obedience to the secret powerful impulses of a man's character. Let me follow those impulses, my sage friend, if they are dictated by my character, and are the outgrowth of the spiritual life God has given me, and quarrel not with me, O my antiquated adversary. You enjoy your frill-shirts, and pleted tucks, and silk stockings (peach-coloured or otherwise); as for me, who, by God's providence, was born in the year of grace 1840, let me submit to such modern terrestrial things my disposition may lead me to select.

Besides, my innovations may be nought but a recurrence to more antiquated precedents than yours. Your sober practices were once innovations, and I am unkind enough to think they were unfortunate in their character. Suppose I displant your time-honoured practices, and recur to what Mr. Disraeli designates his "original policy." You have been accustomed to carry on God's work with a most superfine decorum—you must plant the standard in a certain kind of mould, and unfurl it to the breeze in soft and propitious moments; but what if I, by God's help, try to bear it aloft, according to a precedent far older than yours—the apostolic precedent—and plant it in the midst of opposition in a bolder, more chivalric manner, where you with timidity would fear to tread?

The above must have been dreamt. On opening my eyes, I saw lying before me a handsome, unambitious, hundred-paged book, opened at page 69. It owned the title of "An Outline of the Pastor's College," and the page which looked so brightly at me, bore upon it the impress of the wood-engraver's art. It was an illustration of a chapel in Wandsworth, built after much anxious pastoral labour, by a church watched over by a young man who must have been talking to me in my reverie;

for I found that he had actually broken the rules of respectability and soberness by commencing to preach in the assembly rooms of a tavern, much to the disgust, doubtless, of my sage friend whom I had so weakly jostled with in argument, as recorded above. Turning over another page, I found a somewhat similar case, which had resulted in the erection of Stepney Green Tabernacle. Hardly had I inwardly espressed my astonishment, when my eye rested on another comely building which rears its head—no, it has no head or pinnacle, but (oh ! how prosaic !) its roof—in a fashionable part of Bromley. I read : "The commodious chapel in Bromley is the result of the work which the Lord has wrought, at first by the out-door preaching of students," &c. Out-door preaching! What sayest thou to that, my old type-faced friend? But stop—do not smile, was not Christianity mainly propagated by out-door preaching? Has not the church of Christ flourished by that means? Witness the Lollards, the packmen——. Here I was getting warm, when my eye fell on the words, "Mr. Fergusson, one of our tutors, was led in the course of providence to preach in the large room of an inn in Ealing," and out of that grew a good-sized chapel, which was opened free of debt. I must have a little of Mr. Revivalist's disposition in my nature, for I involuntarily, yet I hope devoutly, ejaculated, "Bless the Lord" for the chapel built by a congregation gathered together in an inn! Christ was born in an inn: why should not a church be born there likewise? Looking through the succeeding pages, I counted some dozens of equally remarkable cases; and closing the little book, I prayed God to send more young men of the same heroic temperament, for London sadly wants them. Not disparaging the old-fashioned ways of planting churches, I yet longed for the old apostolic earnestness of purpose, the spirit of which it seemed to me had been caught by these evangelising pastors. These earnest men appear to be standing before me now, and saying, "We have laboured hard, encountering much difficulty, misjudged by good men, yet God has blessed the work. Behold the results! *God has done it all!*" And every devout heart must add "Amen."*

It was stated at the opening of the Grove Road Chapel by the London Baptist Association in June, that were *sixty* new commodious chapels erected in the east of London, they would not be too many for the thousands who cannot, if they would, attend public worship. Considering the awful spiritual destitution of this great metropolis, we should thank God for any agency that may be put forward for the promulgation of the gospel. If prudence does not approve of every method of Christian service, necessity will do so. Respectability shirks what faith and works perform. Lodging-house preaching, open-air effort, and teaching in taverns and casinos may appear strange to the world, which despises "the foolishness of preaching;" but God has impressed his gracious blessing upon these rash enterprises. We live in an age when

* Whatever may have been the case with the opening paragraph, this one paragraph was not the result of a dream or reverie, as the reader will discover if he apply to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster for a copy of the report referred to. And lest those indefatigable publishers may be guilty (and like all publishers, they are uncommonly human !) of forgetting to attend to the application, send seven postage stamps to pay for what they must in duty remit.

the god of this world is, by every means, endeavouring to extend his kingdom. Christian men must everywhere meet the great grim foe on his own grounds, and there prepare for a vigorous encounter. All mutterings respecting the injudiciousness of men who evangelise among the masses is beside the mark: if it be not cowardly, it is unchristian. Wherever Christ crucified is preached, faithfully and acceptably, we rejoice, and will continue to do so, by whomsoever preached, in whatever way. Our young men have before them noble opportunities of doing much to improve the religious condition of the people. Let our laymen come forth, not aping priestly functions, nor fearing sacramentarian frowns, but boldly, in the name of God, determined to preach the Saviour of sinners to dying men.

Our laymen, we say. As an instance of what they may do, by God's grace, we propose briefly sketching the work of a young evangelist in St. Giles'. One Sunday evening, in traversing through St. Giles', we lighted upon a mission hall in King-street. This street was at the time overflowing with children, large numbers of whom were playing at various youths' games. The street is inhabited by poor people—labourers, shoemakers, costermongers, and artisans generally. In a contiguous street, there are not less than one thousand residents, who occupy not more than one room each family. It is in this neighbourhood that Mr. McCree labours, and no district in London is better cared for than St. Giles', by our friend and his numerous able associates. This work has already been described in our pages, and a passing reference was then made to the hall which we are about to describe. The room, which will hold three hundred, is badly situated, and we found it well filled. It is shockingly ventilated—there is no through current, and the heat during the summer is as oppressive as the chilliness is disagreeable in the winter. Overhead there is a schoolroom, which, we were told, will accommodate one hundred and fifty children. The roof is dilapidated, and in wet weather the rain oozes through it. The hall is held on a monthly tenancy, and the working expenses (£120 per annum) are now entirely met by the weekly contributions of the regular worshippers. An effort is being made to build a new hall to hold more than twice the number of persons who now fill the present building; and an appeal has been made to the Christian public, which, it is hoped, will meet with the required response. The congregation is composed of working people and the poorest inhabitants of the district, many of whom were miserably clad. Mr. G. Hatton is the voluntary evangelist. Engaged in business during the week, he somehow finds time to preach indoors and outdoors, to visit the sick, preside at meetings, superintend various organisations, and go the whole round of a pastor's multifarious duties. In preaching, he has much of the peculiarities, and, perhaps, some of the impetuosity, of our friend Mr. Sawday, whom he much resembles in manner and matter. Of evidently a weak frame, and indifferent health, he manifests considerable vigour of mind and force of style. Impressive, enthusiastic, exciting, he succeeds in arousing the most lethargic, and in rescuing many who were dead in sins, and destitute of all manliness of conduct. The service is conducted after the usual order, and a prayer-meeting, at which the majority remain, is merged into the preaching service. We saw nothing sufficiently striking in the evening's

devotions to note; a solemnity of feeling and earnestness of purpose prevailed, and showed the character of the work done through Mr. Hatton's instrumentality.

The origin of this mission may be briefly and profitably sketched. In January, 1860, a few young men, chiefly members of Bloomsbury Chapel, organised a little society for relieving the poor of St. Giles', each member contributing the small sum of fourpence a-week. There was nothing remarkable in this effort: hundreds of Christian young men have done as well, perhaps better; but the spirit in which the work was done was of far more consequence. The visitation of the sick and distressed was a golden opportunity for a golden work. The Cross of Christ was uplifted in the meanest homes, and God's blessing was manifestly felt. The society grew and extended, and became affiliated to the Church. Whatever our friends at Bloomsbury Chapel do is well done. Mr. Brock's manly, devout feeling, untiring effort, and evangelical spirit, pervade the minds of those who listen to his honoured ministrations. The attention of the poor was partly enlisted, and it was therefore deemed incumbent to open a preaching station, where they might assemble to hear the Word of Life faithfully and simply taught. A small room in Queen Street, Seven Dials, which would hold seventy persons, was obtained. The difficulties at the outset were provoking. Nothing but sanctified perseverance would have contended for long against them. Once, in a prayer-meeting in the vestry, while a good brother was supplicating divine favours for the poor of the district, a hand was put though the window at his back, and, grasping his whiskers, gave them certain most vigorous pulls. At another time, troops of noisy children would gallop up and down the passages, hooting with the deliberate intention of destroying the hopes of edification which the worshippers inside may have had. There was an aperture through the window-shutters, which incorrigible lads used as a mouth-piece for the conveyance of unmusical, if not execrable sounds, which vied only with those blasts of a trombone with which Londoners are favoured when their nerves are unusually sensitive through illness. A drunken woman was once sent sprawling on the floor in the middle of the room by mischievous lads outside. These, and other painfully ludicrous and disagreeable reminiscences of bygone difficulties, make one laugh now, but they were no fitting subjects for joking then. They remind us of a friend who, in his first endeavours, now happily abundantly successful, to evangelise a notorious neighbourhood, was in the habit, about eleven o'clock each Saturday night, of promenading the adjacent courts and alleys armed with a bill-sticker's paste-can and brush. He habitually stuck up the bills, announcing his Sunday services, at the corners of these streets, and some rascal would run away with the can while he was, in the most business-like manner, smoothing the bill against the wall. This was done more than once, and as prevention is notoriously preferable to a cure, our indefatigable friend was subsequently assisted by his devoted wife, who held the can while he attended to the bill-sticking. This gentlemanly occupation was at first resorted to by Mr. Hatton, whose experiences were not, however, so trying as my friend's. With all the discouragements that tried the evangelist's faith, God gave, we are informed, "many distinct signs of his approbation, and

the church books of Bloomsbury Chapel could now testify to the fact that many who came in to scoff, went home to pray, and commence the new life with a new heart." The remainder of the history of the effort shall be given in Mr. Hatton's own words:—

"It having become absolutely necessary to obtain a larger and more suitable place to meet in, much prayer was offered for the Lord's guidance. At this time, the Wesleyans, who had been renting a chapel in King Street, were compelled to give it up. Immediate application was made to the landlord, and, with the kind assistance of the Bloomsbury Chapel Domestic Mission Committee, we were enabled to rent it for mission work. This building will hold about three hundred persons, with a school-room above nearly as large. Since the opening, in July, 1864, the congregations have gone on steadily increasing, until now we find great difficulty in seating those who regularly attend, and have several times been compelled to close the doors, the building has been so uncomfortably packed. Some few months since, the few who have been converted to God at the hall, and have made the place their spiritual home, expressed a strong desire to support their own cause entirely. Up to this time, the rent and expenses had been paid by the Domestic Missionary Committee at Bloomsbury Chapel. Their wish was complied with, and the management of the hall is now in the hands of the Committee of what we term the St. Giles' Christian Union, and is entirely a self-supporting cause. The expenses, some £120 a-year, are met by the weekly contributions of the regular worshippers. A Baptist church has been formed, of which Mr. George Hatton was unanimously chosen the pastor. It already numbers ninety-two members, and many others are waiting."

A few cases of interesting conversions have been given me; and I select the following, again using Mr. Hatton's own words:—

"A. R.—A young man, well known in St. Giles' for his daring profligacy and sin, came into the Mission Hall with the intention of disturbing the service. He was seen at the commencement of the meeting smoking a pipe, and behaving in a most indecorous manner. He was convinced of sin that night, and found the Saviour next week, and is now one of the happiest and most consistent working Christians we have.

"R. A. and Family.—When we first discovered these people, they were dwelling in a miserable garret in St. Giles', and in a most deplorable condition. They were without food or firing, and had been so for very many hours. The husband was a drunkard, and when intoxicated, nothing could restrain him. After attending to their temporal wants, we were enabled to persuade them to come and hear the gospel at the Mission Hall, and we have had the joy of seeing the whole family (save one very little one) brought to Jesus—father, mother, and three children. There is not now a more respectable and happy family to be found in St. Giles'.

"M. D.—A poor, wandering, homeless girl, picked up, without a friend, half-naked, hungry, ignorant, and dirty, and very, very far from God. She was induced to come into the Mission Hall, and was there truly converted to God. We were enabled entirely to support her for a few weeks, until we could obtain for her a situation. She was placed in the family of a kind, Christian lady, and has been doing admirably well for the last twelve months. Her piety is unmistakable, and she is now held in esteem by all who know her. She frequently sends a contribution for the funds from her salary.

"M. and S. G.—The Sunday afternoon visitors are in the habit of going from

door to door, to invite by printed invitation and otherwise, to the service at the hall. Our friends referred to were both out when the visitors called, and in consequence the invitation paper was pushed under the door; on their return, the paper was, by some means, swept into the grate, and not noticed until next day, when the wife was clearing up the cinders. Her attention was attracted to the bill, and she resolved to attend the next service. On the following Sunday evening, she was at the hall, and was converted to God the same night. She then persuaded her husband to attend, and he has also found the pearl of great price. The wondrous change wrought is truly astounding to them. They are both members of the church.

"W. E. B.—This man has received a first-class education, and he has moved in a good position, but through improvidence and vice, has been reduced to the court stratum. When we found him, he was a collector of rags and bones, without a home or a friend. He has been induced to attend the mission hall, and he has now, to use his own language, been brought to the sense of the truth."

In connection with this mission, there is lodging-house visitation, open-air preaching, temperance meetings, tract distribution, children's evening class, where some seventy poor girls learn to sew and make their own clothes. The garments, when made, are sold at a mere trifle to the parents of the children, and thus scores of little ones are clothed in new apparel, instead of in old, worn-out dresses which are obtained from second-hand shops. There is also a free library, and a savings bank, in which £150 a-year are deposited. Thus a good work is done, not only for the religious, but also for the social improvement of the destitute poor.

It is this kind of work which our Christian young men may be able to perform. In nearly every large town, there are districts of a similar character requiring evangelisation. A little holy heroism may do wonders. Purposeless rashness—"cutting a dash," to use a fast expression—for the sake of novelty, is despicable. But zeal based on knowledge, heroism based on the purest religious instincts, force governed by faith, perseverance accompanied with prayer, cannot be expended in God's service without its results. A simple gospel, simply preached in all simplicity, with a simple purpose, will do for the wild wastes of our spiritual deserts what has been done in our own arid hearts—fructify the soul, and cause it to blossom with Christian virtues.

The Quaker Missionary.

DEMOSTHENES, in his famous oration to the Athenians on the ambitious designs of Philip of Macedon, urges, with great force of eloquence, the necessity of individual effort, and declares that the man who declined to put forth his own powers against the enemy, had no right to appeal to the gods for help. This advice might appropriately be given to such Christians who mourn over the inroads of wickedness without exerting themselves for the counteraction of evil in the world. We have known brethren to cry, "Lord, what a wretched world is this!" in the face of the fact that they did not, as they might, make the world less wretched. It is not enough to mourn over the world's delinquencies: we must exercise our Christian influence on behalf of the sin-stricken sons of man. The quiet, holy

influence of a godly man's life must ever be felt in the circle in which he moves; all the more powerful will that influence become if he uses it at all times, and in every way, for the extension of his Master's glory. Were all our church members fully alive to the importance of individual effort for the conversion of the ungodly, what a different world we should live in! And if ever the kingdom of this world is to become the kingdom of our Lord, it will be, under God, by the earnestness with which his people hold this important truth. God is pleased to use us for the moral and religious regeneration of mankind. We should be ambitious to serve him. We cannot all occupy prominent positions in the great army of the living God; let us be content, therefore, to become valiant soldiers of the cross, though our post be more humble than that of others.

We confess to great admiration for the principle on which our friends, the Quakers, work. It seems to us that they have caught, far more than any other denomination, the spirit which should energise us all. They labour under the strong conviction of their *personal responsibility to God*, a conviction which seems to deepen as their spiritual life progresses. Their books of biography are a storehouse of remarkable instances of individual effort, and what that effort may accomplish; and as such they may, even if for nothing else, be most profitably read. One of the more recent of these biographies is that of the Quaker missionary, Thomas Shillitoe, who is an encouraging example of what may be done by a Christian under a strong sense of his individual responsibility. In the light of this truth he laboured diligently in a world which then, as now, sadly needed sanctified influences. He was born in May, 1754, when England was being aroused from its torpidity by the earnestness of the great apostles of Evangelicism, Whitefield and Wesley. His parents were Episcopalians, and were solicitous for his preservation from the sinful follies of youth. The boys of his age were lawless, fast, wild, and vicious. Shillitoe was preserved from evil courses, although the associations around him were tempting. As an apprentice, first at Wapping, then at Portsmouth, he was surrounded by profligate scenes which now, thank God, are hidden from public sight. The Holy Spirit seems to have influenced his heart and life from his childhood; and there was, at an early age, a gentle, persevering, striving after the higher life. A distant relative, however, succeeded in causing him to neglect attendance upon a place of worship, and for one year his conduct was loose in this respect. Conscience, accused him of his sin, and he bowed to the inward monitor. He prayed for forgiveness, sustentation, and preservation, and his entreaties were answered by the God who listens to the cry of a broken heart. He then became a member of the Society of Friends. The Friends at that time were far less energetic and warm hearted than they had been. They seemed to have slumbered like the rest of God's church, and happily they were awakened together. Shillitoe was not the man to remain in a torpid condition, and of him it is recorded, that he was "one of the very first persons who infused a new life into the denomination."* His parents were much grieved at his transferred allegiance

* Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By William Tallack (Partridge), a book we have already commended to our readers.

from the national church to Quakerism, which has always been the object of scorn and ridicule by other than ungodly people. Yet young Shillitoe was none the less devotedly attached to the Society of Friends for the opposition he met. He became a clerk in a Quaker banking house in Lombard-street, where he was surrounded by associates of his own views; but he found, to his grief, that though professors of religion, they were addicted to worldly gaiety. This naturally grated upon his tender susceptibilities; for, when in our early love to Christ, we are the more susceptible to injuries done to our endeared Master. His employers yielded to the gambling spirit of the day, and issued lottery tickets to their customers. He resolved, though at a great sacrifice, to leave this fair field of profession. After some consideration, and despite the remonstrances of his friends, he resolved to turn his attention to the lapstone. He became a shoemaker, and, true Briton as he was, he stuck to his last. He says, soon after entering into an engagement with a shoemaker in Southwark, "my little surplus of money wasted fast, and my earnings were very small, not allowing me more for the first twelve months than bread, cheese, and water, and sometimes bread only, to keep clear of getting into debt, which I carefully avoided." He became a vegetarian, and, from some inscrutable reason, remained one.

Removing to Tottenham, where a good number of Quakers resided, he started in business, and prospered so well that he employed two journeymen. In 1778, he married, much to his own joy, and, as it ever should be, much to his prosperity. Twenty-seven years transpired, and Thomas had accumulated property which brought him in an income of £100 a-year. He thereupon resolved to retire, so that he might give himself up to the Lord's service. He had acted as a preacher on many occasions, and had taken preaching journeys into the suburbs of London. He felt convinced his divine Master had renewedly proclaimed to him, "Gather up thy wares into thine house, for I have need of the residue of thy days." He disposed of his business, at the age of fifty-one, and commenced promulgating the gospel, like the apostles, at what Mr. Ruskin calls "a walking pace." His preaching journeys were mostly performed on foot. "The continuity of Thomas Shillitoe's pedestrianism," remarks Mr. Tallack, "was sometimes extraordinary. Thus, in one week, he mentions walking on a Saturday evening from Lancaster to Wyersdale; on the Sunday afternoon, to Ray; on the Monday, twenty-six miles, to Hawes; on Tuesday, twenty-eight miles, to Masham; on Wednesday, twenty-three miles, to Leyburn; on Thursday, eight miles, to Aysgarth; and the same afternoon, ten miles over the moor to Reeth. On Friday, he set out with a horse and chaise to return to Hawes, but finding the dales were at that time flooded in many places, owing to the recent heavy rains, he quitted the conveyance and recommenced walking, often coming to places where the usual crossing by stepping-stones was impracticable, and where he had to wade through the rushing streams. However, he reached Hawes safely, and, fortified by a good dinner, boldly struck over the fells to Brigflatts, whence, on Saturday, he walked to Kendal, and reached Lancaster in the evening. Such was a week's work of this zealous and simple-hearted evangelist."

Thomas Shillitoe was, what London *gamins* so strangely denominate, "a cure." He was fond of oddities. Imagine a singular-looking man, clad in a "pepper and salt" suit, "with dowlas shirt, often open at the neck, without cravat, and with a chip hat, in hot weather carried in his hand, or deposited on the top of his umbrella, whilst he paced vigorously along with his coat on his arm," and you need not be surprised to learn that he created not a little amusement for the passing youngsters. In visiting those wealthy friends who were not personally acquainted with him, he was frequently introduced into the kitchen instead of the dining-room. He visited King William the Fourth with his coat off. "His dislike of inactivity was extreme. When, on his journeys, he was obliged to intermit his preaching, he endeavoured to fill up the intervals by useful occupation. He sometimes carried with him a linen smock-frock, similar to that worn by agricultural labourers, to wear whilst engaged in manual employment at farm-houses where he might be staying."

Our evangelist had a powerful voice, and was not afraid of using it. He made the walls echo with his voice; and so addicted was he to emphatically announcing his own convictions, that a favourite phrase with him was, "Persuaded I am." His preaching was intelligently evangelical. It would be impossible to enumerate the number of cases in which he seized hold of unusually singular opportunities for doing good. Our selection of cases, however, may be somewhat, though far from being wholly, of a representative character. A person, in a distant part of England, cherished a feeling of animosity towards a person with whom he was offended. Mr. Shillitoe knew this, and though on the point of taking a long Continental journey, he determined on doing his best towards reconciling the two individuals before he left our shores. Upon leaving the stage, *he walked ninety miles* in order to effect his object. "Thomas Shillitoe's foreign labours, like his home efforts, were mainly directed to five objects, viz.:—1. Personal interviews with monarchs and dignitaries, in order to impress upon their minds an increased sense of the serious responsibilities of their position. 2. The right observance of the Sabbath. 3. The promotion of temperance, and the discouragement of official facilities for drunkenness. 4. The visitation of prisoners. 5. The encouragement of conscientious individuals, and of small communities of religious persons, anxious respecting their relations to the Lord and to eternity." Everywhere he manifested a keen scent for opportunities for fulfilling his errand of mercy. He preferred the close steerage to the saloon deck of the slow canal boats in Holland, so that he might converse with the humblest respecting the good tidings of salvation. He "directed special labour where it would be likely to produce the most extensive and abiding results:" hence he endeavoured to influence the minds of those who instructed the people in religious truths. He walked through Holland, and proceeded to Hamburg, where he was for a time imprisoned for distributing bills on the desecration of the Sabbath, and the public immorality of Altona and Hamburg. Afterwards, he visited Copenhagen, and other parts of Denmark, and though attired in greasy clothing, presented himself before the king. He proceeded to Sweden and Norway, encountering many remarkable difficulties. He suffered from deep snow, thick fogs, rugged routes, and

intense cold, preaching wherever an opportunity occurred. He did the same in Prussia and Germany generally. Here is a curious incident, described by Mr. Tallack:—A meeting was held "under circumstances of peculiar disadvantage for a meeting commencing with silence, after the usual manner of the Friends. It was at a farm-house, where the most suitable place for such a gathering was in the large entrance hall, in the centre of the establishment, and around which were ranged stalls for the cattle, above which ran a gallery, containing the apartments of the family. In the stalls, were a horse, a cow, calves, pigs, a goat, and poultry. These manifesting no indications of quietness, but the reverse, the visitor was at first inclined to relinquish the idea of a meeting; but as a company had assembled, and as there was no better place (it being rainy and muddy out of doors), they endeavoured to settle down." He thus describes the scene:—"We took our seats together, soon after which the cow put out her head and gave a loud bellow, and the pigs and geese became very noisy." In the course of a short time, the unmusical party, tired of their chorus of discordant sounds, maintained the utmost stillness, and Mr. Shillitoe was thus able to proceed with his discourse.

Mr. Shillitoe's labours seem to have increased with his age. He was absent from England on his missionary tours for nearly two years; after which he remained at home for twelve months, in order that he might be the better prepared for a second Continental journey. For six months he stayed at Petersburg, visiting prisons, preaching and teaching. He had two interviews with the Emperor Alexander I., who favoured Quakers at Court. He returned overland through Prussia and Germany to his native country, suffering much from the coldness of the weather, from crossing frozen rivers in the dark, and from inundations. On reaching home, therefore, he was recommended to take some repose amid the quiet scenery of Derbyshire. Even here, however, he must needs find something worthy of doing for his poor fellow-creatures, and finding the bathing-place at Buxton in a miserable condition, he pleaded the cause of the poor before the Duke of Devonshire, who at once undertook to remedy the defects complained of. His health recovering, he proceeded to prepare for a long tour through America, which occupied him more than three years. The Society of Friends in that country were suffering from contentions. Some eighty thousand of them were forming themselves into a separate body, known as the Hicksites, who denied some of the most vital truths of Christianity. Shillitoe seems to have, unintentionally, given the Hicksites reason to believe that he was one with them in at least some of their erroneous views. Indeed, Shillitoe had his faults, theological and otherwise. He got his head muddled about innate ideas, and at times his trumpet gave an uncertain sound.

Englishmen are notorious grumblers, because, for one thing, they are not addicted to foreign free-and-easy habits. Conventional stiffness prevents our submitting, without exercising our national privilege, to the annoying customs of other people. Hence Shillitoe, unlike Richard Weaver, did not appreciate the squalling of infants at meetings; and when in the remote settlements of America, he was much annoyed at the practice of bringing dogs into the meetings, evidently thinking that

as their worship would be necessarily soulless, there was no likelihood of their profiting. The dogs, too, were irascible. They were not soothed by the preaching, since they trotted about the room most restlessly. They wished to sojourn in the land of Nod, and the soporiferous influences of the fire were needed to assist them in travelling thither. To become thus mesmerised, it was necessary to get as near to the stove as possible. Consequently there was a fight for the highest seat, which did not add much to the devotion of the worshippers. No doubt, the Americans were non-objectors; but Mr. Shillitoe frequently protested that "these scenes were unnecessary accompaniments of meetings"—not only "thorns in the flesh," but, as we should think, "messengers of Satan." Everywhere the Quaker missionary laboured—in prisons, hospitals, and houses—among the influential and the lowly. He aimed at the conversion of both negroes and their owners—the latter needing his Christian solicitude even more than the unfortunate beings held by an accursed system, now happily dissolved, under subjection to tyrants who most of all needed the civilising influences of Christianity. His honest, though painful, labours were resisted, but God preserved his life from the savagery of the slaveowners.

Shillitoe's messages to royalty were not conceived in any spirit of meddlesome fussiness; but were the result of a principle which he, with many of his brethren, held most firmly, viz., that those who occupied positions of influence should be influenced for God, inasmuch as they could mould the minds of large numbers of people. He obtained an interview with George III., and made tears to flow down the cheeks of royalty. He ran after the carriage of the profligate prince regent, and gave him one of the most plain-spoken letters that could well be penned, on the Prince's intemperance and evil doings. "Prince as thou art," said the brave old Quaker, "thou must appear before the tribunal of divine justice and judgment. How wilt thou then give an account of of these scenes of dissipation? Remember the decrees of the great Judge are unalterable; and against them there lies no appeal." The Prince, eleven years afterwards, acknowledged that he remembered that out-spoken address. Shillitoe again had the opportunity of presenting another letter to the prince; and it is said that when the monarch was on his death-bed, he called out, "Oh! that Quaker, that Quaker!" as if he recalled the kindly warnings given him years since. His other visits to royalty were numerous, and were attended with good results. His exertions in favour of the cause of temperance were unceasing. During his first journey to Ireland, he made ninety-three visits to the whisky-shops in and around Waterford, and though ridiculed, insulted, and cursed, he continued his noble work in these dens of intemperance. He visited six hundred whisky dens and haunts of vice in Dublin alone, in one day performing thirty-five visits. His preaching to seven hundred and fifty prisoners in the large prison of Rotterdam must have been a wonderful sight. His life-long labours in promoting the proper observance of the Sabbath were attended by much good; and most vigorous campaigns did he lead against theatres and dramatic performances.

The evening of his life was spent in the place where he had worked as a shoemaker, where (and even in his declining days) he did much

good. He witnessed the revival of earnestness and true religion amongst the Friends in England. He was rather limited in his conceptions of the gifts God uses for the ministry; and although he wrote and read religious addresses, he held that the blessings of the Holy Spirit were confined to purely oral delivery. His death-bed was a noble illustration of the power of godliness at the last extremity of life. He closed his eyes to all human merit, looked solely to Christ, and fell asleep, to realise the fulness of the gospel which he had imperfectly preached on earth.

John Ploughman's Talk.

ON GOSSIPS.

IN Walton church, in our county, there is a brank, or scold's bridle, which was used in years gone by to keep women's tongues from troubling their husbands and their neighbours. They did queer things in those good old times. Was this bridle a proof of what our parson calls the wisdom of our ancestors, or was it a bit of needless cruelty?

"It is nothing—only a woman drowning," is a wicked and spiteful old saying, which, like the bridle, came out of the common notion that women do a world of mischief with their tongues. Is it so or not? John Ploughman will leave somebody else to answer, for he owns that he cannot keep a secret himself, and likes a dish of chat as well as anybody; only John does not care for cracking people's characters, and hates the slander which is so sweet to some people's teeth. John puts the question to wiser men than himself: Are women much worse than men in this business? They say that silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but it is very little worn. Is it so? Is it true that a woman only conceals what she does not know? Are women's tongues like lambs' tails, always wagging? They say foxes are all tail, and women all tongue. Is this false or not? Was that old prayer a needful one—"From big guns and women's tongues deliver us"? John has a right good and quiet wife of his own, whose voice is so sweet that he cannot hear it too often, and therefore he is not a fair judge; but he is half afraid that some other women would sooner preach than pray, and would not require strong tea to set their clappers going; but still, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and some men are quite as bad blabs as the women.

What a pity that there is not a tax upon words: what an income the Queen would get from it; but, alas! talking pays no toll. And if lies paid double, the Government might pay off the National Debt; but who could collect the money? Common fame is a common liar. Hearsay is half lies. A tale never loses in the telling. As a snowball grows by rolling, so does a story. They who talk much lie much. If men only said what was true, what a peaceable world we shou'd see. Silence seldom makes mischief; but talking is a plague to the parish. Silence is wisdom; and, by this rule, wise men and wise women are scarce. Still waters are the deepest; but the shallowest brooks brawl the most; this shows how plentiful fools must be. An open mouth

shows an empty head. If the chest had gold or silver in it, it would not always stand wide open. Talking comes by nature, but it needs a good deal of training to learn to be quiet; yet regard for truth should put a bit into every honest man's mouth, and a bridle upon every good woman's tongue.

If we must talk, at least let us be free from slander, let us not blister our tongues with backbiting. Slander may be sport to talebearers, but it is death to those whom they abuse. We can commit murder with the tongue as well as with the hand. The worst evil you can do a man is to injure his character, as the Quaker said to his dog, "I'll not beat thee, nor abuse thee, but I'll give thee an ill name." All are not thieves that dogs bark at, but they are generally treated as if they were; for the world for the most part believe that where there is smoke there is fire, and what everybody says must be true. Let us then be careful that we do not hurt our neighbour in so tender a point as his character, for it is hard to get dirt off if it is once thrown on; and when a man is once in people's bad books, he is hardly ever quite out of them. If we would be sure not to speak amiss, it might be as well to speak as little as possible; for if all men's sins were divided into two bundles, half of them would be sins of the tongue. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

Gossips of both genders, give up the shameful trade of talebearing; don't be the devil's bellows any longer to blow up the fire of strife. Leave off setting people by the ears. If you do not cut a bit off your tongues, at least season them with the salt of grace. Praise God more and blame neighbours less. Any goose can cackle, any fly can find out a sore place, any empty barrel can give forth sound, any brier can tear a man's flesh. No flies will go down your throat if you keep your mouth shut, and no evil speaking will come up. Think much, but say little: be quick at work and slow at talk; and above all, ask the great Lord to set a watch over your lips.

The Yearly Atonement.

BY JOHN ALDIS, JUN.

Leviticus xvi., xxiii., 26—32; Numbers xxix. 7—11.

THE attention of the readers of this Magazine has already been called to some of the shadows of heavenly things which were given to direct the faith and sustain the hope of the saints of yore (*see October*, 1866, *and February*, 1867). In this paper the writer wishes to depict the events of the only divinely-appointed fast of the Jewish calendar, and to show their typical significance. He has detailed them in what appears to him the most probable order; though, in some minute particulars, it is impossible to ascertain exactly the mode of procedure. And he ventures to hope that, as the reader turns for confirmation to the Scriptures indicated above, he will find that, in the main at least, the description is in accordance with the oracles of God. May the reader be led to a more earnest study of the ancient type, and thereby to a warmer love to, and simpler faith in, him who is the substance of these shadows.

LET US ENDEAVOUR TO REALISE THE EVENTS OF THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

As the sun sank in the west on the evening of the ninth of Tisri (the seventh month of the Jewish sacred year, about the end of September), the people prepared to celebrate the solemn yearly fast. Servile work they laid aside; their ornaments they put off; they "ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in their mouth;" but they began to "afflict their souls," for the great day of atonement was about to dawn. Early on the tenth day, the High Priest, arrayed in his gorgeous robes, doubtless assisted by the inferior priests, offers up the daily morning burnt offering, and (probably) also the extra sacrifices for the day mentioned (Num. xxix. 7—11): the bullock, ram, and seven lambs for the burnt offering, the kid for the sin offering, together with their appointed meat and drink offerings.

And now he begins the peculiar solemnities of the day. He puts off his splendid garments, and, having washed, arrays himself in the simple linen coat and girdle and mitre, the common attire of the inferior priests. He brings into the outer court the bullock for his own sin offering, and the ram for his own burnt offering. He brings in also the sacrifices for the people; two goats to form the two significant parts of their one sin offering, and a ram for their burnt offering. He begins with his own sin offering; but he does not at first kill the bullock, but offers it before the Lord (*brings it near*, Septuagint), to make an atonement for himself and for his house, *i.e.*, the whole company of the priests. He does not at first shed the blood, but confesses his sin, and entreats pardon. The Vulgate probably gives the true idea, "He *shall pray* for himself and for his house." He next takes the two goats for the people's sin offering, and casts lots, which shall be "for Jehovah," which "for Azazel." This word has puzzled the learned, but the old rendering, scape-goat, *i.e.*, goat that is to be sent away, is at least as likely as any other. And now he kills the bullock for his own sin offering, and taking a censer full of burning coals from the fire on the altar of burnt offering, which was never extinguished, and carrying in his hand sweet incense and some of the bullock's blood, he reverently draws aside the thick vail, and enters where none has entered since that day twelvemonths—the Holy of holies, the more immediate presence of God. All other men are carefully excluded even from the tabernacle, so that no curious eyes can peer into these mysteries. And even he dares not look upon that glory; but quickly casting the incense upon the coals, a thick cloud of incense rises and covers the mercy-seat, and his life is preserved. Standing to the east of the mercy-seat, he sprinkles the blood both upon it, and seven times upon the ground in front. He comes out again from that dread presence chamber, and having killed the goat for the people's sin offering, he re-enters, bearing its blood, which he sprinkles as he sprinkled the blood of the bullock.

Having thus made atonement in the most holy place, he comes to cleanse with blood the holy place, the tabernacle without the vail; for the sins of Israel have polluted it. He puts the blood upon the four horns of the golden altar which stood before the vail (Exodus xxx. 10), on which the incense was burnt daily; he sprinkles also (probably) the candlestick, and the table for the shewbread, and also the floor. And

now he comes to the outer court, to sanctify the altar of burnt offering. He takes the blood, both of the bullock and of the goat, and puts it upon the four horns of the altar, and sprinkles it seven times. And now he takes the live goat, the Azazel, and placing both his hands upon its head, confesses the sins of the congregation with what minuteness he is able. Thus in a figure Israel's sins are placed upon the victim's head: the goat is typically regarded as the sinner, and the people are accounted free. All unconscious of its load, the goat is led out from the court: the people make way, lest they should touch this accursed thing, and so be defiled; a fit man leads it many a weary mile to some place far from the abodes of men, and there leaves it; and, having washed away his defilement, re-enters the camp. A modern artist has made the scapegoat the subject of his pencil. The mountains of Moab are in the distance; the waters of the Dead Sea roll heavily in front; and in the midst of this scene of desolation, the Azazel, the sin-laden goat, is lying—dead upon the sand.

Aaron, having sent away the goat, enters the tabernacle once more. He puts off his humble dress, washes his flesh in water, arrays himself in his sumptuous robes, and approaching the great brazen altar, he offers up the two rams, the burnt offering for himself and the burnt offering for the people; and thus dedicates himself and them to the Lord in these ascending flames of sacrifice. He burns also that part of the sin offerings which was required to be burned by the law. Lev. iv. 8—10, 26, 31. The rest of the carcases are carried forth without the camp and burned with fire. He that performs this work washes his clothes, and then enters the camp.

Who can describe the joy that must have thrilled every devout heart when this day's work was done! God's High Priest has met with favour; the tabernacle they had defiled is again hallowed and still spared to them; their many sins are carried away into a land of forgetfulness. No more need they afflict their souls, for God is reconciled and well pleased; and they may prepare on the following week to keep the feast of Tabernacles with very great gladness. Lev. xxiii. 34. And once in fifty years this day of atonement was signalised by a great national boon. Lev. xxv. 9. The trumpet of Jubilee was sounded through all the land; and on that day when Israel's sins were put away, the bondman was set at liberty, the forfeited heritage was restored, the debtor's obligations were cancelled. "This fast which the Lord had chosen was to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke."

LET US ENDEAVOUR TO UNDERSTAND THE EVENTS OF THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

As Aaron in his office and dress was typical of Christ, the great High Priest, of which fact we have clear proof on inspired authority, so we have the same authority to believe that the duties he discharged on this great day of atonement had a very special reference to Christ's work; and that there was something typical, not only in the Priest, but also in the offerings of the day. Thus the apostle, writing to the Hebrews, in the ninth chapter of his epistle, after he has spoken (ver. 7) of the High Priest's yearly entrance within the vail, says (ver. 11, 12), "But Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater

and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Again, chap. xiii. 11, 12, "For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the High Priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." The great events of that solemn day were thus designed by God as types to lead the people of old, and to lead us now to truer thoughts of Christ's work. Avoiding doubtful fancies, let us endeavour to read the riddle, and to gather what instruction we may.

It is a significant fact that this law was promulgated after the death of Nadab and Abihu, for their temerity in offering strange fire before the Lord. That sad event showed that men were lacking in reverence for God's sacred service. And since sometimes "familiarity breeds contempt," that reverence would be increased if some parts of the divine service were discharged but seldom. The divine *arcana* were rendered more sacred in the eyes of men by the infrequency with which the separating vail was drawn aside.

But this *one* yearly sacrifice was mainly intended to prefigure the *one* offering of Christ for sin. Yet this offering was repeated year by year, to teach that these bulls and goats had in themselves no efficacy; otherwise, "the worshippers once purged, should have had no more conscience of sins: but in those sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year." Heb. x. 2, 3, 4. Thus the devout Israelite, as he saw that the great atonement required yearly repetition, was taught that "it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins;" and was led by faith to the GREAT SUBSTITUTE, on whom the Lord should lay the iniquity of us all.

We have seen that on this day Aaron laid aside his splendid robes, and ministered in a simple dress. It might seem strange that he who commonly was so richly clad, should discard all his glory, and perform his most glorious work in his meanest attire. But this was typical of our Lord's humiliation. He was always robed in splendour at his Father's side; but he laid all this aside when he came to make atonement, "and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." It is noteworthy that the *coat*, about which the soldiers were quarrelling beneath his cross, was a garment similar to that *coat* which the High Priest put on when he entered within the vail. But Christ has put on his robes again, and sat down on his throne, and he will never more put off the one, nor leave the other.

Aaron had to present a sin offering for himself. There is nothing corresponding to this in the antitype, for Christ was sinless. But Aaron's sin offering was full of meaning. It taught that he who would be a mediator must himself be sinless. And since it was an admission that Aaron was *not* sinless, it clearly proved that *he* could not be the true mediator, and led the eye of faith onward from this poor shadow to the true "mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus." Aaron must also make atonement for the holy place, and all the vessels of service. Even these holy things need cleansing, because they are defiled by the sins of the children of Israel. So imperfect is their best

service, that they pollute God's sanctuary, and would cause him to abhor it, were it not again reconciled by the cleansing blood. And now—

> "As dirty hands foul all they touch,
> And those things most which are most pure and fine,
> So our clay hearts, e'en when we crouch
> To sing thy praises, make them less divine."

So unworthy is all our service, so mixed with hypocrisy, coldness, and sin, that were it not for Christ's cleansing blood, God must reject our worship altogether.

When Aaron entered within the vail, all others were carefully excluded from the tabernacle. This was calculated to teach the people that they had no right to enter God's courts; and their temporary exclusion was a proof that they were there only of God's sufferance. Certain college grounds which are usually open to the public, are closed one day in the year, that people may know that their entrance is a privilege, and that they cannot claim it as a right. It is a privilege as well as a duty to worship God. But the main reason why the High Priest was left absolutely alone, was that he might prefigure the solitariness of Christ's redemptive work. "Of the people there was none with him."

There is great interest about the people's sin offering. The two goats are clearly typical of Christ. Some say that the slain goat was the type of Christ dying, and the scape-goat the type of Christ risen. This view, however, is untenable, for the scape-goat is represented as bearing the people's sins, and as an unclean and accursed thing, which has no typical relation to Christ risen. Both goats, then, point us to Jesus the sin-bearer, to Jesus made a curse: the one teaching us that our sins were laid upon Christ, the other that for our sins he must die. If these divinely-appointed types mean anything, they certainly show the vicariousness of Christ's death. So close is the connection between the victim and the transgression, that in the Hebrew the same word means both sin and sin-offering. And so close was the connection between Christ and sin, that Paul says, "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin." The goat's life must be taken; his blood must be sprinkled. The law is, "life for life;" and because our life is justly forfeited, Christ must die or the sinner cannot live. But Christ "By his own blood entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

How full of meaning is the scape-goat! Aaron confessed in detail the sins of Israel, and by a most appropriate symbol placed them upon the goat's head. So "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." All our sins, in their aggravation and their minuteness, were laid upon his head. And then the goat, in figure thus laden, was sent into a far-off land: and in no way could the utter removal of our guilt from us have been more forcibly predicted. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." These goats show our sins borne by Christ, borne away by Christ, and their penalty endured. Let men say what they please, here is our hope: Christ died "The just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." The tradition is, that a scarlet fillet was fastened to the head of the goat, and when the offering was accepted, the scarlet became white. Be this as it may, Christ's substitution has been well pleasing to the Father; so that, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

And most solemnly did this annual atonement proclaim the evil of sin; as the bodies were burned without the camp—so identified with sin that they must not defile the abode of Israel; and as those who burned them and led away the scape-goat were, until they had washed, regarded as unclean. And whenever that banished goat was seen by the traveller in the desert, or was thought of as somewhere bearing the heavy curse, it would be a pathetic memento of the reality and evil of sin. So, from the scenes of Calvary, rather than from the thunders of Sinai, or even from the flames of hell, do we learn the evil of sin. Reader, are you living in that which made the Lord of Glory bleed?

Aaron offered his own burnt offering and that of the people. The Greek and Latin translators called this kind of sacrifice a *holocaust*, because it was wholly consumed; but the Hebrews more beautifully named it an *olah*, *i.e.*, an offering *that goes up;* for being entirely consumed, it ascended in flames to God, and was thus a fit emblem of consecration. That view of the death of Christ which regards it as an act of self-sacrifice and consecration, is true as far as it goes, though it goes not far enough. Christ was mainly a sin offering; but he was also a burnt offering: and as his *olah* went up, the Father was well pleased. Christ also presents his people for a burnt offering. Oh! to be of one heart with him in this purpose of consecration. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name."

And how were the people employed meanwhile? Afflicting their souls in solemn fasting, in penitence and prayer. "Whatsoever soul it be that shall not be afflicted in that same day, he shall be cut off from among his people." *The national atonement was, then, of individual benefit only to those whose spirits were in sympathy therewith.* Alas! on the great day of the world's atonement, but few afflicted their souls. The nation of the Jews prepared for feasting rather than for mourning; and how soon was that threatening fulfilled, and that people "cut off!" The heavens put on sackcloth, and some timid disciples wept in secret; and those who mourned had their mourning turned into joy. *Christ's atonement only avails for those who afflict their souls.* Reader, it is a delusion to think because Christ died *you must* be safe. If the heart be not broken for sin, Christ's blood will not cleanse it from sin. "In that day did the Lord God of hosts call to weeping, and to mourning . . . . and behold joy and gladness . . . . and it was revealed in mine ears by the Lord of hosts, Surely this iniquity shall not be purged from you till ye die." Reader, is this ancient record true of you? God grant that rather you may look unto him whom you have pierced, and mourn for him. Such sorrow ever leads to joy.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXX.

TITLE.—A Psalm and Song at the Dedication of the House of David; *or rather*, A Psalm; a Song of Dedication for the House. By David. *A song of faith since the house of Jehovah, here intended, David never lived to see. A Psalm of praise, since a sore judgment had been stayed, and a great sin forgiven. From our English version it would appear that this Psalm was intended to be sung at the building of that house of cedar which David erected for himself, when he no longer had to hide himself in the Cave of Adullam, but had become a great king. If this had been the meaning, it would have been well to observe that it is right for the believer when removing, to dedicate his new abode to God. We should call together our Christian friends, and show that where we dwell, God dwells, and where we have a tent, God has an altar. But as the song refers to the temple, for which it was David's joy to lay by in store, and for the site of which he purchased in his later days the floor of Ornan, we must content ourselves with remarking the holy faith which foresaw the fulfilment of the promise made to him concerning Solomon. Faith can sing—*

"Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet."

Throughout this Psalm there are indications that David had been greatly afflicted, both personally and relatively, after having, in his presumption, fancied himself secure. When God's children prosper one way, they are generally tried another, for few of us can bear unmingled prosperity. Even the joys of hope need to be mixed with the pains of experience, and the more surely so when comfort breeds carnal security and self-confidence. Nevertheless pardon soon followed repentance, and God's mercy was glorified. The Psalm is a song, and not a complaint. Let it be read in the light of the last days of David, when he had numbered the people, and God had chastened him, and then in mercy had bidden the angel sheathe his sword. On the floor of Ornan, the poet received the inspiration which glows in this delightful ode. It is the Psalm of the numbering of the people, and of the dedication temple which commemorated the staying of the plague.

DIVISION.—*In verses* 1, 2, *and* 3, *David extols the Lord for delivering him. Verses* 4 *and* 5 *he invites the saints to unite with him in celebrating divine compassion. In* 6 *and* 7 *he confesses the fault for which he was chastened.* 8—10 *repeats the supplication which he offered, and concludes with commemorating his deliverance and vowing eternal praise.*

EXPOSITION.

I WILL extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

2 O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

3 O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

1. "*I will extol thee.*" I will have high and honourable conceptions of thee, and give them utterance in my best music. Others may forget thee, murmur at thee, despise thee, blaspheme thee, but "I will extol thee," for I have been favoured above all others. I will extol thy name, thy character, thine attributes, thy mercy to me, thy great forbearance to my people; but, especially will I speak well of thyself; "I will extol thee," O Jehovah; this shall be my cheerful and constant employ. "*For thou hast lifted me up.*" Here is an antithesis, "I will exalt thee, for thou hast exalted me." I would render according to the benefit received. The Psalmist's praise was

reasonable. He had a reason to give for the praise that was in his heart. He had been drawn up like a prisoner from a dungeon, like Joseph out of the pit, and therefore he loved his deliverer. Grace has uplifted us from the pit of hell, from the ditch of sin, from the Slough of Despond, from the bed of sickness, from the bondage of doubts and fears: have we no song to offer for all this? How high has our Lord lifted us? Lifted us up into the children's place, to be adopted into the family; lifted us up into union with Christ, "to sit together with him in heavenly places." Lift high the name of our God, for he has lifted us above the stars. "*And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.*" This was the judgment which David most feared out of the three evils; he said, let me fall into the hand of the Lord, and not into the hand of man. Terrible indeed were our lot if we were delivered over to the will of our enemies. Blessed be the Lord, we have been preserved from so dire a fate. The devil and all our spiritual enemies have not been permitted to rejoice over us; for we have been saved from the fowler's snare. Our evil companions, who prophesied that we should go back to our old sins, are disappointed. Those who watched for our halting, and would fain say, "Aha! Aha! So would we have it!" have watched in vain until now. O happy they whom the Lord keeps so consistent in character that the lynx eyes of the world can see no real fault in them. Is this our case? let us ascribe all the glory to him who has sustained us in our integrity.

2. "*O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.*" David sent up prayers for himself and for his people when visited with the pestilence. He went at once to head-quarters, and not roundabout to fallible means. God is the best physician, even for our bodily infirmities. We do very wickedly and foolishly when we forget God. It was a sin in Asa that he trusted to physicians and not to God. If we must have a physician, let it be so, but still let us go to our God first of all; and, above all, remember that there can be no power to heal in medicine of itself; the healing energy must flow from the divine hand. If our watch is out of order, we take it to the watchmaker; if body or soul be in an evil plight, let us resort to him who created them, and has unfailing skill to put them in right condition. As for our spiritual diseases, nothing can heal these evils but the touch of the Lord Christ: if we do but touch the hem of his garment, we shall be made whole, while if we embrace all other physicians in our arms, they can do us no service. "*O Lord my God.*" Observe the covenant name which faith uses—"*my God.*" Thrice happy is he who can claim the Lord himself to be his portion. Note how David's faith ascends the scale; he sang "O Lord" in the first verse, but it is "O Lord my God," in the second. Heavenly heart-music is an ascending thing, like the pillars of smoke which rose from the altar of incense. "*I cried unto thee.*" I could hardly pray, but I cried; I poured out my soul as a little child pours out its desires. I cried to my God: I knew to whom to cry; I did not cry to my friends, or to any arm of flesh. Hence the sure and satisfactory result—"*thou hast healed me.*" I know it. I am sure of it. I have the evidence of spiritual health within me now: glory be to thy name! Every humble suppliant with God who seeks release from the disease of sin, shall speed as well as the Psalmist did, but those who will not so much as seek a cure, need not wonder if their wounds putrify and their soul dies.

3. "*O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave.*" Mark, it is not, "I hope so;" but it is, "*Thou hast; thou hast; thou hast*"—three times over. David is quite sure, beyond a doubt, that God has done great things for him, whereof he is exceeding glad. He had descended to the brink of the sepulchre, and yet was restored to tell of the forbearance of God; nor was this all, he owned that nothing but grace had kept him from the lowest hell, and this made him doubly thankful. To be spared from the grave is much; to be delivered from the pit is more; hence there is growing cause for praise, since both deliverances are alone traceable to the glorious right hand of the Lord, who is the only preserver of life, and the only Redeemer of our souls from hell.

4 Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

5 For his anger *endureth* but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy *cometh* in the morning.

4. "*Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his.*" "Join my song; assist me to express my gratitude." He felt that he could not praise God enough himself, and therefore he would enlist the hearts of others. "*Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his.*" David would not fill his choir with reprobates, but with sanctified persons, who could sing from their hearts. He calls to you, ye people of God, because ye are *saints:* and if sinners are wickedly silent, let your holiness constrain *you* to sing. You are *his* saints—chosen, blood-bought, called, and set apart for God; sanctified on purpose that you should offer the daily sacrifice of praise. Abound ye in this heavenly duty. "*Sing unto the Lord.*" It is a pleasing exercise; it is a profitable engagement. Do not need to be stirred up so often to so pleasant a service. "*And give thanks.*" Let your songs be grateful songs, in which the Lord's mercies shall live again in joyful remembrance. The very remembrance of the past should tune our harps, even if present joys be lacking. "*At the remembrance of his holiness.*" Holiness is an attribute which inspires the deepest awe, and demands a reverent mind; but still give thanks at the remembrance of it. "Holy, holy, holy!" is the song of seraphim and cherubim; let us join it—not dolefully, as though we trembled at the holiness of God, but cheerfully, as humbly rejoicing in it.

5. "*For his anger endureth but a moment.*" David here alludes to those dispensations of God's providence which are the chastisement ordered in his paternal government towards his erring children, such as the plague which fell upon Jerusalem for David's sins; these are but short judgments, and they are removed as soon as real penitence sues for pardon and presents the great and acceptable sacrifice. What a mercy is this, for if the Lord's wrath smoked for a long season, flesh would utterly fail before him. God puts up his rod with great readiness as soon as its work is done; he is slow *to* anger and swift to end it. If his temporary and fatherly anger be so severe that it had need be short, what must be the terror of eternal wrath exercised by the Judge towards his adversaries? "*In his favour is life.*" As soon as the Lord looked favourably upon David, the city lived, and the king's heart lived too. We die like withered flowers when the Lord frowns, but his sweet smile revives us as the dews refresh the fields. His favour not only sweetens and cheers life, but it is life itself, the very essence of life. Who would know life, let him seek the favour of the Lord. "*Weeping may endure for a night;*" but nights are not for ever. Even in the dreary winter the day-star lights his lamp. It seems fit that in our nights the dews of grief should fall. When the bridegroom's absence makes it dark within, it is meet that the widowed soul should pine for a renewed sight of the Well-beloved. "*But joy cometh in the morning.*" When the Son of righteousness comes, we wipe our eyes, and joy chases out intruding sorrow. Who would not be joyful that knows Jesus? The first beams of the morning bring us comfort when Jesus is the day-dawn, and all believers know it to be so. Mourning only lasts till morning: when the night is gone the gloom shall vanish. This is adduced as a reason for saintly singing, and forcible reason it is; short nights and merry days call for the psaltery and harp.

6 And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

7 LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, *and* I was troubled.

6. "*In my prosperity.*" When all his foes were quiet, and his rebellious son dead and buried, then was the time of peril. Many a vessel founders in a calm. No temptation is so bad as tranquility. "*I said, I shall never be moved.*" Ah! David, you said more than was wise to say, or even to

think, for God has founded the world upon the floods, to show us what a poor, mutable, movable, inconstant world it is. Unhappy he who builds upon it! He builds himself a dungeon for his hopes. Instead of conceiving that we shall never be moved, we ought to remember that we shall very soon be removed altogether. Nothing is abiding beneath the moon. Because I happen to be prosperous to-day, I must not fancy that I shall be in my high estate to-morrow. As in a wheel, the uppermost spokes descend to the bottom in due course, so is it with mortal conditions. There is a constant revolution: many who are in the dust to-day shall be highly elevated to-morrow, while those who are now aloft shall soon grind the earth. Prosperity had evidently turned the Psalmist's head, or he would not have been so self-confident. He stood by grace, and yet forgot himself, and so met with a fall. Reader, is there not much of the same proud stuff in all our hearts? let us beware lest the fumes of intoxicating success get into our brains and make fools of us also.

7. "*Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong.*" He ascribed his prosperity to the Lord's favour—so far good, it is well to own the hand of the Lord in all our stability and wealth. But observe that the good in a good man is not unmingled good, for this was alloyed with carnal security. His state he compares to a mountain, a molehill would have been nearer—we never think too little of ourselves. He boasted that his mountain stood strong, and yet he had before in Psalm xxix. spoken of Sirion and Lebanon as moving like young unicorns. Was David's state more firm than Lebanon? Ah, vain conceit, too common to us all! How soon the bubble bursts when God's people get conceit into their heads, and fancy that they are to enjoy immutability beneath the stars, and constancy upon this whirling orb. How touchingly and teachingly God corrected his servant's mistake: "*Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.*" There was no need to come to blows, a hidden face was enough. This proves, first, that David was a genuine saint, for no hiding of God's face on earth would trouble a sinner; and, secondly, that the joy of the saint is dependent upon the presence of his Lord. No mountain, however firm, can yield us rest when our communion with God is broken, and his face is concealed. However, in such a case, it is well to be troubled. The next best thing to basking in the light of God's countenance, is to be thoroughly unhappy when that bliss is denied us.

"Lord, let me weep for nought for sin!
And after none but thee!
And then I would—O that I might,
A constant weeper be!"

8 I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

9 What profit *is there* in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

10 Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me: LORD, be thou my helper.

8. "*I cried to thee, O Lord.*" Prayer is the unfailing resource of God's people. If they are driven to their wits' end, they may still go to the mercy-seat. When an earthquake makes our mountain tremble, the throne of grace still stands firm, and we may come to it. Let us never forget to pray, and let us never doubt the success of prayer. The hand which wounds can heal: let us turn to him who smites us, and he will be entreated of us. Prayer is better solace than Caius building a city, or Saul's seeking for music. Mirth and carnal amusements are a sorry prescription for a mind distracted and despairing; prayer will succeed where all else fails.

9. In this verse we learn the form and method of David's prayer. It was an argument with God, an urging of reasons, a pleading of his cause. It was not a statement of doctrinal opinions, nor a narration of experience, much less a sly

hit at other people under pretence of praying to God, although all these things and worse have been substituted for holy supplication at certain prayer-meetings. He wrestled with the angel of the covenant with vehement pleadings, and therefore he prevailed. Head and heart, judgment and affections, memory and intellect were all at work to spread the case aright before the Lord of love. "*What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?*" Wilt thou not lose a songster from thy choir, and one who loves to magnify thee? "*Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?*" Will there not be one witness the less to thy faithfulness and veracity? Spare, then, thy poor unworthy one for thine own name sake!

10. "*Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.*" A short and comprehensive petition, available at all seasons, let us use it full often. It is the publican's prayer; be it ours. If God hears prayer, it is a great act of mercy; our petitions do not merit a reply. "*Lord, be thou my helper.*" Another compact, expressive, ever fitting prayer. It is suitable to hundreds of the cases of the Lord's people; it is well becoming in the minister when he is going to preach, to the sufferer upon the bed of pain, to the toiler in the field of service, to the believer under temptation, to the man of God under adversity; when God helps, difficulties vanish. He is the help of his people, a very present help in trouble. The two brief petitions of this verse are commended as ejaculations to believers full of business, denied to those longer seasons of devotion which are the rare privilege of those whose days are spent in retirement.

11 Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.

12 To the end that *my* glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

11. Observe the contrast, God takes away the mourning of his people; and what does he give them instead of it? Quiet and peace? Ay, and a great deal more than that. "*Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.*" He makes their hearts to dance at the sound of his name. He takes off their sackcloth. That is good. What a delight to be rid of the habiliments of woe! But what then? He clothes us. And how? With some common dress? Nay, but with that royal vestment which is the array of glorified spirits in heaven. "*Thou hast girded me with gladness.*" This is better than to wear garments of silk or cloth of gold, bedight with embroidery and bespangled with gems. Many a poor man wears this heavenly apparel wrapped around his heart, though fustian and corduroy are his only outward garb; and such a man needs not envy the emperor in all his pomp. Glory be to thee, O God, if, by a sense of full forgiveness and present justification, thou hast enriched my spiritual nature, and filled me with all the fulness of God.

12. "*To the end*"—namely, with this view and intent—"*that my glory*"—that is, my tongue or my soul—"*may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.*" It would be a shameful crime, if, after receiving God's mercies, we should forget to praise him. God would not have our tongues lie idle while so many themes for gratitude are spread on every hand. He would have no dumb children in the house. They are all to sing in heaven, and therefore they should all sing on earth. Let us sing with the poet:—

"I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies."

'*O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.*"

"I'll praise him in life; I'll praise him in death;
I'll praise him as long as he lendeth me breath;
And say when the death-dew lays cold on my brow,
'If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'"

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

In the following verses I have endeavoured to give the spirit of the psalm, and to preserve the frequent antitheses.

I will exalt thee, Lord of hosts,
For thou'st exalted me;
Since thou hast silenced Satan's boasts,
I'll therefore boast in thee.

My sins had brought me near the grave,
The grave of black despair;
I look'd, but there was none to save
Till I look'd up in prayer.

In answer to my piteous cries,
From hell's dark brink I'm brought;
My Jesus saw me from the skies;
And swift salvation wrought.

All through the night I wept full sore,
But morning brought relief;
That hand, which broke my bones before,
Then broke my bonds of grief.

My mourning he to dancing turns,
For sackcloth joy he gives,
A moment, Lord, thine anger burns,
But long thy favour lives.

Sing with me then, ye favoured men,
Who long have known his grace;
With thanks recall the seasons when
Ye also sought his face.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

TITLE.—House dedication, and how to arrange it.

Verse 1 *(first clause).*—God and his people exalting each other.

Verse 1 *(second clause).*—The happiness of being preserved so as not to be the scorn of our enemies.

The disappointments of the devil.

Verse 2.—The sick man, the physician, the night-bell, the medicine, and the cure; or, a covenant God, a sick saint, a crying heart, a healing hand.

Verse 3.—*Upbringing and preservation,* two choice mercies; made the more illustrious by two terrible evils, "*grave*" and "*pit;*" traced immediately to the Lord, "*thou hast.*"

Verse 4.—*Song,* a sacred service; "*saints*" especially called to it; *divine holiness,* a choice subject for it. *Memory,* an admirable aid in it.

Verse 5.—The anger of God in relation to his people.

The night of weeping, and the morning of joy.

Life in God's *favour.*

The transient nature of the believer's trouble, and the permanence of his joy.

Verse 6.—The peculiar dangers of *prosperity.*

Verse 7 *(first clause).*—Carnal security; its causes, dangers, and cures.

Verse 7 *(last clause).*—The gracious bemoanings of a soul in spiritual darkness.

Verse 8, in connection with verse 3, *prayer, the universal remedy.*

Verse 9 *(first clause).*—Arguments with God for continued life and renewed favour.

Verse 9 *(last clause).*—The resurrection, a time in which the *dust* shall *praise* God, and *declare* his *truth.*

Verse 10.—Two gems of prayer; short, but full and needful.

Verse 11.—*Transformations.* Sudden; complete; divine, "*thou;*" personal, "*for me;*" gracious.

Holy dancing; open up the metaphor.

The change of raiment; illustrate by life of Mordecai or Joseph.

Verse 12.—Our "*glory,*" and its relation to God's glory.

The end of gracious dispensations.

Silence, when sinful.

Last clause.—The believer's vow, and the time for making it.—See the whole Psalm.

Ecclesiastical Intolerance; a Sign of the Times.

BY THE REV. W. BROCK.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—Matthew xxiii. 8.

CHRIST spake, and he spake emphatically, of "his church." In the times subsequent to his ascension unto his Father, there would be gathered together a body of persons which should be known in the world as "the church of Christ." He would build his church; he would give himself for his church; he would purchase his church with his own blood; he would become head over all things to his church.

It was not long after Christ's ascension unto his Father before we read of the church: of the church, for instance, at Jerusalem; and then, in continuance, of the church at Antioch, of the church at Corinth, of the church at Ephesus, of the church at Thyatira, and of the church at Rome; each of these churches being an essential and an integral portion of the one church; just as the several parts of so many other things are essential and integral portions of the whole. We read, indeed, of the churches of Jesus Christ: of the churches of Jesus Christ in Judea and Galilee and Samaria; of the churches of Jesus Christ in Syria and Cilicia; of the churches of Jesus Christ in Galatia and Macedonia. There was one body, so far as privilege and obligation were concerned; one body, so far as union with Christ was concerned; but, living as did its members in different places, there were several bodies, so far as actual worship and service were concerned. There was no difference, relatively to their Lord and Master, between the church that was at Colosse and the church that was at Philadelphia; though there was difference between them relatively to the place and to the circumstances where they rendered to their Lord and Master the allegiance which he demanded and deserved; but, that purely accidental difference was all. Those who belonged to the church at Smyrna were no sooner in the providence of God removed to Pergamos, than they belonged to the church at Pergamos; the intercommunion between all the churches being in every sense complete. Whether, therefore, we speak in the singular or plural number, we must be understood to speak of substantially the same thing. There was, then, a church which was designated "the church of Jesus Christ." It consisted, according to the evidence which is in our possession, of those who had avouched Christ to be their own Redeemer, their own Teacher, their own King. All who came to believe in Christ with their heart, and to confess unto Christ with their tongue, were the members of his church, and no one else. There was no birth-membership, no sacramental membership, no proxy membership. The whole matter was personal. Thus is it written, "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." According to the evidence, in continuance, we find that the church had become invested with sacred privileges, and entrusted with lofty responsibilities, and assured of richest blessings. Processes were in action and resources were available, out of which would ultimately ensue its presentation unto Christ, as a glorious church not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. This much we learn from our New Testaments; and not, I think, essentially much more. Of course, of a body of persons who are so highly characterised and so illustriously conditioned, a great deal might be said in regard to what they are, and in regard to what they will undertake, and in regard to what they must need accomplish; but enough for my present purpose has been said, when it has been said, first, that the church of Christ is made up of all who, by personal penitence and faith belong to Christ; and then, that to the church of Christ has been vouchsafed the sublime prerogative of representing Christ, his grace being all-sufficient to enable those who belong to him to evince his moral excellence and to fulfil his gracious will. Not improperly, I

think at all, a quotation has been made from the Old Testament to indicate the church, as Christ designed it to be, and as at first it was expected to be. "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

The church presently underwent serious deterioration; serious spiritual deterioration. And, as time went on, the deterioration waxed worse and worse, until scarcely an element of its original constitution was retained; whilst its great work upon the world was left undone. True, there were men and women whom the church ignominiously and cruelly cast out as heretics, who retained the original characteristics, and who performed the prescribed work; but the body which claimed to be the church of Christ sank lower, and still lower in habit, and act, and tone; originating as it sank, the manifold and augmenting superstitions and tyrannies of Papal Rome. To follow the course which was thus taken through successive centuries is not within my province or my plan to-day. Suffice it to say, that the so-called heretics of those several centuries were, more or less, valiant for the truth upon the earth, whilst the so-called church was recreant to the truth; so recreant that, but for the influence of the heretics, as Athanasius acknowledged, the truth would have died out and disappeared.

Looking in these times of our own, and making our observation of things and of persons as they affect ourselves, we find that there is a body here in this land of ours which claims to be the very church of Christ; the church which he undertook to build; the church which he purchased with his own blood; the church of which he is the living head. Exactly as it stands here before our eyes, the church of England is the church for which Christ gave himself to die. Within the last twenty years, an Archbishop of Canterbury thus addressed his clergy:—"There is an immediate connexion between Christ and these who are within the pale of the church; he is the root, and we are the branches; he is, as described by Paul, the head, and we are the members. And, this having been the appointment from the beginning, is it not reasonable to imagine that a disbelief of the church is next to a disbelief of the gospel?" Now all through that paragraph, his Grace is avowedly referring to the established church of this kingdom; and it is put for grave consideration unto all whom it may concern, whether if they doubt or deny the authority of the Establishment, they are not on the verge of doubting or denying the authority of the gospel of the grace of God; the groundwork for their consideration being expressly this, that no promise has been made, and no grace given to Nonconformity. The Dissenter is never mentioned in the New Testament! Everything said and everything done by Christ relates exclusively to his church!

Other perversions to the same effect might be quoted to repletion from the writings of clergy, dignified and undignified, and from some writings of the laity as well, down to this present hour. Apparently, in many cases at least, there is no idea that the word church can mean anything but the ecclesiastical institution to which those men happen to belong. It means *that*, they most complacently assume. It means that, of course; and it may also mean similar institutions elsewhere—the Greek and the Romish churches for example; but it means nothing whatever of which the Nonconformist can take advantage; it has no relations, except for its condemnation, to Dissent. As if, brethren, sanctification in Christ Jesus did not make a man a member of the church; as if repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, did not bring a man safely within the church; as if calling upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, did not secure unto a man all the benefits of the church; as if it had never been said unto all disciples whatsoever, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

As far indeed as Dissenters are not disciples, let it by all means be insisted upon that they are not within the church. By as much as any Nonconformists are awanting in obedience to Christ, and in devotion to Christ, let them be unwelcome to the church; but, where the evidence of their discipleship is undeniable, and where their obedience and devotion are beyond honourable doubt, there let

it be understood that they actually are within the church, not indeed within the so-called church which is established here by law, but within the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

Then are not the two churches coincident and commensurate—the members and non-members of the one, the members and non-members of the other, exclusively and inclusively? The archbishop whom I have quoted says, that they are coincident and commensurate. Other men say the same.

I have found one man saying it with so much special cautiousness, and with so much genuine kindliness, that I must ask particular attention to what he says. I refer to Rev. Archer Butler, an Irish clergyman of highest reputation, who died about twenty years ago. In a visitation sermon which he preached not long before his death, he took up the question how Nonconformists were to be esteemed and dealt with by the church, understanding by the church the ecclesiastical establishment of the country. Of his understanding it in this sense there can be no doubt, for he says this, "Ours is the church of the apostolic inheritance;" and he says this, "These Congregationalists are beyond the apostolic polity;" and he says this, "St. Mark tells us that, when our Lord was in the ship in the tempest, there were with him also other little ships. Nothing more is said of them; yet they doubtless enjoyed a share in the blessing of calm obtained by the ship that bore Jesus Christ. I have sometimes thought that they picture vividly the fortunes of those societies that in these later ages have moved in the wake of the ancient apostolic church. With it they are forced to endure storms, and they are not without participation in the blessings of the holy presence abiding in the church." Dissenters, therefore, are not within the church of Christ, because they are not within the established church. They may be men "of genuine Christian piety"—I use Mr. Butler's own words—they may be men "of genuine Christian piety," "men of prayer," "pious Dissenters;" but they are men who are without the church; out there, perhaps, in one or other of these little ships, but certainly not on board the ship which carries Christ himself. It is painfully interesting to witness the effort of this good man to condemn our church organisations, and yet to save ourselves. Our system of polity and association he assures his hearers form no real portion of the primitive church of Christ. Our irregular societies are no integral portion of the mystical body of Christ. Our congregations exist in direct opposition to his will, because in opposition to that blessed society by which he originally purposed to dispense his grace. We are labouring under a perilous charge of needless secession from the church of the first-born. Active co-operation with us is clearly unlawful. Our schism is the most inexcusable in the world. As the pious heathen must be judged of charitably, so should the pious Congregationalist be judged of charitably too. An inward Christian affection must of course be felt towards the individual who is evidently owned by our gracious Master. That becomes a duty; but then, adds Mr. Butler, "I need not say how guarded by the inward Christian affection must be felt or expressed."

Enough evidence is now before you to show how the established church of this country arrogates and insists upon her claim to be deemed the church of Christ. Were it necessary to adduce more evidence, it is alas! most copiously at hand; and not all of it of the same calm and considerate kind as Mr. Butler's. But, whether calm and considerate, or fierce and unrelenting, the evidence abounds and accumulates. That ecclesiastical institution of our land is the veritable church of Jesus Christ. The assertion, mind, is not to the effect that many, who belong to Jesus Christ, belong to that institution, but the assertion is to the effect that the institution bodily and as it is, is the veritable church of Jesus Christ.

As you look at the gradations among its ministers, you may be disposed to demur. As you witness its ritual and ceremonies, you may be disposed to demur. As you ponder some portions of its services for the living and the dead, you may be disposed to demur. As you muse upon its purchase and sale of livings, and upon what is called its patronage withal, you may be disposed to

demur. As you think of its comprehension of frigid rationalism and fervid ritualism within the same formularies, and unto the same ends, you may be disposed to demur. As you dwell on the great matters of doctrine and discipline, you may be disposed to demur. Albeit, the assertion is re-affirmed; and, for your demurring, you are denounced. The church of England is the church of Jesus Christ.

Men and brethren, with the teaching of Jesus Christ before my eye, given in part by himself, and in part by his apostles in his name, with his teaching before my eye, I submit that the church of England is not the church of Jesus Christ. That ten thousand times ten thousand of its members are within his church, I gladly and gratefully acknowledge, as certainly so as was Peter, or James, or John. That, to them pertain, as much as to any living men, all church responsibilities and all church privileges, and all church prospects, I am right thankfully assured; but I submit, nevertheless, that the church of England is not the church of Christ. As I hear the assertion that it is, I confess that I am more and more intensely surprised. How now would the salutations to the apostolic churches sound if adopted and addressed to our national churches? I ask it, I believe, with the proper temper, both towards God and man. At all events, my witness is in heaven that I want to ask it properly: How would the salutations to the churches in Corinth, and Ephesus, and other places sound, if adopted and addressed to our national church? Listen, "Unto the church of England, even to them who are sanctified in Christ Jesus, and called to be saints." Listen again, "Unto the church of England, with all the saints which are in all Great Britain." Listen again, "Unto the church of England, even to the saints and to the faithful in Christ Jesus." Listen again, "Unto the church of England, which is in God the Father, and in the Lord Jesus Christ." Every heart, I dare say, revolts from so near an approach to evangelical parody and burlesque. I revolt from it I admit, as much as any man that lives. But what occasion would there be for the revulsion if an ecclesiastical establishment were what so oracularly and so ostentatiously it is declared to be? Say that any present use of a primeval salutation would be, or that it might be, more or less inconvenient or unseemly, yet, yet we need not to say, in the anticipation of a primeval salutation—"God forbid;" and to say so in our most ordinary reverence for God. There might be incongruity, but it would be circumstantial rather than essential incongruity. There might be awkwardness, but it would be awkwardness arising, not from the very nature of the things in question, but from the accidents of time and place.

The incongruity, however, here is essential, and by no means circumstantial. The awkwardness ariseth, by no means, from the accidents of time and place; it ariseth of necessity from the very nature of the things in question. All allowances made for that which was temporary and especial; every passage excluded which is not generally and universally evangelical, you could not read the Pauline epistle to the members of the church at Colosse, as though it had been addressed to the members of the church of England. You could not, in any ordinary parochial congregation of the members of the establishment, read out, as belonging to them, the triumphant exultations which were read out in the assemblies of the church of Christ that was in Rome. Everybody knows that you could not. It is palpable and notorious; so palpable and notorious, that Mr. Archer Butler himself admits that there are millions within the church who are wholly unconverted, whilst there are thousands who are without the church who are evidently in the enjoyment of fellowship with God. I beg you, with some close consideration, to consider that. Within the established church there are millions to whom Christ is nothing: without the established church there are thousands to whom Christ is all in all. Then, how can the established church be the one church of Christ? No, my brethren, no. Taking it as a whole, taking it as it is, taking it precisely as candour and common sense require it to be taken, it has no sound pretence to be regarded as the veritable and exclusive church of Christ. It is confessedly an august human organisation, with large external associations with the evangelical, and with manifold potential affinities with the

evangelical; but, as a body, as a national institution, as the church of the land, it has no sound pretence to be regarded as the veritable church of Christ. Why, no less an authority than Coleridge declares that, in relation to the national church, "Christianity is a blessed accident, a providential boon." We do, therefore, being disciples of Christ, we do protest against being denominated dissenters from the church. If the church of Christ were here bodily in our land, as it was in Judea and Galilee and Samaria; if what is the church of England were to us, the Englishmen, what the church at Corinth was to Crispus and Gaius, the Corinthians, then we should be bound to worship with the church of England, and to co-operate with the church of England, and to promote the interests of the church of England; and, failing to do these things, we might be called dissenters from the church, even from the church of Christ. But then, the church of Christ is not here bodily. At least, the church of England is not in any sense to us bodily the church of Christ; wherefore, we are not dissenters from the church of Christ. The Bible is ours apart from the church of England; the mercy-seat is ours apart from the church of England; the communion of saints is ours apart from the church of England; baptism and the Lord's Supper are ours apart from the church of England; opportunities for serving our own generation according to the will of God are ours apart from the church of England; the promise of the life that now is, and of the life that is to come, is ours apart from the church of England.

Why, then, should I, and men like me, be deemed and designated dissenters, separatists, schismatics? Standing in amongst any of the assemblies of believers, which our national establishment could convene, we should say relatively to them, without exception, "One is our Master, even Christ; and all we are brethren." To the wiser and the holier ones of the assembly we should render the becoming deference. In all matters touching Christian character, our reverence and our homage would be at hand; but, touching any reverence, or homage for any man whatever on the ground of his belonging to the establishment, it would be, once for all, and peremptorily refused. The evangelical Wesleyan itinerant is just what the evangelic Episcopalian curate is—nothing more, nothing less. The evangelical Baptist minister is just what the evangelic Episcopal rector is—nothing more, nothing less. The evangelic Independent pastor is just what the evangelical Episcopalian bishop is—nothing more, nothing less.

By as much as any men in England are regenerated Christian men, they are all brethren; not one group among them having the slightest ascendancy over any other group; not one sect amongst them having any dominion over any other sect. One, and only one, is their Master, and that one is Christ. Discourses, therefore, against dissent, are sophistical. Harangues against sectarianism are irrelevant. Denunciations of schism are absurd. If there were a standard church in our country, a real, divinely-appointed standard church, it would be a different thing; but then, as we have seen, there is no such thing. A body of believing people meeting anywhere, is a church of Christ. It may be so much made up of Wesleyans as to be called a Wesleyan church, or it may be so made up of Presbyterians as to be called a Presbyterian church; or it may be so made up of Episcopalians as to be called an Episcopalian church; or it may be so made up of Congregationalists as to be called a Congregational church: the name is a simple accident. Inasmuch as it is a meeting of believers, it is a church of Christ; and, taking the aggregate of all such meetings throughout the land, that aggregate may be designated the church of Christ in England: the Wesleyan not a whit more of a sectarian than the Episcopalian; the Presbyterian not at all more a Dissenter than the Congregationalist: schism, as the word is to be properly understood, being under such circumstances, of course and of necessity, unknown. The so-called Nonconformist is precisely to the so-called churchman what that churchman is to that Nonconformist; nothing better, nothing worse; nothing higher, nothing lower; nothing more, nothing less; nothing different, nothing else.

Touching, then, our ecclesiastical position, as men who in common belong to Christ, this is the deliverance once for all: "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." And yet, and yet multitudes of the so-called churchmen of our country are so conducting themselves, to such an extent are they so conducting themselves, that I feel myself warranted in putting their ecclesiastical intolerance among the signs of the present times. On a scale which seems to me to be getting larger every year; and in forms which seems to me waxing worse and worse every year, the attempt is made to put our Nonconformity down.

I confess, I think it is bad enough to be dealt with as Mr. Archer Butler deals with us, acknowledging as he does undeniable excellencies, recommending as he does the exercise of an inward Christian affection, but then guarding, with the most anxious jealousy, against too direct and express an intimation of that affection, proceeding indeed to deprecate with all his might, any active co-operation with us in the service or ministry of Christ. I say, I think this is bad enough. We meet, however, with what is worse, even vulgarly, meanly, and coarsely worse. Hear this as a specimen of ecclesiastical intolerance: I was talking to a clergyman the other day on what seemed to be terms the most familiar, as under the circumstances they might have been honestly the most familiar, when some remark was made about our Nonconformist ministry. "I would prevent it all," he said, "if I had the power." "Well, but has a man, say, like Mr. Binney, no claim to be regarded as a Christian minister?" "None whatever," was his rejoinder, "nor you either." "That you can teach I do not deny, but I would remove you from the pulpit nevertheless; and as *our* Scripture readers and catechists you should be employed, if perchance we thought you should be employed at all." That was said to me by a living London clergyman; and, to my knowledge, such things are being said on every side. Hear this as a specimen of ecclesiastical intolerance: My friend, Mr. Tucker, was lately in want of a site for a chapel for the poor, on what chanced to be the estate of the Marquis of Camden. Mr. Tucker's friends did all that respectable men could do to obtain the necessary site. They were refused expressly on the ground that the Marquis would have no Dissenting chapel on his estate. Similar refusals are made continually. An account of several which have been made recently may be read in the April number of the "British Quarterly Review." Hear this as a specimen of ecclesiastical intolerance! There are whole districts of our country from which every conscientious Nonconformist yeoman is being driven. A man may understand his business, may be known as a good farmer, may be noted for a virtuous life; but he will be certainly refused a farm, as others have been refused before him, unless he will consent to ignore his Nonconformity, and go to church. Hear this as a specimen of ecclesiastical intolerance: The dean and chapter of Westminster insert a clause in their several leases, the wording of which would prevent the holding of what we Dissenters call "A prayer-meeting," within the house. Any neighbour so disposed, could insist upon the enforcement of that clause; and then, by the coarse appliances of law, either the prayer-meeting must be abandoned, or there would ensue the forfeiture of the lease forthwith. Let the dean and chapter of Westminster deny that if they can. Hear this as a specimen of ecclesiastical intolerance: Thirty years ago, the Wesleyans established a mission in the village of Cockley Clay, in Norfolk. Services have been regularly held there till the other day, when the squire of the village gave notice that the services should be given up. To no purpose the remonstrances of the godly villagers; to no purpose either the remonstrances of the Wesleyan minister: there should be no Dissenting preaching in the place, the squire was determined. If his people wanted to worship, let them do as he, their master did, go to the parish church. The place of meeting was accordingly shut up forthwith. A few however did meet to pray privately, and have a class early on Sunday morning. The squire was told of this, and again he angrily interfered, the result being, that there is now no meeting-place for the Wesleyans in

that village; although they are confessedly good neighbours, and are known to be accredited members of the Wesleyan church.

Time would fail me to adduce a tithe of the evidence which is at hand to the same effect. As a well-known journalist has recently remarked, a single word of invitation to supply instances of ecclesiastical intolerance would bring enough in a single week to fill his columns from end to end; instances, too, about which there could be no question, inasmuch as the men and women who perpetrate the intolerance, glory in the perpetration. They meant to exclude that child from the parish day-school, because his father would send him to the Independent Sunday-school. They meant to deprive that woman of the charity which she applied for as usual, because she would not come to church. They meant to force that tradesman to leave the town, because he would not give up the lay preaching in the villages, and the circulation of religious tracts. They meant to inflict all that discomfort on a parishioner who wanted the burial of his infant dead, because he had not had his dead canonically baptised. They meant to cast a stigma on those newly-wedded ones, because they ventured to be married by the minister of their own church. There is no secrecy nor shame about such things whatever. Mean, despicable, ignoble, barbarous as they are, they are boasted of as the approved and effective methods for bringing our English evangelical Nonconformity to a perpetual end. Nor by any means is this all. Difficulties are thrown in our way respecting the great matter of education, both in its lower and its higher forms. Access to society is rendered more and more impracticable. Equality of social status is haughtily and imperiously refused. A half-and-half loyalty to our gracious queen is insinuated; the most cheerful rendering unto Cæsar of the things which are Cæsar's being reckoned as next to nothing, because we will not render unto Cæsar the things which are God's alone. We must be buried outside the consecrated ground: a wall or a ditch cutting us off avowedly from those who have died in the communion of the established church. Given almost at random, any popular novel, any series of fashionable magazines, any file of the leading journal, any volume of illustrated satire, or of unillustrated lampoon, any conversation or discovery which may happen to be reported concerning our Nonconformity or our Dissent, and therein you will see how this ecclesiastical intolerance abounds. That which is confessedly to our discredit is caricatured; that which might fairly look for approbation is ignored. If a good man, with his embodiment of the noblest virtues, is to be described, he is sure to be a churchman; if a bad man, with his embodiment of the basest vices is to be described, he is sure to be a Nonconformist. And when now and then some acknowledgment must needs be made of some renown, which a Dissenter has openly achieved, the acknowledgment is qualified with some significant shrug and expression of surprise. In a word, to be a Nonconformist almost anywhere, is to incur unpopularity; to be a Nonconformist, in many places, is to incur actual and manifold harm and loss. The necessity, therefore, continues for quitting ourselves like men, and being strong; the occasions incessantly arise for standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Valour is indispensable, valour for the truth upon the earth.

No complaint, however, no cowardly, effeminate complaint on account of the necessity; no consciousness of shame; no indication of regret; no hanging down the head. Nay, let those men be conscious of shame, who, although invested with no right to be indifferent to us, do arrogate the right; let those men indicate regret, who, although they are under obligation to acknowledge us, do disown the obligation; let those men hang down their heads, who, although they are solicited by us for sympathy and co-operation, do treat our solicitation with contempt!

We ashamed! we, whose church condition is denied, simply because we are obeying Christ; we, whose civil rights are infringed, simply because we are obeying Christ; we, whose good name is held up to suspicion and dishonour, simply because we are obeying Christ! Never, brethren! never! There is cause for shame, no doubt, for rather acute, and poignant, and insufferable shame

withal; but the men to be thus ashamed are the men who injure us, the men who deny our church condition, who infringe our civil rights, who hold up our name for suspicion and dishonour. Let the persecutor blush, not the persecuted; let the men who inflict the wrong be abashed, not you who endure the wrong; let the advocates of our ecclesiastical intolerance bethink themselves and retrace their steps, not you, whom that intolerance, if it could, would trample underneath its feet!

Bad, verily, must that cause be which contemplates for its purposes the intolerance I have been describing; worse still the cause which perpetrates the intolerance; worst of all the cause which finds in the intolerance the hope of its success. By as much as this ecclesiastical intolerance is essential to the safety, and honour, and welfare of the ecclesiastical establishment, by so much is it demonstrated that the establishment is bad—bad because of its open violation of the law as laid down here, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." All shame, therefore, I may assume, all shame on account of your Nonconformity will in continuance be renounced. You will, indeed, as well you may, glory and not be ashamed. Why, the noble army of martyrs was made up of Nonconformists, and the glorious company of the apostles consisted of Nonconformists; and all things evangelical, and all things devotional, being what they ought to be, there is not a body of Nonconformists under heaven of whom the Lord would not say in the hearing of the universe, "These are my beloved, these are my friends." Zeal, then, brethren—genuine, indomitable, aggressive zeal in the maintenance of your evangelical Nonconformity—knowledge with the zeal by all means—ever-increasing knowledge; well-assorted knowledge; self-correcting, and self-elevating, and self-dignifying knowledge; knowledge with the zeal, by all means; but the zeal always.

See one opportunity for the manifestation of your Nonconformist zeal to-day, one opportunity which I trust will somewhat frequently be recurring now. We have secured this chapel for the use of our denomination. Here a faithful man of God will be at work forthwith. A man whom God has counted faithful: putting him into the ministry. Dear to your hearts, brethren, are the doctrines of the gospel: those doctrines will be proclaimed here. Dear to your hearts are the ordinances of the gospel: those ordinances will be practised here. Dear to your hearts is the discipline of the gospel: that discipline will be maintained here. Dear to your hearts the spirit of the gospel: that spirit will be evinced here. And, with the doctrines of the gospel, and the ordinances of the gospel, and the discipline of the gospel, and the spirit of the gospel, there will be asserted and defended, the equality in the gospel of all who believe in Christ. This place will be a protest against the ecclesiastical intolerance of the times; a standing, living, active, efficacious protest. Because of the preaching and teaching here, persecution all round about will become more difficult; because of the influence and the example induced here, persecution in other places will become more difficult. The consummation will be accelerated when Ephraim shall not any longer envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim; when the only contention shall be unto love and good works. An advance, then! An actual furtherance of the consummation, by your money-gifts on this occasion; those gifts, the erection of another standard, and the planting of another banner, and the floating, in the pure, broad air of heaven of another flag: this the watchword and the motto—"Liberty! the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free!" The glorious liberty of the children of God!"

One might ask the lover of this world—one might ask the trifler—one might ask "the lover of pleasure more than the lover of God"—What hast thou? Hast thou more power of enjoying that which is reasonable than *we* have? What! has thy landscape more beauty in it than ours? What! hast thou more power of enjoying domestic happiness than we? *We utterly deny it.* We say the religion of the gospel ensures the highest possible amount of enjoyment.—*Rev. J. H. Evans' Vintage Gleanings.*

Notes of a Visit to Hamburg.

ON board the good ship "Granton," at an early hour on Wednesday morning, we found more than half a score friends waiting for us, all bound for Hamburg, to share in the joy of our German brethren in the opening of the new chapel for Mr. Oncken, and to take part in the triennial conference of the Continental Baptists. We dropped down the river in the best style, left Her Majesty's custom house officers at Gravesend, steamed past the Nore, the Mouse, the Swin Middle, the Gunfleet, and the Sunk Lights in rapid succession, and were soon fairly out at sea, with fine weather and smooth water. Shoals and sands were behind us, and the deep blue waters were around us. A few, who thought that it would be a pity not to be squeamish, seeing they were at sea, retired to amuse themselves in the unpleasant exercises of sea-sickness; but it was an unpardonable weakness, for if not quite a sea of glass, the ocean was in its best of tempers. On board we had a Babel of tongues—English, of course, dear mother-tongue, German in abundance, joy of the fatherland, Spanish, French, and a spice of everything else. With the exception of a few showers, all went "merry as a marriage bell." Night came with its heavy dews, and warned the wise to seek their narrow couch, leaving the restless to tramp the deck, or talk soft nothings by the moonlight. During the night there may have been some tossings to and fro, and heavings of the uneasy billows; but sleep brought us blissful ignorance, and we awoke to find the watery way in as good condition as when we fell asleep. Passing every now and then vessels of all sizes, and experiencing rapid changes of cloud and sunshine, we soon after noon on Thursday were on the look out for the rocky shores of little Heligoland, the sentinel of the Elbe, over whose narrow islet waves Britannia's flag. That seen and passed upon our left, we soon saw the long sandy island of Neuwerk, and then passing the town of Cuxhaven, we were floating in the noble river Elbe, whose shores on either side sometimes reminded us of Holland, and then again of our own Thames, and the marshes upon the Essex shore. The increasing number of ships told us that we were nearing some important seat of commerce; but it was like seeking a miser's money at the bottom of a very long purse, for Hamburg is some seven hours or more from the river's mouth, and we did not cast anchor till nearly eleven o'clock. Just outside a long fleet of ships we were moored, some distance from the shore. It was too late to hunt out our friends on shore, and therefore we spent a second night in our cabins, and took our breakfast on board on Friday morning. After breakfast we were conducted by a brother in the Lord, who acted as messenger, to the hospitable abode of the venerated apostle of Germany, our beloved Mr. Oncken, who resides in an excellent house in a fine situation within the boundary of the city of Altona. Mr. Oncken's residence is, during the conference, an open house for all comers; and if he is not altogether eaten out of house and home, it is not for want of visitors. Brethren came in from Scotland by the boat which leaves Leith, from Suffolk *via* Grimsby, from New York, from Switzerland, Denmark, Poland, Norway, Holland, and from nearly every other country where scions of the old Baptist stock have taken root. As the various arrivals were announced, and all rejoiced to welcome the new comers, we were reminded of that heavenly assembly to which many shall come from the east and from the west, and we anticipated the joy of the celestials as they receive fresh companies of the redeemed within the gates of pearl. On Friday, our beloved brother Oncken escorted us round the city, a city of no mean dimensions, containing about 200,000 inhabitants, who are evidently lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, since on any one Sabbath in the year there will not be found 5,000 of them in all the churches of Hamburg. With all the sin of London we have a Sabbath; and our houses of prayer, though not so well attended as they should be, do nevertheless receive within their doors an exceeding great army. We saw the prison where, in years not long past, Mr. Oncken had been confined for preaching the gospel;

and while looking up to its windows overlooking a canal, we thought of Bunyan's damp moss-grown cell by the river Ouse, and were glad that in this degenerate age, a Baptist could still suffer and vanquish his enemies by his sufferings. It is gratifying to know that, in the very city which a few years ago persecuted a Baptist minister for preaching the word, public sentiment has now made such advances, that not only is religious liberty complete, but there is now no state church at all; and therefore the great reason and incentive to persecution is abolished. When will our own country have enlightenment enough to follow the example of Hamburg? It makes one breathe more freely to know that the soil is uncursed by a state church. We saw the room in which the first Baptist church was formed, and the larger places to which it emigrated as it grew in numbers. More interesting still was the consecrated spot upon the ramparts, looking down upon the city where, in lonely solitude, the young apostle was wont, early in the morning, to plead with God for the people. We understood the secret of Mr. Oncken's success when we saw the source of his strength in secret wrestlings with the angel of the covenant. Hamburg little knew that a man was gazing upon it from the ramparts and invoking with many tears the mercy of God upon its ungodly thousands. Mr. Oncken also indicated to us the various spots where in secret, beneath the cover of night, he had baptised his first converts. On the banks of the Elbe, and along the shore of the low island opposite Hamburg, believers, hunted by their enemies, have gathered silently to celebrate the immersion of the faithful into the Sacred Three. A large fresh water lake, called the Alster, is the glory and beauty of Hamburg; and there also, away from human habitations, has the pastor immersed believers, until his secret was discovered, and the annoyances of violent enemies drove him to yet more secluded spots. These places are historical, and will find their record in the annals of eternity. That silver lake, the Alster, as we glided over its glassy surface, which glittered in the sun, appeared to us to glow with another radiance than earth could give it as we saw, before our mind's-eye, the faithful and obedient disciples closely following their Lord.

Hamburg owes very much to the great fire which consumed its old decaying habitations, and left space for a new city of palaces. Our afflictions are among our choicest mercies: the fires which consume our earthly joys, often leave room for far more enduring heavenly delights. The ramparts, no longer needed for purposes of war, are partly thrown down, and form delightful walks all round the city, so that Hamburg looks like a huge pearl set in a ring of emerald; alas! that the pearl should be so clouded with abounding sin.

On Saturday, we went to see that remarkable institution, the Rough House, which forms an asylum for the protection and reclaiming of the neglected children of the streets of Hamburg. For lack of comprehending the German tongue, we were not able to learn much by our visit; but our impressions we will give more at length another time. We were very kindly received by Dr. Wichern, his lady, and his daughter, to whom be all honour for founding and carrying on so good a work. The lands of this institution contain about fifty acres, which are gardened to perfection by the boys, every inch being well cropped. The family principle is carried out, and hence there are many houses scattered over the grounds, all picturesquely placed and prettily planned, the Old Rough House, in which the work commenced, being the most romantic of all. We expected to see, at least, a thousand children, judging from the abundance of buildings, and were not a little surprised that the whole number was about 120. The printing presses, the bookstore, the bakery, the farmyard, and such like places, we suppose, account for the quantity of erections, but the thought which pressed upon our mind was, that if some one would give us fifty acres of such land, and we could put such buildings upon it, we would have a thousand children there, if not more. Our own George Müller would soon make more result out of so much plant and space. However, we may be quite wrong, and a passing visitor must not place much reliance on impressions so hastily formed. The place is a paradise for situation and

beauty; the whole effect produced upon the eye is delightful, while the singing of the girls under the spreading boughs of the trees, was all that could be desired to charm the ear. Our heart was away at that little plot of ground at Stockwell, and we were counting the hours until we should see our new houses built and occupied by dear children whose voices should ring merrily along the greensward.

Our shrine of pilgrimage was, however, the new chapel. This is a very noble building, striking and well built; not at all the modest, plain structure which we like to associate with our English Dissent, but a Gothic erection, and therefore not to our taste, and yet, despite our judgment, a building to be pronounced externally beautiful and internally imposing. Built altogether of white brick, very lofty, with long windows, a platform and open baptistry at one end, and a gallery at the other—roof groined, and, like the walls, all of plain unplastered brick—the place is as true as the principles advocated in it—not a particle of paint, plaster, or stucco being tolerated; *but*—and sorry *but*—it is Gothic, which is fatal to begin with; that one word, so far as preaching-houses are concerned, is the condensation of all possible faults. The echoes, except when the house is crowded, are countless, and jangle with each other like brawling women in a fish-market, and (misery of miseries!) not a window opens, nor is there any ventilation beyond a hole or two pricked in the roof, about half as useful as nothing at all. When will architects remember that there are other things to be considered in building a chapel besides merely satisfying the rules of an antique architecture, which ought long ago to have been superseded by something better? We would have a rule made by authority, and enforced by the heaviest penalties, that every window, great or small, in every place of worship, should be made to open, for we are sure that close, unventilated, cave-like churches and chapels, are accountable for far more fevers, consumptions, and deaths, than most men dream of. We are open to receive donations towards setting these windows to rights; we have offered a five-pound note ourselves, and have the promise from the pastor that the matter shall be seen to. With these exceptions, the chapel is, as we have already said, a right noble structure, leaving nothing to be desired but money to pay for it, and remove a debt of about £2,000.

The opening services of the Lord's-day commenced early in the morning, at eight o'clock, for our German friends are up betimes. We were out of bed by half-past six, for we had a long walk to the chapel, which we found full, and even crowded—echo therefore all gone for the time being. We had singing up to our heart's desire, and beyond it. The choir sung, and sung, and sung again, and the congregation sang about as often—in fact, the order of the day was, "O come let us sing unto the Lord." Programmes were printed and scattered among the people, and the spiritual bill of fare was long and varied. Many fervent prayers were offered, to which the congregation earnestly said, "Amen." Mr. Oncken gave an outline of the history of the church, and magnified the grace of God in all that had been brought to pass. The chief feature, however, was the exceedingly sweet but exceedingly abundant singing. The chapel was very tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreens and flowers, the baptistry had flowers and wreaths floating in it, and at the head of the steps stood two large orange trees. It was Germanic altogether, and withal very pretty. Although the service was all dumb show to us, for it was in German, yet our heart entered into it; and so far as the great heat and the heavy air would allow, we rose into fellowship with God—the aforesaid obstructions being very powerful, for though the spirit indeed is willing, the flesh is weak.

Our own service in the evening was equally crowded and equally hot; if possible, more so. There was much song in German, and two little hymns in English, and we hope that it was a good time altogether. We intended to have described the communion service on Sabbath evening, the love feast on Monday, and the conferences of Tuesday, but having made a pause on Monday, we have not been able to proceed further, although this is the evening of Thursday; for

alas! hours of pain and weariness have been appointed us, and our hospitable host has found his guest turned into a patient, and his house into an hospital. The great heat of the weather and other causes have quite prostrated us; but no amount of pain can make us forget the unalloyed delight which we have experienced in communion with our German friends. God has done a great work in this land, and has much more in store for it. Every Christian in England, especially every Baptist, ought to aid the work to the utmost. To have seen and shaken hands with earnest labourers from many lands, and to have received the kiss of charity from them, is a privilege never to be forgotten. We bless God at every remembrance of our honoured brother Oncken, and pray that long life and growing success may be with him.

Next month, if spared, we will finish this paper, so abruptly and so painfully shortened by unexpected sickness, from which, by the Lord's will, we hope to have recovered long before these lines are issued from the press. The printer needs to have this article at once, and therefore it must go forth in its present fragmentary state.

Hamburg, August 15th. C. H. SPURGEON.

Extracts from Father Taylor's Addresses

(Continued from page 283).

THE DOCTOR.

SAY, for illustration, that a town is visited by some dreadful disease. The lists of mortality are swelling daily with fearful rapidity, and no remedy seems in the least to check its death-dealing progress, when suddenly a celebrated physician arrives, who is said to be perfectly acquainted with the horrible disease and its treatment, and never lost a case. The attention of the public is arrested, and the first enquiry is to know if a man with such professions of skill has indeed arrived; and secondly, on what he founds his pretensions. He promptly submits his papers for inspection. It turns out that he has a diploma from the best medical college in Europe, and the written and verbal testimony of many living witnesses who have been cured through his skill—an adequate basis for faith in the said doctor.

Some read his papers all over, consider them well, and say but little, but can't question their genuineness. Others read but a portion of them, and assent to them as everything that could be desired. Others cannot read, or have no time for a personal examination, but from the testimony of those who have investigated the matter, and especially of those who have been cured by him, they are fully convinced of the unquestionable skill of the physician. All that is merely the faith of the head—an essential thing so far as it goes, but of itself saves nobody. That is the character of the faith of millions of nominal Christians. They have thoroughly examined "the record of God concerning his Son," and assent to the whole of it, yet remain in their sins.

Now let us see the practical operation of the various degrees and qualities of faith in these sick men.

One poor fellow says, "I'm very sick. I can't tell how it may go with me. I must get relief or die. I have heard a great deal about that wonderful doctor, and I dare say it is all truth; but there's our old family physician, under whose treatment my father died; I don't like to cast him off. I had rather trust my case in his hands than risk a stranger."

Another says, "Dear me, if I don't get relief soon, I know not what will become of me. I have a great mind to send for that celebrated physician, but I have some medicine in the house that is said to be very good, and it's all paid for; I will try it, and see if I can get relief without sending for that doctor."

Another says, "I'm in a bad way. Go and see that great doctor, and tell him how I am, and ask him if he will undertake to cure me, and allow me to continue the daily use of pickles, preserves, tobacco, and rum, and take such portions of his medicine as I like. I have great faith in that doctor; and if he will undertake to cure me on those conditions, I'll employ him at once.

One says, "I'm very ill! Send for that doctor." The doctor is promptly at his side. "Doctor," says the dying man, "what about those credentials of yours? I am very sick, and I am afraid you cannot cure me." The doctor kindly gives him the best grounds of evidence, and tries to stimulate his hope and faith. The man replies, "that all looks very well, and I cannot question the truth of what you say, but somehow I cannot believe in you; we hear of so many deceivers in the world, and"——exit doctor, and away on his mission of mercy among those who believe in him.

Another says, "Oh! I feel so cold, and bad, and lifeless. Oh! I must try and get some relief; and then I'll send for that doctor."

There is another who is piteously crying, "O Doctor, do come and save me! do save me!" but will not give his case into the hands of the physician, or submit to treatment.

But here's a common-sense man, who cries out, "I'm a dying man! Send for that doctor as soon as you can. Tell him to come to me as quickly as possible!" "O Doctor, I'm in a dreadful state. If I don't get relief, I must certainly die. I have tried all sorts of available remedies, and am getting worse and worse. I have no faith in any of them, but I have faith in you, Doctor. I satisfied my mind as to your skill before I sent for you. I give my case unreservedly into your hands. I consent to your treatment. Do with me just as you like, but save me if you can. I have faith, Doctor, to believe that you can save me; and I know you will do your best. Save me, if you can, I trust my life in your hands."

Now I need scarcely add that all those cases, except the last, which represent so many different classes of sinners, would die a miserable death. The said doctor did not destroy any of them, but in their neglect, or refusal to employ him, they are destroyed by the common plague, fatal to so many thousands in the town; but all who fully commit themselves to the care, and cheerfully submit to the treatment of the great physician, are saved.

Sometimes painful operations are necessary, requiring a little time, great decision, and patience; but steadfast practical faith will triumph, not by any intrinsic power of its own, but by its simple confidence in the physician's skill, and hearty acquiescence in the doctor's own application of it.

I heard the Rev. Granville Moody, late Colonel of the Ohio 74th, say: "When a youth in Baltimore city, my mother, laying her hand on my shoulder, said, 'My son, what lump is this on your shoulder-blade?' 'I do not know mother; I have felt something there for some time.'" Dr. Smith, a celebrated surgeon, examined it, and pronounced it a very dangerous "*exostosis*," Some remedies were applied, but it steadily increased in size. The doctor then said it would require the "scalpel and the saw."

Young Moody hesitated, but a lady sent for him, and examining it, said, "Oh! it is that dreadful thing that killed my dear husband. I begged him to submit to an operation, but could not get his courage up to bear the pain, and it grew on, and killed him. O Mr. Moody, you are a young man, and ought to submit to anything that would save your precious life. O do, I beseech you, for your own sake, and for the sake of your dear parents, do let Dr. Smith operate on it. It will be but a few hours of dreadful agony, and, then, perhaps, a long life of usefulness."

"Her tears and eloquence of persuasion nerved me up," said Granville, and I said to her, "'I'll do it!'"

"On the day appointed," continued Moody, "the doctor came, in company with a number of young medical students. His surgical instruments were spread out on my mother's large tea-board. My parents and all the family were asked

to retire. I was left alone in the hands of the doctor and his attendants. At his command, I bared my back and sat down. The first stroke of his knife laid bare the length of my shoulder-blade, the next measured its breadth; then he dexterously cleft the flesh off the bone on each side, and getting a leverage under it raised it out of its place, and by the application of the saw took off several inches of the bone. It seemed like the cutting of red-hot instruments; but now I thought it was all over, and I stood it bravely.

"But after a little consultation, the doctor said, 'Mr. Moody, you have extraordinary nerves. You stood that like a man; but I am sorry to tell you that, while I took off the protuberance entirely, I find that the disease has penetrated the bone much higher than I could have supposed, and it will be necessary in order to effect a permanent cure, to take off the bone as near to the shoulder as possible.'

"Thinking the worst was over, my nerves had relaxed, and it cost me," said Moody, "a fearful struggle to get my courage up to the work; but I succeeded, and he cut away all the diseased bone. I became perfectly well, and as strong in that arm as in the other." "The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The sinner must have such a desire to be saved, and such confidence in the Great Physician whom God hath sent to save the world, and hath so fully attested, and advertised in his gospel, as to lay himself down on the surgical table of the Holy Spirit, and let him cut out right-eye sins, and stand to it, and as certainly as the Lord liveth, he will be saved. This Great Physician never lost a case thus entrusted to his will.

Vauxhall Baptist Chapel.

NOTHING can be so stimulative to earnest labour for the Lord as accounts of the blessing which God vouchsafes to his people. We are, therefore, desirous in these pages of giving publicity to actual facts, which shall lead our readers to greater faith in Him who blesses all Christian work, undertaken in humble dependence upon His promises. For this reason we have requested Mr. Hearson, who has laboured successfully in Vauxhall, to give our readers some account of his work there. Mr. Hearson was for five years a city missionary. He left that work about four years ago, and commenced preaching in various places. In 1864, he rented a large carpenter's shop inconveniently situated down a passage running out of a side street, near the Vauxhall Railway Station, and immediately over a stable and egg warehouse. Sixty pounds were spent upon fitting up this room, and to meet the needful expenses, a box was placed at the doors for the voluntary offerings of worshippers. At first about a dozen persons came. Mr. Hearson says:—"This number gradually increased, in answer to many earnest prayers, until at the end of ten months, we had an average congregation of about eighty. During this time, a Sabbath-school was started, which commenced with about six children, and gradually increased to about thirty-five. I was minister, clerk, chapel cleaner, and everything else. This I was enabled to do gratuitously, as my brother employed me as his foreman. The debt of £60 gradually decreased, and the rent was forthcoming. A church of baptised believers was formed of eight persons on the 24th of August, 1864. I continued to preach and maintain the doctrines of salvation by grace alone, as set forth in the book known by the title of "Spurgeon's Baptist Confession of Faith." At the end of ten months' preaching and prayer, our room had become full on Sunday evenings, which filled us with hope and thanksgiving. As I was walking one day near our place, I saw a large chapel closed. I looked at it eagerly, and felt a longing desire to have it to preach in. The chapel would hold nearly 1,000 people, and

it was in a bad state of repair. The Puseyites had just left it to occupy their new church, which is built next door to it. I and my brother prayed to God about it. The landlady asked £120 per year for rent. Alarmed at this, we gave up the idea. Once more my brother applied, and during conversation he was told that the Mormonites were about to take it. Now, as if compelled by the Lord, he suddenly offered £80 per year to take it on lease; not having much hope that it would be accepted. It was now determined that we would take it, and go on in the strength of the Lord. Mr. Spurgeon hearing of our determination, voluntarily came down to look at the chapel. He liked it, and kindly offered to help us. He at the same time kindly and liberally offered me all the advantages of the college for two years, which I gladly accepted. On the very next Monday morning, I was found in that noble institution, and though my time is up, I do not intend to leave it yet. The chapel was fitted up at an expense of £100. Mr. Spurgeon preached the opening sermon. We now began afresh to preach, and pray, and labour with renewed zeal. Godly men and women came increasingly, but very warily; some souls were saved; expenses were met; and now nearly at the end of the third year, we have ninety-eight baptised believers in communion, and a congregation varying from 250 to 500. The Sunday-school is more than full, having nearly 300 children, and about fourteen teachers. We have fourteen tract distributors, some out-door preachers, a Benevolent Society, and a Band of Hope. The pastor is entirely supported by the people. We meet for prayer on Monday evenings at the chapel, and on Tuesday evenings at a member's house; on Wednesday for preaching; on Thursday for females' prayer meeting; and on Saturday for united prayer. We are at this time under the necessity of spending £100 in repairing and improving the chapel. Will any friends kindly help us? Our school is not half large enough to hold the children we could readily obtain; indeed, we are almost compelled to turn them out of our school door, which is just opposite the school door of an ultra-Ritualistic neighbour. We have plenty of land."

Reviews.

The Bible and Working People. By Alexander Wallace, D.D., Glasgow. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co. Glasgow: David Robertson. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

These are the best lectures of the kind addressed to the Working people that we have seen, and moreover they are of the best kind. They were delivered at Bradford, and highly appreciated by all who take an interest in the operatives of that town. Their subject is the Bible, the authority of which is vindicated, its teachings unfolded, and its claims upon the attention of the poor enforced. The style is well adapted to the capacity of the hearers, and yet not unworthy the dignity of the theme. There is no attempt to influence by any other method than the force of truth. No deference is paid to vulgar taste. Everything shows that the speaker is in earnest. It is the Bible alone that he holds up to view, and allows it, as far as possible, to tell its own tale. It is a good specimen of the way in which ministers of the gospel may address assemblies of the working classes without compromising their own official standing, and may add much to their general usefulness. The preparation of such lectures is a healthy exercise for the mind, and all classes may profit much from their perusal.

David, the King of Israel. By Frederick William Krumacher, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clarke, 38, George Street. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We cordially welcome this volume from the author of "Elijah the Tishbite," not because it is equal to it, but for *its* sake:

we welcome it for its author's sake, as an evidence of his being still "faithful among the faithless found:" and we welcome it for its own sake, as a correct and instructive exposition of a valuabe portion of Old Testament history. It would be useless to affirm that it possesses the many peculiar charms of "Elijah the Tishbite," or indeed any one of them in the same degree. It has its excellencies notwithstanding, and is the calm and cool eventide of life that might be expected from its bright and fervid dawn. Scenes and incidents do not rise up before us in all the vividness of actual events, as in the former production; the colouring is less glowing and artistically blended, and the magic touches of early inspiration are wanting; yet have we the same simplicity of gospel views, the same pure standard of practical piety, and the same deferential submission to the plain teaching of the divine word. We do not malign others when we insinuate that a life-long consistency in the interpretation of evangelical principles is comparatively rare on the other side of the Channel, since the author himself complains of the neglect and misapprehension of portions of the Sacred Scriptures in his fatherland. We have no doubt but this book will be extensively read, and with both pleasure and profit.

The Prince of Preachers—Charles H. Spurgeon. By GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, 54, Paternoster Row.

THE title of this pamphlet suggests more than it accomplishes. It suggests fulsome flattery, than which nothing could be more offensive to its object; instead of which, we have a clear and faithful recital of facts, upon which, for the most part, men are left to form their own opinions. This is as it should be. As people will know something of the man whose name is upon every one's lips, it is better to know the true than the false; and that is the best reason for this publication. We have heard of an Englishman, who, when travelling in America, as soon as he takes his seat, tells the company who he is, where he comes from, where he is going, and what his business is; and thus saves himself a world of inquiries. Mr. Spurgeon has doubtless found it needful to do the same thing, or, what is better, to let some one do it for him. It may be well, however, to state that Mr. Spurgeon is not in any way responsible for what is said about him in this pamphlet, nor has he any hand in its issue.

Bible Teachings in Nature. By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN. Macmillan and Co., London.

A VERY readable book upon a subject which will always repay a careful thinker. An extensive and accurate acquaintance with nature is here blended with a devout recognition of the superior authority and teaching of the Word of the living God.

The Ancient Psalms, in Appropriate Metres. A strictly literal translation from the Hebrew. With Explanatory Notes. By DALMAN HAPSTONE, M.A., Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant and Co.

IN expounding the Psalms we have become pretty well acquainted with all the writers upon them, and we have welcomed this new arrival as well meriting a prominent position among the best expositors. We look upon the metrical version as an utter failure *as such*; but as a translation it is invaluable, and the notes are, many of them, priceless. The elucidation of each Psalm by events from the Psalmist's life is upon the whole a great success, throwing much new light and adding deeper interest. The author's ingenuity is evidently great, and he has remarkable quickness of perception, although, in some cases, we think he strains rather violently in order to carry out a principle which is not of universal application. Every student of the Psalms must enrich his collection with this most valuable volume, which we trust will meet with a sufficient circulation to repay its author for his great labour.

Life of Joshua Poole. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is the life of no other than "Joss the Fiddler." Under this title he has hitherto become extensively known, and, hereafter, we trust, will be still better known as Mr. Joshua Poole. We have here a faithful narrative of his past history, in which he is left almost entirely to tell his own tale of sorrow and of joy. If

any should question whether there be such conversions in our day as of Manasseh, or the penitent thief, or the Philippian jailor, we need only refer them to this narrative. It is an undeniable proof that the good old gospel has lost none of its power. If not for the delicate and refined, it is a book for the infidel, a book for the drunkard, a book for thoughtless youth, a book for Ritualists, a book for mere Rationalists, a book for the despairing, a book for all who are led captive by Satan at his will. To such it may be of direct good, and of indirect good to all. The advocates of temperance, and above all, of the grace of God that bringeth salvation, will find here the most powerful illustration of their principles. As a tale, it is truly horrible at first, and shows real life to be far more sensational than fiction; but we have ample compensation in the bright scene that follows. Those who have relations or neighbours far gone in dissipation and ruin, cannot do better than put this little volume in their hands.

Preparing for Home. By JONATHAN WATSON. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE have here a series of discoures upon the fifth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Viewed as a part of the ordinary course of the author's Pulpit Ministrations, it may be regarded as an example of soundly evangelical, of earnest, and of faithful preaching. It has no great literary merits, but it has much tendency to real profit, which is far better. It is a characteristic exhibition of truths which need to be presented in every possible way that can give them new beauty and force. We like to see how the grand old truths of the gospel look as they pass through other minds, differing in their training, but not in their belief from our own. This is the kind of pleasure we have taken in perusing the volume before us, and the ground upon which we would strongly recommend it to others.

Sunny Poesy. By SAMUEL COWDY. James Sears, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

THE design of the author of these poems has been to excite a spirit of praise in the hearts of believers. As this duty, though pleasant, is much neglected, we should be glad to know that this little volume has greatly contributed to that end. There may be melody in the heart even where there is not much melody in the song. The principal charm with sincere hearts lies in the theme.

Notices.

ON Monday, the 29th day of July, very interesting ordination services were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. C. Bunning (of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College), at Charlotte Chapel, Rose Street, Edinburgh. Dr. Andrew Thomson presided in the afternoon, and opened by reading and prayer. Letters of congratulation and apology were read from Dr. Alexander and Dr. Bonar. Statements were made on behalf of the church, and by the pastor. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. Francis Johnstone (Richmond Court), the charge to the pastor given by Mr. G. Rogers, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, and the address to the church, by Mr. Jonathan Watson (Dublin Street). The service was concluded by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, Glasgow. In the evening, nearly 600 persons sat down to tea, and at the subsequent meeting, the chapel was filled to overflowing. Mr. George Rogers presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. T. W. Medhurst, Glasgow; C. Chambers, Aberdeen; C. Hill, Dunfermline; J. R. Chamberlain, Glasgow; J. Crouch, Paisley; J. O. Wills, Lochee, Dundee.

On Wednesday, July 31st, the ordination services of Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, late of the Pastor's College, were held in Bath Street Baptist church, Glasgow. The services commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, and were conducted by Mr. George Rogers, of London, assisted by neighbouring ministers. After devotional exercises, a suitable statement on behalf of the church was read by Mr. Swan, the senior deacon, detailing the reasons which induced the church to call Mr. Chamberlain to the pastorate, and giving him a hearty welcome in the name of the members. Mr. Chamberlain then delivered a highly satisfactory statement of his experience, and his reasons for accepting the church's call. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. Alexander McLeod, the venerable pastor of the

Baronial Hall church. Mr. Rogers then delivered an eloquent and lucid charge to the young pastor. The service was concluded with prayer by Mr. W. C. Bunning, of Edinburgh. In the evening a *soirée* was held in the chapel, the pastor in the chair. After an ample tea had been served, the meeting was ably and suitably addressed by Dr. James Paterson, Messrs. R. Glover, T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow; George Rogers, of London; W. C. Bunning, of Edinburgh; J. Crouch, Paisley; and C. Chambers, Aberdeen. The whole proceedings were of a very cordial and gratifying character, and Mr. Chamberlain enters upon his charge with abundant prospects of success, and we have no doubt will prove himself a creditable student of the eminent pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

A new Baptist church has just been formed at Bourne, Lincolnshire. Mr. J. J. Irving, from the Pastor's College, is supplying the pulpit.

On Friday, the 2nd of August, the recognition of Mr. J. Beecliff, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist church, at Lancaster, was held. Mr. J. Newton, a Wesleyan, read and prayed. Mr. Shaw, one of the deacons, related the circumstances that led to the invitation of Mr. Beecliff to the pastorate. Mr. Beecliff gave a full statement upon all the subjects usually referred to on such an occasion. Mr. E. Dothie, Independent, offered the ordination prayer. The address to the minister was given by Mr. G. Rogers. Mr. W. F. Burchell addressed the church. Mr. Wray gave out a hymn, and Mr. J. Jones concluded with prayer. Before the meeting, a public tea was held, both of which were in a large school room belonging to the Independents, which was kindly lent for the occasion, as the Baptist chapel was not large enough to give the accommodation required. We hope ere long to hear of a new chapel being erected, and a flourishing church being established in a town of such importance, in which the Baptist denomination hitherto has been very inadequately represented.

About four years ago a few of the members of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, residing at Deptford, formed themselves into a church and engaged a room at the Lecture Hall. The effort has been attended with varied success, but a great drawback has been the need for a more convenient place in which to worship. Early this year they were successful in obtaining a freehold site of ground; but as there were not sufficient funds to pay for a chapel, a schoolroom has been built at the back of the ground, leaving room for the chapel in front. This building was opened on the 26th ult., when Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the Congregational Church, High Street, kindly lent for the occasion. A tea and public meeting were held in the evening, at which W. Olney, Esq., presided.

Mr. Edmond Morley, of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, has accepted the "hearty and unanimous invitation" of the church at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, to become their pastor.

At length the church at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, has succeeded in obtaining a place of worship to accommodate its large congregations on the Lord's-day. They have made arrangements with the Gymnasium Company for occupying their large hall for the whole of the Sunday during the time required for raising funds for the new chapel. This hall, which is admirably adapted for the purpose, has been specially fitted up for these services; it will, with two large rooms opening into it, seat about 2,300 persons, and the preacher may be distinctly heard. On Sunday last, August 11th, the opening services were held, the pastor, Mr. C. B. Sawday, preaching both morning and evening.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from July 21st, to August 20th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend at Manilla, per Rev. J. Lorimer	1	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore	50	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bickmore	2	0	0
D. F., Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mrs. Macbeth	1	0	0
Mr. W. Dury	5	0	0
A. and E. Denny, Kingston	1	10	0
Mr. J. Eccles	0	2	6
Mr. J. Green	2	12	6
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
A Lincolnshire Reader of Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. R. Law	0	3	0
The Male Catechumen Class	30	0	0
The Male Catechumen Class, proceeds of Excursion	6	5	0
Mrs. Burt	5	0	0
Mr. Jones, Upstreet	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader, Durwerton	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. J. Bellby	5	0	0
A Sister, Braintree	0	10	0
A token of gratitude, R. J. P.	1	0	0
Mr. Willson, per Mrs. Norman	1	1	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Dodwell	2	13	5
Mr. G. B. Rogers	25	0	0
Mr. W. J. Haynes	5	0	0
Rev. F. S. Bridge	0	10	0
Maria Bolton	0	2	6
A. C., Kendal	0	5	0
Mr. E. Glenny	1	5	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
Penrith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Molen	1	0	0
G. F. C., Trinity Chapel, Brixton	1	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Miss Brown	0	3	0
May	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, July 21	34	10	9
" " " " 28	20	3	11
" " " Aug. 4	33	18	0
" " " " 11	30	3	10
" " " " 18	18	8	7
	£303	3	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 21st, to August 20th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
S. C. C., Monaghan	3	0	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	5	0
W. and A. Barns	1	1	0
A. M.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Joynson	500	0	0
A Very Little Boy	0	1	0
A Friend, Beenham	1	1	0
Mr. Willis, per Mr. Pope	2	2	0
A small Thankoffering for 30 years Conjugal Mercies	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Craig	1	1	0
Miss Craig's Sabbath School Class	0	7	0
One who would willingly give more	0	2	6
Mrs. Agnes Dick	2	8	0
Mrs. Letitia Hunter	1	0	0
Mrs. Pantin	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Watson	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Anstie	1	1	0
Mr. W. Sherriff	0	2	6
Whitehaven	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Ainger	1	0	0
Mr. A. Rutherford	0	13	0
Mrs. Payne	0	10	0
A Thankoffering to the Lord	2	2	0
For little Eddy's sake	1	1	0
Mrs. Krell	25	0	0
Mr. Goosey	1	1	0
Mr. E. Clover	0	2	7
A Friend, Aberchirder	0	2	0
A Norfolk Friend	1	0	0
Three Young Friends, Charlton	0	3	0
E. M.	0	8	0
Miss Scott, Aberdeen	1	1	0
Five Bricks, Bushey	0	2	6
A Friend in the Vestry, at Colchester	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Arnold, Colchester	4	6	0
Mr. Mc Kelvey	1	1	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	2	2	0
Friend B.	100	0	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Southern	2	0	0
The Misses Johnson	2	2	0
Mrs. Law, Cardiff	1	1	0
Mr. J. Jackson	2	10	0
W. H. R., Swansea	1	1	0
One who has great cause for gratitude	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Payne	0	5	0
Mr. G. B. Rogers	25	0	0
Mrs. Dafforne	0	2	6
Two Friends, Hadley Green	0	10	0
Miss Keating	1	0	0
Mr. W. Grant	1	0	0
Silver Wedding Cottage, second Moiety	250	0	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
Mr. W. Willis	0	2	6
Mr. E. Nye	1	0	0
Miss West	1	0	0
Poor Joe	0	1	0
A Sinner saved by grace	0	2	6
Manchester	0	1	0
A Grateful Heart	0	2	6
An Humble Free-churchman	0	1	0
A Reader of "the Sword and Trowel"	2	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Per Mr. Phillips—			
Mrs. Tipple	0	10	0
Mr. Andrea	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	2	2	0
Mr. J. Garland	1	1	0
Mrs. J. W. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. Grose	1	1	0
Mr. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. Edgley	10	10	0
Mr. Edgley, junr.	2	10	0
Mr. Thorne	1	1	0
Mrs. Thorne	1	1	0
Mr. Mendham	1	1	0
	£995	3	7

The Word of God at Paris Exhibition.—Edinburgh, £1; A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel, £1.
Almshouses.—Miss Burls, £1.
For Midnight Mission—Edinburgh, £1.
For Mr. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers of Golden Lane.—Mrs. Bickmore, £5; Mrs. Anstie, 9s.; O. H. 5s.
For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mr. C. Blackshaw, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Green, £1 1s. Mr. W. W. Izard, £1 1s.; A Friend, £30; Mrs. W. Evans, 5s.; Mr. J. Garland, 5s.—Donations.—Mr. R. Amery, £2 10s.; Miss Gal , 5s.; A Colporteur, 5s.; A Friend, 10s.; A Friend, 5s.; A Friend; 2s.; A.E.A.B. 10s.; W. D. 10s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1867.

Penny Readings;

OR,

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

IN the name of God all manner of mischief is perpetrated. The great moral truth, that we must not do evil that good may come, appears to be still unknown or ignored among masses of professors. Things which Christian men, as individuals, would scorn to invent or commit, when they once become a fashion, and are varnished over with the pretext of doing good, are run after with greediness; and when committees are formed, and emulation excited, matters are even pushed to extremes from which decorous non-professors had abstained. Given a dozen worldly professors, an ungodly society to please, and the pretence of serving the interests of religion as a cloak, and no one can guess to what length they will proceed; if they had but the means they would not only, like the witch of Endor, bring up Samuel from the tomb, but raise the arch-fiend himself to entertain the public: the interests of morality and decency would be far safer in the hands of decent deists than under the management of vainglorious Christian professors, who have the name to live, and are dead. We are led to these remarks by reviewing the many disgraceful facts which have been brought under our notice in connection with Penny Readings, and their association, not only with church clergymen and curates, but with our own places of worship. We have blushed for our common Christianity when we have observed the silly nonsense, the senseless foolery, the abominable absurdity, the loose and all but lascivious sing-song, the moon-struck sentimentality, which have been read, rehearsed, or sung, to congregations of our people in schoolrooms and lecture halls, with at least the implied sanction of the church, and its pastor and deacons, and sometimes with the evident sanction of them all. Manhood alone ought to have kept the performers and their admirers from sinking to the level of bathos which they have

occasionally reached. What would not be tolerated at a second-rate theatre, should hardly have gone down with men esteemed, at least by themselves, to be persons of position and education: there are amusements allowable in the nursery, which we should hardly have expected to have seen entertaining an assembly in which men of forty took a leading part. We are among those who would defend and advocate the Penny Reading system, by itself and rightly conducted as a valuable means of educating our population, and making them acquainted with the great writers of our land; we even believe that a higher end might be answered if choice, tender, poetic, telling extracts from our devotional writers were read with accompanying anecdotes and illustrations; we do not therefore run a tilt against the whole thing as such, but we feel bound to say that the abuse of it is in many places so serious that it would be far better to give up the entire business than perpetuate its evils. Very far are we from decrying popular lectures upon subjects scientific, historical, moral, or political—a good course of such lectures should, if possible, be provided by our religious societies in every town—and if the lectures maintain a Christian tone, much good will come of them; but lecturing and getting up courses of lectures *for mere amusement sake*, without end or purpose, is not to be tolerated by Christians. As to lecturers of known unsound views, who seize every opportunity to sneer at the gospel, their employment by Christian men, merely because of their cleverness, is a sin against the Lord. Penny Readings, or Popular Lectures, cannot be judged in the mass; they may, like Jeremiah's figs, be very bad or very good; our lament is that in many places they have been "evil, very evil, they cannot be eaten, they are so evil." We heard a wise and experienced father say, the other day, that in his town, if he designed to ruin his children's souls, he should first give them a penny each to go to the readings, and then they would be quite ready to enjoy six-penny-worth of wickedness at the low music-hall, and the next step would be the play-house. Knowing what we do know, we thought him right. When the Penny Reading, or the lecture, is elevating in moral tone, let every right-minded man be thankful for it; but when it is a broad farce, a coarse comedy, a silly love-song, or worse, it is altogether out of place in connection with Christian men, their schools and associations. Let the church enter into rivalry with the theatre, and we know which will get the better of it: on our side, such a contention would be all gain and no loss. We would by no means interdict the use of wit and humour; far otherwise, we hold that their plentiful use is frequently justifiable and advisable; we should like to see a more abundant spice of them, not only in lectures, but in sermons and in religious books; but there must be an end and a purpose in the humour, or it becomes idle jesting, which is not convenient. To make men laugh at folly, at superstition, at meanness—to pour ridicule upon contemptible motives and actions until men laugh them to scorn—is one thing; to keep an audience in a roar by a series of empty witticisms without moral purport is quite another. Against the cheerful, the genial, the humorous, there is no law; for the frivolous, foolish, and indelicate, there is no excuse. Between the moroseness which will not allow a smile, and the lawless levity which would turn our Zion into Vanity Fair, there is a wide difference. Will not all the managers of those societies which cater for the

Christian public, look well to this matter, and act upon the rules of Christian prudence in arranging their programmes? Shall the world be allowed to entrench itself within the church itself? Shall folly deliver its delusive teachings from the chairs of our own prophets? Let the mischief die at once, and as the lecturing season now commences, let sweeping reforms be accomplished forthwith, wherever they may be required, before the plague spreads further in the camp.

In some places great dissatisfaction is felt concerning past proceedings, and this smothered fire will break into a flame of discord if fresh fuel be put upon it; in others old heart-burnings have already led to divisions through this offence; before such ills shall fall upon other churches, let the accursed thing be sought for and put away. Honest, innocent, instructive, interesting entertainments are not so difficult to get up, that we are driven to ribaldry to help us; let us try again, and show the world henceforth that, even in their recreations, Israelites are not Egyptians, Christians are not men of the world.

James Henderson, M.D., the Missionary Physician.*

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE home of James Henderson's childhood was a little cottage, situated on the bleak muir of Rhynie, in the north of Scotland, and distant a mile and more from any other dwelling. There, on a dark day in the middle of the December of 1832, while a violent snow-storm was exhausting its fury, he was left an orphan when scarcely three years old. His father had been an honest and industrious labouring man, had married young, and his brief life had been a hard struggle to obtain a scanty subsistence for his family. Ten weeks before, he ruptured a blood-vessel in the lung, and the loss of blood then and on subsequent occasions, brought him to the brink of the grave. At four in the afternoon of the day mentioned, the good man rallied a little; but as the darkness displaced the daylight, amid the last outbursts of the storm, his spirit took its flight to another world in peace. He had no riches beside his blessing to leave to his three little ones, and no legacy to his wife but the assurance that God, who feeds the young ravens when they cry, would take care of her, and provide her and her children with bread. The tender years of the orphan boy prevented him from realising his great and irreparable loss; and while his two sisters sat silently near the fire, but faintly understanding the sad scene around them, he crept to a quiet corner, and slept as soundly as if joy were beaming on all within and without the lonely cottage. Wearied with the discharge of the last offices of affection to her husband, the new-made widow having sat herself down to rest, her eyes wandered to

* "Memorials of James Henderson, M.D., Medical Missionary to China." James Nisbet and Co. A Biography worthy of a wide circulation. It is spirit-stirring and ennobling.

her sleeping son; and, as they rested on his happy countenance, wept for the first time at the prospect of that heritage of sorrow, and care, and toil, upon which she had entered. She turned to the Book of God and read its cheering promises, and spread her distress before the Most High in prayer. From midnight to morning she prolonged these devout exercises, and as the day revealed the stern difficulties of her situation, she faced them with a calm and courageous heart.

In the succeeding March she removed to a small cottage offered by a farmer in the neighbourhood, and there, by doing such work as she could find on the farms around, kept herself and her children. Her evenings were spent in teaching her two girls and their little brother to read, and in hearing them repeat the portions of Scripture and questions in the "Shorter Catechism" assigned during the day. This pious custom she never set aside, though she often returned jaded and worn out, after working from six in the morning, to go supperless to bed; or had to begin her labour on no better breakfast than a crust and cup of cold water. Two years of her life thus rolled slowly away, embittered by many hardships and privations.

Her own and her children's lot became more easy and comfortable when she went, after her mother's death, to live with her father, who rented a small croft in the district. The old man was rude and rigid in his manners, yet bore a warm and tender heart, in whose affections his grandchildren largely shared. His superior intelligence raised him in the esteem of his neighbours, and a plentiful supply of stories, gathered in his travels through the Highlands, rendered his company particularly entertaining in the long winter's evenings. He loved the Bible, and often made little James, before he was seven years old, read whole evenings to him in the books of the Kings, and Chronicles, and Proverbs. At other times he would bring the boy to his side, and tell him to sing some ballad of the clans; and, as a daring exploit of the clan to which he belonged was sung with a deeper emphasis, his dim eye would kindle again with the clansman's wonted fire.

In a little while the old man was gathered to his fathers, and the widow was left in possession of the small farm. James was sent into the fields to lend his slender assistance in their cultivation. The summer kept him busily occupied, but the winter was a kind of long vacation, in which he roamed over the hills, and mightily terrified the timid rabbits and hares with an old gun, which only condescended to go off on certain occasions. His education was considered by his relatives complete with the ability to read the Bible and the "Shorter Catechism." Writing and arithmetic were deemed superfluous accomplishments, and their necessity in that part of the country was never imagined. For generations past his fathers, all honest and simple-minded men, had lived and died without a knowledge of these things, and why should the rising race seek to be wiser than they? Until he had gone half way through his teens, the only eminent and respectable literary characters whose acquaintance he had made were "Jack the Giant Killer," and "The Forty Thieves." It was only in his sixteenth year that he heard there existed such a country as China, or discovered how his own nation was governed. His faith was almost equally divided between the gospels and the current superstitions of the district; and it is duly authenticated

that the most absurd story about the power of witchcraft was nothing more to the credulity of the people in those parts than a shrimp to a hungry whale. From earliest infancy his mother trained him to keep holy the Sabbath. On the afternoon of that day, his chief enjoyment was to repair to the bank of some rivulet or mountain spring, where he would sit for hours reading and committing to memory many portions from Genesis, the Gospels, or the Book of Revelation. At a little distance lay his constant attendant, a fine collie dog, who, when he saw his young master weep—which he often did over the tale of the Saviour's suffering and death—would come with great concern in his looks, and lick his hand, and try to comfort him.

From scenes like these, and with his mother's dying words ringing in his ears—"Never forsake God, and he will never forsake you"—young Henderson went to the feeing market to hire himself to the farmer who would make the best offer for his services. He engaged for six months at a wage of twenty-five shillings, for which he had to tend fifteen herd of cattle, and do other work besides; "and, in fact," he adds, "I had so much to do, that, at the end of six months, I was so thin and changed in my appearance that my old friends scarcely knew me. It was a hard-earned twenty-five shillings; but it was the first I had ever won. I had never been so rich before; for the largest sum I ever had was fourteenpence, and this was all I possessed when I first left home, with one suit of half-worn clothes."

His next situation, where he remained eighteen months, afforded him greater advantages, though it at first brought him less remuneration. He became groom to the village surgeon, who treated him with the utmost kindness, and obtained the services of the schoolmaster to instruct him in writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Instructive books were within his reach, and he learned to lay aside his erroneous conceptions of the world in which he lived, and to think of other lands and people than the narrow spot and slender few to which both his thoughts and observations had hitherto been confined. Yet the reminiscences of the last twelve months spent in this place were the saddest that he gathered from any season of his life, not because of any suffering endured, for *that* only lends a zest to present enjoyment, but because of the sins and youthful follies into which he was led. His time not being fully occupied, he gave way to habits of idleness, and soon became the companion of those of whom, he says, he ought to have been ashamed. But for all these things conscience exacted a heavy penalty from him in his moments of retirement, and, stimulated by the faithful sermons of Mr. Nichol, brought him every Sabbath evening in terror to his knees.

The scale was not yet turned in favour of the Saviour; and he longed for gayer scenes and wider scope for pleasure. At this crisis of his life, he was directed to the service of a gentleman under whose roof religion dwelt and flourished. The whole management of the establishment was in the hands of a pious butler, who, during a period of twelve years, had proved his fidelity to his master; this man was, by education, far above his present sphere; by humility and benevolence of heart, prepared for any undertaking that would benefit his fellow men or glorify the Saviour. So brightly did the beauty of the gospel shine in his life, that Dr. Henderson says of him in after years, "Among all the devoted

and excellent men I have known, I never saw a finer or purer example of the follower of Christ." The reign of undefiled religion was not altogether unpleasant to the boisterous stripling from the country. It fostered those desires of reformation which he had often secretly felt, and at the same time put a firm restraint upon those follies to which he was prone. The consistent daily life and pure conversation of James England prepared the way, and in a little while led to an entire change of heart and life.

What can I do, he anxiously asked, to extend the kingdom of Jesus? A voice from within replied, endeavour to become a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, break through the barriers in the way, for whatever has once been done by man, may be done by man again. Not so, answered a multitude of voices from without, and more loudly than the others, the voices of those who held the sacred office. To them it seemed next to impossible for him to climb from his present poor and rude condition, over the extended difficulties of an eight years' curriculum, to that high point of education fixed for her ministers by the Presbyterian church. As if the project had originated in some frenzied mind bordering on insanity, each counsellor in succession strove to take its life away, by pelting it with the sad tales of the miscarriages of others who had made a similar attempt. One told him of several excellent young men who gave up their occupations in order to study, but it would not do, and they were obliged to return to their old work and position, having lost health, time, and money, and, worse than all, were so disheartened that they could never hold up their heads again. Another mentioned one or two instances he had known of young men who, by dogged perseverance, coupled with an iron constitution, had succeeded in gaining educations; but they had to subject themselves to the most trying privations, such as living upon three penny rolls a day, lodging in a garret at eighteenpence a-week, and working twenty hours out of the twenty-four. No one appeared to have the most distant idea of the preparation necessary for the classes of the University, of the best way to prepare, or the probable expense of a University education. Yet, none of these things moved him: he meant to advance: only the direction of his progress was changed by this churlish treatment. After clinging for five years to his original purpose of becoming a minister, he abandoned it, and decided on devoting his energies to the study of medicine.

As we see the young man of twenty-five enter Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, and take rank among the leading spirits of the classes, we are constrained to enquire how he has obtained the necessary means, and the educational qualifications for entering upon the higher branches of study. A few sentences will suffice to answer both these queries, and bring into the foreground the rugged path by which he reached the position he occupies at this stage of our brief narrative. Under the instruction of James England, he acquired a fair knowledge of the English tongue, and attempted the elements of Latin. When his friend's stock of Latin was exhausted, he applied to the parish schoolmaster, who gave him periodical lessons till the close of the five years which he remained in Mr. Grant Duff's service. Dissatisfied with the pace at which he was progressing, he resolved to give himself up

exclusively to study as long as his previous savings would last. For this purpose he went to live at the small town of Macduff. Every evening he received lessons in mathematics, Latin, etc., and from morning to midnight toiled daily over his studies. In five months he removed to Edinburgh, and obtained employment from a lady who in every possible way helped forward his designs. His duties being slight, he could freely spend a large portion of each day in supplying the defects of his education; and so abundantly were his diligence and self-denial rewarded, that he could afterwards say, "Before I was twenty-five years old, I could write Latin more correctly than I could write English when I was eighteen." His scale of living during these years is a curious specimen of economy and frugality:—

"For nine months before I left Mr. Grant Duff I had subjected myself to take only two meals a day, and had enjoyed excellent health; this plan I carried on at Macduff, and I had now been accustomed to it for fifteen months; I determined to continue it, and every month when I received my wages and board wages, I deposited all in the bank except ten shillings—namely, two shillings and sixpence per week for my food. But for the benefit of others, I may say that it is not easy to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh, and I should not like to go through the same course of regimen again; but like some other men I have heard of, in leading a forlorn hope, I was determined to carry out what I had in view, or perish in the attempt. My motto was, 'If I perish, I perish.' It may seem rather strange too, that on entering college I took comfortable lodgings, and began to live like other people, and this after submitting myself to comparative fasting for three years."

It was about the middle of his curriculum when he resolved, in twenty-four hours after hearing at a public meeting of the good done by medical missions, to join the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. He was unanimously accepted, and soon became distinguished both by his industry in study, and deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his fellows. After the close of his studies, he practised for awhile at Rhynie, waiting for an opportunity to go abroad. In 1859, the London Missionary Society engaged him as one of their medical agents in China, and after spending six months in reading theology with the Rev. S. S. England, at Walthamstow, and having obtained his degree of M.D. at St. Andrew's, Dr. Henderson set sail in the *Heroes of Alma* for Shanghai. On his arrival, he immediately took the superintendence of the Chinese Hospital at that port. This was the work for which Dr. Henderson had hitherto lived and laboured; and by this work he was speedily cut down. His own words best describe its varied character and extent, and prove the wisdom of uniting in the same mission the skill that can alleviate man's bodily sufferings with the truth that can restore to his spirit the life divine. Dr. Henderson says:—

"Although China has reached what some are pleased to call the highest degree of civilisation of which a nation is capable without the gospel, it presents, I believe, more physical suffering, for want of medical knowledge, than any other nation on the face of the earth. The multitudes of sick, and lame, and blind, which crowd the streets of this and other cities, are ample evidence of her deplorable condition in this respect. In an institution like this, a good surgeon may almost every day of his life make the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the paralytic whole; besides bringing hundreds together under the most favourable circumstances, to have

the gospel preached to them. I might be allowed to give one example of the influence which even one successful case exerts, not only upon an individual or a family, but upon a locality or neighbourhood. Last spring I operated on a man's eyes for artificial pupil. For several years previously he had only just been able to distinguish day from night, light from darkness. Three days after the operation he was able to read the ordinary character, and on the fifth day he left the hospital. He was a boatman, and lives about half-way to Nankin, on the Northern bank of Yang-tsze river. Two months afterwards he arrived again in Shanghai with his boat, and brought six blind people to the hospital, five men and one woman, from his own neighbourhood, and they not only wanted to have their sight restored, but made enquiries about the Christian religion, which they said their friend who brought them had told them about. . . . . One man," continues the doctor in another report, "a shopkeeper, who had been blind for three years, readily submitted to the operation for cataract. I need not say that he was much delighted when, on the twelfth day after it, he was able to read the New Testament character with facility. This man left the hospital in very high spirits, declaring that he would make known the gospel doctrine to all his friends and neighbours."

The method pursued in the discharge of the daily work of the hospital, is thus described by Dr. Henderson, in his first report:—

"At half-past eleven o'clock the hospital bell begins to ring for patients to assemble; at a quarter-past twelve the native preacher, belonging to the hospital, begins the religious services in the hall where the patients meet; he reads the Scriptures, and preaches till one o'clock, concluding with prayer. I begin to examine the cases at one o'clock, by taking first ten women into the dispensary, where they sit down, and each is prescribed for separately; ten men are then admitted in like manner: thus ten women and ten men are admitted successively until all are seen. Any case requiring a surgical operation is put aside till all the others are prescribed for. Cases of accident are admitted at all hours."

Then, having bestowed high praise upon the character of Chin Foo, his apothecary and house surgeon, Dr. Henderson proceeds:—

"Chin Foo's brother, Keih Foo, is the native preacher at the hospital, and is very attentive to all his duties. After I begin to see the patients in the dispensary, he commences to distribute tracts to all who can read, and to converse with those who are waiting on the all-important truths of Christianity. Soon after my arrival here, I had fifteen thousand copies of a small tract printed in Chinese, containing within a short space an epitome of the gospel; each patient who can read, and very many can, receives a copy of this: and thus, during the past year, large numbers from different parts of the country have heard the glad tidings of salvation through the Redeemer."

If to this I add an abstract of the numbers so treated, it may serve to suggest an idea, perhaps a very vague one, of the wide range which the influence of the hospital might be supposed to take. In one day the patients have numbered 217; the monthly attendance has fluctuated between 1,716, 3,512, and 4,701, according to the changes of the seasons, while in a year the astonishing number of 38,069 have been prescribed for. Dr. Henderson's influence for good was not bounded by the precincts of the hospital. The reports of his work spread, interested the surrounding merchants, and secured their active sympathy. With all his native energy, he investigated every subject coming within the reach of his science that affected the well-being of the Chinaman. His papers on "Climate," and the "Medicine and Medical Practice of

the Chinese," enjoyed a wide popularity; and by his "Shanghai Hygiene; or, Hints for the Preservation of Health in Shanghai," he conferred a lasting boon upon the inhabitants of that city. A pure motive and single aim directed and sustained his varied undertakings. When asked were the Chinese grateful for what was done for them, how high the principle revealed in his reply! "I never came to China to gain the people's gratitude, but to try to do them good, and the man who expects gratitude from the Chinese will be wofully disappointed." His genial manners won the esteem of the English settlers; and often when a clergyman dare not name religion, he could say a good word for his heavenly Master. With the young merchants from England he lived on the terms of the closest intimacy. Beyond the observation of friends and the restraints of Christian society, they were exposed unarmed to the vilest and most seductive practices of a heathen city. He brought them to his own home. On Sunday afternoons he read with them the Scriptures, and not a few owed their first serious thoughts about the Saviour to his kind and faithful conversation. But while the widest waves of his usefulness were spreading, when to human eye he seemed most needed upon earth, the divine voice called him away. It is not ours to murmur, but our hearts were very cold did we not mourn over so sudden a termination of a life so ardently active, so actively good. On the third of June, 1865, he was utterly prostrated with a slow fever of a typhoid character, and though removed to Nagasaki, he returned not to convalescence, but gradually sank till the 30th July, when he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. The elder of his two little ones had gone before—the younger in a little while after followed to the better land. So universally diffused was the fame of his good deeds and stainless character, that when the news of his death reached Shanghai, the city lamented the loss of a public benefactor, and its inhabitants a beloved friend. Belonging to a short-lived race, and knowing that he could not extend the duration of his days, he had endeavoured to expand their compass by a multiplicity of labour utterly destructive of the strongest constitution. He had fought too fiercely the battle of life to continue the struggle long; but the great achievements of his brief career will form powerful persuasives to similar devotedness, and throw a bright and cheering ray around those who toil and well nigh faint along the upward way to usefulness.

Among the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," are there no believing young men who, by God's grace, will solemnly resolve to hew their way to positions of usefulness? They need not have the early difficulties of James Henderson to contend with, for the Pastor's College will gratuitously assist them in their education if they are really called to the ministry; but would it not be a noble thing to take rank as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, doing valiantly for the Lord? Surely, among the heather, or the cornfields, or the coalpits, or the factories, or the marts of Britain, the Lord has hidden friends; let them come forth, for the Lord's cause hath need of them.

The Ministry of Jesus and of his Servants.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.*

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."—Isaiah lxi. 1—3.

IT is five years to-day since I first preached to you as your minister from these words, and these five years are peculiarly solemn both to you and to me. They are solemn, because I trust that during that period many have been born again—at least *some* have passed from death unto life—some have found a salvation more precious than worlds. They are solemn, too, because many who were wont to worship with us here, and whose faces I loved so well to see, have gone to worship in the sanctuary above, and are become pillars in the house of God, from whence they shall go no more out. And they are solemn also, because I fear many of you are only five years nearer an undone eternity than when I began my ministry among you; five years have been added to the guilt of your sin; five years of a resisted gospel; five years of a despised Saviour; five years of a quenched Spirit.

I chose these words at the first, because Christ began his ministry with them. Luke iv. 17. I thought *then*, and I think the same *still*, that there are no words in all the Bible which show more what a faithful ministry ought to be. It may, therefore, be profitable, both for you and for me, to look back upon the past, and try ourselves by them, and see whether or not our ministry be like to Christ's.

The first point, then, I wish you to observe is, *the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit, as shown in these words.* In looking at the gospel, the love of the Triune Jehovah is manifest. As it is wrong in viewing the creation to see only the workmanship of Jesus, so it is wrong in looking at the work of redemption, not to see the love of all the persons of the Godhead. The Father planned, the Son executed, and the Spirit applies, convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, takes of the things of Christ, and reveals them to the soul. This is indeed a love which passeth knowledge. Who can comprehend its length, and breadth, and depth, and height?

Let us first, then, look at the love of the Father in *choosing Christ.* He cast his eye over all the universe, but he could not find any one there to die for sinners; and then he looked into his own bosom, and said, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." "*I have found a ransom.*" No creature's back could have borne the load of our guilt. And not only did he *choose* him, but he *gave* him. What saith the Scriptures? "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

*Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer.

Therefore, while it is true that the Godhead cannot suffer loss, so it is equally true that Christ is God's unspeakable gift. Were we speaking after the manner of men, namely, of an earthly father, we would say, that it seemed to have cost him a *pang* to yield up the Son of his love; for it is said, "He that *spared* not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all."

And then God *prepared* a body for him—a holy body, and a holy soul. The Son yielded himself into the hands of the Father, and he moulded him a body, "A body hast thou prepared me." And still further, the Father *sent* him into the world. Verse first—"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: *he hath sent me* to bind up the broken-hearted." Jesus often repeats this, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that *sent* me." John vi. 38. "My meat is to do the will of him that *sent* me, and to finish his work." John iv. 34. The thought that the Father *sent* him seems to have been sweet to the heart of Jesus. And again, the Father *held* him by the hand. It is written in Isaiah, "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand." Just as an earthly father would say to his child, when going through a deep water, "I will hold your hand," so did God say to his Son, when about to pass through the waters of his wrath, "I will hold thine hand." See, then, in all this the love of the Father.

And now let us look at the love of the Spirit, verse first—"The *Spirit* of the Lord God *is upon me*, because the Lord hath *anointed* me." See his love to Christ, as fulfilled at his baptism—"And Jesus, when he was baptised, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the *Spirit* of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him." Again, in the forty-second of Isaiah—"Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon him." And in the eleventh chapter—"There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the *Spirit* of the Lord shall rest upon him," etc.; and also it is said, "He giveth not the *Spirit* by measure unto him." Never did the Holy Ghost find such a rest as in the bosom of Emmanuel—never did he find such a home as *that*. He said, "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell." And when he hung upon the cross, the Holy Spirit seemed *still* to be within him. God the Father hid his face from him; for he cried out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" As if he had said, "I thought thou wouldst have been the last in the world to have forsaken me." *Even then* the Spirit was dwelling within him; for it is written, "He, through the eternal *Spirit*, offered himself without spot to God."

This, then, is the gospel. In it you have the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit, three in one, and one in three, who are not willing that any should perish. There are some who say that they think they could come to Jesus, but they are afraid the *Father* would not receive them. Now, if any of you feel in this way, you are quite wrong; for Jesus said, "He that hath seen *me*, hath seen the Father." "I and my Father are one." You should come then *to* Jesus, and *by* Jesus to the Father. The love of the Son is no more than the love of the Father, and the love of the Spirit is as great as that of the Father or the Son. Oh! how will

you be able to answer in the judgment-day, when you find that your damnation lies at your own door? when godly ministers and friends shall be heard saying, "I prayed *for* that man; I prayed *with* that man; I read the Bible to that man; I *warned* that man; I *invited* that man"? What will you answer when the voice of the Father shall be heard saying, "I did not want you to perish; I sent my Son into the world to suffer for such as you"? When the Son shall say, "I died for sinners, even the chief. I knocked at thy door, but thou wouldst not let me in"? When the Holy Ghost shall say, "I pricked your heart, but you resisted and quenched me. I strove long with you, but I did not strive always"? Think how speechless you will be when the Father, Son, and Spirit thus bear witness that they are not willing you should perish; when you find that your eternal destruction is of your own doing; and that the only reason you are *not* saved is, that you *would not* come to Jesus that you might have life.

The second thing that I wish you to mark in these words is, that the *Lord Jesus Christ offers himself as a Saviour to sinners.*

1st. He offers "to preach good tidings to the *meek*." That the word meek here means *poor* is evident from the manner in which Jesus translates this passage in the New Testament, where he says, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the *poor*." Now, he here offers himself as a prophet to the poor. I am afraid there are not many poor among you; but there are *some*, and the poor are those whose eyes are open to see their lost condition. Those of you here whose eyes have thus been opened, said *before*, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" but if the Holy Spirit has convinced you of your state by nature, I am sure he hath shown you that you are *poor*. You say *now*, "I am wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." You thought before that the garment in which you were clothed would do well enough to go in with before the King; but now you see that your robe is just what the Bible says it is—nothing but "filthy rags." You say, like the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and cry out with the leper, "Unclean! unclean!" You feel as if you would go out of the sight of all creatures—as if you would hide yourself from the very eye of God. Now, Christ comes to preach good tidings to the poor. Here is the offer once more. What does the word of God say about the poor? "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

And Jesus summed up his message to John by his servants with this, as if it were the most important of it all—"And to the *poor* the gospel is preached." He offers himself to you—will you accept of him? He offers to blow the silver trumpet in your ear—will you listen to his voice? For five years I have told you of this Saviour, and he himself has gone through this place holding out his blessings. Then, why are you still sad? Why are your wants not supplied, when he has so much to bestow?

2nd. The Lord Jesus Christ offers himself as a *Saviour to the broken-hearted.* Verse first, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." I am afraid there are not many *such* among you. The most of you, alas!

are whole-hearted. Your hearts are "as firm as a stone;" yea, harder than the rock. Is there any one here to whom the holy law of God, in all its breadth and length and piercing spirituality, has come home with such power that you have fallen at his feet as dead? Are there any of you that say like Paul, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died"? Those of you who are broken-hearted, are broken away for ever from the expectation of being justified by the works of the law. And is there any one here who has got a sight of a pierced Christ? Do you now see that you have despised him who ought to have been your only hope?—then you are a broken-hearted one.

Are there any here who have sought Christ for five years, and yet have not found him? and you are saying, "I fear he is not for me; I fear I will never find him now"? Hearken, Jesus offers to bind up the broken-hearted. This was the very errand upon which the Father sent him into the world. Put thy broken heart into his hand, and he will bind it up. For five years I have told you of this Saviour—will you still despise him and pass him by?

3rd. Christ was sent as a King "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Now, I know that most of you think you are *free*. You say, "We are Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." You think it liberty to sin; you think it is liberty to break the Sabbath; you think it is liberty to live as you please; but when God opens your eyes, he will show you that this so-called liberty of yours, is nothing else than slavery. He will convince you that "whoso committeth sin is the servant of sin;" that you are in the devil's hands; that you are the *goods* in the palace kept by "the strong man," and therefore you are at peace. Is there any one who feels himself a captive? Then listen to the words of Christ—"The Lord God has sent me" "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Bring your bonds to Jesus, and he will take them off, and say to you, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disicples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." For five years have I told you of this Saviour, and now I tell you again, that the veriest drudge of Satan within these walls may obtain liberty from Christ. Poor captives, are you not yet tired of your bonds? are you not convinced that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard his spots? neither can ye, who are accustomed to do evil, learn to do good.

In the fourth place, Christ offers himself as a Saviour to you all. He was sent "to proclaim *the acceptable year of the Lord.*" This seems to have been taken from the day of jubilee, which you will read of in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus. The silver trumpet was blown for a whole year, and during that time every bondman was allowed to go free. All such were at liberty to return home; and this year of jubilee seems to have been a type of the gospel-day. Now, I have no doubt there are many among you honest enough to say, "I am not poor; I am not broken-hearted; I am not a captive; I am not bound; I love sin, and I love my own ways. I have lived in sin, and I intend to live in it still." You love the glass and the tabret, you love the theatre and the card

table, and you think there is no word for such as you; but, dear soul, observe Christ sent me to say he has a message even for you. He bids me proclaim to you the "*acceptable year*." He says, "I am found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me." Now, you are *not* seeking him; you are *not* called by his name; but he has sent me to tell you, that *this* is the acceptable year; that this is the year in which there is blood to wash away your sin; that is, this is the year in which you may be saved. "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof." "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is unto the sons of men." Christ says, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." God is not willing that any should perish: he hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should come unto him and live. God has charged me not to pass you by. He says, "Preach the gospel to every creature." Now, are you not a creature? Have you not a human face and a human heart? God commands me to tell you this is the acceptable year. Observe, it is a year—*one year*. Now, you will notice all other years come to an end, and so will the gospel-year—the year, the month, the week, the day, the moment is fixed when it will be done, and *it is coming quickly*. You have had five years of the acceptable year, and they have passed away. The words that have been spoken here will never be spoken again. Oh! think how near you may be to the end of the acceptable year! and what comes next—"The day of vengeance of our God." Judgment is God's strange work; but it is *his* work for all that. The feet of Jesus are said to be beautiful when he cometh upon the mountains, bringing good tidings, and publishing peace; but they are also like fine brass to crush in pieces his enemies. While Christ says of himself in the sixty-third of Isaiah, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save," it is also written a little afterwards, "The day of vengeance is in mine heart," "and I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in fury." Yes, unbelieving men, the wrath of the lamb, the day of vengeance, *will* come, and what will you do *then?* where will you hide yourselves in that day? Remember that five years of gospel mercy will bring an eternity of woe. How heartrending will be the cries of some in this place! "O for another sermon! O for another warning! O for another invitation! O for another half-hour to pray! O for another moment to believe on Jesus!" And soon, very soon, it will come to that.

5th. Christ offers himself *as a comforter to mourners*—"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Perhaps some of you are weak in the faith. You are trembling and crying out, "Lord, help mine unbelief." Perhaps some of you have sinned away the peace you had, and you are mourning and in heaviness. Perhaps some of you are sinking beneath the stroke of his hand. He is smiting you, and you do not know why, and in your anguish of spirit you are enquiring, "Wherefore contendest thou with me?" And perhaps some of you are mourning because of the wickedness of your children, because they are still walking with the multitude on the broad way which leadeth to destruction; but the Lord Jesus has a balm

for all such. Carry your wounds to him, and he will heal them, and pour in his oil and wine, making your heart glad, and putting a new song in your mouth; yea, he will give you "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He will put off your sackcloth, and gird you with gladness, and what will he make you? "Trees of righteousness." You feel as if you were nothing more than a reed; yea, a bruised reed, easily shaken and broken with the wind; but such the compassionate One will not break. Nay, more, he will make you *trees*, strong and green, bearing fruit to his praise, "the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

For five years I have come among you preaching this Jesus. I have sought to offer him freely to you during those years that are past. None of us know who may be away, and I among the rest, in the year that is to come; but let me entreat of you now to lay these words before you this evening. Read them upon your knees, and ask yourselves whether you have yet come to this Saviour—enquire solemnly at your own hearts, whether you have yet made use of God's beloved Son, his precious, his anointed One.

Ritualists have no right to the Gospel.

BY Ritualists we mean those who have the external forms of godliness without the internal power, and who rely upon the observance of those forms for their hope of salvation. Even divinely-instituted ordinances may be regarded as the whole requirements of the gospel, and that doubtless is the aspect which Ritualism first assumed, and from which its whole after-growth was derived; but it is to the addition of ceremonies not enjoined in the New Testament that the appellation is now given. The original forms of Christianity are too simple and too few to constitute of themselves a ceremonial dispensation; and, consequently, no alternative remained but to enlarge them or to go beyond them to their spiritual signification. To go beyond them would require gospel faith, to enlarge them would gratify natural pride and self-righteousness. Instead of the humbling and self-denying doctrines of the gospel, man would rather have a brilliant and imposing religion of his own. Had not Judaism its gorgeous and solemn ceremonies? Had not the religions of Greece and Rome? Why not Christianity? Such is Ritualism. It is a mixture not of Jewish merely, but of heathen rites with the simple forms of Christianity. Are we told that no confidence is placed in the ceremonies themselves? Then why use them? Why give them such prominence? And why so strenuously insist upon them? The fact is that confidence *is* placed in them for salvation, and this is the essence of the whole system. Our modern Ritualists assume their ritualistic observances to be the true religion in distinction from every other.

Of such, we affirm, *that they have no right to the gospel.* This, we admit, is a serious charge, and ought not to be lightly made. The chief of sinners by virtue of his position as such, has a right to the gospel. It is addressed to him, and its provisions are entirely adapted

to him. Ritualists have deprived themselves of that right. By adopting another gospel, they preclude themselves from the true one. As ritualists they cannot come to Christ, while as the chief of sinners they may. We might establish our position therefore upon the well-known words of the Redeemer, "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick;" or, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." We have the very same charge, however, brought against the very same persons by an apostle in Hebrews xiii. 10: "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." This, we think, justifies the charge to which we have alluded against the Ritualists of our day. Let us observe the analogy between them and those to whom these words were first addressed. Jerusalem was not yet destroyed. The services of the temple were still continued, although the vail that concealed its most solemn mysteries had been rent from the top to the bottom, to signify that its rituals were abolished. There were priests still offering gifts according to the law. The smoke of the sacrificial offerings still ascended from the altar; and the priests and worshippers still ate their portions of the sacrifice. The Christian, says the Epistle to the Hebrews, has his altar. For all that is given up in the ceremonial law, he has far more in the gospel. "If that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." For the altar we have, say some, the cross; according to others, the divinity of him that was offered upon the cross; and according to others, the entire Christ upon whom the sacrifice of our services is offered continually. If, as Christ himself taught, "the altar sanctifieth the gift," not the cross, but the divinity which sustained the humanity, when the whole curse of the law fell upon it, must be the altar. There is no need however, to decide that point here, since the altar in the passage under consideration is evidently put for the sacrifice upon it. "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." To eat of the altar can mean only to eat of the sacrifices offered upon it. That portion of the victim which was consumed by fire, was considered to be received or eaten by God, and when part of the same victim was eaten by man, God and man were considered, in token of reconciliation, to have eaten together. Eating that which had been sacrificed to idols is spoken of in the same way as having fellowship with them. From this circumstance the ideal representation of living upon Christ by faith, eating his flesh, and drinking his blood is derived, and is symbolised in the Lord's Supper.

Of the same altar we may eat continually, but we cannot eat of different altars at the same time. An apostle puts this strongly, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Have we not in this ordinance communion by faith with Christ? Do we not eat with God at the same altar? "Behold, Israel after the flesh: are not they which eat of the sacrifices partakers of the altar?" By eating of those sacrifices, are they not bound to that altar, and to the whole Jewish dispensation? "But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers

of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils." He who partakes of the one forfeits his right to the other. The meaning of these words is now obvious: "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." If they continue to partake of the Jewish, they have no right to the Christian altar. If, in fact, they depend on Judaism, they have no right to Christianity; if upon Moses, they have no right to Christ.

This argument is confirmed by an appeal to another part of the Jewish law, in which the only sacrifice that was wholly offered to God, the blood of which was taken into the holiest of all, was burnt without the camp. Of this no man was permitted to eat. Mark the apostle's reasoning. The Jews had no right to eat of a sacrifice that was offered beyond the walls of Jerusalem. But Christ suffered without the gate. Upon their own principles, therefore, they had no right to eat of him. They must renounce their own law before they have a right to Christ. "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle. For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." An altar has been erected without the gate, such as was typified under the law; and they who adhere to the altar without, bear the reproach of renouncing the altar within. Not less do they who adhere to the altar within the gate, renounce that which is without. Nor is it serving at the Jewish altar merely that deprives us of all right to Christ's death. If that which was formerly appointed by God himself bars our right to the cross, how much more must every other altar or form of worship of mere human device?

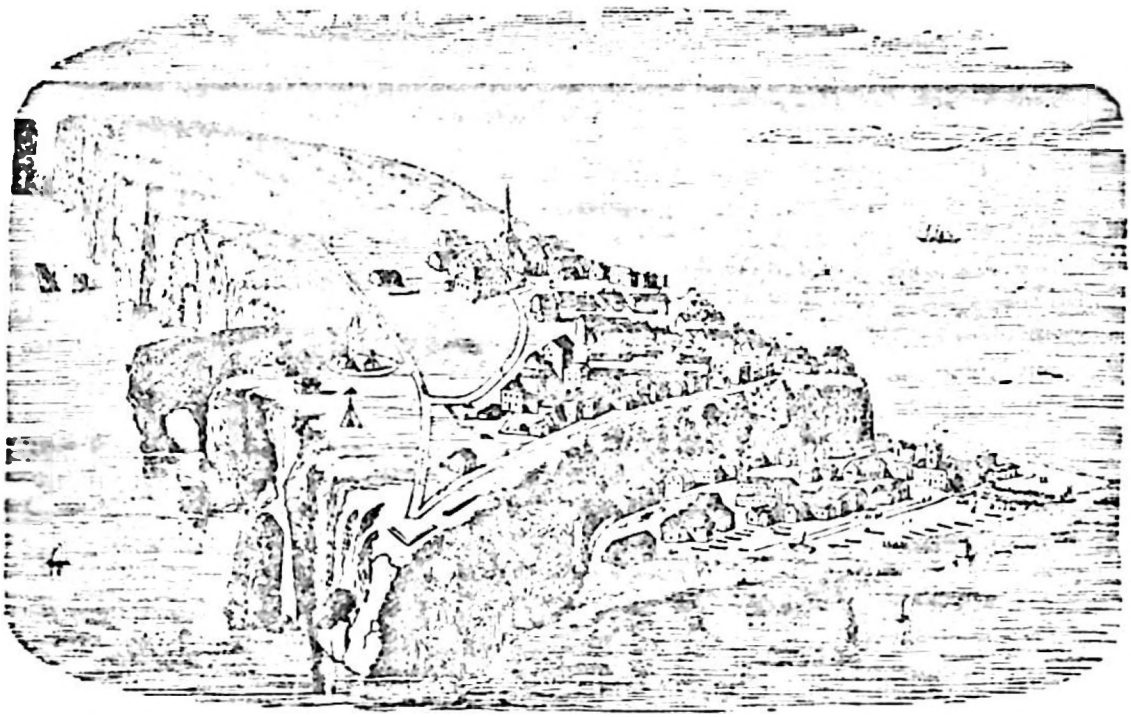
Is not this now the very position which modern Ritualism has assumed? We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat who serve in their tabernacles. Any other altar bars the way to the cross, and why not theirs? They have no right to the gospel just because they have another gospel, which is not another. It is another to shut out the true one, but not another to answer the same end. They deprive themselves of what before was their right in common with all mankind. The drunkard, the libertine, the murderer, have a right to the gospel which they have not. So long as the Jews relied upon their ceremonies, they had no part in Christ. "Christ is become of no effect unto you," said Paul to the Galatians, "whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace." If you are trusting in ceremonial observances for your justification, you have nothing to do with Christ, and Christ has nothing to do with you. You have forfeited your right to the grace of the gospel. We read too, "Looking diligently, lest any men fail of the grace of God. Lest there be any fornicator," spiritual fornicator, "or profane person as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright." Such most assuredly are they who for the tinsel glare of outward ceremonies sell their birthright to gospel privileges.

In this way we think the charge may be brought home to our modern Ritualists. The words we have adduced against them, they have pleaded in their own favour. "We have an altar," says the apostle. "Yes,"

say they, "and we have an altar too—an altar of our own." But an altar of our own is the very thing against which the apostle speaks, as barring our right to the one altar of Christ. They have no right to the priesthood of Christ who have a priesthood of their own. They have no right to the sacrifice of Christ who have a sacrifice of their own. They have no right to the altar of Christ who have an altar of their own. They have no right to the intercession of Christ who have intercessors of their own. They have no right to the incense of Christ's merits who have incense of their own. They have no right to the real presence of Christ in heaven who have his real presence in bread and wine upon the earth. They have no right to eat his flesh and drink his blood by faith who profess to do it literally. They have no right to the absolution by Christ who have a power of absolution of their own. They have no right to pour their secrets into the ears of Christ who require the secrets of others to be poured into their own. They have no right to the robe of Christ's righteousness who have sacred garments of their own. They have no right to the word of Christ who have a rubric of their own. They have no right to the renewing of the Holy Ghost who have a regeneration of their own. They have no right to an unction from the Holy One who have a holy oil of their own. They have no right to bow the knee to Christ in heaven who bow the knee to any image of him upon the earth. They who embrace the crucifix renounce their right to the cross; and they who wear the tonsure have no right to the crown. How completely has Satan given them a substitute for every part of the gospel—an artificial Christ instead of the true one! Of all things, a Christianity without Christ is most pernicious; yet such is Ritualism. It is Christianity forced into an excess of leaves and branches and blossoms, instead of fruit-bearing. To put Christian ordinances in the place of Christ himself is as condemnatory as to worship idols of wood and stone. As there is nothing between Christ and God, so there should be nothing between us and Christ. Ritualism comes between men and Christ to hide him from their view. "This is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come," and though long since come, still remaineth in the world; but which "the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

G. Rogers.

There are some if you would see their goodness, and be acquainted with their godliness, you must hit the right time, or else you will find none; like some flowers that are seen but some months in the year, or some physicians that they call forenoon men, they that would speak with them to any purpose, must come in the morning, because commonly they are drunk in the afternoon; thus, may-be in the morning, you may take the hypocrite on his knees in a saint's posture, but when that fit is over, you shall see little of God in all its course, till night brings him again of course to the like duty. The watch is nought that goes at first winding up, and stands all the day after; and so is that heart, sure, that desires not always to keep in spiritual motion.—*Gems of Thought.*



Heligoland.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

HER Majesty's smallest foreign possession is the island of Heligoland. This little jewel in the British crown sparkles in a setting of liquid emerald, at the foot of Denmark, out in the North Sea, between the mouths of the two great German rivers, the Elbe and the Weser. Three or four hours' steam from Cuxhaven, or eight from Hamburg, brought us off this remarkable triangular rock, and twelve Hamburg shillings, value one shilling English, given to one of the sturdy boatmen, secured each of us a landing on the shingly beach which forms the lower part of the island. There lies our steamer in the channel to the right, and our landing-place is opposite to the building with a wooden tower, and a flag-staff, which the reader sees in the engraving. What a landing for a poor limping invalid longing for quiet, and come to sea to to find it! All the visitors and half the population stood staring upon the new comers with all their eyes, and some of them with quizzing glasses in addition. Between two lines of more than ordinarily curious and inquisitive observers, all new arrivals had to run the gauntlet, the whole of the two clouds of witnesses gazing as intently as if they had never seen one of Adam's race in all their lives before. Well-bred ladies and gentlemen, no doubt, these staring humanities esteemed themselves to be, but another opinion found a supporter in one of the victims, who growled inwardly at the whole mob, and would have growled more savagely if he had not remembered that this is after the manner of all seaside societies, whether German or English; the sea-side being the licensed arena for the display of the natural boorishness of those pitiful superficialities whose gentility lies in their apparel, and not in their

nature. The humble cottager, whose unaffected modesty would shrink from staring into a stranger's face, is a far truer lady than the girl with a truss of somebody else's hair at the back of her head, whose forward manners betray the absence of genuine good breeding. The world's politeness is at its best a dancing-master's postures, but when its citizens follow their natural modes and manners, it is a barbarous world, or little better. Jesus of Nazareth is the teacher of the true gentle life, and those who know him and receive his meek and quiet spirit are, without learning rules of etiquette, from mere force of nature, the true gentlemen; but with all their Lord Chesterfields and dancing academies, and calesthenics, many of the fashionable classes remain essentially and in their inmost souls vulgar, and low, and brutish. Something after this sort our thoughts foamed and raged within us as we paraded ourselves before the crowd: hundreds of miles away from the place, we think our grumblings were very nearly correct, and therefore set them down in print.

Happily we are out of the thick of the crowd, but where are we going? It is ascertained in a minute or two that all the hotels are full; our friend and counsellor Mr. Oncken is equally well informed that lodgings are few and far between. He is off to the top of the rock to the upper town, while our friend Mr. Passmore is scouring the lower regions, and we too lame and ill for locomotion, sit down with our best earthly companion upon a bench, thinking of the traveller at Gibeah, of whom it is written, "And when he went in, he sat him down in a street of the city; for there was no man that took him into his house to lodging." The boys of Heligoland ought to remember us if we visit the island fifty years hence, for they gathered around us, and for half an hour or more interested and amused themselves with minute observations upon the two unfortunates who had not where to lay their heads. Their interest in us, however, was eminently practical; they were evidently most willing to give us all the help they could, with a view to the shillings which might be forthcoming, addressing us alternately in German, in Frisian, and in something intended to be English, expressing most unmistakable desires to carry our luggage off to the utmost verge of their green isle, if we would but tell them in which direction to move. At last a good clear voice with the accent of the sea, delighted us with the enquiry, "Do you want lodgings?" "Yes, Mr. Bluejacket, that is the one desire of our hearts; let us see what your accommodation is like." Glad enough we were when the said lodgings were found to be clean as a new pin, and so situated that if we had been allowed the choice of every place in the island, we could not have bettered ourselves. Blessings on those bare-legged urchins and their never-ceasing tongues; they had no doubt spread the information of our desolate position, and brought tidings to the good man of the house that wayfarers were abiding in the street. Down in the lower town close to the sea, with our windows looking upon the wide ocean, we took up our abode for the next week with the most kind, attentive, clean, and good-tempered people that it was ever our lot to see. Our little trivial discomfort on this occasion was a gentle reminder to our hearts that there is always some good thing provided for us if we will but wait and watch; God will not leave us out in the cold; he will be better to us than our fears, and after brief intervals of trial we shall sing of goodness and mercy.

The style of living on, what a writer in "Household Words," calls this very tight little island, is a great improvement upon the lodging-house system of English watering-places: you do not feel called upon to have your food spoiled by the people of the house; but you adjourn for breakfast, dinner, or tea, to a *restaurant*, where you can feed at discretion at your own hours. The particular *restaurant* which we patronised provided us viands of every variety, of the best quality, cooked in the best style, at the most moderate prices; we should like to see a similar establishment at every seaside resort. In this one respect, if not in some others, Heligoland is quite up to the mark in the race of progress.

We get up early on the island, Germans generally do; and out here in mid ocean, except under certain circumstances, the air is so delicious that it wakes you up and keeps you awake. Then when breakfast is over, or if you like before, the boats are ready to take you over to Sandy Island, where everybody goes to bathe. The long sandy islet about half a mile off, which the natives call the Düne, is the faithful satellite of Heligoland, and helps to fill the pockets of the islanders. The boats carry from twenty to thirty passengers each, and with oars or sails, and sometimes with both, the bather skims over a sea which for clearness must surely be unrivalled, since in fine weather stones and sea plants, and zoophytes, may be clearly seen upon the ocean's bottom far below. Never was there such a sand to bathe upon, or a bath so pellucid; never more obliging servants to minister to your comfort, while using those neat little bathing machines. If you did not get your breakfast before your plunge, Sandy has one habitation which is a *restaurant*, and in the company of scores of sea nymphs, fresh from the brine, you may feast upon the fat of the land. The landlord has lived in America, and will understand you well, even though you can say no more German than "yah, yah." Sweet is it to the weary in mind and body to wander over the sand island, and to find at last a corner out of the sun, where one can lie down in the sand and listen to the deep mysterious murmur of the main. When all the visitors and boatmen have returned to their homes, solitude may be enjoyed in all its charms, and silence with all its solemnity. Walk round the islet, and you remark tokens of frequent wrecks—shore blessings as they were called in the old barbarous days: in one place lies a bark breaking up at every tide, and in another almost a mountain of spoiled grain, once the freight of some good Baltic vessel. Saddest of all is a little enclosure in the sand, for the islet is all sand and pebbles, in which are three graves of nameless individuals, one grave being marked by a black cross, bearing the initials J. P., which were found upon the lady's linen, and the motto, "The earth is everywhere the Lord's." Better theology this than that uncivilised, unchristian, infamous teaching which walls off a bit of land, calls it consecrated, and then forbids the burial of the unbaptised within the select enclosure. How far more like the free spirit of the gospel, to believe that the whole earth is consecrated by the Lord's presence, than to imagine that some peculiar holiness belongs to plots of soil, dedicated by superstitious rites for the interment of ourselves and our fellow sectaries! He who sleeps amid the soft sand of the Düne, having his requiem sung by winds and waves, rests as blessedly as any one of all the company over whom priests have muttered, and consecrated clods have been laid.

Returning to the mother island, we will give the reader in a few words an idea of it. Imagine a sandbank lying under a red cliff, said sandbank covered with houses, almost every one of which is either a shop, an inn, or a lodging-house; fore-named houses arranged in two or three streets, the chief of which are paved with wooden planks—this is the Unterland, the lower town. Here is the Regent Street of the island, and here also is the Grand Parade in front of the sea, but upon the same scale as St. Paul's Cathedral carved out of cherry-stone; and lastly, here also is the Conversations-haus, with its balls and concerts, and worse; so that though lower geographically, the Unterland is by no means the inferior part of the island. Walk on the planks in the evening, and see if our lower town cannot show as much foppery and frivolity as any place of its size. Observe the dresses such as Chinese and Japanese artists depict upon rice paper with glowing colours, and note especially the heads of the ladies, some of them growing out behind like double potatoes, and others piled aloft with heaps of hay or horsehair, till they become like pyramids! Now, who shall dare to insinuate that our little town on the lowland cannot be as insanely fashionable as Brighton itself? Let us not, however, do the natives of the island so great a wrong as to let it be imagined that we are describing *their* apparel, for there is nothing to complain of in their neat attire, in which, indeed, the only conspicuous item is the bright red petticoat, bound with a broad band of still brighter yellow.

Up the stairs we must now ascend to the Oberland; there are nearly two hundred broad steps, with a needlessly small rise; two at a time is a trifle too much, but one is too little for a nimble foot. In the "Transatlantic Review," we read, "when the summit is reached one stands upon the real island, for the sandbank below is an accident and an intruder. Heligoland proper may be described as a precipice-plateau, containing a small cluster of houses, a lighthouse, various pole-nets, springes, and other contrivances for catching woodcocks in their migratory flights, and a few miniature potato and corn fields. The extent of this plateau is not quite equal to that of Hyde Park." Of course, the inhabitants have no need of railways or stage coaches, when ten minutes' walk takes them from one end of the land to the other; indeed, there are no beasts of burden, no roads, and nothing upon wheels except, perhaps, a barrow or two. There is a legend that the governor keeps a cow, or did keep one, but we were never fortunate enough to see so much as a horn of the animal: as an Irishman would say, all the cows we saw were sheep, which are tethered each one to its owner's scanty plot, and milked three times a day; although sheep's milk is but poor stuff, it is doubtless far better than none. Potatoes are the staple production of the rural part of our island, and exceedingly good they are, though seldom larger than a pigeon's egg, so small indeed that *we* should never cook them at all. A German friend told us that he wondered at the English eating such large, coarse potatoes, and that in his country they gave the large potatoes to the pigs; but upon watching the turning up of several hills of potatoes on the island, we thought the pigs must receive but a very small share of the produce, for we did not see so much as one root which could by exaggeration have been accused of being large. Every one to his taste, *we* make small potatoes the measure of what we

think of a man who is very low in our esteem, and our neighbours on the other hand, count the smallest of their earth apples to be the best.

The narrow alleys which form the streets of the upper town might be pleasant, if it were not that on either side the filthy drainage flows along, reeking with abominable odours, exposing its foulness both to eye and nose. The glorious sea breezes which God sends to make us all healthy and happy, might turn away in disgust from the laziness or stupidity which allows the sewage of so small a population to become a gigantic nuisance, not only to be smelled by those who walk in the narrow paths between its double streams, but constituting the source of a horrible effluvium, which taints the air of the lower town, and is discernible and loathsome even out at sea. When the wind blows from that corner of the island over which the sewage is poured, it is difficult to conceive of the rank and sickening odour. Fortunately, the visitors for the most part accept the declaration of the natives that it is *the seaweed*, a declaration to which they all adhere most unanimously, adding that it is good for the health. Poor seaweed, what an action for slander might be raised on thy account, and every unsophisticated nostril would be thy witness, that such a stink (reader, we cannot help it, there is no other name for it), never came from any growth of Neptune's dominions, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!" To call the reek of sewage *seaweed*, is a specimen of man's craft, which he uses in every place wherein it is unprofitable to call things by their right name: all the world over verbal aprons of fig-leaves are manufactured to cover the nakedness of human wrong doing; sin is imprudence, rebellion against God is a fine high spirit, and lasciviousness is the pardonable sowing of wild oats. Mephistophiles must surely smile as he sees how thoroughly his pupil, man, has become master of the art of shuffling words. We did not find in the case in hand that by the sweeter name the noxious exhalation smelled one whit the sweeter, and glad enough were we when the colours on the flagstaff blew in another direction, and real seaweed-sniffs and whiffs from the pure blue ocean came in at the window with the west wind. O men of Heligoland, have ye any noses? Are ye afraid that the air will be too fresh and pure for fallen humanity? It may be true that as the fox is not killed by the foulness of his own hole, so you are not hurt by the effluvia of your own drains; but as ye value the good red gold of English visitors, and would fain tempt them to your lovely islet, reform, purge, cleanse, purify! Set up a Sanitary Board, and knock it down again if it does not drain your houses within a month.

The school-house is the largest structure in the place, and reflects a credit upon the public spirit of the island. We inspected the school vicariously through a lady friend well versed in scholastic matters, and speaking German to boot, and upon her report we award the schools most honourable mention. The bigger children were necessarily away, as the parents needed them during the visiting season; but all the long winter the children are regular in their work, and make good progress, although they labour under the unusual disadvantage that all the teaching is in German, which is not their mother-tongue; and the little ones have to pick up the language from their schoolfellows before they can understand the teacher.

The church externally looks as though it required some one to take pity upon it; it stands much in need of a frequent replenishment of the box for repairs, which is placed at the gate, with a reminder that the spire points to heaven, and that it would be well to keep in order the house where men meet to worship God. Inside it is quaint enough, the gallery front being enriched with paintings by Van Daub, or some other rustic notability. The font, like nearly all ancient specimens, is large enough for immersion; the ancient candlesticks upon the altar are the gift of Gustavus Vasa; the seats are adorned upon their backs with the names of the owners of the pew behind, painted in all the colours of the rainbow; from the ceiling hangs a ship with three masts, in full sail, a votive offering from a grateful mariner; and, as for the pulpit, it is right glorious to behold: so huge is the screen in which it is set, and so elaborate is the whole concern, that the minister looks like a fly in amber, or a miniature portrait in oil, set in a frame of mahogany, six feet deep all round. We suppose the natives go to church in winter, but we can bear personal witness that they do not overcrowd the edifice in summer; there was enough to form a quorum, truly, and the minister was not quite reduced to Sydney Smith's small assembly, which he addressed as "Dearly beloved Roger;" but the worshippers were few and far between. It was sadly odd to see the young men when they entered, put their hats over their noses and stare about to see who was there; all the while, we suppose, professing to be seeking a blessing in silent prayer. Query: Is not that putting the hat over the eyes one of the present ensigns of hypocrisy which genuine believers should utterly renounce? "Ma, why does Mr. Black always smell his hat when he comes into church?" was the very natural question of a youngster not yet trained in the fashions of Phariseeism. Where there is least of the kernel there is usually most of the shell.

Lutheran worship is plain and unpretentious, and would have reminded us of the conforming Puritans, if the specimen before us had not been rather too grotesque. We sung more than twenty verses to the same tune (if a tune at all), accompanied by the organ and some boys, one of the boys having a voice which, for screeching power, excelled all the curlews and seamews in the universe; this was an accident, and to be borne with, but the sermon was an evil not to be remembered without sorrowful indignation. By-the-way, the minister gave us a specimen or two of intoning, solo singing, nasal whining, or whatever may be the proper name of the noise which is now so popular among the High Church brethren; whether he was praying or singing we do not know, but upon the whole, we should say it was a successful attempt, if he intended it to be funny; if he aimed at solemnity, it was as dead a failure as if he had read us one of "Ingoldsby's Legends." Not that there was any lack of solemnity in the gentleman's face, and hands, and prayer-book, and gown, and bands, and bowing, and lifting of the eyes and hands, of this there was enough leaven to leaven a thousand German miles of clergy, but it was the masquerading solemnity which only takes in the superstitious and ignorant, but makes manly minds revolt into laughter or scorn. When will preachers lay aside attempts to look devout? Why can they not serve God in truth, and not give themselves holy airs and make sanctimonious faces? When men take bitter physic,

they screw up their physiognomies as much as to say, "We don't like it;" but no one has to set his countenance in order when he takes a draught of the clear crystal, and is refreshed thereby; it is because men do not enjoy religion that they make pious faces, and try to be anything but themselves. All faults of manner, however, are pardonable; but the matter of the sermon was beyond all bearing from a Lutheran. The theme was the young man whom Jesus loved, who claimed to have kept the commandments from his youth, but could not bear the crucial test of giving up all to follow Jesus; and the strain of the preacher was to the effect that many go a long way in religion, and stop short somewhere; but that if we would be saved we must go still further; we must be perfect—we could be perfect, and that was the way of salvation. Nothing about the sin-cleansing blood of Jesus, or the power of the Holy Spirit, or the value of precious faith, but much crying up of the creature and his perfection. Alas! for a people doomed to hear such unscriptural teaching. Well may they stay away from church when such husks are poured from the pulpit. Happy they who sit under a ministry which deals with gospel truth honestly and with heavenly unction; let such be very grateful, and do their utmost to help every earnest effort to educate sound preachers, praying that the Master may send forth many such into his harvest. We wished heartily that Martin Luther could have risen from the dead, and come into that church, he would not have heard the priest read half his sermon before he would have shouted to him to come down, and then the burly old reformer might have repeated his memorable protest upon the article of justification :—

"I, Martin Luther, an unworthy preacher of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, thus profess and thus believe: that this article, THAT FAITH ALONE WITHOUT WORKS, CAN JUSTIFY BEFORE GOD, shall never be overthrown neither by the emperor, nor by the Turk, nor by the Tartar, nor by the Persian, nor by the Pope, with all his cardinals, bishops, sacrificers, monks, nuns, kings, princes, powers of the world, nor yet by all the devils in hell. This article shall stand fast whether they will or no. This is the true gospel. Jesus Christ redeemed us from our sins, and he only. This most firm and certain truth is the voice of Scripture, though the world and all the devils rage and roar. If Christ alone take away our sins, we cannot do this with our works: and as it is impossible to embrace Christ but by faith, it is, therefore, equally impossible to apprehend him by works. If, then, faith alone must apprehend Christ, before works can follow, the conclusion is irrefragable, that faith alone apprehends him, before and without the consideration of works; and this is our justification and deliverance from sin. Then, and not till then, good works follow faith, as its necessary and inseparable fruit. This is the doctrine I teach; and this the Holy Spirit and church of the faithful have delivered. In this will I abide. Amen."

Dismissing the thought of the spiritual barrenness of the land with a fervent prayer for a reformation, and the hope that our friend Mr. Oncken may be able to send an evangelist there for a season, we are reminded by our churchgoing of the abundant fish which enrich the surrounding sea: lovers of fish will find a perfect paradise in Heligoland. By the way, the inhabitants pronounce it *Helgoland*, and they

ought to know the name of their own country. Turbot, haddock, brill, lobsters, all sorts of good sea creatures beside, reward the venturous fisherman. But why did the church service remind us of the finny tribes? Answer. Because they were prayed for by name. First came her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alexandra, and all the Royal Family, then the Governor, and then four sorts of fish. "God bless them and multiply them exceedingly, and send a good catch of them to our bold fishers;" that was, we suppose, the spirit of the petition; and a very proper petition too, and one in which we should be all likely to agree, far more so than if the prayer had been about the weather. "I recollect," says Mr. Cradock, in his "Memoirs," "a very worthy rector, possessed of a great living in one of the Midland Counties, who informed me that, on his induction to it, he had met with a particular difficulty; for an enclosure had just taken place, and half of his parish petitioned that he would pray for rain, that their quickset hedges might grow; and the other half that he would intercede for fair weather, as they were in the midst of their hay harvest."

Fish is frequently brought to the island for sale by English fishing boats belonging to Hull, Yarmouth, and other ports; and in connection with this business we learned a most saddening fact. There are six English soldiers upon the island, and in conversation with them we learned that they are stationed there because of the drunkenness and consequent riotous conduct of our fellow countrymen, who come on shore from the fishing smacks. Riots had been caused by them, and once the whole place was likely to have been in flames; hence an order has been made that there shall be only six on shore at the same time, and each of these is attended by a soldier armed with a cutlass. We were thoroughly ashamed to hear the drunken maudlin song of a poor intoxicated fellow countryman, who staggered along with a soldier at his side; and we felt the more heart-sick, because the noble appearance of the fine hardy fellow when he landed in the morning, called forth expressions of admiration. What must be the estimate formed of Englishmen when our representatives abroad are so addicted to drunkenness, that they must be shut out from an island over which the Union Jack proudly waves? Should any labourers for the Lord in our eastern ports read this article, we wish they would take note of it, and enquire how it is that the fishing boats are left in such a state. Our friend Mr. Passmore gave his own Bible to one man, who said that in the ten boats with which he sailed, there was not a single copy of the word of God. Believers of Hull, Grimsby, Lowestoft, London, is there no method of evangelising this bold race of men? Is there no method of redeeming them from the disgraceful drunkenness which makes them a terror where they land? All are not so. "There are bad and good of all classes," said one honest Jack to us, and his face bespoke him one of the good; but what a pity that so many should belong to the bad! The place has many temptations doubtless, for since everything is untaxed, wines, spirits, and tobacco, are marvellously cheap; but for all this, since we do not hear of Germans, or Danes, or Frenchmen, needing to be watched over by a military escort, this indulgence in drink is a special disgrace to us as a nation, and this particular case calls for the vigilant

and vigorous efforts of earnest Christians in our ports. There are some, we know, in the port of Hull who will look after this.

Another evil also requires speedy rectifying. At the Conversations-haus the roulette table and rouge-et-noir are in full operation. When the German princes are many of them putting down the gambling tables, why is gambling allowed and sanctioned in our only German possession? We are loud talkers of morality, but in this instance our example speaks very loudly in contradiction of our words. Cowper argued, "We have no slaves at home, then why abroad?" and the reasoning is to the point here. A gambling saloon would not be tolerated in London, then why in Heligoland? Voices will not be wanted in the House of Commons to ask why the evil is not abolished. England cannot afford to give gambling shelter beneath her flag when even petty German princelets are washing their hands of it. The Heligolanders have their own motives for desiring to see the tables permitted, but their reasons cannot have enough weight to exonerate our authorities, if they defer to so unrighteous a demand. Down with licensed gambling, even though the islanders should then have to pay a trifle to raise the interest of their debt, or discharge necessary expenses. The home government should be always just and generous, but it should not tolerate a known evil, even to please three thousand Heligolanders.

Our readers scarcely care to hear of the politics of this little state. The governor is surrounded by two assemblies of constitutional representatives, and the *régime* is liberty itself. For all that, there are conservatives and reformers, and party spirits, and diplomacies, and policies, and all the other inventions of governments; in fact, a man may be as eminent a politician in Heligoland as in England, if he aspires to become master of the science. It suffices us to know that if the people are not satisfied, they ought to be, and that in no respect could they expect to be better treated, should the claw of the Prussian eagle tear them from the Britannic grip. In the old French wars, the place was exceedingly valuable as a depôt for our manufacturers, which were smuggled from hence into Europe, in defiance of the old Napoleon; and even now it may be valuable as an out station, but there is room for difference of opinion upon that matter; it is to be hoped that it may never become a bone of contention between us and Prussia, and if it ever should, it might be well to yield so small a bone at once. Whoever may be its master, let us hope that the red, white, and green flag will always wave over a free and happy people.

Red is the strand,
White is the sand,
Green is the band—
These are the colours of Heligoland.

There is a telegraph station on the island, but much cannot be said for it, when we are told that the cable is broken both ways, so that you can neither communicate with England nor Germany. It will hardly pay to send a message to the sea-serpent, for his address is uncertain; but we may at least get a moral from the useless telegraph station, if it remind us of the utter uselessness of mere formal prayer, unless the communication be maintained between our soul and heaven, no result is achieved.

Before we take our leave, we must row round the red island, to note its giant caves, its huge rifts, its enormous detached rocks, its many-coloured bands, and its pure sea waves. Echo answers to our joyous shouts. Let us sing a hymn, and what can be more appropriate than "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"? How sweetly blended voices sound upon the water! even the oar-plash is in tune, and all around and above are in unison with the praises of the Son of God.

Grand old rock, farewell! The beams which flash from thy towering lighthouse have saved many a good ship, while thy sunken rocks have sent many a shipwrecked mariner to his watery grave. Evil and good blend in thee as in us all. May the good become supreme. Sentinel of the Elbe, stand fast for ever. Peace be to thy sons and daughters, and grace from the God of peace. God send thee his best blessing, the gospel of his Son, and his Holy Spirit to give power thereto.

A Short and Simple Sermon upon a Hymn.*

BY. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died!" †

MR. CHARLES WESLEY was a true poet, and one of the best of hymn-writers, more especially from an experimental point of view. He has, in his many sacred odes, pictured the human mind in all its phases, from the first stage of spiritual life in the lowly vale of penitence right up to the most elevated point upon the glorious mountains of communion with Jesus. The hymn before us very sweetly and exactly describes the emotions of most converts when they come to Christ; and I should very gravely question whether any man has passed from death unto life if he cannot, to a great degree, join in the words before us, and feel their spirit to be such as he longs to possess.

Observe, dear friends, the choice title by which the penitent sinner is here supposed to address the Saviour:

"Jesus, the sinner's Friend."

"*Jesus*" is, of all his names, the most encouraging to the lost, to the sinful, to those who desire salvation, since that golden title, like a costly casket, encloses

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* Dear reader, if you are unconverted, this simple address is meant for you. God bless it to your eternal benefit. Be so good as to read it slowly and alone, and if you are led to pause here and there, and pray, what a blessing may it be to you in the hand of the Holy Spirit!

† "Our Own Hymn Book," No. 556.

within itself all the comfort which they need. Here is a door of hope for the most hopeless, since a Saviour is come into the world with power to deliver: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Despair has become sinful since God has provided a Saviour; away then with rebellious despondencies. What pensioner need despair when the King has appointed an almoner, and laid a charge upon him to seek out and relieve the destitute? You desire to be saved from your sins; this heavenly Joshua is commissioned by God to save you. It is his business and his life-work, his meat and drink to save. It is the will of him that sent him; it is his own will that sinners should live; let the name, Jesus, ring the death-knell of your fears.

"*The sinner's Friend!*" Here is another silver bell ringing forth a wealth of consolation to sinners; hear it, my friends, and rejoice in its celestial music. "This man receiveth sinners" was thrown at our Lord as a reproach; it is at once *his* brightest glory and *our* richest consolation. Jesus has befriended the vilest of sinners; he still befriends all sinners who come to him: "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out" is his promise, and to accept all who come to him is his habit. Men say that there is no rule without an exception; but herein they err, for this rule has no exception whatsoever, and never shall have. Will there be no one who shall in after days read these lines whom this hymn will give a gleam of comfort? Fair title of Sinners' Friend, thou wilt surely woo and win some hearts to the bosom of the faith! Eternal Spirit! cause the Star of Bethlehem to dart its cheering rays upon some benighted mariner, tempest-tossed and ready to perish in the thick darkness of despair; and may the words before us be his guide and his light to conduct him to the port of peace. "Jesus, the sinner's Friend:" the sinner's only friend, who alone can give the needed help; the sinner's faithful Friend, who never breaks his word; the sinner's able Friend, "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him;" the sinner's tender Friend, who upbraideth not; the sinner's meek and lowly Friend, who tenderly carries the lambs in his bosom; the sinner's everlasting Friend, who will uphold him in the hour of death, and defend him at the bar of judgment; the sinner's present Friend, waiting to be gracious at this moment to thee, even to thee, thou trembling seeker.

"Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee."

Here is the sinners' description of himself. He is *lost*. He has lost his God, and therefore he is himself lost; he has lost his way; he hast lost his life; he has lost the truth; he has lost happiness; he has lost hope; he has lost all; he has lost himself; and, unless grace prevent, he will be lost for ever, beyond all hope of restoration. Lost! That is a terrible word! It makes the ear to tingle! It curdles the blood in the veins. We think of the lone raft at sea, the child in the wood, the traveller upon Sahara's strand, the miner in the closed-up pit. Lost! lost! lost! A castaway! A forlorn, forsaken, hopeless waif, for whom no man cares. O lost one, join in the verse before us and take heart, for is it not written, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost?" Your case is exactly the case of those whom Jesus, the sinner's Friend came to succour; trust in him at once and you cannot die. Then the sinner owns that he is "*undone*." We say of some men when they prosper in the world, that they are "made;" their success has "made men of them." But here is one who is "undone," like a piece of woven stuff unravelled, untwisted, rent, and undone; or like some work of the seamstress over which she has been toiling for weary hours, but the thread has broken and her work is undone. The man's heart is woe-begone; his hope is perished; his good works are gone to tatters; his confidence is swept away like a spider's web; in every respect he is undone! Oh, piteous spectacle of disappointed hopes and withered joys! and yet even here free grace can work a transformation more wonderful than a dream. Friend, do you feel this to be your case? Do you bemoan yourself as one who is

altogether lost and undone? Then repeat the lines softly, solemnly, and from your heart—

"Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone for aid I flee."

"I never should have fled to thee if I had not been lost; I should not have come to thee unless I had been undone; but now that the power of thy Spirit has shown me my nakedness, my poverty, my ruin, under a deep sense of unworthiness, I come to thee."

The next lines are beautifully descriptive:—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in."

"*Weary of earth*;" weary of earth's joys—finding no content where once there was so much satisfaction; weary of earth's sorrows—broken down under them, feeling that God's curse comes with them; weary of earth's vanities—finding them to be nothing but mere froth, with nothing solid at the bottom, mere husks, on which the soul cannot feed. The awakened heart is weary of earth in all its shapes. Reader, do you feel this uneasiness and spiritual discontent, this unrest and disquiet? Do you turn away from earth and say, "Ah! it will not do for me; I once could build my nest here, but I cannot now, for I am 'weary of this changing world'"? Then you will also add, "I am weary of *myself*;" I am aweary, I am aweary, I am aweary of my sinful, false, and feeble self." Does it not sometimes seem too much weight to live, a burden to exist, because of fears within, tremblings without, a sense of coming woe, and a remembrance of the iniquity which is past, which God has sealed up as in a bag? Have you come to this, to be weary of yourself—weary of that righteous and amiable self which once promised so much content? weary of your knowledge? weary of your own good sense and wisdom? weary of your self-righteousness—sick of it, feeling it to be the greatest of all shams, the most miserable of lies? If it be so, I rejoice that you are being taught of God. Then comes the other word—weary of "*sin*." O that many more of my fellow men were weary of sin! Alas! they are wearying God with their transgressions, so that the Lord might say as in the days of Amos, "I am pressed down under you as a cart that is loaded with sheaves." O that all my readers would become weary of their sins, then should we see a harvest of souls indeed. Would to God that all who shall read my words were tired of every form of sin, whether gross or refined; sick of the pleasures of sin as well as alarmed at its penalties. What a mercy it is to be thus weary, because Jesus Christ has bidden all those who labour and are heavy-laden to come to him! When, like Noah's dove, we grow so weary that we can hardly enter into the ark, Christ will do with us as Noah did with the dove, he will put out his hand and pull us into the ark and place us in the bosom of his love.

"Open thine arms and take me in."

That is what the sinner says, and what he thinks, but it is not quite correct, for the arms of Jesus are always open. Our Lord Jesus might well reply, "O sinner, my heart is not closed; open *thy* heart, and take *me* in by being willing to be saved by me; let thy heart yield itself up to me—it is not my opening my arms that is wanted; I opened them upon the tree, and to show thee how wide open they were, I had them nailed so far apart that they could not be opened wider; my very heart was pierced until it ran with streams of blood, to show that my whole self is open to every guilty, needy, weary sinner that shall come to me for rest." The prayer is good, but its wording arises from unbelief. Pray it, however, if it rises from your heart, and may the Lord hear it. Please go back to the hymn, and quietly, word by word, repeat it as a prayer to the Lord Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

Pass on to the second verse:—

"Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole."

Observe that the soul is conscious of its sickness, it desires restoration, and it clearly perceives that there is but one Physician who can heal it. That man is not far from eternal life who feels that none but Jesus Christ can help him. When all other hopes are cast down, then our hope in Jesus shall lift us up. It is a great thing when the mind is clean divorced from every ground of confidence except the Lord Jesus Christ. I would admonish every soul that is seeking mercy to be quite clear about this second line:—

"'Tis thou alone canst make me whole."

You cannot heal yourself, nor can your fellow creature help you; your tears are insufficient, your prayers cannot of themselves avail; Jesus alone must be the physician of your sin-sick soul; he, and he only, can restore a soul from going down to the pit.

Follow now with the next two lines:—

"Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine."

We were born in the image of our first father Adam, which is a debased and fallen image; fallen we are, and fallen we must be until the first image shall be taken from us, and the image of the second Adam shall be put upon us. May the apostle's words be fulfilled in us, "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Our redemption will not be completed in us until we shall bear upon our hearts the glorious image of Christ, and shall be like him, seeing him as he is. Meanwhile, awakened, troubled soul, you can never be restored from the ruins of the fall except though bearing the image of the second Adam: that you want—that you shall receive as a rich gift of grace. Seek it and be not afraid.

"And lost I am till thou art mine."

Lost you are indeed, quite lost, completely lost, finally lost, eternally lost, unless you lay hold upon Christ Jesus. No matter what else you have, though you even feel a sense of sin, yet "lost you are till you look alone to the crucified One." Though I pray, though I repent after a sort, yet "lost I am till thou art mine." Though I attend a place of worship; though I give up all my outward sins; though I amend my life, yet "lost I am till thou art mine." You must distinctly confess, my dear brethren, that Jesus is your only hope, and if you do know and feel him to be so, I congratulate you. I thank God that you have learned this heavenly wisdom. Once again I would lovingly request you to read this second verse over calmly and deliberately, and make its confession your own.

The third verse is singularly full of meaning:—

"At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee."

I could scarcely desire a more suggestive text for a sermon. Notice the words, "*At last*," as if the soul did not acknowledge its helplessness until fairly driven to it. We fight long and hard against the truth of our own utter powerlessness and unworthiness. We will have at least a finger in the business of our own salvation if we can. Granted that Jesus must save us, yet we dream of fitting ourselves to be saved. We are very loath to come to Jesus with our smutty faces and our black hands; and, therefore, we try to wash ourselves a little, and so grow blacker than ever. We want to enter mercy's door as respectable sinners. But this is not the way to come to Jesus.

"'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge."

We must come just as we are, precisely as we stand in our condemned state. Before men can be brought to this, they need much hewing with God's word, and ploughing by his Spirit. Like the fool of whom Solomon speaks, we need to be brayed in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, before our foolishness will

depart from us. The hymn says, "At last," as though God had struck many blows at our pride, and yet it was only killed at last by his putting forth the full power of his grace.

"At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee."

I thought I must make myself a sensible sinner; I thought I must be awakened; I thought I must be prepared; I thought I must have horrible dreams; I thought I must see visions, and that I must put myself through a sort of purgatory, to wait a little, and grow somewhat better; but, Lord, I see it all now. I know now that it cannot be that I should fit myself for thee. And now, Lord, help us to feel the next two blessed lines:—

"Here, then, I all to thee resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine."

When the sinner gives up all hope in self, and rests in Jesus only, then he is saved. When he sees despair written across the brow of self, and beholds all his carnal hopes to be struck with mortal disease, and finds that now he cannot so much as lift a finger in the matter of his own salvation, then it is that he has eternal life. We must confess at the feet of Jesus that he is all our salvation. "Jesus, it is thine to wash me, thine to clothe me, thine to keep me, thine to bring me safe from heaven." Take care, young converts, that you do this work thoroughly; I mean this work of doing no work. Take care that you are clean swept out of all confidence in self.

"'Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing,
'Doing' ends in death.

Cast your deadly 'doing' down,
Down at Jesus' feet,
Stand in *Him*, in *Him alone*,
Gloriously complete!"

I am afraid many who are converted need further light upon this point, for they do not appear to have given up self-confidence in every shape, shade, form, and degree. Our friends who entertain constantly the fear that they shall not persevere to the end, and think that their perseverance is a thing depending upon themselves, have not made so clean a riddance as we could wish of all self-confidence. I do believe that our holding out to the end no more depends upon our own power than did our first salvation by Jesus; for every step to heaven we must take through Jesus' merit, and not in our own strength. Jesus is Alpha and Omega. Jesus is not to be Alpha, and then self to be Beta, then Jesus Gamma, and self Delta, and so turn and turn about right on through the alphabet to Omega. The A of the gospel alphabet must be Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ next, and Jesus Christ next; and as for me, where am I to be? I am to be less than nothing. To feel myself to be nothing is my happiest, my safest, my best possible position; to be in complete subservience to my Lord's will—to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling—not because I can do anything at all in the effectual working of it, but because God himself most gloriously worketh in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure, this is my joy. If the Lord works it in us we can well work it out, but unless he works it in, no man living can work out what is not within. Dear friend, carefully and prayerfully repeat the words of this verse, and if your heart enters into them, you are saved.

Now we come to the last verse. The sinner enquires—

"What shall I say thy grace to move?"

Have you never felt this want of argument, this unutterable longing, when you have been in prayer? "O Lord, if I knew what would touch thine heart, I would plead it! Oh! if I did but know what sort of knocking opens heaven's gate! O that I could so implore and beseech the God of heaven that the

infinite mind would have compassion towards me, a worthless, weary sinner!" You perceive that the seeking sinner is shut up on every side, he has no way of escape, he has nothing to plead but the one thing, and being driven to that one thing, he pleads it before God. Oh! it is a blessed thing to be thus shut up to God's one way of mercy:—

"Lord, I am sin, but thou art love."

Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. "I have nothing of my own but sin, hell-deserving sin, which might well destroy me for ever and ever, and divine justice might have been magnified in my destruction; I am sin essentially; I am not only sinful, but I am a great black lump of sin through and through; I am nothing else but sin; but, Lord, thou art nothing else but love; and oh! when love and sin come into contact through a Mediator's blood, how sin departs! Even love itself cannot tolerate sin; but when love looks with her dove's eyes through the red glass of the sacrifice of Christ, then she sees "no sin in Jacob, neither iniquity in Israel." "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, unto whom the Lord doth not impute sin."

"Lord, I am sin, but thou art love."

Cast yourself, then, sinner, upon the love of God in Christ Jesus, feeling your sin, and coming as a sinner. Do not come in any other shape or way, but as an unworthy, undone, worthless, sinful rebel, whose only plea is mercy. O come to your God, for God is love. Make this your only plea:—

"I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died."

If I ever had any other plea, I renounce it. There is a legal process in which a person pleads before the court in what is called *in forma pauperis*, that is, he pleads as a poor man, he pleads his poverty; and there are certain privileges allowed to those who thus plead *in forma pauperis* which are not accorded to the wealthiest persons in the land. This is the only successful way in which to plead with God: we must come as paupers, having nothing of our own; giving up every pretence of right or claim of deserving. We must cry, "Lord, I am lost! I am lost! I am lost! but thou hast lived and thou hast died; thy life, thy sufferings, thy griefs, thy groans, thy death, all these were for those who needed such a sin-atoning sacrifice, and on that sacrifice by blood I rest; I cast myself, lost and ruined, upon the work which Jesus Christ has done for me!"

I would to God that some who have been wandering up and down, trying to find rest for the sole of their foot, would make a full surrender of themselves to Jesus at this moment. Why do they delay? They may come now. No preparation is needed. O that you who are needy would come at once.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam."

For the last few weeks there has been one or two men in London whom I do not know, but whom I have constantly seen, and thought much about. How I came to see them is this: whenever I look out of the little window of my vestry I almost always see them or their work. I first saw them about a month ago, when I noticed something rising above the houses which looked to me like a noble obelisk, but now it has changed its shape, and has developed into a very tall chimney. These men are working at the top of it. I do not know what the men are like; they are too far off for me to judge, but I have thought of them, and have even prayed for them as I have seen them looking down upon us all from their elevated position. There has been no communication between us, but as I have noticed the whole thing going up to the sky, and the builders getting daily nearer the sky, I have thought to myself, "Ah! my dear

fellows, you must come down before long; I am sure you must, you cannot stop up there; if you want rest and comfort, you will not find it on the top of your towering handiwork." How wonderfully like this is to some of you. You continue building up your good works and prayers, and so on, and you think perhaps that your Babel-tower will reach to heaven, but be assured that if ever you are to find joy and peace, you will have to come down. You will never obtain a place of rest by all your building, you will need a better ground of acceptance than anything which you can do. When you have done your best, you will only build a chimney which will pour forth the foul smoke of your proud self-righteousness, and you yourself will have to come down to the foot of the cross for salvation. Come down now, and rest upon the solid ground of that foundation which God has laid in Zion, namely, the work, the finished work of the Son of God, which he performed for us when he said, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.

The Stockwell Orphanage.

THIS month we report further progress. On Monday afternoon, August 9th, the first stones of three of the houses of the Orphanage were laid, under most auspicious circumstances, and as most of the daily and weekly newspapers have given full accounts of the proceedings, ours will be no more than a mere epitome. The grounds, which are situated in the Clapham Road, were opened at three o'clock, and in a short time between three and four thousand persons had passed under the banner of *Welcome*, along a splendid avenue of flags and standards, waving merrily from lofty tricoloured masts. All of these had either collected for the Orphanage or had purchased a ticket. The scene presented at the commencement of the ceremony of laying the stones was an exceedingly picturesque one. A number of men climbed the trees, in order to gain a good view of the proceedings, and we noticed that some of these persons sang with as much gusto as the congregation below, while balancing themselves on what seemed at the distance to be rather weak branches. Fears were entertained of the safety of some of the more venturesome, and one man especially seemed in a most dangerous position, as he hung like a monkey with his two arms on a branch, and his legs dangling against the trunk of the tree. Everything passed off well, however, excepting when Mr. Spurgeon was commencing his address. A number of persons were standing on a temporary fragile structure, which gave way, and precipitated several young men. No one was hurt, however, and Mr. Spurgeon remarked, amidst considerable laughter, "Our friends were told not to go there. They did not come down of their own will, and therefore providence arranged it." A hymn was sung, and Mr. Spurgeon gave an account of the origin of the undertaking, and announced, what had before been unknown, amidst vociferous cheers, that the donor of the £20,000, was Mrs. Hillyard, who would lay the stone of one of the houses. The tackle having been placed to the wrong house, Mr. Spurgeon was obliged to begin. This house is to be called the "Silver Wedding House," and the circumstances which led to the noble gift were detailed in the last number of our magazine. The stone of the second house was laid by Mrs. Hillyard, amidst great applause. This house is given by a merchant in the city, "Whose name," said Mr. Spurgeon, "is not to be mentioned now nor at any other time." It will be called the "Merchant's House." The third house will be known as the "Workman's House." The workmen in the employment of Mr. Higgs, agreed at a meeting to build a house, the materials being found by Mr. Higgs. The workmen will no doubt faithfully redeem their pledge, but thinking it would be a long time before they could work their money out, Mr. Higgs has advanced the whole in the shape of a commodious and elegant wooden shed, which will be occasionally used for public meetings, and as a covered playground for the boys.

It was also mentioned that the beloved family of the Olneys had given a cheque for £500 for another house to commemorate the memory of their sainted mother, to be called "Unity House." At each stone, appropriate verses were sung, and a prayer offered. The afternoon proceedings terminated with singing of the doxology. At intervals a capital band of the boys of Lambeth Workhouse enlivened the company with their cheerful music.

Tea was then served at a monster table, 330 feet in length, and was partaken of in a pic-nic fashion. We took it as a very gracious token of the bountiful providence of God, that a friend unknown to us before, Mr. Trotman, of Southwark Bridge Road, came forward spontaneously, and at his own cost manufactured for us a boiler and cistern, by which 300 gallons of boiling water could be supplied every quarter of an hour; without this kind assistance the work could scarcely have been accomplished. God has indeed raised up many able friends for the orphan, and it is not their desire that all the names should be mentioned, or we could say much more. The long table and the awning above it were most elegantly decorated by the aid of Mr. Dillon, the decorator, Mr. Fowle, the florist, and Mr. Donne of the city. Our esteemed friends, Messrs. Phillips and Murrell, did their part of the work in a right masterly style, and the display excelled anything ever seen by us on any similar occasion. It was a festal day indeed. Unfortunately, the sunshine which gilded the pleasant scene gave way to black clouds, and tea was scarcely finished when a gentle shower betokened a heavier downpour of rain. The rain soon came down handsomely, and the people ran into the shed and marquee for shelter. Hundreds were unable to gain an entrance, and had to assemble in the refreshment shed, or to return home. The public meeting was held soon after six o'clock. Mr. Spurgeon was the first speaker. He referred to the enterprise they had publicly commenced that day as being thrust upon him in the name of God, and upon them also. Did they not all feel that if any Christian sister could give the major part of her property to such a work, they could not refuse to give their help? To this the audience answered with loud and prolonged cheering. He referred to the other works of the church—the College, which under no circumstances must be allowed to suffer, and their provision for widows in the almshouses at the Elephant and Castle. In a church numbering so many members, there must be a large number of fatherless children, and it had become absolutely necessary to make some provision for them, and they ought to be thankful to their sister for enabling them to make it, and at the same time to offer the same boon to others. They would require £80,000 to finish and permanently to endow an Orphanage for 200 boys, but there was no absolute need that it should be endowed in full, as annual subscriptions would be always forthcoming. Mr. Archibald Brown, of Stepney, Mr. Wilkinson, the curate of St. Michael's, Stockwell, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. John Spurgeon, senr., Dr. Hugh Allen, Mr. W. Olney, Mr. Murphy, and other gentlemen also addressed the meeting: Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, observing that the lady who had given the £20,000, though a widow of a Church of England clergyman, was now a Baptist, and had been for many years separated from the Establishment. It would be understood that though the Orphanage was to be conducted by Baptists, it would not be a denominational institution, since the trustees did not care to what denomination the parents belonged, when they considered the cases brought before them. Our valuable and indefatigable brother, Mr. W. Olney, announced that the sum of £2,200 had been brought in that day, by collecting cards and subscriptions, and that the whole of the £3,000 required for the payment of the freehold land was now in hand; the land had been purchased, and four houses would be built without touching either principal or interest of Mrs. Hillyard's £20,000. Our actual financial position roughly stated, is as follows: we have received about £5,500 in donations, and after paying for land, the houses, and other matters, have about £220 to keep house with, and to act as a nest-egg for the school-house fund.

The houses of which the stones have been laid, are the three first of a terrace

to consist of eight houses. Each house contains a large sitting-room and lofty bed rooms for the boys, and a sitting-room, kitchen, and bed-room for the persons in charge of the house. Each house will average about fifteen boys. The exterior will have scarcely any ornament except that arising from simple and picturesque arrangement of parts. May the Lord send his blessing upon the whole enterprise. Thanks to every donor, worker, collector, and thanks above all to the great Giver of all good.

We do not wish to build more *houses* just at present, our next work must be the school-house, and the general cooking and dining establishment. We shall have sixty children in the four houses when they are complete, and we shall have no school accommodation for them unless we prudently get ready our plans, and our heavenly Father graciously sends us the means. Moreover, we have the drainage to arrange, architect to pay, roads to make, furniture to purchase, and seven children to maintain, which will absorb a considerable sum. It will be best, therefore, if the liberality of friends should run rather *in the direction of our general funds and the school-house*, than to any more new houses for the next few months. There is one exception however to this remark, our Sabbath-school children are raising money for a Sunday-school house, and have already paid in £150, and as that is a special and delightful design, we hope all our schools will without fail have a hand in it.

Bishops! Bishops! Bishops!

IF bishops be, as certain ecclesiastics appear to think, the panacea for all the ills of the church, the church in London ought to be in the soundest condition, for the town swarms with bishops as Egypt once swarmed with frogs. English, Scotch, Irish, Colonial, American, all the varieties are abundant, and make their appearance in public too, in processions, and sermons; indulging humanity with beatific visions of lawn and black silk. Now that they are all here, there is one question which we should like to ask them. Dr. Watts asks the youthful catechumen, "Can you tell me, child, who made you?" Now, your grace of Oxford, Nassau, Quebec, Graham's Town, never mind which, can you tell me who made you? Who made you bishops? Who gave you prelatical power over the ministers of the gospel? Who anointed you to be lords where Jesus says that all are brethren? That the Holy Spirit did it, is impossible, for he did never by a single line in Scripture so much as sanction anything like a prelate; indeed, the office lives in defiance of all inspired canons. Moreover, my lords, to make short work of a long story, you know as well as any of us, that Lord Palmerston and other prime ministers, made the most of you; indeed, they created all of your Britannic graces; and you know equally well, that election by your brethren, and your special call by the Spirit, were all a matter of course, after Cæsar's representative had resolved to frock you. You cannot say with the apostle that your office is "not of man, neither by man;" you are the creatures of the civil power, and owe your crowns of rejoicing, in other words, your pontifical mitres, to a decree of the rulers of this world. Another question we might also trouble you with. We have heard of your being enthroned, in fact, in cathedrals we have seen your thrones; can you tell us where the apostles, pastors, or evangelists appointed by Jesus of Nazareth, were ever enthroned upon this earth? My lords, these men who were not lords, nor prelates, waited for their thrones in heaven, but rested upon far other seats on earth. Your throne is here below, as your dominion is of the earth earthy, but they looked for another kingdom, invisible and eternal. Did it ever strike you what Bible-reading Christians must think of you and your claims, or what the great Judge of all will say to your pretensions at the last great day? "*Right Reverend Fathers in God*," when you have to stand like common mortals before the judgment-seat, how will those infamous words of flattery grate in your ears! It will be a dread scene indeed, if the great mercy of God does not forgive you for your arrogance,

when your *graces* will have to give an account for having tolerated such titles as addressed to your sinful selves. You have lived long enough in your sinful dignities, lay them down, drop your titles of pride, go on with your work wherein it may be good, walk humbly before men, and then you may hope to rest in peace.

This is far too much to expect from their lordships, and we do but hint at the path of duty, knowing that it will not be followed. We have a great respect for some of these dignitaries personally, although their office we hold in utter abhorrence, but we must confess to some little amusement, when we found one of them, last Sunday, September 15, magnifying his office at a rate the most surprising, and in a manner the most novel. It is a fact not generally known, that the revolt of the American states from British rule was mainly caused by the absence of bishops in America, in those benighted times; and moreover, the United States as a nation, is not at all what it might have been if bishops had been there from the very dawn of colonisation. If any should doubt this new historical fact, we refer them to the infallible testimony of a bishop, and who can ask for more convincing evidence? The Bishop of Louisiana, according to the daily papers, "spoke of the manner in which the work of the church was advancing in the colonies and dependencies of the British crown, a matter in which he said he had much experience. If the same had been done for America in days gone by, it might have been a greater and a better country than it was now. For a hundred years there existed in America an Episcopal church without bishops, and the church which had government protection was that which was left without any organisation. In vain that church pleaded with the government of England for redress. Archbishops and bishops pressed the matter upon the attention of the crown, and year after year the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel made strenuous efforts to remedy the evils; but while it was allowed to the Roman Catholic Church to have what bishops she pleased in her discretion, the sons and daughters of the Church of England were left without the ministrations which were pledged to them at their baptism. Nothing so much as this strengthened the Americans for their struggle against this country; nothing induced them more than this to look with interest upon the struggle for independence, and to delight in seeing the secular power scattered into fragments, until at length it entirely disappeared."

He who doubts must be a heretic indeed. Receiving the episcopal statement for truth, we see the proper method of securing our colonies to us for ever. Should Australia grow perverse, or Canada become restive, our government cannot do better than double or treble the dose of bishops. We shall heartily concur in the plan of sending off Oxford, and Salisbury, and others, to Botany Bay, and hope they may prove a blessing abroad, for they are the reverse at home. But no, we are supposing what cannot possibly occur, these colonies never can grow rebellious, for they have imbibed the specific, they are blessed with bishops, even Natal has its Colenso.

We venture to predict that when the Christian church returns to her pristine purity, it will be difficult for her young members to believe the profane history in which the existence of officers, such as those meeting at Lambeth, will be recorded. The unsophisticated mind of an enlightened Christendom in another two or three centuries, if time keeps on its axles so long, will be staggered at the possibility of the past existence of many things in our professedly Protestant church, but at nothing more than at the creation of prelates, and the reverence given to such unscriptural lordlings by avowed believers in the lowly Jesus. If all Christians will at this present, search the word of God as to the true position and office of a Christian bishop, the present swarm of bishops may not have come together in vain. Otherwise, we can only repeat the answer which we gave the other day to the question, "What will be the end of this synod of bishops?" We ventured to predict that it boded no good to anybody, and was only one wheel in the machinery by which it is hoped to re-establish a universal Popedom, under certain modifications. First the fusion of all Anglican

episcopacy, then union with the Greek church, and then with the Roman; this we suspect to be the full programme, not perhaps endorsed by all, but clearly in the minds of those who pull the strings, that is to say, the Ritualists, to the music of whose pipes of Pan the broad church, and many of the evangelicals, are made to dance. May the Lord deal with them and their manœuvres according to his wisdom.

The Uncertainty of Riches.

THOUGH thy crooked heart is not willing to yield, yet thy judgment cannot choose but be convinced of this, that great riches are unprofitable, and not worth a rush. Wealth is uncertain. It is like a runagate servant, a fugitive, a plain vagrant, which, though he be big boned and strong and skilful, and able to work, yet no man greatly cares for, because he will be gone when a man hath most need of him, and, perhaps, also take something away with him that was worth more than all his service. So wealth will take its heels when a man hath most use for it, and carry contentment away, too, which is more precious than all the false happiness that it could procure whilst it remained with us. This wealth hops from man to man, and place to place, as a light-winged bird from tree to tree. And no man can say where it will roost at night. The Holy Ghost hath compared it to a wild fowl, most swift of wing and strong in flight, saying, "Riches takes to itself wings, and flies away," not like a cock or hen, or some tame house-bird that a man may follow and catch again, no, nor like a hawk that will show where she is by her bells, and be called again with a lure; but like an eagle that mounts aloft past sight, and is carried away with so much haste that nothing will recall her. And where is the man that can clip the wings of an eagle, when it is in his own custody, that it shall not be gone from him when he thinks least of it? If it could procure any benefit to your lives, you see it were not yet worth your wishes, your toil for it, it departs when you should use it, and that without taking leave; and then, as he that riseth from a stool and thinketh to sit down again, the stool being removed, takes the more dangerous knock, so the mind that relies on wealth, when it misseth it, is more tormented with vexation by the untrustiness thereof. . . . . The Holy Ghost calleth it a lie, because it will play him such slippery pranks, that hath confidence in it (as every man hath in that measure he desires it), and a shadow because every cloud that flies over the sun may irrecoverably cut it off.—*A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross by Mr. Wheatie*, 1589.

Rebiews.

Short Arguments about the Millennium; or, plain proofs for plain Christians that the coming of Christ will not be pre-millennial; that his reign will not be personal. By B. C. Young. Second thousand. Elliot Stock.

Those who wish to see the arguments upon the unpopular side of the great question at issue, will find them here; this is probably one of the ablest of the accessible treatises from that point of view. We cannot agree with Mr. Young, neither can we refute him. It might tax the ingenuity of the ablest prophetical writers to solve all the difficulties here started, and perhaps it would be unprofitable to attempt the task; yet the perusal of this work might be very useful to those dogmatical prophets who think that they are masters of the whole matter, when in fact there are great mysteries surrounding it on every hand. Only fools and madmen are positive in their interpretations of the Apocalypse.

Essays and Discourses on Popular and Standard Themes. By T. W. Tozer. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The subjects of this book are various, and for the most part, with no direct connection with each other. Some are of social and others of religious interest.

The author has evidently sought to give his opinion upon the whole variety of themes upon which, from his own observation, he considered instruction was most needed; and this he has done in a way that entitles him to a hearing, and, we think, to general approbation. We concur with him in the defence of Christian ministers against the charge of neglecting the working classes, and could never see the wisdom of inviting that particular part of the community, any more than any other, to account for not liking a preached gospel. We may surely learn it from our Bibles far better than they could teach us. Whenever the author has occasion to refer to the distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel he is clear and outspoken. There are many quotations, and in fact, too many for one who seems to have plenty of ideas and words of his own.

The New Creation. By JOHN MILLS. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS book professes to throw much light upon both science and revelation; but, to our thinking, both could do better without it. With the good intention of the writer we are far more satisfied than with his theories and his supposed demonstrations. His chief object is to show that the new heavens and new earth of prophecy are entirely spiritual in their signification, and that as such we have an analogy of them in the geological history of our globe. In less than three pages, the six days of creation are proved to have been long geological periods; and then, at great length, these periods are shown to have their corresponding periods in the history of redemption. The only analogy we could see was between the book itself and the earth when it was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. It is better, perhaps, that an obscure writer should select an obscure theme than one already clear.

"Follow me;" or, Jesus our Example. London: Morgan and Chase.

WE most heartily commend this little work. It is a book that may be read a hundred times with profit, since it sets forth in as many pages, in the unsurpassable language of Scripture, the blessed duty and privilege of following our Divine Master in all the relations of human life, and in the concerns of our spiritual warfare. It is essentially a compilation; but is one of the best and most refreshing we have met with for a long time.

Brown's Concordance of the Old and New Testament. Revised by Samuel Ives. London: Tegg.

THIS is an exceedingly cheap and handsomely got-up edition of a concordance that did duty in days gone by. It is not a full concordance by any means, but for the pocket it will prove very handy.

Origin and History of the Books of the New Testament. By PROFESSOR C. E. STOWE. London: Sampson Low and Son.

HERE we have in a well-printed volume of nearly six hundred pages a vast storehouse of arguments for the authenticity of the New Testament. Those who have not studied the outworks of Christianity should read such a book as this. It is more adapted for general reading than for students; and this we may regard as a great recommendation to the book, since students are already well supplied with handbooks on this subject. The work is very easy reading.

Notices.

ON Wednesday, the 18th of last month, recognition services were held at Harrow, Middlesex, on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. Herbert Hill in the pastorate of the Baptist church at that place. Mr. Hill having officiated in connection with that people during his studies at the Metropolitan College with much acceptance and with real usefulness, and having resided for some time amongst them with increased tokens of success, has been encouraged to accept the full pastorate, and to celebrate the event by

soliciting the sympathy and prayers of his brethren. In the afternoon, Mr. Basley, of Bushey (Independent), presided; Mr. Stote, of Earls' Colne, read the Scriptures and prayed; Mr. Smith, one of the deacons, gave a brief history of the church and of the circumstances which led to the call of Mr. Hill to the pastorate; Mr. Hill replied to a series of questions proposed by Mr. Basley; Mr. Blake, of Brentford, offered the ordination prayer; and Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the minister, and concluded by prayer. After a public tea, which was well attended, the evening meeting was presided over by Mr. Rogers; Mr. Waldock, who has long been a friend to that interest, prayed; Mr. Davies, of Greenwich, gave a suitable and comprehensive address to the church; and appropriate addresses were afterwards delivered by Mr. Stote, Mr. Basley, Mr. Edgeley, of Chalk Farm, Mr. Brown, from the College, Mr. Smith, of Uxbridge, and Mr. Hill. The chapel is a new one, very neat and commodious, and the attendance is good, and continually increasing. Through the divine blessing upon the zealous labours of Mr. Hill, we hope great good is in store for that vicinity.

We are glad to observe in the Scotch papers, that our friend, Mr. John Lloyd, is constantly and usefully engaged as an evangelist, and is generally well received. May he be made abundantly useful. It is gratifying also to observe that some of our present and former students have made good use of their vacation by ministering the word in the north.

It is very painful to the Editor to be compelled to warn his friends for whom he has engaged to preach, that such promises will not be fulfilled for months to come; for nature plainly proclaims to him that the enormous strain upon the system must be moderated at least for a time.

All friends will be glad to hear that our esteemed friend, Mr. Ness, is fully recovered, is happily working in Australia, and promises himself the pleasure of returning next summer, if the Lord will.

Of students in the College, Mr. Wilson has accepted an invitation to Peterhead, in Aberdeen, and Mr. Scott has settled at Forres.

The opening services of the new Baptist Mission Hall, Brixton Hill, were commenced on Friday, September 6th. In the afternoon at three, Mr. A. G. Brown, of Stepney Tabernacle, preached to a crowded audience. A social tea-meeting was held in the school-rooms of Trinity Chapel (Independent), kindly lent for the occasion, after which a public meeting was held, the chair being taken by Mr. S. Eldridge, minister of Trinity Chapel. Prayer was offered by Mr. W. M'Kenny, of the Pastor's College, and addresses delivered by the chairman, Messrs. D. Jones, B.A. (Baptist), E. Bolton (Union), A. G. Brown, David Asquith (minister of the new Mission Hall), and Messrs. A. C. Davis and D. E. Evans, of the Pastor's College. On Sunday, September the 8th, two sermons were preached in the new hall, that in the morning by Mr. D. Gracey, classical tutor of the Pastor's College, and that in the evening by Mr. J. Spanswick, of Regent Street, Lambeth. The proceeds of the opening services amounted to the handsome sum of £57 1s.

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 21st, to Sept. 19th, 1867.

Our Subscription List takes up so much of this magazine, that we feel indebted a half-sheet to our readers, and if we find it possible, we will give them an extra eight pages in the December number; we would have done so this month, but having just returned from the Continent, we have been pinched for time. We shall be very grateful if our friends will endeavour to enlarge our circulation, and thus benefit the Orphanage, and all our other works.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mary Boorne	2	10	0
Mr. A. F. Coles	1	0	0
Miss Hopperton	1	0	0
Miss Broughton	1	0	0
Mr. R. Spooner	1	1	0
Mr. H. Jack	1	0	0
Mr. G. Reblack	1	0	0
Biggleswade	1	0	0
Gainsborough	1	0	0
Romans vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
Mrs. Worsdall	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Bilbrough	1	1	0
Emeritus Octag.	0	10	0
Rev. G. Browne	0	10	0
Mrs. Murray	0	10	0
Annan	1	0	0
Edinburgh	0	10	0
Dover	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Thompson	0	10	0
Mr. T. Tucker	1	1	0
Two Friends, per Mr. J. Early	1	1	0
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. D. Challis	1	1	0
3,001, A Constant Reader	0	10	3
Mr. E. B. Vizer	1	0	0
Ann P. Mary	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
The Misses M. and L. Challis	1	10	0
Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
M. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. Peaple	1	0	0
Mr. J. L. Evans	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward and Friends	2	13	6
Old Swan	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Lousley	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Morris	1	0	0
A Brick	5	0	0
M. A. B.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Pitt	0	10	0
A Constant Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	3	3	0
Mr. H. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. T. Barnes	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	0	10	0
Collected at Godalming by Mr. W. Finnlayson	1	12	6
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Collected by Mr. D. Marshall, Arbroath.	1	11	6
Mr. McCoig	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Drozier from friends at Holt	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. B. Browne	0	15	0
C. T. Kettering	0	10	0
Collected at Newburgh	0	12	3
Mr. Allchin	0	18	0
Isabella	0	10	0
Mr. J. Best	1	1	0
A few Friends at the Baptist Chapel, Uckfield	1	12	6
Isaiah xlii. 16	0	10	0
Mr. J. Straughen, Neath	0	10	0
Clapham	0	18	0
Collected at Congregational Chapel, Langford	3	7	0
Miss E. M. Jones	0	10	6
W. A. B.	1	1	0
N. M.	1	10	0
Mr. J. Knott	0	10	0
A Well-wisher	0	10	0
Mr. J. McDowell	1	0	0
One who has derived benefit from Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	1	0	0
Mr. J. Houghton	50	0	0
M. M.	1	0	0
The Misses Lightfoot	0	10	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. Evans	1	1	0
Mr. T. Lewis	0	10	6
Mr. J. H. Watson, M.D.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
Mr. J. Plumsoll, M.D.	1	0	0
A few Friends, per Mr. J. McLaurin ...	0	13	9
Friends at Nairn, per Mrs. Macintosh ...	2	5	0
Mrs. McPherson	1	1	0
A few Friends, Hampstead	0	14	0
Miss Marshall and Friend	2	0	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	1	8	6
Mr. G. F. Pretty	1	0	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Wooden Mill Sunday-school	0	8	6
A Friend, per Mr. Whittet	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Hamilton	0	10	6
Mr. A. Campbell	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. B. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. T. Wright (annual subscription) ...	1	1	0
Mrs. T. Wright (annual subscription) ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Morgan	2	0	0
Rev. J. Bigwood	2	0	0
A thank-offering to the Lord for the conversion of a dearly beloved and only son	5	0	0
Mr. P. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. W. Pedley	5	0	0
Friends, per Miss Grant	4	10	7
Mr. A. J. Brereton	0	10	0
Mr. H. Shaddock	1	0	0
Mr. T. Strickland	1	0	0
Bradford	0	10	0
Bible Class, Hill Street, Peckham ...	0	10	0
Breachwood Green Sunday-school ...	2	10	0
J. B. O.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Diack	1	0	0
"Of thine own have we given thee" ...	1	0	0
R. A.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Bantoft	1	1	0
Mr. Hopkins	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Dawson	1	0	0
Mrs. Carpenter	2	2	0
Mr. D. Hands	5	5	0
Ellen Bond	1	0	0
G. H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Ellwood	5	0	0
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, Belfast	1	0	0
Rev. S. H. Booth	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Banger	3	8	6
A few Friends, per Mr. R. Watson ...	1	4	0
Mr. Stephenson	2	2	0
Miss Wainwright	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Crispin	1	0	0
One who has great cause for gratitude ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Rintoul	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Struthers	1	0	0
Mr. T. D. Marshall	3	3	0
Northallerton	1	0	0
Mrs. Keep	0	10	0
Miss Ann Gray, Gainsboro'	1	1	0
Mr. T. Cannon	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Drozier and Miss Bell	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Dixon	1	0	0
Rev. J. T. Wigner	0	10	0
Mr. T. Bousfield	37	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	25	0	0
Mr. Olney ... ... }			
Mr. W. Olney ... ... }	500	0	0
Mr. H. Olney ... ... }			
Mr. T. H. Olney ... ... }			
Mrs. Stevenson	5	0	0
Mr. Anderson...	1	1	0
Miss Penston	2	2	0
Mr. Plummer...	0	10	6
Miss Probyn	2	0	0
Mr. Woodnutt	5	0	0
Mrs. Burrows...	0	10	0
Mr. Tapscott	1	1	0
Mr. Chew	10	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	21	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Brown	10	10	0
Mr. C. Neville	3	0	0
Mr. F. Cockrell	5	0	0
Mr. Carrington	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunmers	1	0	0
Miss B. Sanderson	5	0	0
Miss J. C. B. Sanderson	5	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	20	0	0
Mr. Millar	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Summers	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	5	0	0
Mrs. Edmonds	5	0	0
Rev. T. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. Pearce	2	0	0
Mr. Coles	8	0	0
Collected by Mr. Cooper	0	15	0
Mr. J. Tritton	10	10	0
Mr. Kelson	1	0	0
Lady Burgoyne	5	0	0
Mr. Ball	1	0	0
Mr. Prebble	4	0	0
J. K.	5	0	0
Mr. Hobbs	1	5	0
Mr. Roberts	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	150	0	0
Mr. Ives	5	0	0
Mr. T. Ramsden	0	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. W. Galt	1	0	0
Mr. T. Whitehead	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Phillips:—			
Mr. Morgan	1	1	0
A. M. P.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hawley	1	1	0
Mrs. Hawley	1	1	0
Mr. Page	1	1	0
Mr. J. Eastly	1	1	0
Mr. Page, Jun.	1	1	0
From a Great Sinner	0	10	0
Rev. W. Howieson	1	1	0
Friend, per Mr. Wilson	1	1	0

Collecting Cards.

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
2, 23	Jenkins, Mr.	10	0	0
3	Potier, Mr.	5	0	0
4	Padgett, Mr.	2	17	0
6	Green, Mr.	8	5	0
7	Taylor, Mr.	13	16	0
8	Chilvers, Mr.	8	15	0
9	Marsh, Mr.	7	0	6
10	Balchin, Mrs.	8	1	0
11	Newcomb, Miss	3	10	0
12	Russell, Mr.	2	0	0
13	Davies, Mr. James	0	7	6
14	Rowton, Mr.	6	6	0
15	Saggers, Mr.	1	0	0
16	Dransfield, Misses	33	11	6
17	Garland, Mr.	7	0	0
18	Ruck, Mrs.	9	4	3
19	Jones, Miss.	11	11	0
21	Pomeroy, Miss	1	14	6
22	Fisher, Mr. W.	6	10	0
28	Blackshaw, Mrs. C.	5	15	6
29	Mills, Mr.	4	0	0
30	Ruck, Miss A.	1	15	6
32	Ling, Mr.	3	6	0
33	Bonsor, Mrs.	4	15	4
34	Carruthers, Mrs.	2	2	0
35	Line, Mr.	2	2	0
36	Pash, Mrs.	2	0	6
37	Pearce, Miss	0	10	0
38	Mackrill, Mrs....	1	7	0
39	Hackett, Mr.	16	10	0
40	Remington, Mrs.	1	0	8
41	Lane, Mr.	5	5	0
42	Gobby, Mr.	1	1	0
43	Healey, Mrs.	1	1	0
44	Daniels, Mr. G.	0	10	0
45	Pearce, Mr.	5	0	0
46	Sutcliff, Mr.	1	10	0
47	Downey, Mr.	1	0	0
48	Pankhurst, Mr.	2	11	6
49	West, Miss	1	9	0
51	Perrin, Miss	2	2	0
52	Chilvers, Mr.	0	12	0
53	Sherrin, Mrs.	7	3	6
55, 941	Higgs, The Misses...	66	1	0
56	Hellier, Mr.	13	6	6
57	Figg, Miss	1	1	0
59	Longbotham, Mr.	7	0	0
60	Croker, Mr.	2	10	0
61	Hinton, Mr. H.	0	17	0
62	Dugdale, Mr.	0	11	6
63	Outridge, Mr.	0	7	0
64	Cox, Mr. Alfred	1	1	0
66	Field, Mr.	0	2	0
67	Dugdale, Mrs.	0	10	6
68	Chamberlain, Mr.	5	5	0
69	Dugdale, Miss...	0	12	0
70	Pink, Mr.	0	10	0
71	Fitness, Mr.	1	3	0
72	Beckwith, Mr....	0	15	0
73	Perkins, Mrs.	1	11	0
74	Perkins, Mrs.	0	18	1
75	Davis, Miss	0	6	6
76	Halliday, Mrs.	1	1	0
77	Carpenter, Miss	2	12	0
78	Watson, Miss	1	11	6
79	Pope, Mrs.	5	0	0
80	Lequex, Mrs.	2	4	6
81	Bradford, Miss	1	3	2
82	Davies, Mr.	1	9	0
83	Wilson, Mr.	1	5	0
84	Fogg, Mrs.	1	5	0
85	Coates, Mrs.	0	12	0
86	Marshall, Mr.	5	10	0
87	Marshall, Miss...	1	5	0
88	Smith, Mr. John	0	8	6
89	White, Mr.	1	11	0
90	White, Mr.	0	15	0
91	Jefferies, Mrs.	1	4	1
92	Leigh, Mrs.	1	5	0
93	Fosbery, Miss	0	12	6
94	Hill, Mrs.	2	0	0
95	Taunton, Mrs.	1	0	0
96	Boxall, Miss	1	13	0
98	Haydon, Miss	0	14	6
99	Stimpson, Miss	0	7	0
100	Payne, Miss	0	18	1
101	Selwood, Mrs.	0	18	0
102	Jones, Miss	0	6	0
103	Passmore, Miss L.	0	5	0
104	Gilders, Mr.	2	17	6
105	Matson, Mr. G.	2	2	6
106	Izard, Mr.	4	0	0
108	Sutley, Miss	0	8	0
109	Smith, Mr. Henry	5	8	6
110	Smith, Miss	1	2	0
111	Compton, Mrs. E.	0	10	0
112	Howell, Miss	0	10	0
113	Parnell, Miss	1	13	4
114	Tunstall, Mrs.	1	15	0
116	Mills, Mr. W.	2	11	0
117	Cant, Mr.	5	0	0
118	Clarke, Mrs.	0	10	6
119	Creasey, Miss	1	5	0
120	Fuller, Mr.	0	6	0
122	Good, Miss	1	6	6
128	Stone, Miss R....	0	6	0
129	Farrer, Miss Ann	1	0	0
130	Read, Mrs.	0	13	4
131	Otway, Mr. T.	0	13	6
132	Sandell, Mr.	1	0	6
133	Fisher, Mrs.	1	0	0
134	Fisher, Mr.	0	16	6
135	Ward, Mr. P. J.	0	4	0
136	Beames, Mrs. E.	0	13	6
137	Prior, Miss	7	7	6
138, 139	Froom, Miss	1	15	4
140	Knight, Mrs.	7	6	6
141	Benbow, Mrs.	0	6	0
143	Corrick, Mr.	2	7	6
144	Price, Mr.	0	15	0
145	Payne, Mrs.	0	6	0
146	Alldis, Mr.	5	1	6
147	Marsh, Mr., junr.	1	12	0
148	Law, Miss	1	15	0
149	Plowman, Miss	4	6	6
150	Pearne, Miss	1	19	0
151	Hudson, Miss	0	8	0
152	Hughes, Mrs.	1	6	0
153	Leak, Mr. R. B.	1	12	6
154	Hobson, Mr.	4	8	6
155	Green, Mrs. M...	1	7	0
157	Payne, Miss	1	11	6
158	Trott, Miss	1	5	6
159	Baldock, Miss	0	16	0
160	Haddock, Mrs....	21	1	6
160a	Taylor, Mr.	1	15	6
160b	Lewis, Mrs.	0	12	0
161	Dunn, Mr. J. T.	2	10	0
162	Green, Miss	0	2	6
163	Layzell, Mrs.	0	9	6
164	Moore, Mrs.	0	5	2
165	Poulson, Miss	0	18	9
166	Marsh, Misses	0	18	0
167	Watkins, Mr.	1	2	0
172	Hooper, Mrs.	3	5	6

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
173	Wood, Mr.	5	1	6
175	Denham, Mr. J.	3	2	0
177	Rutland, Mr.	2	15	0
179	Hanks, Mr. E....	7	3	6
180	Evans, Mr. W. J.	1	8	6
183	Pocock, Mr.	2	2	0
184	Whichello, Miss	10	0	0
187	Burness, Mr.	0	7	6
188	Bantin, Miss	0	12	4
189	Maren, Miss	3	16	0
190	Cox, Mrs.	3	0	0
191	McGregor, Miss	5	0	0
192	Low, Miss S.	2	0	0
193	Hadland, Miss S.	4	3	6
194	Hadland, Miss E.	1	3	6
195	Ware, Miss C....	1	7	0
198	Hale, Miss	2	10	0
201	Hobson, Mr.	3	0	0
202	Gregory Miss	1	0	0
203	Brooks, Miss	0	8	0
204	Boulton, Miss	0	3	0
205	Day, Miss	1	1	0
206	Lewis, Mrs.	1	0	0
208	Sewell, Miss	7	9	0
210	Buckmaster, Mrs.	0	13	0
211	Harrington, Miss	3	1	6
212	Hopkins, Miss...	3	0	0
213	Cocker, Mrs.	1	6	0
214	Meeking, Miss...	0	3	6
215	Carpenter, Mr...	2	2	0
216	Joy, Mr. E.	0	9	3
217	Kelly, Mr.	5	0	6
218	Whitford, Mr.	0	17	0
219	Purvis, Mr.	0	10	0
220	Tyler, Mr. J. E.	0	15	6
221	Padget, Mr.	1	10	0
223	Norman, Mr.	1	2	0
224	Adsley, Mr.	0	8	6
225	Rouse, Mr. F.	0	13	6
226	Orris, Mr.	1	0	6
227	Hyde, Mr.	0	15	6
228	Gardener, Mr.	1	0	0
229	Attley, Mr.	0	3	8
230	Barber, Mrs.	0	4	10
231	Ashby, Mr. W. C.	0	11	0
232	Phillips, Miss C.	0	4	6
233	Perkins, Miss	1	11	0
234	Green, Mr.	3	0	0
236	Green, Mr.	2	16	0
238	Green, Mr.	0	12	0
240	Collins, Mr.	2	15	0
241	Golding, Mrs.	0	10	0
242	Walker, Mr.	3	8	0
243	Wilcox, Mr.	1	15	0
244	Crathern, Mr....	0	19	6
245	Smith, Mr. T.	0	15	0
246	Gooch, Mr. J. O.	1	0	0
247	Davis, Miss	1	10	0
248	Nutt, Mr.	2	0	0
249	Cocks, Mr.	0	15	0
252	Newdick, Mr.	1	10	6
254	Rowcliffe, Mr.	0	8	0
255	Beverton, Mr.	0	10	0
256	Sexton, Mr.	1	11	0
257	Goodwin, Miss...	1	13	0
258	Ambrose, Miss...	0	9	6
259	Simpson, Mr. G. B.	5	0	0
261	Simpson, Mr. G. W.	0	10	0
262	Hudson, Miss	2	6	0
263	Evans, Mrs.	10	15	0
264	Brooks, Mrs.	0	12	6
265	Evans, Mr. J. T.	0	10	0
266	Horne, Mr. E.	1	13	9
267	Leonard, Mrs.	1	0	0
268	Nicholson, Mrs.	1	13	0
269	Vickerman, Mrs.	4	2	6
270	Turner, Mrs.	0	14	6
271	Verrell, Mrs. S.	0	10	0
272	Mendham, Mrs.	1	8	0
273	Scott, Mrs. T.	2	0	0

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
274	Brown, Mrs.	3	10	6
275	Wall, Miss	4	0	6
276	Williams, Mrs....	1	2	0
277	Oxborough, Miss	0	15	6
278	Loosely, Mrs.	0	6	0
279	Bacon, Mr. E.	0	10	0
280	Stevens, Mrs.	4	10	0
281	Turner, Mr.	1	0	0
282	Fryer, Mr.	1	13	6
283	Fryer, Miss	2	0	0
284	Abbott, Mrs.	2	0	0
285	Herring, Miss	1	4	6
286	Christie, Miss	2	10	0
287	Meniken, Mr.	1	0	0
288	Fryer, Miss	2	0	0
290	Gibbs, Miss	0	12	8
291	Judge, Mrs.	1	0	6
292	Eldred, Miss	0	8	3
293	Budge, Miss S.	1	3	10
294	Crisp, Miss E.	1	6	0
295	Berry, Mr. C.	0	12	6
296	Elliott, Miss M. J.	1	2	4
297	Anthony, Mr. A.	0	7	6
298	Jukes, Mr. E.	1	1	0
299	Tanner, Mr. John	0	10	3
300	Green, Mrs.	1	1	0
302	Medwin, Miss	0	8	6
303	Fosdick, Mrs.	0	17	0
304	Scott, Mr.	1	0	0
305	Rock, Mr.	1	10	2
306	Evans, Mrs. W. J.	1	13	6
307	Salmon, Miss	2	6	6
308	Gilbert, Mrs.	1	2	0
309	Gilbert, Miss Fanny	1	3	0
310	Sedcole, Mrs.	1	0	0
311	Lee, Miss	0	17	6
312	Coe, Mr....	0	12	0
313	Mole, Mrs.	1	5	2
314	Perkins, Miss H.	0	11	0
315	Perkins, Miss C.	0	11	6
316	Underwood, Miss	1	1	0
317	Joiner, Mr. J.	1	3	0
318	Foskett, Miss	1	2	0
319	Hamilton, Miss E.	1	1	0
320	Weeks, Miss	1	1	6
321	Row, Miss Ada	0	6	3
322	Thompsons, Mrs.	1	5	0
323	Williams, Miss	0	14	0
324	Bowden, Miss	0	6	3
325	Chamberlain, Miss	2	0	4
326	Burton, Mr. W. R.	2	3	6
327	Whittle, Mr.	0	18	6
328	Palmer, Mrs. C.	5	2	6
330	Boot, Mr. A.	8	0	0
331	Daws, Miss Sarah	0	4	0
332	Hunt, Miss	2	10	0
333	Sewell, Miss	4	16	0
334	Sewell, Miss	1	12	6
335	Fry, Mr. S. T....	0	8	0
336	Benham, Mr.	3	0	0
337	Ansell, Mr.	0	12	0
339	Davies, Mrs.	1	0	0
340	Bowker, Mr.	1	12	0
341	Shaw, Mr. H.	0	14	6
342	Bowman, Mr.	3	0	5
343	Vince, Mr.	1	4	6
344	Davies, Mr.	2	11	6
345	Bowker, Mrs.	1	17	0
350	Heesom, Mr.	0	7	0
351	McLaren, Mr.	0	18	3
352	Wood, Mr.	0	12	6
354	Windett, Mr.	1	15	0
355	Mead, Mr.	2	7	0
356	Walker, Miss	0	13	0
357	Russell, Miss	2	5	0
361	Young, Mr.	3	10	0
362	Pash, Miss	7	13	6
363	Iles, Mr.	2	5	0
364	Clements, Mrs.	1	5	6
365	Tofield, Mr.	1	1	0

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
366	Flat, Mr.	2	16	6
369	Cocking, Miss	1	8	6
370	Kistruck, Mr.	1	0	0
372	Holton, Mr. F...	0	5	0
374	Spurgeon, Master C.	2	8	3
375	Sawyer, Mr.	10	10	0
376	Lardner, Mr.	2	1	4
378	Lloyd, Miss	1	9	0
379	Coates, Mr. G. H.	0	9	0
380	Pearne, Mrs.	2	12	0
382	York, Mrs.	1	0	0
383	Brook, Mr.	0	11	8
384	Duke, Miss	1	15	6
386	Thompson, Mr.	0	18	6
387	Nisbett, Miss	2	4	6
388	Brown, Miss	2	0	6
389	Giles, Miss	0	13	0
390	Kieser, Mr. W.	2	2	6
394	Told, Mr. J.	1	10	6
395	Wright, Miss	0	10	0
396	Wright, Miss	0	10	0
400	Stokes, Mr.	0	5	6
401	Dutton, Mr.	0	14	3
402	Davies, Mr.	0	7	6
403	Nightingale, Mr. W....	0	15	6
404	Round, Mr. J.	2	3	10
405	Nicholls, Mr. E.	1	7	6
406	Simmonds, Mr. B.	0	11	0
407	Chapman, Mr. D.	0	10	0
411	Grose, Mr. F.	0	13	0
411a	Hackett, Mr. W.	3	2	0
412	Hackett, Mr. T.	1	0	0
413	Pullman, Mr.	2	2	0
414	Knight, Miss	3	0	0
416	Smith, Miss	1	0	0
417	Cooper, Miss S.	2	7	6
418	Read, Mr. E....	1	2	6
419	Stevens, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
420	Edmeads, Miss	1	2	6
421	Tedd, Mrs.	1	0	0
422	Ord, Miss	3	0	0
423	Teakle, Mr. H....	0	2	6
424	Fellowes, Mrs....	1	6	0
425	Tebb, Mrs.	2	2	6
426	Angus, Mr.	8	16	6
427	Cleare, Mrs.	15	0	0
428	Alderman, Miss	0	10	3
429	Turner, Mr.	0	10	6
430	Heath, Mr.	0	10	0
431	Jonas, Miss	0	13	4
433	Wharton, Mrs.	0	4	0
434	Webb, Miss	0	4	2
435	Edwin, Mrs.	1	1	0
436	Noon, Miss A....	0	6	0
437	Wheeler, Mr. James	1	6	0
438	Hayes, Sergeant-Major	1	7	0
439	Searle, Miss R.	0	5	6
440	Keeble, Miss	2	1	6
442	Elliott, Mrs.	0	15	0
443	Clark, Mr. J.	0	1	3
444	McLaren, Miss	0	11	9
445	Baldwin, Mrs....	0	11	0
446	Wheeler, Mrs....	1	1	6
449	Chester, Mrs.	1	15	6
450	Alderson, Miss	0	15	0
451	Smith, Mr.	3	1	0
452	Sell, Mr.	6	10	0
453	Horwood, Mr. J. H.	0	13	6
455	Archer, Mr. H...	0	4	0
456	Burrows, Mr.	1	2	6
457	Britain, Mr.	1	2	0
458	Knight, Miss	2	2	6
459	Hall, Miss	1	2	4
460	Maxwell, Mr.	1	0	0
461	Griffin, Mrs.	0	13	6
462	Passmore, Mr. J., Jun.	1	10	0
463	Oliphant, Mr. T., Jun.	1	5	0
464	Hollings, Mr.	1	1	6
465	Sellwood, Mrs.	1	4	0
467	Croker, Mrs.	1	1	0

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
468	Bowery, C.	0	10	0
469	Arnold, Mrs.	1	4	0
470	Plowright, Mr.	0	11	9
471	Bevis, Mr.	0	7	0
472	Mankelow, Mr	0	8	0
473	Brown, Mr. John W., Jun.... ...	12	9	6
475	Defriez, Miss	0	9	0
476	Butcher, Miss F.	2	2	0
477	West, Mr. B. W.	0	10	0
478	Hooper, Mrs. Ann	0	14	11
479	Sims, Mrs.	1	3	0
481	Clifford, Mr.	0	2	8
485	Scoggins, Mr.	1	0	0
486	Mills, Miss	1	16	0
487	Cook, Miss	0	13	0
488	Noble, Mr. L.	0	11	6
489	Simmonds, Miss	0	12	6
490	Edwards, Mrs....	2	10	0
491	Booth, Mr.	6	13	6
493	Lewis, Miss	0	12	3
494	Bull, Mr. J.	0	10	9
495	Hill, Miss Mary	2	2	0
496	Fells, Miss	1	4	0
497	Langton, Mr. Jas.	0	1	6
498	Bush, Miss Helen	0	14	10
500	Kitchen, Miss A.	0	5	6
501	Lott, Mr.	8	0	0
502	McLeod, Mr.	1	0	0
504	Jackson, Miss J.	0	9	6
505	Lewis, Mrs.	0	14	6
506	Cawood, Miss	2	7	0
507	Burls, Miss	0	2	0
508	Culverhouse, Mr.	1	4	0
509	Bydawell, Mrs.	1	9	6
510	Davis, Mr.	0	4	0
511	Goodchild, Mr.	2	16	0
512	Goodchild, Mrs.	1	3	0
513	Charter, Mr. Jas.	2	8	6
514	Partridge, Miss	0	8	6
515	Charter, Mr. Jas.	0	3	0
516	Webb, Mr. J.	1	3	0
517	Pickering, Mr. J.	0	11	6
518	Pickering, Mrs.	1	12	6
519	Hill, Mr. J., Jun.	0	4	6
520	Gage, Miss Alice	0	11	0
521	Abbott, Mrs.	1	18	0
522	Dawson, Miss E.	0	7	0
523	Hubbard, Mrs.	2	12	6
524	Buckley, Miss	2	10	6
525	Stapley, Mr.	0	13	6
526	Pettifer, Mr.	0	15	6
527	Read, Mrs. J.	1	6	0
528	Mallett, Miss Jane	0	5	0
529	Quinnell, Miss	1	5	9
530	Webster, Miss A.	0	9	0
531	Smith, Miss Kate	1	0	0
532	Parradine, Mrs.	2	11	0
533	Ramsay, Mr.	0	13	0
534	Jones, Mr. F. H.	0	10	6
537	Morriss, Miss	1	12	6
538	Brownridge, Mrs.	1	1	6
539	French, Mr. J....	1	16	0
540	Gardner, Mrs.	2	0	6
541	Clifford, Mr. J.	1	2	6
542	Dickens, Mr.	2	3	0
543	Barnes, Mrs.	0	7	2
544	Matthews, Mr....	0	12	0
545	Perkins, Mrs.	0	7	0
547	Wilson, Mrs.	0	11	6
547a	Williams, Mrs.	0	15	6
548	Hill, Miss	1	4	0
549	Hoddinott, Miss	0	10	3
550	Prust, Miss	0	7	2
551	Finch, Mrs.	0	5	6
552	Morrison, Miss	1	5	0
553	Kingston, Miss	1	0	0
554	Palmer, Miss	0	5	8
555	Crofts, Mrs.	0	13	6
556	Petherick, Mr. J.	1	15	4
557	Lovegrove, Miss	1	1	0

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
558	Lawson, Mr. Jas.	4	7	0
559	Giles, Mrs.	2	3	6
560	Arnold, Mrs.	1	10	0
561	Arnold, Mrs.	0	6	0
562	Coombes, Mr. W.	1	7	0
563	Mitchell, Mr. Wm.	3	8	6
564	Lovett, Mr. C.	1	3	0
565	Norman, Mrs.	1	0	0
566	Norman, Miss	0	17	0
567	Norman, Miss M. A.	0	17	0
568	Morgan, Miss	1	5	0
569	Osborn, Mr.	0	17	6
570	Cox, Mr. John...	1	15	6
571	Hughes, Miss	0	18	0
572	Newman, Mr. G.	2	13	0
573	Gain, Miss	0	10	1
574	Graves, Mrs.	2	4	9
575	Hollis, Mr.	0	12	6
576	Darby, Mr. Josh.	0	17	0
577	Crisp, Mr. George	0	7	0
578	Jennings, Mr. Jas.	0	2	6
579	Evans, Mrs.	1	2	0
580	Charlton, Miss...	0	10	0
581	Cooper, Mr. Samuel	6	12	6
582	Sayers, Mr.	3	0	0
583	Hyatt, Miss	1	1	0
584	Mullenger, Mrs.	0	5	6
585	Mullenger, Mr.	0	3	1
586	Shelton, Mrs.	0	13	3
587	Newton, Mr. G.	7	4	2
588	Hanson, Mrs. W.	1	0	0
589	Duce, Miss	0	5	0
590	Spaull, Mr. W. H.	1	10	0
591	Spaull, Miss	0	5	0
592	Cooke, Miss M. C.	0	4	0
593	Ellis, Mrs.	2	12	0
594	Spurrell, Miss S.	0	5	0
595	Raiment, Miss	1	7	0
596	Josling, Miss	0	3	0
597	Conquest, Mr. J.	0	15	0
599	Miles, Miss	1	7	0
600	Maynard, Mrs.	0	11	2
601	Bantick, Mrs.	3	0	0
602	Seward, Master	3	4	7
603	Phillips, Miss L.	3	0	0
604	Phillips, Miss Clara	1	1	0
605	Riddell, Mrs.	0	16	0
606	Parker, Mr. J....	1	10	0
607	Wakeford, Mr....	0	10	0
608	Abbott, Miss	0	6	4
609	Hockey, Mrs.	2	4	6
610	Craggs, Mr. F....	1	0	0
611	Hewett, Mrs.	0	12	4
612	Dent, Miss	0	12	0
613	Smith, Mrs.	0	2	8
614	Cropley, Mrs.	1	5	0
615	Leach, Mrs.	1	6	0
616	Beddow, Miss E.	0	3	0
618	Beddow, Mr. R.	0	1	6
619	Shepherd, Miss	1	3	0
620	Doyle, Mr.	1	11	6
621	Read, Mr.	0	14	0
622	Congreve, Miss Jessie	2	7	6
623	Congreve, Miss Amy...	2	2	6
624	Nisbet, Master A.	2	5	0
625	Cornish, Miss	5	16	0
626	Lefevre, Miss	1	4	8
628	Goslin, Miss A..	3	4	6
629	Millson, Mrs.	0	2	0
630	Jago, Mr.	0	7	6
631	Olyett, Mrs.	1	11	6
632	Anthony, Miss	0	11	6
633	Pye, Mr.	0	11	3
634	Hobbs, Miss	1	0	0
635	Westwood, Mr. W.	1	12	6
636	Wickes, Mr. W.	0	9	6
637	Wickes, Mr. E.	0	5	9
639	Lilley, Mrs.	0	10	0
617	Ling, Mr.	1	18	6
648	Perritt, Miss	2	0	0

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
649	Tapsell, Mr. T. J.	2	15	0
650	Cook, Mrs.	1	0	0
651	Fritzlin, Mr.	1	15	6
652	Crumpton, Miss	0	10	0
653	Cory, Mr. R. junr.	6	15	0
654	Thomas, Miss L. A.	1	2	0
655	Ellis, Mr. T.	0	3	0
656	James, Mr. W.	1	0	0
657	Old, Miss Annie	0	15	0
658	Fowler, Mrs.	1	5	6
659	Weeks, Mr.	1	9	0
660	Weeks, Master	0	5	9
661	Ely, Mr. G.	1	0	6
663	Brooks, Miss E.	0	11	6
664	Kirby, Miss	2	4	6
665	Jarman, Miss H.	0	15	0
666	Evans, Mrs. M.	6	6	0
667	Bent, Mrs.	1	6	9
668	Sharpe, Mrs.	0	17	0
669	Green, Miss L.	0	7	0
670	Hardwick, Mrs.	1	15	5
671	Bantin, Mr.	0	9	0
672	Wood, Miss	0	17	2
673	Boyce, Miss	1	9	0
674	Arundell, Miss E.	3	3	0
675	Briggs, Mrs.	4	0	0
676	Turner, Miss	1	18	6
678	Hale, Mrs.	3	6	6
679	Dawson, Mrs.	1	2	6
680	Cornell, Mr. C.	0	12	0
681	Lines, Mr.	1	0	0
682	Cox, Miss	0	2	0
683	Buckingham, Miss	2	0	0
684	Messent, Master	1	15	0
685	Figgins, Mrs.	1	10	6
686	Culver, Mrs.	1	5	1
687	Shevier, Miss	1	1	0
688	Adams, Miss E.	0	5	6
689	Callow, Miss S.	0	10	0
690	Munro, Mr.	1	5	6
691	Ash, Mr.	0	17	0
692	Lackton, Mr.	0	5	0
693	McGuffie, Mr. J.	0	13	0
695	Miller, Miss	0	15	6
696	Murrell, Mr. C.	3	2	0
698	Joyce, Miss E.	1	1	0
699	Wright, Mrs.	1	6	6
700	Crew, Miss	0	8	0
701	Stokes, Mrs. G.	0	5	0
702	Garratt, J. S.	1	5	6
703	Ranford, Mrs. E.	2	10	0
701	King, Miss	1	11	0
705	Hall, Mr. G.	1	2	6
706	White, Mr.	2	3	0
708	Warren, Mr.	1	0	0
709	Woodington, Miss	0	12	0
710	Watkins Mrs.	0	9	6
711	Haynes, Mr.	0	15	6
712	Peakman, Mrs.	1	5	0
714	Edwards, Mr.	2	2	6
715	Downe, Mr. W.	2	16	0
716	Rust, Misses	4	0	0
717	Crawford, Mrs.	0	18	6
718	Davey, Mr. T.	0	16	0
719	Kemp, Miss H.	0	4	6
721	Thomas, Mr. Alfred	0	5	6
722	Walland, Miss H.	1	6	6
725	Balchin, Mrs.	5	2	6
724	Hart, Mr. W. J.	0	8	0
725	Barker, Miss	0	7	0
726	Fitzgerald, Miss	0	7	0
727	Oxenford, Miss	1	6	0
728	Keys, Mr. J. L.	2	16	9
729	Villier, Miss	0	12	0
731	Marshall, Miss	24	3	6
733	Heath, Miss M.	8	0	0
734	Hawkins, Mr. W.	0	17	6
735	Cordrey, Mr. W.	1	1	0
736	Cordrey, Mr. E.	2	12	0
737	Vining, Miss	2	12	6

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
739	Cracknell, Mrs.	1	1	0
740	Ellison, Miss	2	7	10
741	Matthews, Mrs.	0	13	0
742	Chandler, Mr. James	0	12	10
743	Brown, Miss Matilda	0	11	0
744	Baker, Mr. H.	1	11	0
745	Peniston, Mr.	1	9	0
747	Williams, Mr. J.	0	17	3
748	Simpson, Mr. W.	2	12	6
749	Dale, Miss	0	10	0
750	Kendall, Mr.	1	0	0
751	Gardiner, Mrs.	2	3	6
753	Hinchliffe, Master and Miss ...	1	0	0
754	Cook, Mr. T. H.	3	0	0
755	Mills, Mr.	7	16	6
758	Ward, Master C. H. S.	1	0	0
763	Tatnell, Miss Rose	13	6	0
764	Tatnell, Miss Alice	4	9	6
765	Tatnell, Miss Emily	1	11	6
766	Kendall, Mrs.	5	0	0
767	Chilvers, Mrs.	1	14	0
768	Hooper, Mr.	0	7	6
769	Brooks, Miss	0	15	6
770	Hall, Mr. H.	0	10	0
771	Reid, Miss	0	5	0
772	Gray, Miss	2	4	0
773	Mills, Miss	0	8	0
774	Ward, Miss	1	5	0
775	Lodge, Mr. J.	2	19	3
776	Chandler, Miss	2	0	0
777	Shaw, Miss	0	5	0
778	Spurgeon, Master T.	2	5	6
779	Gobby, Miss S.	0	10	6
780	Rossiter, Mr.	2	3	0
782	Gobby, Mrs.	0	6	0
783	Newdick, Mr.	0	9	6
785	Smith, Mrs.	1	13	6
789	Olney, Master Herbert	0	14	0
791	Foster, Mr. G.	0	19	6
792	Scott, Mr. R. J.	8	7	0
795	Cooper, Mr.	1	0	0
801	Keys, Mrs.	4	14	0
802	Day, Miss	1	10	0
803	Kew, H.	0	16	0
804	Dibley, Miss	2	4	0
807	Fidge, Mr.	3	10	0
808	Gray, Miss	2	15	0
809	Hilldrop, Mr. C.	0	10	0
810	Downs, Mrs.	0	16	0
811	Coates, Miss	0	10	0
812	Stokes, Mr.	5	0	0
813	Payne, Master J. T.	0	10	9
814	Fisher, Mr.	0	14	6
815	Waight, Mr. W.	1	0	0
816	Drew, Mrs.	0	12	6
817	West, Mrs.	0	12	10
818	Steward, Mr. W.	0	4	0
819	Collyer, Mr.	0	5	0
820	Hurlock, Mrs.	1	5	0
821	Black, Miss E.	1	1	6
822	Glead, Mr.	0	12	6
825	Paris, Mrs.	0	16	0
826	Oldring, Miss	0	6	0
827	Williams, Miss M.	0	1	4
828	Pontin, Miss L.	0	11	10
830	Gregory, Mr.	1	3	0
831	Goslin, Miss	2	2	0
832	Geeves, Mr.	2	2	6
833	Powell, Miss Jane	1	0	6
834	Simmons, Mrs.	4	0	0
835	Longhurst, Mr.	1	6	0
836	Jarratt, Mr.	1	0	0
837	Waters, Miss	2	3	0
838	Dutton, Miss	0	14	0
839	Dore, Mrs.	0	4	3
840	Attew, Mrs.	0	14	6
841	Ashfield, Mr.	0	13	8
842	Page, Mrs.	0	10	6
843	Sedgley, Mrs.	0	17	10
844	Ballard, Mr. Robert	2	6	6

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
845	Ballard, Mr. Richard	1	1	0
846	Turner, Master	0	11	4
847	Butler, Mrs.	4	17	0
848	Margetts, Miss	3	0	0
850	Terry, Miss	0	13	0
851	Bayley, Miss R.	0	12	6
852	Roberts, Mrs. E.	1	13	0
853	Thomas, Miss Jane	0	4	0
854	Wallace, Miss L.	0	12	6
855	Stracy, Mr. William	0	4	6
856	Alexander, Mrs.	0	13	4
857	Walker, Miss	2	12	6
858	Vinnicombe, Mr. A. R.	0	14	0
860	Pettit, Mr.	1	0	0
861	Pettit, Mr. H.	0	7	0
862	Boot, Miss E.	1	5	0
863	Coveney, Miss	1	6	6
864	Jessop, Mrs.	0	10	6
865	Seller, Mr.	2	0	0
867	New, Miss Ellen	1	16	0
868	Freeman, Mrs.	1	2	0
869	Cooper, Mr.	1	5	0
870	Palmer, Mrs.	0	2	0
871	Cloake, Mr. A. J.	0	13	0
872	Chambers, Mrs.	0	16	0
873	Mantle, Mrs.	0	6	6
874	Marshall, Mr.	2	14	6
876	Marshall, Miss M.	1	10	0
878	Roak, Mrs.	0	9	0
879	Jefferson, Mr.	1	0	2
880	Hambling Mr.	0	15	3
881	Griggs, Mr. W.	0	12	0
882	Duncombe, Mrs.	1	5	0
883	Kelsey, Mrs.	1	0	0
884	Waters, Mrs.	1	3	0
885	Stevens, Mr. W.	0	4	6
886	Wood, Miss	0	3	10
887	White, Mr.	1	3	0
888	Norris, Mrs.	0	15	3
889	Watt, Miss	1	0	6
890	Bacon, Miss	0	5	6
891	Prior, Mr.	1	5	6
892	Davis, Mr. C. J.	0	12	6
893	Ballard, Mr.	1	0	2
894	Palliversa, Miss	1	3	6
895	Matthews, Miss	0	10	6
896	Blunderstone, Mr.	2	12	6
897	Chapman, Mr.	0	5	6
898	Edwards, Mr.	2	10	0
899	Greenwood, Mr.	1	1	0
900	Ashby, W. C.	0	4	0
902	Godwin, Mr.	0	3	6
903	Spencer, Miss	0	12	0
904	Cotton, Mr J.	0	10	0
905	Luff, Mrs.	0	10	0
909	Ashby, Mr.	1	10	0
910	Mayo, Mrs.	0	9	6
911	Duncombe, Miss	2	2	0
912	White, Miss	0	9	0
913	Berry, Mr. C.	0	1	0
914	Ballard, Mr.	0	12	10
917	Taylor, Miss	1	13	0
918	Burt, Miss	0	8	6
919	Blake, Miss	1	0	0
922	Ingram, Mrs.	0	4	6
923	Pluck, Mr.	0	9	0
924	Dickson, Mrs.	0	11	0
925	Leigh, Mr.	0	15	0
926	Style, Mr. R.	3	7	0
927	Palmer, Mr.	0	10	0
928	Healey, Mr.	0	13	0
931	Collins, Mrs.	1	13	0
934	Anderson, Mr.	0	16	0
936	Francis, Mrs.	0	18	6
938	Spence, Mr.	0	13	0
939	Goodall, Miss	2	11	6
940	Gundrie, Miss	0	13	0
942	Simmonds, Mr. B.	0	12	6
943	Arnold, Mr. W.	0	9	0
946	Pontin, Miss L.	0	2	9

No. of Card.		£	s.	d.
950	Sterry, Mr.	1	1	0
951	Floyd, Mrs.	1	1	0
953	Gregory, Mr....	0	6	6
954	Crane, Mr.	1	0	0
955	Raybould, Miss	0	16	6
956	Partridge, Miss	1	11	6
957	Gissing, Mr. G.	2	11	6
958	Longley, Miss	0	13	9
959	Lane, Mr.	1	4	0
960	Rule, Mr.	0	10	6
961	Collings, Miss	1	5	0
962	Nugent, Mrs.	4	5	6
963	Hobson, Mr.	1	11	6
964	Davis, Mr.	2	13	6
965	Gosling, Mrs....	1	12	0
966	Chignal, Miss	0	4	0
968	Beddall, Mrs.	2	10	0
969	Copping, Miss	1	12	0
970	Harris, Miss	0	5	0
971	Phillips, Master G.	1	5	1
972	Counsell, Mr. W. G.	2	15	0
973	Middleton, Mr.	0	6	9
974	Phillips, Mrs.	1	2	1
975	Abrahams, Mr.	5	5	0
976	Boyce, Mr.	0	13	6
977	Drayson, Mr. J.	1	2	6
978	Jones, Mr. D.	0	11	1
980	Allen, Mr. G. B.	0	13	0
981	Hewitt, Miss E.	1	1	0
982	Lewis, Miss	1	2	0
983	Stanley, Mr.	1	0	6
984	Ryder, Mrs.	1	6	0
985	Heath, Miss	5	5	0
987	Banting, Miss	0	6	6
988	Dunn, Mr. J. T.	2	0	0
989	Dunn, Miss	1	15	0
990	Dunn, Mr. J. T.	0	10	0
992	Dring, Mrs.	2	0	3
993	Stanley, Mr. E.	0	11	6
994	Smith, Mrs. R.	0	18	6
995	Eustace, Mrs.	0	7	0
996	Baverstock, Miss	3	12	0
997	Trott, Miss Mary	0	15	6
998	Peakman, Mr.	0	13	6
999	Hall, Miss	3	3	6
1000	Anstey, Mrs.	2	4	6
1001	Bradbury, Miss	0	11	6
1003	Green, Miss	0	10	0
1004	Wakefield, Miss	0	13	9
1005	Payne, Miss	1	5	6
1006	Peakman, Mrs.	1	5	0
1007	West, Miss	1	8	6
1008	Chambers, Lucy	0	8	0
1009	Sears, Emily	0	9	0
1010	Shewbridge, Sarah	0	11	3
1011	Reid, Mr.	0	12	0
1012	Ling, Martha...	1	3	0
1013	Grose, Mrs.	0	15	0
1014	Bullock, Miss...	2	0	6
1015	Godley, Jane	0	10	6
1018	Briggs, Miss	0	5	6
1019	Luckes, Mr.	0	10	7
1020	Parris, Master	0	7	6
1021	Godfrey, Harriet	0	7	9
1022	Bullock, Miss K.	0	5	0
1023	Turner, Mr.	0	5	3
1025	Oakford, Mr....	0	8	0
1029	Overs, Miss	0	1	0
1030	James, Mrs.	2	3	0
1034	Dawson, Miss...	1	0	0
1035	Mather, Miss...	1	9	4
1036	Simmons, Mr. J. H.	0	9	1
1037	Cowell, Mrs.	0	3	3
1038	Price, Miss	1	13	0
1039	Sanders, Mr.	1	15	6
1040	Court, Mr.	1	3	0
1042	Harrington, Mr.	0	7	0
1043	Green, Mrs. S.	0	7	6
1044	Simmonds, Mr.	1	7	6
1045	Bartlett, Mrs.	1	2	0
1046	Heritage, Miss	5	5	0
1047	Mayer, Mr.	1	15	0
1048	Ellwood, Mr....	1	19	0
1049	Lewin, Miss	1	4	6
1050	Todd, Mr.	1	11	0
1052	Buckle, Ann	1	5	6
1053	Patterson, Mr. T.	1	4	0
1054	Dunn, Mrs.	1	6	0
1055	Lloyd, Mr.	1	13	0
1057	Ashfield, Mr. Robert	0	6	4
1058	Bloodworth, Mr.	1	2	0
1059	Hall, Mrs.	0	13	6
1060	Howes, Mr. Charles...	0	16	0
1061	Pudney, Master	0	2	3
1062	Simmonds, Mrs.	0	12	6
1063	Whitemore, Mrs.	1	5	0
1064	Newbon, Mrs.	0	12	6
1065	Radford, Mr.	0	17	0
1066	Stevens, Mrs....	0	16	0
1068	Radford, Mr.	0	17	0
1092	Groom, Miss Jane	1	5	0
1094	Twamley, Mrs.	1	3	0
1096	Underwood, Mr.	0	11	0
1096a	Carley, Mr. C.	1	1	0
1098	Finchar, Mr.	0	7	0
1099	Smith, Mr. T....	13	3	7
1101	Whiteman, Miss	1	6	0
1102	Catterson, W.	0	6	0
1103	White, Mr. J.	1	10	0
1105	Nugent, Mrs.	0	14	6
1106	Strange, Miss	5	7	6
1107	Sanders, Mr.	0	7	10
1108	Elger, Miss	0	5	6
1109	Speilman, Mr.	0	12	6
1110	Gwillim, Mrs.	1	1	0
1111	Warren, Mrs....	0	2	6
1112	Banks, Mr.	1	7	6
1113	Barr, Mr.	0	13	6
1115	Chamberlain, Mrs.	0	7	0
1116	Pope, Mr.	5	0	0
1117	Sanders, Mr.	1	5	0
	Thompson, Miss	0	14	0
	Randall, Mrs.	0	10	0
	Watkins, Mr....	5	10	0
	Woolescroft, Mr.	0	16	6

Collecting Boxes returned.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Myatt	0	5	5
Miss Weeks	0	9	0
Mr. Green	0	14	8
Mr. Culverhouse	0	5	4
Mr. Turner	0	8	9
Mrs. Neville	0	3	6
Mrs. Burgess	0	3	10
Miss Salmon	0	2	8
Master Clifford	0	6	0
Mrs. Ruddick...	0	6	0
Mrs. Hurtzell...	0	5	5
Mrs. Peakman	0	16	1
Mrs. Hatt	0	7	2
Mrs. Joiner	0	7	4
Miss Burgess	0	15	0
Miss Williams	0	7	0

Small Sums.

A Country Packman, 5s.; A Sermon Reader, 2s. 6d.; A Constant Reader, 2s. 6d.; Aberdeen, 7s. 6d.; Mr. A. Broomfield, 5s.; Tillicoultry, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Jones, 5s.; J. W. S. M., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Higgins, 5s.; A Working Woman, 2s. 6d.; J. D., 1s.; Desperate, 1s. 6d.; M. M. M., 5s.; Mr. C. Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.; Mr. C. Miller, 2s.; Three Working Men, 6s.; Miss M. L. Thompson, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Goode, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; A Reader of Sermons, 2s.; A Friend, 1s.; J. D., 3s.; J. J., 2s. 6d.; An Aged Disciple, 2s.; E. S. and E. C., 5s.; Mrs. Spencer, 5s.; J. M., 2s. 6d.; A Reader of Sermons, 1s.; Collected at Rudham, 5s. 6d.; B. C., 1s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; A Widow's

Mite, 1s.; A Friend, 1s.; J. H., 7s.; The Dee, 1s.; Perth, 1s.; Sterling, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, Corsham, 5s.; Mr. A. Langland and Family, 5s.; Clapton, 1s.; A Friend, 3s.; M. S. G., 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Broomfield, 2s.; Battle, 8s.; Hilperton, Wilts, 5s.; Mrs. E. Grant, 5s.; Two Friends, Glasgow, 1s. 2d.; Carlow, 1s. 5d.; E. R., Newark, 5s.; Mr. J. Batty, 5s.; M. A. A. and W. A., 6s.; Mr. A. Porter, 1s.; Miss McLean, 5s.; S. M., 2s. 6d.; Winchester, 6s.; Paisley, 1s. 1d.; Grantown, 1s.; Mr. J. Tibby, 5s.; A Poor Shepherd, 2s. 9d.; Brooke, 2s. 6d.; E. D——s., 3s.; Chippenham, 1s.; Mr. S. Hayman, 3s.; D. P., 1s.; William S., 5s.; Edinburgh, 6s. 6d.; Basingstoke, 1s.; Mr. H. Hammond, 2s. 6d.; G. R. H., 1s. 6d.; An Orphan, 2s.; Mr. G. Wilson, 2s. 6d.; A Mite, 1s. 6d.; A Mite, 2s.; Mr. Thompson and Friend, 2s. 6d.; Aberdeen, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Bousfield, 1s.; Five Friends at Bury St. Edmunds, 5s.; M. N., 2s. 6d.; J. G., 2s. 3d.; J. G. W., 1s.; Collected by Mr. P. Murray, 5s.; Stirling, 5s.; A Working Man, Scotland, 5s.; Amelia, 2s.; A Brick from a Bishop's Lady, 2s. 6d.; M. G., 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s.; A Friend, 1s.; T. B. W., 1s.; W. E. M., 4s. 6d.; Mr. A. Heron, 8s.; Mr. J. Greig, 2s. 6d.; A Reader, Gravesend, 5s.; Battle, 2s. 6d.; Portsmouth, 2s. 6d.; Friends at Plymouth, 2s. 4d.; A Mite from Dumfries, 5s.; A Friend, 1s.; G. E. W., 1s.; A Brand plucked from Burning, 3s.; Devizes, 7s. 6d.; A. T., 1s.; Two Sermon Readers, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 5s.; Luton, 2s.; Mr. T. Phillips, 1s.; Tunbridge, 1s.; Mr. T. Bigley, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Armstrong, 5s.; Miss E. E., 2s. 6d.; Miss E. C., 1s.; Collected in Pence, 2s. 6d.; Bourne, 6s.; S. and E. P., 2s.; Edwin, 5s.; J. A. and M. F., 2s. 6d.; Two Friends, 3s.; L. S. A., 5s.; Worcester, 1s.; A Reader of Sermons, Aberdeen, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Gale, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; Coldingham, 3s.; South Shields, 2s.; Mrs. R. Adam, 5s.; Mrs. J. Kiloh, 9s. 9d.; Mr. W. Wills, 1s.; Coleraine, 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. Greening, 2s. 6d.; Friar, St., 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. Seymour, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Darlington, 2s. 6d.; Castle Cary, 3s.; J. Innocent, 1s.; Mr. R. Duncan, 5s.; Mrs. M. Harvey, 5s.; R. N., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C., 5s.; Two Sermon Readers, Keithall, 5s. 6d.; Mr. J. Latimer, 2s.; Mr. C. J. Bathe, 5s.; Mrs. Lambert, 2s.; J. T., Aberdeen, 3s. 6d.; Mr. Pinckney, 2s. 6d.; E. K., Brixton Hill, 1s. 6d.; Mr. G. Hunter, 9s. 9d.; God Speed, 4s.; Miss M. Crosskill, 2s. 6d.; A. E. B., 5s.; Mrs. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. White, 2s.; Mrs. Bennett, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; Mr. Fox, 2s.; Mr. W. D. Lewis, 5s.; Mr. E. G. Clover, 2s. 7d.; Mrs. Godbold, 4s.; Mr. Hendrick, 4s. 10d.; Mr. Pollard, 2s. Total, 2,802 15s. 3d.

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Mr. A. Broomfield	0	2	6
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Master and Man	0	10	0
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A Friend, Dover	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	5	0
Mr. J. Batty	0	5	0
Mr. A. Porter	0	1	0
Mr. W. Lyne	0	7	0
Mr. H. Varley	5	0	0
Crux	0	18	0
Mr. A. Angus Croll... 100	0	0	
A Strict Baptist	0	4	0
E. S.	0	5	0
Miss Pavey	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Pavey	0	10	0
Isabella	0	10	0
Mrs. Wenden	1	0	6
Mr. J. Knott...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master Lawrence, J. Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Pool	2	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Walker	0	2	6
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
A Friend, Aman	20	0	0
Miss J. Richmond	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Southan	2	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dodson	0	15	0
Mr. Tompkins	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	25	0	0
Collection at Tabernacle 101	0	0	
Proceeds of Lecture, by Mr. Vincent ...	17	7	4
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THE

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A SACRAMENTAL DISCOURSE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

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Mite, 1s.; A Friend, 1s.; J. H., 7s.; The Dee, 1s.; Perth, 1s.; Sterling, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, Corsham, 5s.; Mr. A. Langland and Family, 5s.; Clapton, 1s.; A Friend, 3s.; M. S. G., 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Broomfield, 2s.; Battle, 8s.; Hilperton, Wilts, 5s.; Mrs. E. Grant, 5s.; Two Friends, Glasgow, 1s. 2d.; Carlow, 1s. 5d.; E. R., Newark, 5s.; Mr. J. Batty, 5s.; M. A. A. and W. A., 6s.; Mr. A. Porter, 1s.; Miss McLean, 5s.; S. M., 2s. 6d.; Winchester, 6s.; Paisley, 1s. 1d.; Grantown, 1s.; Mr. J. Tibby, 5s.; A Poor Shepherd, 2s. 9d.; Brooke, 2s. 6d.; E. D——s., 3s.; Chippenham, 1s.; Mr. S. Hayman, 3s.; D. P., 1s.; William S., 5s.; Edinburgh, 6s. 6d.; Basingstoke, 1s.; Mr. H. Hammond, 2s. 6d.; G. R. H., 1s. 6d.; An Orphan, 2s.; Mr. G. Wilson, 2s. 6d.; A Mite, 1s. 6d.; A Mite, 2s.; Mr. Thompson and Friend, 2s. 6d.; Aberdeen, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Bousfield, 1s.; Five Friends at Bury St. Edmunds, 5s.; M. N., 2s. 6d.; J. G., 2s. 3d.; J. G. W., 1s.; Collected by Mr. P. Murray, 5s.; Stirling, 5s.; A Working Man, Scotland, 5s.; Amelia, 2s.; A Brick from a Bishop's Lady, 2s. 6d.; M. G., 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s.; A Friend, 1s.; T. B. W., 1s.; W. E. M., 4s. 6d.; Mr. A. Heron, 8s.; Mr. J. Greig, 2s. 6d.; A Reader, Gravesend, 5s.; Amelia, 2s.; A Brick from a Bishop's Lady, 2s. 6d.; M. G., 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s.; A Friend, 1s.; T. B. W., 1s.; W. E. M., 4s. 6d.; Mr. A. Heron, 8s.; Mr. J. Greig, 2s. 6d.; A Reader, Gravesend, 5s.; Battle, 2s. 6d.; Portsmouth, 2s. 6d.; Friends at Plymouth, 2s. 4d.; A Mite from Dumfries, 5s.; A Friend, 1s.; G. E. W., 1s.; A Brand plucked from Burning, 3s.; Devizes, 7s. 6d.; A. T., 1s.; Two Sermon Readers, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 5s.; Luton, 2s.; Mr. T. Phillips, 1s.; Tunbridge, 1s.; Mr. T. Bigley, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Armstrong, 5s.; Miss E. E., 2s. 6d.; Miss E. C., 1s.; Collected in Pence, 2s. 6d.; Bourne, 6s.; S. and E. P., 2s.; Edwin, 5s.; J. A. and M. F., 2s. 6d.; Two Friends, 3s.; L. S. A., 5s.; Worcester, 1s.; A Reader of Sermons, Aberdeen, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Gale, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; Coldingham, 3s.; South Shields, 2s.; Mrs. R. Adam, 5s.; Mrs. J. Kiloh, 9s. 9d.; Mr. W. Wills, 1s.; Coleraine, 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. Greening, 2s. 6d.; Friar, St., 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. Seymour, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Darlington, 2s. 6d.; Castle Cary, 3s.; J. Innocent, 1s.; Mr. R. Duncan, 5s.; Mrs. M. Harvey, 5s.; R. N., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C., 5s.; Two Sermon Readers, Kettlall, 5s. 6d.; Mr. J. Latimer, 2s.; Mr. C. J. Bathe, 5s.; Mrs. Lambert, 2s.; J. T., Aberdeen, 3s. 6d.; Mr. Pinckney, 2s. 6d.; E. K., Brixton Hill, 1s. 6d.; Mr. G. Hunter, 9s. 9d.; God Speed, 4s.; Miss M. Crosskill, 2s. 6d.; A. E. B., 5s.; Mrs. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. White, 2s.; Mrs. Bennett, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; Mr. Fox, 2s.; Mr. W. D. Lewis, 5s.; Mr. E. G. Clover, 2s. 7d.; Mrs. Godbold, 4s.; Mr. Hendrick, 4s. 10d.; Mr. Pollard, 2s. Total, 2,802 15s. 3d.

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Miss Miller	0	10	0
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Mrs. E. Morris	1	0	0
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Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	5	0
Mr. J. Batty	0	5	0
Mr. A. Porter	0	1	0
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Mr. H. Varley	5	0	0
Crux	0	18	0
Mr. A. Angus Croll	100	0	0
A Strict Baptist	0	4	0
E. S.	0	5	0
Miss Pavey	1	0	0
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Isabella	0	10	0
Mrs. Wenden	1	0	6
Mr. J. Knott	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master Lawrence, J. Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Pool	2	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Walker	0	2	6
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
A Friend, Aman	20	0	0
Miss J. Richmond	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Southan	2	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dodson	0	15	0
Mr. Tompkins	0	5	0
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This remark, however, is quite a secondary one to the next: *our Lord's complete fulfilment of the law is even more worthy of our attention.* It was customary when the passover was held, to sing, and this is the main reason why the Saviour did so. During the passover, it was usual to sing the hundred and thirteenth, and five following psalms, which were called the "*Hallel.*" They commence, you will observe, in our version, with "Praise ye the Lord!" or, "Hallelujah!" The hundred and fifteenth, and the three following, were usually sung as the closing song of the passover. Now, our Saviour would not diminish the splendour of the great Jewish rite, although it was the last time that he would celebrate it. No; there shall be the holy beauty and delight of psalmody; none of it shall be stinted; the "Hallel" shall be full and complete. We may safely believe that the Saviour sang through, or probably chanted, the whole of these six psalms; and my heart tells me that there was no one at the table who sang more devoutly or more cheerfully than did our blessed Lord. There are some parts of the hundred and eighteenth psalm, especially, which strike us as having sounded singularly grand, as they flowed from his blessed lips. Note verses 22, 23, 24. Especially observe those words, near the end of the psalm, and think you hear the Lord himself singing them, "God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar. Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever." Because, then, it was the settled custom of Israel to recite these psalms, our Lord Jesus Christ did the same; for he would leave nothing unfinished. Just as when he went down into the waters of baptism, he said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," so he seemed to say when sitting at the table, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness; therefore let us sing unto the Lord, as God's people in past ages have done." Beloved, let us view with holy wonder the strictness of the Saviour's obedience to his Father's will, and let us endeavour to follow in his steps, in all things, seeking to be obedient to the Lord's word in the little as well as in the great.

May we not venture to suggest another and deeper reason? Did not this singing of "an hymn" at the supper, show *the holy absorption of the Saviour's soul in his Father's will?* If, beloved, you knew that at —say ten o'clock to-night—you would be led away to be mocked, and despised, and scourged, and that to-morrow's sun would see you falsely accused, hanging, a convicted criminal, to die upon a cross, do you think that you could sing to-night, after your last meal? I am sure you could not, unless with more than earthborn courage and resignation your soul could say, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." You would sing if your spirit were like the Saviour's spirit; if, like him, you could exclaim, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" but if there should remain in you any selfishness, any desire to be spared the bitterness of death, you would not be able to chant the "Hallel" with the Master. Blessed Jesus, how wholly wert thou given up! how perfectly consecrated! so that whereas other men sing when they are marching to their joys, thou didst sing on the way to death; whereas other men lift up their cheerful voices when honour awaits them, thou hadst a brave and holy

sonnet on thy lips when shame, and spitting, and death were to be thy portion.

This singing of the Saviour also teaches us *the whole-heartedness of the Master in the work which he was about to do.* The patriot warrior sings as he hastens to battle; to the strains of martial music he advances to meet the foeman; and even thus the heart of our all-glorious champion supplies him with song even in the dreadful hour of his solitary agony. He views the battle, but he dreads it not; though in the contest his soul will be "exceeding sorrowful even unto death," yet before it he is like Job's war-horse, "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off." He has "a baptism to be baptised with, and he is straitened until it be accomplished." The Master does not go forth to the agony in the garden with a cowed and trembling spirit, all bowed and crushed in the dust; but he advances to the conflict like a man who has his full strength about him—taken out to be a victim (if I may use such a figure) not as a worn-out ox that has long borne the yoke, but as the firstling of the bullock, in the fulness of his strength. He goes forth to the slaughter, with his glorious undaunted spirit fast and firm within him, glad to suffer for his people's sake, and for his Father's glory.

"For as at first thine all-pervading look
Saw from thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,
Measuring in calm presage
The infinite descent;
So to the end, though now of mortal pangs
Made heir, and emptied of thy glory awhile,
With unaverted eye
Thou meetest all the storm."

Let us, O fellow heirs of salvation, learn to sing when our suffering time comes, when our season for stern labour approaches; ay, let us pour forth a canticle of deep mysterious melody of bliss, when our dying hour is near at hand. Courage, brother! The waters are chilly; but fear will not by any means diminish the terrors of the river. Courage, brother! Death is solemn work; but playing the coward will not make it less so. Bring hither the harp; let thy lips remember the long-loved music, and let the notes be clear and shrill as thou dippest thy feet in the Jordan: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Dear friends, let the remembrance of the melodies of that upper room go with you to-morrow into business; and if you expect a great trial, and are afraid you will not be able to sing after it, then sing before it comes. Get your holy praise-work done before affliction mars the tune. Fill the air with music while you can. While yet there is bread upon the table, sing, though famine may threaten; while yet the child runs laughing about the house, while yet the flush of health is in your own cheek, while yet your goods are spared, while yet your heart is whole and sound, lift up your song of praise to the Most High God; and let your Master, the singing Saviour, be in this your goodly and comfortable example.

There is much more that might be said concerning our Lord's sweet swansong, but there is no need to crowd one thought out with another; your leisure will be well spent in meditation upon so fruitful a theme.

We will now consider THE SINGING OF THE DISCIPLES. *They* united in the "Hallel"—like true Jews, they joined in the national song. Israel had good cause to sing at the passover, for God had wrought for his people what he had done for no other nation on the face of the earth. Every Hebrew must have felt his soul elevated and rejoiced on the paschal night. He was "a citizen of no mean city," and the pedigree which he could look back upon was one, compared with which kings and princes were but of yesterday. Remembering the fact commemorated by the Supper, well might Israel rejoice. They sang of their nation in bondage, trodden beneath the tyrannical foot of Pharaoh; they began the psalm right sorrowfully, as they thought of the bricks made without straw, and of the iron furnace; but the strain soon mounted from the deep bass, and began to climb the scale, as they sang of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lord appearing to him in the burning bush; they remembered the mystic rod, which became a serpent, and which swallowed up the rods of the magicians; their music told of the plagues and wonders which God had wrought upon Zoan; and of that dread night when the firstborn of Egypt fell before the avenging sword of the angel of death, while they themselves, feeding on the lamb which had been slain for them, and whose blood was sprinkled upon the lintel and upon the side-posts of the door, had been graciously preserved. Then the song went up concerning the hour in which all Egypt was humbled at the feet of Jehovah, whilst as for his people, "He led them forth like sheep," by the hands of Moses and Aaron, and they went by the way of the sea, even of the Red Sea. The strain rose higher still as they tuned the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb. Jubilantly they sang of the Red Sea, and of the chariots of Pharaoh which went down into the midst thereof, and the depths covered them till there was not one of them left. It was a glorious chant indeed when they sang of Rahab cut in pieces, and of the dragon wounded at the sea, by the right hand of the Most High, for the deliverance of the chosen people!

But, beloved, if I have said that Israel could so properly sing, *what shall I say of those of us who are the Lord's spiritually redeemed?* We have been emancipated from a slavery worse than that of Egypt: "With a high hand and with an outstretched arm," hath God delivered us. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God's passover, has been sprinkled on our hearts and consciences. By faith we keep the passover, for we have been spared; we have been brought out of Egypt—and though our sins did once oppose us, they have all been drowned in the Red Sea of the atoning blood of Jesus: "the depths have covered them, there is not one of them left." If the Jew could sing a "great Hallel," our "Hallel" ought to be more glowing still; and if every house in "Judea's happy land" was full of music when the people ate the paschal feast, much more reason have we for filling every heart with sacred harmony to-night, while we feast upon Jesus Christ, who was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood.

The time has now come for me to say how EARNESTLY I DESIRE YOU TO "SING AN HYMN." I do not mean to ask you to use your voices just now, but let your hearts be brimming with the essence of praise. Whenever we repair to the Lord's table, which represents

to us the passover, we ought not to come to it as to a funeral. Let us select solemn hymns, but not dirges. Let us sing softly, but none the less joyfully. These are no burial feasts; those are not funeral cakes which lie upon this table, and yonder fair white linen cloth is no winding sheet. "This is my body," said Jesus, but the body so represented was no corpse; we feed upon a living Christ. The blood set forth by yonder wine is the fresh life-blood of our immortal King. We view not our Lord's body as clay-cold flesh, pierced with wounds, but as glorified at the right hand of the Father. We hold a happy festival when we break bread on the first day of the week. We come not hither trembling like bondsmen, cringing on our knees as wretched serfs condemned to eat on their knees; we approach as freemen to our Lord's banquet, like his apostles, to recline at length or sit at ease; not merely to eat bread which may belong to the most sorrowful, but to drink wine which belongs to men whose souls are glad. Let us recognise the rightness, yea, the duty of cheerfulness at this commemorative Supper; and, therefore, let us "sing an hymn."

Being satisfied on this point, perhaps you ask, "*What hymn shall we sing?*" Many sorts of hymns were sung in the olden time: look down the list, and you will scarce find one which may not suit us now.

One of the earliest of earthly songs was *the war-song*. They sang of old a song to the conqueror, when he returned from the battle. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." Women took their timbrels and rejoiced in the dance when the hero returned from the war. Even thus of old did the people of God extol him for his mighty acts, singing aloud with the high-sounding cymbals: "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously . . . . The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name." My brethren, let us lift up a war-song to-night! Why not? "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Come, let us praise our Emmanuel, as we see the head of our foe in his right hand; as we behold him "leading captivity captive," ascending up on high, with trumpets' joyful sound. Let us chant the pæan; let us shout the war-song, "*Io Triumphe!*" Behold, he comes, all glorious from the war: as we gather at the table, let us salute him with a psalm of gladsome triumph.

Another early form of song was *the pastoral*. When the shepherds sat down amongst the sheep, they tuned their pipes, and warbled forth soft and sweet airs in harmony with rustic quietude. All around was calm and still; the sun was brightly shining, and the birds were making melody among the leafy branches. Shall I seem fanciful if I say, let us unite in a pastoral to-night? Sitting round the table, why should we not sing, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters"? If there be a place beneath the stars where one might feel perfectly at rest and ease, surely it is at the table of the Lord. Here, then, let us sing to our great Shepherd a pastoral of delight. Let the bleating of sheep be in our ears as we remember the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his flock.

You need not to be reminded that the ancients were very fond of *festive songs*. When they assembled at their great festivals, led by

their chosen minstrels, they sang right joyously, with boisterous mirth. Let those who will speak to the praise of wine, my soul shall extol the precious blood of Jesus; let who will laud corn and oil, the rich produce of the harvest, my heart shall sing of the bread which came down from heaven, whereof if a man eateth, he shall never hunger. Speak ye of royal banquets, and minstrelsy fit for a monarch's ear! ours is a nobler festival, and our song is sweeter far. Here is room at this table to-night for all earth's poesy and music, for the place deserves songs more lustrous with delight, more sparkling with gems of holy mirth, than any of which the ancients could conceive.

"Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done!"

The *love-song* we must not forget, for that is peculiarly the song of this evening. "Now will I sing unto my well-beloved a song." His love to us is an immortal theme; and as our love, fanned by the breath of heaven, breaks into a vehement flame, we may sing, yea, and we will sing among the lilies, a song of loves.

In the Old Testament we find many psalms called by the title, "*A Song of Degrees.*" This "Song of Degrees" is supposed by some to have been sung as the people ascended the temple steps, or made pilgrimages to the Holy Place. The strain often changes—sometimes it is dolorous, and anon it is gladsome; at one season the notes are long drawn out and heavy, at another they are cheerful and jubilant. We will sing a "Song of Degrees" to-night. We will mourn that we pierced the Lord, and we will rejoice in pardon bought with blood. Our strain must vary as we talk of sin, feeling its bitterness and lamenting it, and then of pardon, rejoicing in its glorious fulness.

David wrote a considerable number of psalms which he entitled "*Maschil,*" which may be called in English, "instructive psalms." Where, beloved, can we find richer instruction than at the table of our Lord? He who understands the mystery of incarnation and of substitution, is a master in scriptural theology. There is more teaching in the Saviour's body and in the Saviour's blood than in all the world besides. O ye who wish to learn the way to comfort, and how to tread the royal road to heavenly wisdom, come ye to the cross, and see the Saviour suffer, and pour out his heart's blood for human sin.

Some of David's psalms are called "*Michtam,*" which means "golden psalms." Surely we must sing one of these. Our psalms must be golden when we speak of the Head of the church, who is as much fine gold. More precious than silver or gold is the inestimable price which he has paid for our ransom. Yes, ye sons of harmony, bring your most melodious anthems here, and let your Saviour have your golden psalms.

Certain psalms in the Old Testament are entitled "*Upon Shoshannim,*" that is, "Upon the lilies." O ye virgin souls, whose hearts have been washed in blood, and have been made white and pure, bring forth your instruments of song:—

"Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string!"

Let your hearts, when they are in their best state, when they are purest, and most cleansed from earthly dross, give to Jesus their glory and their excellence.

Then there other psalms which are dedicated "*To the Sons of Korah.*" If the guess be right, the reason why we get the title "To the Sons of Korah"—"a song of loves"—must be this: that when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up, the sons of Dathan and Abiram were swallowed up too; but the sons of Korah perished not. Why they were not destroyed we cannot tell. Perhaps it was that sovereign grace spared those whom justice might have doomed; and "the sons of Korah" were ever after made the sweet singers of the sanctuary; and whenever there was a special "song of loves," it was always dedicated to them. Ah! we will have one of those songs of love to-night, around the table, for we too are saved by distinguishing grace. We will sing of the heavenly lover, and the many waters which could not quench his love.

"Love, so vast that nought can bound;
Love, too deep for thought to sound;
Love, which made the Lord of all
Drink the wormwood and the gall.

Love, which led him to the cross,
Bearing there unutter'd loss;
Love, which brought him to the gloom
Of the cold and darksome tomb.

Love, which made him hence arise
Far above the starry skies,
There with tender, loving care,
All his people's griefs to share.

Love, which will not let him rest
Till his chosen all are blest;
Till they all for whom he died
Live rejoicing by his side."

We have not half exhausted the list, but it is clear that, sitting at the Lord's Table, we shall have no lack of suitable psalmody. Perhaps no one hymn will quite meet the sentiments of all; and while we would not write a hymn for you, we would pray the Holy Spirit to write now the spirit of praise upon your hearts, that sitting here, you may "after supper sing an hymn."

For one or two minutes let us ask, "WHAT SHALL THE TUNE BE? It must be a strange one, for if we are to sing "an hymn" to-night, around the table, the tune must have all the parts of music. Yonder believer is heavy of heart through manifold sorrows, bereavements, and watchings by the sick. He loves his Lord, and would fain praise him, but his soul refuses to use her wings. Brother, we will have a tune in which you can join, and you shall lead the bass. You shall sing of your fellowship with your Beloved in his sufferings; how he, too, lost a friend; how he spent whole nights in sleeplessness; how his soul was exceeding sorrowful. But the tune must not be all bass, or it would not suit some of us to-night, for we can reach the highest key. We have seen the Lord, and our spirit has rejoiced in God our Saviour.

We want to lift the chorus high; yea, there are some true hearts here who are at times so full of joy that they will want special music written for them. "Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell:" said Paul, and so have said others since, when Christ has been with them. Ah! then they have been obliged to mount to the alto notes, to the very loftiest range of song.

Remember, beloved, that the same Saviour who will accept the joyful shoutings of the strong, will also receive the plaintive notes of the weak and weeping. You little ones, you babes in grace, may cry, "Hosanna," and the King will not silence you; and you strong men, with all your power of faith, may shout, "Hallelujah!" and your notes shall be accepted too. Come, then, let us have a tune in which we can all unite; but ah! we cannot make one which will suit the dead—the dead, I mean, "in trespasses and sins"—and there are some such here. O may God open their mouths and unloose their tongues; but as for those of us who are alive unto God, let us, as we come to the table, each contribute our own share of the music, and so make up a song of blended harmony, with many parts, one great united song of praise to Jesus our Lord!

We should not choose a tune for the communion table which is not very *soft*. These are no boisterous themes with which we have to deal when we tarry here. A bleeding Saviour, robed in a vesture dyed with blood—this is a theme which you must treat with loving gentleness, for everything that is coarse is out of place. While the tune is soft, it must also be *sweet*. Silence, ye doubts; be dumb, ye fears; be hushed, ye cares! Why come ye here? My music must be sweet and soft when I sing of him. But oh! it must also be *strong*; there must be a full swell in my praise. Draw out the stops, and let the organ swell the diapason! In fulness let its roll of thundering harmony go up to heaven; let every note be sounded at its loudest. "Praise ye him upon the cymbals, upon the high-sounding cymbals; upon the harp with a solemn sound." Soft, sweet, and strong, let the music be.

Alas! you complain that your soul is out of tune. Then ask the Master to tune the heart strings. Those "Selahs" which we find so often in the Psalms, are supposed by many scholars to mean, "Put the harp strings in tune:" truly we require many "Selahs," for our hearts are constantly unstrung. O that to-night the Master would

> "Teach us some melodious sonnet
> Sung by flaming tongues above!"

We close by enquiring WHO SHALL SING THIS HYMN?

Sitting around the Father's board, we will raise a joyful song, but who shall do it? "I will," saith one; "and we will," say others. What is the reason why so many are willing to join? The reason is to be found in the verse we were singing just now—

> "When He's the subject of the song,
> Who can refuse to sing?"

What! a Christian silent when others are praising his Master? No; he must join in the song. Satan tries to make God's people dumb, but he cannot, for the Lord has not a tongue-tied child in all the family. They can all speak, and they can all cry, even if they cannot all sing,

and *I* think there are times when they can all sing; yea, they must, for you know the promise, "Then shall the tongue of the dumb sing." Surely, when Jesus leads the tune, if there should be any silent ones in the Lord's family, they must begin to praise the name of the Lord. After Giant Despair's head had been cut off, Christiana and Mr. Great-heart, and all the rest of them, brought out the best of their provisions and made a feast, and Mr. Bunyan says, that after they had feasted, they danced. In the dance there was one remarkable dancer, namely, Mr. Ready-to-Halt. Now, Mr. Ready-to-Halt usually went upon crutches, but for once he laid them aside. "And," says Bunyan, "I warrant you he footed it well!" This is quaintly showing us that sometimes the very sorrowful ones, the Ready-to-Halts, when they see Giant Despair's head cut off, when they see death, hell, and sin led in triumphant captivity at the wheels of Christ's victorious chariot, feel that even *they* must for once indulge in a song of gladness. So, when I put the question to-night, "Who will sing?" I trust that Ready-to-Halt will promise, "I will."

You have not much comfort at home, perhaps; by very hard work you earn that little. Sunday is to you a day of true rest, for you are worked very cruelly all the week. Those cheeks of yours, poor girl, are getting very pale, and who knows but what it may be true of you:—

> "Stitch, stitch, stitch,
> In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
> Sewing at once, with a double thread,
> A shroud as well as a shirt."

But, my sister, you may surely rejoice to-night in spite of all this: There may be little on earth, but there is much in heaven. There may be but little comfort for you here apart from Christ, but oh! when, by faith, you mount into his glory, your soul is glad. You shall be as rich as the richest to-night if the Holy Spirit shall but bring you to the table, and enable you to feed upon your Lord and Master. Perhaps you have come here to-night when you ought not to have done so. The physician would have told you to keep to your bed, but you persisted in coming up to the house where the Lord has so often met with you. I trust that we shall hear your voice in the song. There appear to have been in David's day many things to silence the praise of God, but David was one who would sing. I like that expression of his, where the devil seems to come up and put his hand on his mouth and say, "Be quiet." "No," says David, "I will sing." Again the devil tries to quiet him, but David is not to be silenced, for three times he puts it, "I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord." May the Lord make you resolve this night that you will praise the Lord Jesus with all your heart.

Alas! there are many of you here to-night whom I could not invite to this feast of song, and who could not truly come if you were invited. Your sins are not forgiven; your souls are not saved; you have not trusted Christ; you are still in nature's darkness, still in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. Why must it always be so? Will you destroy yourselves? Have you made a league with death, and a covenant with hell? Mercy lingers! Longsuffering continues! Jesus waits! Remember that he hung upon the cross for sinners such

as you are, and that if you believe in him now, you shall be saved. One act of faith, and all the sin you have committed is blotted out. A single glance of faith's eye to the wounds of the Messiah, and your load of iniquity is rolled into the depths of the sea, and you are forgiven in a moment!

"Oh!" says one, "would God I could believe!" Poor soul, may God help thee to believe now. God took upon himself flesh. Christ was born here among men, and suffered on account of human guilt, being made to suffer "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Christ was punished in the room, place, and stead of every man and woman, who will believe on him. If you believe on him, he was punished for you; and you will never be punished. Your debts are paid, your sins are forgiven. God cannot punish you, for he has punished Christ instead of you, and he will never punish twice for one offence. To believe is to trust. If you will now trust your soul entirely with him, you are saved, for he loved you, and gave himself for you. When you know this, and feel it to be true, then come to the Lord's Table, and join with us, when, "*after supper we* SING AN HYMN."

The Unconquerable Soldier.*

A TALE OF THE OLD METHODIST TIMES.

WEARIED with their incessant but unsuccessful efforts to put down Methodism by mobs and tumults, the "ministerial and gentlemanly" persecutors of the cross of Christ resorted to another mode, not more justifiable, nor, in the end, more successful. It was a time of war, and the nation was kept in constant fear of an invasion from Spain and France. British armies were employed in Germany. Soldiers, therefore, for the army, and sailors for the navy, were in demand. The odious and tyrannical law of impressment was then in force. The officers of the government, called the pressgang, might go about among the people, and seize on whom they pleased, and bear him off for a soldier or a sailor. The law, however, in the time of Wesley, had become so modified as to give the pressgang authority to take only "able-bodied men, who had no visible means of earning a living." The subjects liable to impressment were, therefore, only persons who, in modern law, are called vagrants. One impressed under this law had the right of trial, on the question of his "vagrancy," before the magistrates of the county; it was not, however, always easy to secure an impartial trial, and obtain justice.

The persecutors of Methodism thought they might, under this law, easily use up the whole concern. They would impress all the preachers: under the excited and warped condition of public sentiment, it would be easy to prevent the release of any one from the pressgang by law; they would thus get all the preachers away, and then the societies would [dry up. They concluded to begin with the lay preachers, and

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* From an American Work, by W. C. Larrabee.

tried their hand first on John Nelson, one of the boldest of the Wesleyan preachers. The minister of Birstal, where John Nelson lived, proposed to the ale-house keepers of the village the impressment of Nelson. Nelson was in the way of these worthy beersellers, he injured their trade, for his converts left off drinking; so they moved the press-gang to seize John. He was taken before the magistrates for examination. The exemplary beer-drinking minister was one of the court. Nelson entered on his defence. But the court stopped him, saying they had obtained all the facts in the case from the minister of his parish, and did not wish to hear any more. "I see how it is," said Nelson, "there is neither law nor justice here for a Methodist." The magistrates then delivered him over to the captain, who read to him the articles of war, adding, "You see your doom is death if you disobey us." "I do not fear the man that can kill me, any more than I do him that cut down a dog-weed," said John. Nelson was marched off to Bradford, and thrown into the dungeon. The place was horrible. It stood immediately under the slaughter-house; the bottom was full of blood and filth, in a dreadful state of putrefaction. It was so awful, that the roughest heart was softened at the suffering of poor Nelson. A soldier offered to become his bail; but the brutal captain gave him for answer, a threat to break his head. A citizen of the place, though a bitter enemy of the Methodists, was so moved by the terrible condition of the place, that he offered the captain fifty dollars to let Nelson lie on a bed; but all the answer he got, was shocking oaths. The cruel keepers furnished him not a thing to eat, but some benevolent people put food into the dungeon through the grating. At four o'clock in the morning, his noble-hearted wife arrived and cheered him, telling him not to be concerned about her and the children, the Lord would take care of them and deliver him. In the morning he was marched to Leeds, and left standing in the streets, surrounded by a guard. Hundreds came to see him. Some said, "It is a shame to treat a man so for being a Methodist." Others said, "It is good enough for him. I wish all the Methodists were hanged out of the way; for now we cannot get drunk or swear, but some Methodist must come along reproving us; and this fellow is one of the worst of them." The day was the holy Sabbath. When church-time came, the guard put Nelson in jail, while they went to the ale-house. But the jailer admitted his friends to visit him freely. A hundred came in at evening, and they had a good prayer-meeting. The next day he was taken to York, and brought before a squad of officers quartered at the ale-house. They rejoiced over Nelson, as if they had taken great spoil, and saluted him with many a grievous oath. He boldly reproved them for swearing. They told him he must not preach there, they were officers, he must not talk to them. "There is only one way to prevent me," said Nelson. "What is that?" "By not swearing before me." They then marched him through the city, which was in such an uproar, "as if hell from beneath had been moved at his coming." The streets and houses of the great city were full of people, who shouted and hurrahed, as if he had been some mighty savage warrior, who had laid waste the nation; but Nelson walked right on, looking at them as if they had been nothing but grasshoppers. They brought him to the guard-house, where the officers cast

lots for him. When it was thus determined to whose command he should fall; they offered him money in order to bind him legally to the service. He refused it. For this he was ordered to be handcuffed and carried to jail. To jail he accordingly went, where, for three days and nights, he was beset with such cursing and swearing, "as could hardly be matched out of hell." It kept him busy day and night, to reprove the wretched sinners; but his reproof was effectual, for some of the most hardened promised to swear no more. Several of the citizens came about the jail, and asked him what was the doctrine which the Methodists preached, and which made such a noise in the world. He told them it was the same doctrine which Christ and his apostles preached, and which made such a noise among the Jews and Gentiles. He then proceeded to explain more fully the doctrines of the Methodists, preaching quite a sermon. The hearers concluded the Methodists could not be so bad as represented, and testified their respect for Nelson by offering him a drink of brandy. This, however, was a "creature comfort" which he declined. The next morning he fell asleep, and was dreaming of Daniel in the lions' den, when he was suddenly aroused by a voice calling, "John Nelson, John Nelson." Starting, he saw at the door two women, utter strangers to him, with a rich breakfast for him.

At evening, his devoted wife, who had found her way even to York, came to the jail to cheer him up. The next day he was guarded under drawn bayonets to a court-martial. "What is this man's crime?" asked the court. "Please your honours, this is a Methodist preacher, and he refuses money." "Sir," said they, addressing Nelson, "it is our business to make you a soldier." I am a soldier of the Prince of Peace, and shall not fight." "Well, you must not preach to us. It is your business to obey, not to preach. Sergeant, give him some money." "I shall not receive it." "Well, if you run away, you are as liable to suffer as if you had taken our money." "I shall not run away." They then took him away, arrayed him in arms and equipments, and sent him out to learn to "train" under a corporal. But Nelson went to preaching to the corporal, who, in his interest in the sermon, forgot all about the "shouldering arms." The next day he was sent into the field to practice with quite a company. But they soon all fell quiet under Nelson's preaching. The people of the city, in large numbers, went out into the muster-field to hear him preach, and became so deeply interested in Methodist doctrines, that they wished Wesley himself would come to York and preach. On one Sunday evening, there came out at least six thousand people to hear him. On this, the clergymen of York complained to the officers of Nelson's preaching. The officers called him to account, and threatened, if he ever preached again, to whip him in public. He told them he had very little anxiety about it, he should obey God rather than them; he believed God required him to preach, and preach he would. So the very next evening he preached again to a large company; even one of the aldermen of the city was, with his lady, among the hearers. As Nelson returned he passed by the alderman's house; the worthy dignitary was standing at the door, and invited John in to take "a glass of the best liquor the house afforded." But Nelson was a true "son of temperance," and declined the offer.

Complaint was again made that Nelson was preaching. The officer in charge sent for him. With a horrible oath he asked, "Sir, have you been preaching?" "I have," said Nelson. "I will have no preaching nor praying in this regiment." "Then you must have no swearing, for I have as much right to preach as you have to swear." "Then you shall be flogged for preaching." "Something worse than flogging will befall you, if you do not leave off swearing." The officer was in a towering passion. "Corporal," roared he, "take this man to prison." So to prison again Nelson went, and to the prison he was followed by multitudes, who hung round the yard to hear him preach from his cell. At the end of three days he was called before a superior officer for examination. "John Nelson," said the officer, "for what were you put in prison?" "For preaching." "Is that all?" "That is all." "Well, that is no crime. When you have done your duty as a soldier, you may preach every night; at some convenient time, I will go and hear you myself. Go home to your quarters, John Nelson. I wish all men were like you."

In a few days, he was marched from York to Sunderland. As he was leaving York, multitudes of people gathered around him, bade him farewell, and implored him if he ever got at liberty, to come back to York, and bring Wesley with him. On the march from York they arrived, the first day, at Easingwold. The rumour spread about the place that the Methodist preacher they had read of in the newspaper had arrived with the regiment. A great many called to see him, and among others the chief man of the town, who was so pleased with Nelson, that he invited him if he ever got clear of the regiment, to come to the town and preach, and make his house his home while he remained. The next day, at noon, they arrived at North Allerton. Nelson went to the market place and preached. Afterward he was invited, by a respectable merchant, to go home with him and take a "drink." "I do not drink liquor," replied Nelson. "But," said the man, "go home with me, any way; I want to talk with you." Nelson went, took tea with the family, and explained to them Methodism. The kind family told him they had heard much of the Methodists, but had never seen any of them before; they desired him when he found himself again a free man to come back and preach, and bring his brethren with him. At Darlington, Nelson fell again into the hands of the officer who sent him to prison in York for preaching. It was Sunday evening. The officer met him in the street, where the following conversation occurred: "Well, sir, why were you not at church to-day?" "I was, and had you been there, you might have seen me." "Well, have you been preaching here?" "Not yet." "If you do preach here, I will punish you severely. I will make you leave off preaching." "Yes, sir, when I leave off speaking." The pitiful tyrant then ordered one of the soldiers to put a cockade in Nelson's hat, and swore *he should* wear it. Nelson says he began to feel a "bone of the old man" stirring in him. He felt physically able to tie the fellow's head and heels together, and pitch him over the fence; but it would have brought a reproach on the gospel, and wounded his own conscience.

At Durham, he met John Wesley, who came there on purpose to see him. They spent several hours together. On parting, Wesley said,

"Brother Nelson, lose no time. Speak, and spare not. God hath a work for you to do in every place where your lot is cast. When you have fulfilled his good pleasure, he will break your bonds in sunder, and we shall rejoice together."

A few days after this interview, Nelson received his discharge. It seems that the Countess of Huntingdon, having learned of his condition, appealed in his behalf to the Earl of Stair, who ordered his release. He returned to his family, spent a few days with them, and then went to preaching with more zeal and success than ever.

It is thus that the valiant men of Israel, in the heroic days, laughed the enemies of the Lord to scorn. May the young men of this present time be equally bold for their Master. Our street preachers have need of much of Nelson's courage; may God grant that they may not be found deficient in it. Cowardice only invites the enemy to trample upon us, but a bold face is a shield as well as a sword. Young brethren, quit yourselves like men for God and the truth!

The Sainted M'Cheyne.

"I SEE a man cannot be a faithful minister until he preaches Christ for Christ's sake—until he gives up striving to attract people to himself, and seeks only to attract them to Christ." Thus wrote Robert Murray M'Cheyne, soon after his first entry into the gospel ministry. And though timidly afraid lest, in speaking of the Saviour, he should in any way seek his own honour, one cannot rise from the perusal of his biography without the conviction that no man could preach with a stronger desire to exalt Jesus of Nazareth than he. For there is such a marvellous aroma about everything M'Cheyne preached and wrote, such a gleam of spiritual luminosity reflected from the Sun of Righteousness, such an ever-abiding sense of holy joy and sweetness, that you lay down the book, exclaiming, "Truly, this man must have had infinite love in his great heart, for from it there is an unceasing flow of the noblest inspiration." He seems never to be happy where Christ is not. He measures every comfort by this great standard, and in proportion as Christ is in the scene, so is his spirit elated. His intense spirituality appears on every page of his life's history. It is always genial and holy, never obtrusive or affected. God seems to have pre-eminently endowed him with deep religious earnestness. If he read the first Psalm in private, he would say, "O Lord, give me the blessedness of that man," etc. "Let me not stand in the counsel of the ungodly." Not only did he turn the sacred language into a prayer, but he found beauty and comfort, instruction and food, where others, less diligent, found neither "bread out of the eater," nor "honey out of the lion." He saw God in nature, and drew honey out of what others considered to be a flinty rock. He was like a tree whose roots run deep into the the river of life, and his leaf did not wither, for his delight was in the law of the Lord. His heart was in God's service, and he did not wish for anything that would be likely to intrude upon his engagements.

"I don't think minister's manses should ever be so beautiful," said he, on one occasion, when visiting a neighbour's house, "other men could hardly live there without saying, 'This is my rest.'" When, on one occasion, he heard a sermon by a minister, he remarked, "Some things powerful, but I thirst to hear more of Christ." *More of Christ!* That was his great ambition, and his life seems to have been almost wholly spent in seeking its attainment. He diligently prepared for the pulpit; and when he found he had the gift of extemporaneous delivery, he only increased his earnest preparation. He who does that, may go forth as a giant refreshed with new wine; while the indolent preacher who insults his office by neglecting to study, will starve himself and his flock. On one occasion, while preaching, before ordination, he discovered that he "might enjoy sweet flashes of communion with God in that situation." "The mind," he added, with ecstatic joy, "is entirely wrought up to speak for God. Is it possible, then, that more vivid acts of faith may be gone through then than in quieter and sleepier moments?" This peculiar sweetness, felt in his own soul, began soon to be felt by his early hearers. He sowed in faith, and in faith he reaped. In the midst of success he found that humility worked out his noblest joys. "Perish *my* honour, but let *Thine* be exalted for ever!" were words which expressed his devoutest feelings, when God had honoured him with souls. He compared himself to a crier who is "sent to the openings of the gate by his Lord, to herald forth this infinitely important truth through the whole creation under heaven," namely, "by this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." In the season of affliction, he sought and found him whom his soul loved. In bodily weariness, he exclaimed, "Gracious kindness of God, in giving rest to the weary!" Very choice *morceaux* do we find embedded in his diary. For instance, he sees an eclipse of the sun, and writes: "Truly, a beautiful sight, to see the shining edge of the sun all round the dark disc of the moon! Lord, one day thy hand shall put out those candles! for there shall be no need of the sun to lighten the happy land; the Lamb is the light thereof; a sun that cannot be eclipsed—that cannot go down." He sought to preach the gospel—his experience of it—not abstractions, nor speculations. He says, "O that I might abide in the bosom of him who washed Judas' feet, and dipped his hand in the same dish with him, and warned him and grieved over him—that I might catch the infection of his love, of his tenderness, so wonderful, so unfathomable."

The memoir of such a man ought surely to be in the hands of every Christian, and certainly every preacher of the gospel. We are glad to learn that it has had an immense sale in Scotland.* Indeed, you cannot go far in that country without hearing of the honoured name of M'Cheyne. "The memory of the just is blessed." Those of our readers who have been refreshed by reading the outlines of his sermons, published in this magazine, will thank us for introducing the memoir of this noble, godly man to their attention.

M'Cheyne's life was what the world calls uneventful; but it was throughout a blessed life. He "walked calmly," says his biographer,

* Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. Eighty-fifth thousand. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

"in almost unbroken fellowship with the Father and his Son." He was born in Edinburgh, May 21, 1813, at a time when Scotland was being aroused by more earnest preachers than it had possessed for some years before. His childhood was remarkable. A sweet, placid temperament, inspired love in the breasts of all who knew him. He was quick in learning, roughly acquired the Greek alphabet when four years of age, and his parents seemed to have encouraged him in cultivating a rare, but never-to-be neglected gift, a mellifluous voice and correct utterance. At school he manifested poetic fire. Throughout life he was fond of verse making, indulged in fondness for rural scenery, romantic Highland glens, and music. Imagination is a great power, and when wisely used, and sanctified by divine grace, it is a great help to the Christian minister. In 1831, he commenced his course of studies under Dr. Chalmers. He was subsequently brought to a full knowledge of the Saviour. The death of his brother, a lovely character, in many respects, notably for his intense love of truth, led him "to seek a Brother who cannot die." His reading of the "Sum of saving knowledge," was the means of perfecting the great change. He had before decided to become a minister, but now this thought pervaded his being. He anticipated becoming a missionary in foreign lands. His diary at this time abounds in beautiful reflections. We must unearth one or two, for few read diaries, and fewer should write them :—

"Music will not sanctify, though it make feminine the heart."

"A world's wealth would not make up for that saying, 'If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father.' But how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?"

"Clear conviction of sin is the only true origin of dependence on another's righteousness; and therefore (strange to say), of the Christian's peace of mind and cheerfulness."

"Rose early to seek God, and found him whom my soul loveth. Who would not rise early to meet such company?"

We have often thought that the best experience a young student can have to fit him for pastoral work, is a little preliminary "roughing it" in the dens of our large cities. Some dear old friends have told us that the lessons they learnt, the preparative experience they gained while students, among the masses of Bristol and other seats of colleges, gave them wider conceptions of man's need of a Saviour, and the utter hopelessness of any other remedial agent than the gospel, than they might otherwise have had. It speaks well for the most renowned Scotch ministers, that they laboured as students among the atrociously vile dens of the Cowgate and Canongate of Edinburgh, dens which we recently found to be far worse than the slums of Golden Lane and Whitechapel. M'Cheyne "pulled up" at the sight of these miserable habitations. "Ah!" said he, "why am I such a stranger to the poor of my native land. . . . . What imbedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! 'No man careth for my soul is written over every forehead.'" He forthwith took a district, and soon had some encouraging "first fruits." He did not seem physically robust, for he was subject to fever, but on his couch he grew spiritually strong. "It appears," says Mr. Bonar, "that he learned the way of salvation experimentally ere he knew it accurately by theory and

system; and thus no doubt it was that his whole ministry was little else than a giving out of his own inward life." From the very first he aimed at "angelic tenderness" in preaching the gospel, even when he had the terrible message of death to the impenitent.

Earnestness if it be *in* a man, will soon come *out*. Notwithstanding that he was weary with Sabbath labour, M'Cheyne went out, on one occasion, on an exploring expedition after wayside souls. He heard that there were two families of gypsies encamped at Torwood. "By the side of the wood fire he opened out the parable of the Lost Sheep, and pressed it on their souls in simple terms. He then knelt down in prayer for them, and left them somewhat impressed and very grateful." Very earnestly did he plead with the young. "The same youthful blood," he would say, "flows in my veins that flows in yours, the same fancies and buoyant passions dance in my bosom as in yours; so that when I would persuade you to come with me to the same Saviour, and to walk the rest of your life, 'led by the Spirit of God,' I am not persuading you to anything beyond your years." In August, 1836, he accepted the pastorate of the new church, St. Peter's, Dundee. The first sermon he preached there as a pastor, was the means of awakening souls, and we are told that, "to keep up the remembrance of this solemn day, he used in all the subsequent years of his ministry, to preach from this same text on the anniversary of his ordination." His text was Isaiah lxi. 1—3, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," &c. The notes of this sermon appeared in our last number of "The Sword and the Trowel." M'Cheyne set apart seasons for special prayer and fasting, but "the real secret of his soul's prosperity lay in the daily enlargement of his heart in fellowship with his God." He aimed "at enjoying God all the day." He was actively engaged in his duties, but never neglected pulpit preparation. His labour was great; he had a congregation at the outset of about eleven hundred hearers. Religion was at a low ebb in the town: it was a very dead region—a city that appeared to be given up to hardness of heart. His diary at this period gives evidence of the stolid indifferentism of the people, of the good done amid trying circumstances, and of conversions effected by the Holy Spirit through his servant's teachings. The poor had the gospel preached to them; the young had the Scriptures explained with care; the young communicants were instructed in spiritual things; and the inward life of many was quickened by the refreshing prayer-meetings commenced by him. In his sermons he aimed "at the primitive mode of expounding Scripture." He was asked if he was never afraid of running short of sermons some day; and his significant reply was, "No; I am just an interpreter of Scripture in my sermons, and when the Bible runs dry, then I shall." He aimed not so much to preach doctrines as *Christ himself*, from whom all doctrines shoot forth as rays from a centre. "It is strange," he once observed, "how sweet and precious it is to preach directly about Christ compared with all other subjects of preaching." His attachment to his sphere of labour grew, and he refused offers that would have been greatly for his pecuniary benefit to accept. He was fond of evangelistic services, and his visits to other towns were much blessed in the salvation of souls. In the midst of his arduous duties he was attacked by heart affection, which ultimately

led him to leave his flock for Palestine, where he went with three other ministers on a short mission of enquiry among the Jews. Our article must be short, or we could profitably fill a page or two with an account of his experiences in the Holy Land. On his return home he was gladdened by hearing that a revival had been granted in Dundee; and he soon found the town was a different place to what it had been. "That many who promised fair drew back and walked no more with Jesus is true. Out of about eight hundred souls who, during the months of the revival, conversed with different ministers in apparent anxiety, no wonder, surely, if many proved to be impressed only for a time." The Lord's work went on, and, despite backsliders, Scotland was favoured with a rich outpouring of the divine blessing. In 1842, M'Cheyne was one of several Scotch ministers who preached both in the open air and in churches and chapels in Newcastle, and other towns in the north of England. It must have been a grand sight to have witnessed M'Cheyne preaching hard by the grey old walls of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle—an exceedingly appropriate spot for such a service—to over a thousand people on "The Great White Throne." The moon shone brightly, and the star-bespangled sky, the venerable church behind, and the large crowd in front, made up a picture worthy of an artist's skill. He subsequently sat out the memorable Convocation in Edinburgh, at which it was nobly determined to break asunder the connection which had existed between church and state.

Towards the close of his ministry he was compelled to lessen his labours. On March 13, 1843, he held a meeting in his church to collect on behalf of the Free Protestant Church, in view of the inevitable disruption. He took ill, and was laid up of fever. His illness increased, and the delirium came on. During the delirium he repeatedly prayed and exhorted as if he were preaching to the people. On the morning of the 25th, his medical attendant, Dr. Gibson, noticed him lifting up his hands in silent supplication, and their falling down. Beyond a quivering of the lip, there was nothing to indicate the temporary triumph of the last enemy of the Christian. His soul was with Jesus, rejoicing in the Saviour whom he had exalted and loved on earth. There was weeping in Dundee that day, and many days after. But there was joy in heaven, an abundant entrance having been ministered unto one of the saints of the Most High! May we be similarly chorussed into the regions of light!

The College.

OUR friends, we believe, are all interested in the College, and it is due to them that some account should now and then be given of its prosperity. It is not through any fear lest, owing to the special exertions which are being made on behalf of the Orphanage, or in other directions, the claims of the College should be less felt, that we now write;* nor from any necessity of stimulating the inclinations of the

* Quite so, good Mr. Rogers, but still there is some little fear of it. New brooms sweep clean, and the new enterprise certainly does make the treasury of the College look a little bare.—C.H.S.

Christian public in its favour. It is in devout thankfulness to the God of all grace for what he has done and is still doing by this institution, that we take up the theme. If an apostle could say to those who were called to be saints at Rome, "I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world;" and to those at Corinth, "I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ; that in everything ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you;" and on another occasion, "That for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf;" we are also bound to make mention of the lovingkindness of God towards our students in having enriched them with knowledge and utterance, and having confirmed the testimony of Christ in them, and having caused many to give thanks on their behalf, and their faith to be spoken of throughout the world. We do not claim for them anything like perfection, or equality of gifts and graces; neither did the apostle for any of the churches or ministers for whom he gives thanks to God continually. We admire the grace of God the more for signally owning an instrumentality so imperfect in the eyes of men, and much more in his own. Yet there is that which God blesses nearly alike in all men, regardless of whatever other qualifications they may possess; and this is not so much what they acquire of themselves as what he gives—the grace of God which is given them by Jesus Christ, and being enriched by him in all utterance and knowledge. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." This peculiar gift for the Christian ministry may subsist with many disqualifications for that office in the eyes of men; but it is not to be laid aside on that account. Let those disqualifications as far as possible be removed, and not the primary elements be made to give way to that which is subordinate. There are acquirements which have been assumed to be essential to the preacher, which are not found to be so in reality; and there are degrees in those acquirements that are needful which have been too rigidly enforced. While men are perishing for lack of knowledge, and there are those who are able and willing to tell them words whereby they may be saved, it ill becomes us to erect any barrier between them. Help we should freely give, and certainly do nothing to hinder. The best preaching, we humbly conceive, is that which best answers the end of preaching; and the best definition of the end of preaching, we take to be that which was given to the chief of the apostles, "The Gentiles unto whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." There are means which naturally, intellectually, socially, and morally, are best adapted to this end; and these, as a general rule, are most employed by the Spirit of God for that purpose; but they are not the means which have always been deemed most appropriate either by the church or the world. A large measure therefore of preaching element has been sanctioned and provided, which is not according to Scripture rule and practice, and the real element has been discouraged and depressed. The preaching power which the masses of the people required—ay, and not the masses only, but such as deemed themselves already enlightened—has been trodden down, and the fire of its zeal stamped out by the

iron heels of literary despots and the would-be guardians of the public taste. The censorship of the pulpit is even worse than that of the press. Men themselves are the best judges of that which really does them good, and in nothing more than in religious teaching. Tried by this test, it will be found that great ignorance and a great display of learning are equally remote from their requirements; and that sympathy, both in thought and feeling, brings the great truths of the gospel sufficiently near the mind to be set alight by the Spirit of God, and buries it deep enough in the heart to be quickened into newness of life. For this, certain studies are required, scarcely if at all less in amount than what has formerly been considered needful, but different in kind. What those studies are, recent circumstances have clearly brought to light. Guided by providential interpositions, and stimulated by actual results, the Metropolitan Tabernacle College has gradually become a power in the land. It was an experiment, and was regarded as such at first, inasmuch as it was thought that within so brief a space of time, the needful instruction could not be imparted. It was an experiment, inasmuch it was said that self-sustaining pastorates for such a class of teachers could not be found. It was an experiment, too, as it was confidently expected that such a ministry would not stand. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Days have spoken, and years too, and we doubt not but multitude of years will speak the same thing.

Time has now been given for testing the qualifications of our students for their work. If the College has been a failure, it could not by this time have been concealed; if a success, it must have been apparent. Days and years have spoken. Let us hear what they say. In a hundred churches over which the former students are settled, according to a return made at the beginning of the present year, the average number of members in those churches was one hundred, and the average increase of members in the hundred churches was eighteen; making one thousand eight hundred additional members during the year. We are aware that statistics are not infallible guides, but if the actual are below the visible results in church-membership, the indirect effects, which are probably much greater, are wholly unrepresented by them. Several of these churches are entirely new, and new and commodious chapels have been erected for their accommodation. These are positive and permanent gains to Protestant nonconformity, and to the Baptist denomination in particular; and what is far more important than either, to the real church of Christ both on earth and in heaven. When to these considerations we add the various kinds of agencies connected with these new congregations, and those that have been revived some thirty, and some sixty-fold; and when, from this point of view, we look forward to a continual enlargement of appliances of the same kind, we behold new elements in operation which must ultimately tell powerfully upon the spiritual welfare of the whole land.

We write not from hearsay, but from observation. We have visited our brethren in many places where they have preached the word of the Lord, to see how they do. We have found them near at hand in the metropolis and its suburbs, in positions as honourable as most of their predecessors, and in successful labours more abundant. In nothing are

they behind the very chiefest apostles, though they be nothing. We have found them in our provincial towns, gathering churches from the most debased and neglected, whom we have seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind. Some there have been who, either through jealousy or contempt, have derided the effort to raise up a new church in their midst, who, beholding the men which were healed standing with them, could say nothing against it. We have found them in our villages; and here, where the efforts are most apparent, they are most convincing. Of some it might be said, the villages ceased—they ceased in Israel—until the Tabernacle College arose. There, where ungodliness and misery prevailed, and nothing but the village spire pointed to the heavens, a complete revolution has been effected. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, because the poor have the gospel preached to them. A simple and earnest gospel vindicates its own power as at the first. In country places too, where the only Christian ministry has long seemed to be worn out, we have seen new life and comfort, and good manners spreading through the whole community. We have followed our students into Scotland, of whom we had heard a good report; but of whom we have been inclined to say, the half was not told us. We have found them in its principal cities, and have observed a halo of warm and genial influences around them, not hitherto the ruling characteristic of its churches, but which we earnestly hope will become more abundant. It is something to have discovered that an earnest and simple ministry may take root in a Scotch, as well as in an English soil. Of the welcome given to our students in their different spheres of labour by ministers and churches of other denominations, and of their own, we are bound to speak in the most congratulatory terms. We find jealousy and opposition in every party to be the exception, and not the rule. Good men of all denominations gather round them at their official recognitions, and own them as beloved brethren, and faithful ministers, and fellow servants in the Lord. Some, by their wisdom and cordiality, have been a great help to them, and others have been greatly benefited by them. The kind of prosperity graciously conferred upon our students, in the real work of winning souls to Christ, and filling others with the same zeal, has powerfully operated beyond their own sphere. A higher standard of church piety and influence has been attained, which all acknowledge, whatever the occasion may have been, to have come from above. On the whole, in the review of the past history of the College, which only begins to have a history of its own, we are bound to thank God and take courage. The students that are with us give equal promise to those who have left us. Neither in talent, nor learning, nor piety, have we to bewail a decline. We have hope for the future, therefore, as well as gratitude for the past.

We write not these things, again we aver, in the spirit of boasting, but that by means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf. We wish to assure the friends by whom the College is liberally supported, that, owing to the direct and indirect influence of the heralds they send forth, and the kind of influence they exert, their liberality could not be more advantageously applied for the spiritual and

eternal welfare of their fellow men. We wish, also, to encourage those who are now in the college, or may be contemplating their devotedness to this work by the recital of what God has done for those who have gone before them. Well worthy is it of the ambition not of those merely whose piety and zeal are almost their only qualifications, but of those whose talents, position, and acquirements are of the highest order, to whom, also, we can say, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

G. R.

Due North.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

AN author's holiday experiences are considered to be common property. He is required to be on the look out for illustrative, anecdotal, or aphoristic matter; and, rightly or wrongly, his readers expect to share in the benefit of his summer's tour. The popular idea is that, to an author not troubled with mental dyspepsy, the rest of a few weeks amid quieter scenes than he is accustomed to meet, must inevitably impart additional freshness and vigour to both thought and style. The same impression prevails with regard to a minister, whose month's holiday, of three absent Sabbaths, it is expected will work wonders in his system and in his preaching. The sensational tendencies of the age lead the most uncritical of critics to expect in ministers and authors the utmost juvenility. The mental vitality of both must be unquenchable. Were the exuberance of either to decline, popularity would be lost, and influence would go with it. Thus it is that the only hope one has of arresting the thoughts of men in this day of restless and unwholesome activity, is by diffusing around us some mental heat. The great outcry seems to us to be for a stimulus. We are not apt to think without that stimulus, and this condition of mind, it need hardly be said, is as unfortunate as that of the physical nature which requires incentives to restore the ordinary appetite. With many, it is not for the love of thinking that they read; they require an excitement of another kind than that obtainable in business hours. It is true, and few question the truth, that the gentle breezes of thought are more refreshing to the mind than the sharp, arousing east winds of sensational, diluted, vaporous literature. And yet the reign of mental sop is pretty general. The red, tawdry bound two shilling novels one meets with everywhere are but skim milk for intellectual babes—food that will be sure to stop the growth. It is vicious nursery literature, and there is a great demand for it, since the education of some is still pursued in the nursery. Verbosity becomes a giant goddess. She is worshipped at least by one daily paper, which delights in piling words upon each other like children pile wooden bricks, until the roof be ready for building. The operation, and the genius for it, are precisely the same. Even in the pulpit we hear cold, cheerless space described as "the icy solitudes of unpeopled immensity," and souls are fed with references to "the dramatic projection of the Deity."

It is not, however, by pandering to tastes essentially vulgar and sensational, that the conscientious thinker seeks to guide the minds of

others. If he did, rest and retirement amid the still beauties of nature would scarcely be sought by him, since the farther one gets from the town and the nearer to that rugged and savagely wild scenery that bears alone the finger of God, the less attractive does the tawdriness of man's tinselled art appear. The difference is as great as that which the wild defiles, mountain slopes, morasses, and ravines of nature, present to the stage scenery of man. A well-displayed shop front of artificial flowers is no more comparable with a variegated bouquet than the roses of a gay rich Brussels carpet resemble the roses of the cottager's humble garden. No adventitious aid of art can add grace to nature's beauty. The high lights and red glare of dramatic effect are not required to manifest the beauty of pastures lightened in spring time with what Ruskin describes as "passionate blossoming." The pure atmosphere tends to the elimination of coarseness of thought. Looking at a scene of chaste simplicity and virgin grandeur, you shudder involuntarily at the thought of returning to the mean displays of artistic trickeries. You have been compelled, month after month, in looking out of your study window, to seek inspiration from the bricks and mortar which everywhere surround you in the metropolis; and you look upon a return to those cheerless associations with something of that feeling which almost hastened the death of a Scotchman resident in England, when he dreamt he was living again in his native country.

Here we are at Tynemouth: far enough from the metropolis of labour to forget it, but awkward comparisons ever haunt you, and add a pang to enjoyment. We are viewing the sea from the grand old ruins of Tynemouth Priory, from a high elevation that almost dazzles you. What a pity Tynemouth is so far up north. And yet it would be a sin to wish for Tynemouth the fate of Brighton. "London by the seaside" affords a subject for weeping, since there the vanity and gaiety of man are put in competition with the modest loveliness of nature. The contrast between the two watering-places is as great as that between the bejewelled, bedecked professor of religion, whose piety obtrudes itself to be seen of men, and the unassuming, unambitious meekness of the believer whose graces shine in earth's shade. Tynemouth has all the charm of natural loveliness. Man's clumsy step has scarcely touched it. It does not pride itself on high-storeyed hotels, gorgeous shops, plate glass vulgarities; it is no Vanity Fair; boasts of no fashionable Rotten Row follies and scandals. It is quiet enough to listen to the merry, bubbling, sparkling laughter of the lithesome waves when they make melody in the summer's calm. It is attractive enough to lie down and watch the many-tinted diamonds brought into temporary existence by the kindly rays of the sun. It is grandly circumstanced enough to brave the discomforts of a wet, stormy day, to watch the spiteful fury of the uproarious waves, that, like boys let loose from school, tumble over each other, amidst sounds which din the ears, and by their nautical screams, and noisy boyish playfulness, rob the air of its power to convey verbal messages. Tynemouth and North Shields—cleanliness and respectability being represented by one, and low purlieus and sailors' lodging-houses, mean and unclean, by the other—are almost one. Snobbism in North Shields disowns that name for the town, and prefers the more respectable designation, Tynemouth. So is man's vanity.

Look at the cliffs—how nobly picturesque are they! Down below, stretching far away, is the clean, silvery sandy beach. Rare seaweed is there here—not coarse flags, of dull olive green colour, with punched-out bosses; but delicate, feathery, red, magenta, green, fair-shaded, fern-like weeds, that seem to have been wafted from some fairy sea. Tired of these attractions, and of your sea-bath and yacht, you walk through winding slopes amid wild flowers that invite you pleasantly to pluck them, or smile at your difficulties in balancing yourself on sloping ridges. And here, on historic ground, surrounded by beauties on every hand—ships going out and coming in, steam vessels heaving to and fro in passing the dangerous bar, amidst the music of the joyous waves, the laughter of children who run hither and thither away from the sprays that leap maliciously over the pier, the trotting of donkeys, the quick sharp bang of the sportsman's gun, and the uncouth, heavy blocks of sandstone that lie on the shores in helpless confusion—here stand we on exalted heights, in the old priory, that has browned with age, and proved its strength by having for eleven centuries withstood many a stormy gale—gales more terrific on this northern coast than, perhaps, anywhere. Those monastic builders of yore built for eternity; they mixed their mortar so carefully that it should be more binding as it improved in age. High in position, these venerable ruins have laughed at the saucy waves, and defied the scowling north-east winds, and so remain a monument of the genius of man and the powerlessness of adverse influences to degrade the building in the dust. Thus should the Christian build his hopes so high that the assaults of the enemy o souls may not prevail against him; thus enduringly should he build so that, his treasures being in heaven, neither moth nor rust shall corrupt them; and being built on a rock, those foul winds of temptation that lay many a fair but foundationless hope in the dust, shall not blast his heavenward anticipations. How impregnable this priory must have been! The waves that now sweep over the new and beautiful pier with such irresistible rage, as though they would swallow it up, could not wash over this grand old structure, for in its security it mocked the fury of tempests. Sea encroachments have not hurt it; it smiled contemptuously upon its enemies, who have deemed it inaccessible. You and I pray for that grand and impregnable faith that shall never be moved, even amid the decay and dissolution of earth, that shall be able to withstand the billows of affliction, or the strong tide of worldliness that makes such rapid encroachments on our hopes, and almost undermines them. That strength of character is ours, dear reader, if we can faithfully say—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;"

for the solid rock on which we stand shall not give way, though "all other ground is sinking sand." You notice, on your approach to the priory, the number of strong and invincible gateways, which are fortified by a deep outward ditch. They remind you forcibly of John Bunyan's happy allegory of Mansoul, with its Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate—all which when carefully guarded excluded the enemy. It was the custom in ancient warfare, to annoy assailants, if they succeeded in passing through the first gate, from the

tower and battlements of the second gate, so that their further progress would be impeded. How necessary that sin, if it come through the Eye-gate, should be excluded from Mouth-gate. If we have to look upon iniquity, there is no occasion to talk about it. If we cannot exclude from Ear-gate all that we hear, we should be all the more anxious to plant Captain Resistance on Feel-gate, for to touch sin is to be defiled therewith. It is foreign to my purpose to describe the august ruins of the church, the richly ornamented mouldings and the lofty windows—one being twenty feet high; but standing on this elevated position, you are reminded of a fearful scene which occurred in November, 1864—the wreck, in a pitchy dark night, of the steamer "Stanley," and the schooner "Friendship," on the rocks off Tynemouth. Looking at these rocks, from South Shields, you feel with Chaucer's Dorigen,

"These rockes slay mine hearte for the fear."

They are extremely dangerous; indeed, the whole coast hereabouts is fraught with danger. In November, 1854, the coast was strewed with wrecks, as many as sixteen vessels being on shore close by Sunderland. When the tide comes in, even on a calm day, with no wind, the beating of the waves on the shore is grand. We saw this best from a little bay, while standing on some monster blocks of stone, with mighty masses of stone overhead. The scene was grand beyond description. The hissing, foaming waves dashed against the rocks, tossing the feathery sprays from the billows against the cliffs to the height of perhaps twenty feet. Wave after wave vied with each other in their freakish anxiety to produce the most music and the greatest effect in this strange sea dance. You could form a fair conception of the majesty of the psalmist's descriptive words, "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof." Imagine what must be the increased roaring and tumultuous shrieking on a stormy night, when the high wind makes the treble, and the loud hoarse waves the bass, when the loud, convulsive, throbbing, clamorous waves bound on the shore, with the violence of cannon balls, and, with a delirious intoxication of wrath, frantically revenge themselves on poor innocent vessels. Add to this a poet's graphic description of a ship-wreck, and imagination cannot go further in pursuit of the awfully grand:—

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave:
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

We do well to remember in our intercessory prayers those who do business in deep waters. The men who man the lifeboat, and over roaring billow and mountain swell, go after sinking vessels, demand our prayers. Their heroism is so perfectly disinterested, their courage is so truly British, that Englishmen are unworthy of their country who refuse them sympathy. Passing by the lifeboat station, and then looking at those dangerous shores, I could not refuse to thank God for the lifeboat institution, and for the manly fellows who risk their lives for others. I have heard of a drowning man having been saved by one of these boats, whose first cry on restoration to life, was "There's another man unrescued." Methinks that should be the cry of those who, once spiritually dead, have by the Holy Spirit been made spiritually alive. "There is another man unrescued;" and while there is one such man in the world, let us seek his salvation. And I take the liberty to add, what I added when I gave this illustration in a sermon preached to a seafaring congregation,* let us remember the value of one soul. To God how valuable! Lost—the church may lose thereby one who might have been one of its greatest ornaments—a soul-winner perhaps. Lost, ay, and perhaps a family lost with that doomed soul; for one man's influence might be the means of saving many such as he. Lost—angels will lose one song which they might have sung, for there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Lost—oh! and one song the less for Jesus; one crown the less for the Saviour. And from the wailings of the deep pit of destruction, the cry, loud and clear, of "Lost, lost, for no one cared for my soul," would, if heard by us, send such bitter anguish with it that our eyes would know no sleep until we had resolved to become missionaries for Jesus.

South Shields, on the other side of the Tyne, does not look inviting. But we try it. Good friends are here—and friendship is better than beauty; souls who impart light and genial warmth are superior to classical fascinations; hearts that vibrate with Christian generosity are worth seeking anywhere. Here, in the companionship of the deputy mayor of the town, who acted as *cicerone*, and my esteemed friend, Mr. Hanson, we witnessed the operations of plate-glass making. Real warm work this on a hot day, with open-mouthed furnaces, that threatened you with fiery extinction. And yet, the jolly foreman laughed at the heat, and the great rolling drops of perspiration, and said, happily enough, "No one dies here, sir," an extravagant expression that meant, "Glass workers live as long as other people," which may be true when they are temperate. Such a fine picture, full of such strong light, and shade, and picturesque sweetness, is this scene in the long, windowless factory. Rembrandt would have been happy here. What a picture he would have made of the gloomy shed, lit up with the light from the red-hot pot of glass, that conveyed from the furnace by "trolly" running on rails, to an iron table; then swung up high by a strong crane, and tilted over, the liquid glass, all dazzling bright, with a beautiful play of brilliant colours, pouring down like golden lava on to the table; amid the excited movements of a dozen sturdy workmen, who, with masks over

* In Barrington Street Baptist Chapel, South Shields, of which my dear friend, Mr. W. Hanson, is the pastor.

their faces, as a protection from the intense heat, are rolling the plate-glass into form. Illustrations for preaching are here to be found plentifully; and, indeed, we advise all who preach to working men, when they wish to drive home with force any particular truth, to select a choice illustration from those manipulations of trade that are most familiar to certain auditories. There is nothing like a telling illustration to keep an audience awake; and a drowsy sermon, with no sort of spice in it, can only be compared to those Scotch peaches that, it is said, make most excellent pickles. A little more genial sunlight would have been an advantage in both cases.

Just at the time when, after preaching one Sunday morning in Shields, we were turning towards Jarrow, to conduct an anniversary service there in the evening, a very sad accident occurred. A boating party of disreputable women and, mostly, drunken men, would persist in risking their lives by running their boat too far out in the sea. They were warned, but rushing heedlessly on, the boat was capsized, and, to the terror of on-lookers, they were drowned. Sinner-like, the blind rush towards destruction, against all warning; they go down into the pit with pertinacity of purpose, despite all persuasion and entreaty. We fear that Shields witnesses many incidents of a similarly sad nature. Intemperance is a prevailing vice; hence the necessity for active effort for the reclamation of the ungodly, is very great. God has blessed the town with two faithful Baptist ministers—each fitted for the same good work, although having a distinctive sphere. Mr. Hillier, who was a student of the Tabernacle College, has succeeded in gathering together a class of people not easily brought under Christian influence. Working heart and soul together, the two ministers will, we have no doubt, be largely blessed by God in the evangelisation of the masses. There is a street in the town known as the "Kill and Cure Street." On one side of the street is a range of butchers' sheds, on the opposite side a large number of surgeries; hence its name. We confess to the wicked thought that the side of the surgeons might be as fittingly described as Kill Street, as that of the butchers; but we were not prepared to see a Presbyterian church *on the kill side!* Anyhow, if the gospel be preached there, it cannot be said *Ægrescit medendo.*

All manufacturing places are, more or less, interesting to visitors, though less agreeable to live in. A sail down the Tyne was one of our most interesting journeys. Newcastle is a smoke-canopied city, as we all know. It is, above most places, blest with heavy rains, and a blueless, grey ironstone kind of sky. You might live miserably and die happy in Newcastle; for surely nothing but the grace of God and a contented mind can keep you from habitual dejection when living there. Yet genial, sturdy northmen, find in energy, mental and physical, enough to keep them from perpetual melancholy, and we believe cases of suicide are not more numerous there than in the sunnier south. On the evening of our lecture, it rained in pelting torrents. We expected to see Rye-hill chapel perfectly empty, and were astonished to witness a goodly assemblage, more than one-half being ladies. We should like to find some of that sort of perseverance among our London congregations on the Sabbath.

The activity of the Tyne is marvellous. Every inch of ground on

the banks is appropriated for manufactures. Sooty exhalations meet you everywhere; workshops seem to be ignifluous. Iron and chemical works render the air impure, and destroy all surrounding vegetation. Bleak and barren as a sinner's hard heart are the banks of the Tyne. No vegetation will grow there, even as no spiritual graces can grow in unrenewed hearts. Once upon a time, these banks were fair and green with verdure, and the air smelt sweet. Now, the hand of man has turned nature's beauty into dark brown-visaged ballast hills. Sin has done for man what man has done for the Tyne—blasted his fair prospects and produced disease and death. Not content with making the shores hideous, man has polluted the very water which enables him to carry on his manufactures. The filthy, poisonous refuse from the chemical works flows into the river, tainting and discolouring it, just as sinful thoughts taint and render impure the very source of life.

The boat stops at a wooden stage, and burly voices shout "Jarrer," which by interpretation means Jarrow. Bleak and desolate are the shores, unpicturesque the ballast-hills, rough and brawny the workmen, actively alive the shipbuilding yards, all aglow the ironworks; while brick and tile and chemical works, paper mills and blast furnaces, all indicate the hardy work of this town. Jarrow is famous for two remarkable circumstances. It was the residence of the "Venerable Bede," the ecclesiastical historian, the ruins of whose monastery, built in the seventh century, still remain; and it is now the scene of what we regard as one of the most remarkable efforts ever made by any Baptist minister. Jarrow-on-Tyne was a few years ago a small village. It is now a populous and rapidly increasing town. Including the adjacent villages, the population is at least thirty thousand, all belonging to the working classes. There are English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, and hybrids. The town was notorious for sin and wickedness, for Sabbath breaking, drunkenness and impiety. The streets bore, as some do even now, evidence of the irreligiousness of the town. Efforts had been made to reclaim the people time after time, and had been deemed, at last, hopeless. The Baptists of Newcastle had sent down men to preach; but they were scoffed at, and no success came. We met at the May-meetings of our denomination of 1866, a minister who had come over from Dublin, and who was seeking a sphere of labour where no Baptist church had been formed. Though a stranger to us, we were interested in a long list of towns destitute of all Baptist causes, which he had carefully prepared; and we admired the spirit of heroism and self-denial evinced by our brother, in his determination to engage in missionary work on his own responsibility in an untried town. We parted, without our knowing the name of the friend with whom we had had such pleasant intercourse. Twelve months elapsed. We were at the annual ministers' prayer-meeting for the Baptist Missionary Society in John Street chapel, when we again encountered our unknown friend. During that twelve months, great and marvellous things had been done in the name of Jesus. Our brother, immediately after the Baptist anniversaries were over, paid a visit to Jarrow. Here he saw an opening for persistent missionary work. The town was reeking with ungodliness. "That is the place for me," thought he, and in it he stayed. He began to preach in the streets: he was abused and ridiculed, but

still he preached. Some were startled at the sight of a minister *with a white cravat* preaching in a public thoroughfare, and were awed. The Irish Roman Catholics were abusive, and, true to their impulsive character, would have fought, which would have been the more unjust, since the preacher, Mr. Charles Morgan, boasts of being an Irishman, which he is, of the very best type. He also took the Mechanics' Hall for Sunday services. The first congregation numbered thirty. So rapidly did success come, that on the 13th of July, a church of baptised believers, numbering forty persons, was formed, some of whom had long been Christians, and others had "found peace in believing" during the seven weeks' labours of Mr. Morgan; and on the 30th of that month what are known as "recognition services" took place, and were attended by 500 persons. Seeing that God's people were "recognising" the minister, Satan thought he would recognise him too. There came persecution, contumely, ecclesiastical hatred, and bitter opposition, and it was with difficulty that the friends could keep the Mechanics' Hall during the few weeks in which a school was being built. But the more they were persecuted the more they grew. And now, the success of the sixteen months' effort (we are writing in the month of August) is almost unparalleled in the history of church work. The school-room, will hold between four hundred and five hundred adults. It is always well filled. The church numbers nearly one hundred members, most of whom have been reclaimed from the world. The liberality of this working men's congregation deserves record. The minister has not only been supported, but, notwithstanding the strike in the iron trade, and the commercial depression which many of them felt severely, they have liberally contributed towards the cost of the school-room. Only £150 remain as a debt, and this it is hoped will soon be cleared off, and efforts made for erecting a large chapel. Our Northern readers would do well to give this effort pecuniary help. We have already exceeded our space, and must, in a terribly condensed form, give the results of what we saw in connection with this work. We found a large Sunday-school and children's meeting, attended by above three hundred children, superintended by the pastor; a day school for infants and girls, with above one hundred scholars; a temperance society and band of hope; a book society for the sale of religious literature,* and the usual organisations of a Christian church. The pastor also preaches in neighbouring villages, and hopes in the course of time to be the means of forming Baptist churches there. What with looking after these efforts, preaching in the streets both on Sundays and week-days, bearing the burden of the debt upon the school, and pushing on the new chapel, Mr. Morgan has his hands more than full. We know of few men who have the same capacity for work; his energy is incessant, and it seemed to us that he prefers fighting against difficulties to enjoying the fruits of past activities. Perhaps, if we had a dozen such men in our denomination, who could devote their time and energy to evangelising in towns

* There are in this church thirty-six subscribers to "The Sword and the Trowel," and that number is in course of being doubled. Our friend, Mr. Orsman, has just informed us that even the poor costermongers of his Golden Lane Mission Hall, purchase twelve copies monthly of this Magazine. Were all our churches to do the like, the circulation of the publication would speedily be doubled.

where Baptist principles have scarcely been heard of—men of God who were fitted for this work of organising churches, and then leaving them to others who were better gifted in pastoral labours, the Baptist would be next to no denomination in importance and influence. To us, it seems a crying shame that such towns as Gateshead and Carlisle should be destitute of Baptist churches, when men of, say Mr. Sawday's and Mr. Morgan's stamp, would soon, with God's blessing, establish prosperous causes there. To all to whom this may concern, we give this friendly hint.

In our next paper, we hope to conduct our readers still further North, to gossip about Edinburgh, its evangelistic agencies, its beauties, and its wretchedness. It is a city of striking contrast—remarkable for cleanliness and filth, for riches and poverty.

John Ploughman's Talk.

ON SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

SOME men are never awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, "Dear me, is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night!" They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares an hour after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn as soon as the fine weather is ended; they cry, "Hold hard!" after the shot has left the gun, and lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. They are like a cow's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all. They are no more worth than an old almanack; their time has gone for being of use; but, unfortunately, you cannot throw them away as you would the almanack, for they are like the cross old lady who had an annuity left her, and meant to take out the full value of it; they won't die, though they are of no use alive. Take-it-easy and Live-long are first cousins, they say, and the more's the pity. If they are immortal till their work is done, they will not die in a hurry, for they have not even begun to work yet. Shiftless people generally excuse their laziness by saying, "they are only a little behind;" but a little too late is much too late, and a miss is as good as a mile. My neighbour Sykes covered up his well after his child was drowned in it; and was very busy down at the Old Farm bringing up buckets of water after every stick of the house had been burnt; one of these days he'll be for making his will when he can't hold a pen, and he'll be trying to repent of his sins when his senses are going.

These slow coaches think that to-morrow is better than to-day, and take for their rule an old proverb turned topsy-turvy—"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." They are for ever waiting until their ship comes home, and always dreaming about things looking up by-and-by; while grass grows in their furrows, and the cows get through the gaps in their hedges. If the birds would but wait to have salt put on their tails, what a breakfast they would take home to their

families! but while things move as fast as they do, the youngsters at home will have to fill their mouths with empty spoons. "Never mind," say they, "there are better times coming, wait a little longer." Their birds are all in the bush, and rare fat ones they are, according to their account; and so they had need to be, for they have had none in the hand yet, and wife and children are half starved. Something will turn up, they say: why don't the stupids go and turn it up themselves. Time and tide wait for no man, and yet these fellows loiter about as if they had a freehold of time, a lease of their lives, and a rabbit warren of opportunities. They will find out their mistake when want finds *them* out, and that will not be long with some in our village, for they are already a long way on the road to Needham. They who would not plough must not expect to eat; they who waste the spring will have a lean autumn. They would not strike when the iron was hot, and they will soon find the cold iron very hard.

"He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

Time is not tied to a post, like a horse to a manger; it passes like the wind, and he who would grind his corn by it must set the mill-sails. He that gapes till he be fed, will gape till he be dead. Nothing is to be got without pains except poverty and dirt. In the old days they said, "Jack gets on by his stupidity:" Jack would find it very different nowadays, I think; but never in old times, or any other times, would Jack get on by foolishly letting present chances slip by him; for hares never run into the mouths of sleeping dogs. He that hath time, and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time. There's no good in lying down and crying, "God help us!" God helps those who help themselves. When I see a man who declares that the times are bad, and that he is always unlucky, I generally say to myself, that old goose did not sit on the eggs till they were all addled, and now providence is to be blamed because they won't hatch. I never had any faith in luck at all, except that I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon into his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is that it taps at least once in a lifetime at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, away it goes. Those who have lost the last coach, and let every opportunity slip by them, turn to abusing providence for setting everything against them: "If I were a hatter," says one, "men would be born without heads." "If I went to the sea for water," quoth another, "I should find it dried up." Every wind is foul for a crazy ship. Neither the wise nor the wealthy can help him who has long refused to help himself.

John Ploughman in the most genteel manner sends his compliments to his friends, and now that harvest is over, and the hops all picked, according to promise, he intends giving them a bit of poetry, just to show that he is trying the polishing brushes. John asked the minister to lend him one of the poets, and he gave him the works of George Herbert, very good, no doubt, but rather tangled, like Harkaway wood; still there's a good deal in the queer old verses, and every now then one comes upon clusters of the sweetest nuts, but some of them are rather hard to crack. The following verse is somewhat near the subject

now in hand, and is plain enough in *reason*, though, begging the poet's pardon, John can't see a *rhyme* in it; however as it is by the great Herbert, it must be good, and will do well enough to ornament John's talk, like a flower stuck in a button-hole of his Sunday coat.

"Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how thy business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone:
Write on the others, *Here lies such a one.*"

Notes on the Family System in Orphanages.

IN the Stockwell Orphanage the boys are to be formed into rather large families of from twelve to sixteen, to unite at the school and at dinner, but to return to the house and the family in the evening. This plan was forced upon the trustees by financial circumstances, since it furnished them with a method of erecting the Orphanage at their leisure, as the funds may be forthcoming; it is, nevertheless, very reassuring to find evidence that this system has many advantages, and need not be attended with any more expense than the wholesale system. Theoretically, the family plan is promising, because it approximates to the way of our heavenly Father, who has not sent us into this world in vast companies, to sleep in long wards, and to live in a crowd, but has billetted us into our own sweet homes, where brothers and sisters, and parents and children, conduct for us an educational establishment, which the schoolmaster cannot imitate. If our boys can feel at home with each other and their house-mother, we think they will turn out happier children, and by God's grace, better men, than if we had tried any other system. We will not, however, theorise, but give a few notes upon the subject, which we jotted down while reading Mr. De Liefde's Charities of Europe.

The most notable instance of the family system is the establishment of Mr. Wichern, which we visited when at Hamburg in August last. There the family is the centre thought; the whole institution is worked by the force of this main-spring, and is worked with very marked success. The following extract may give some idea of the Rauhe Haus method.

"While there is the greatest diversity—each family living apart, having its own house and garden, its own habits and manners, its own history and character—unity is at the same time preserved, lest it should be forgotten that each household is a member of one large family, of which Wichern is the head. It is astonishing how such a system of supervision could be contrived as puts every child day and night under the direct control of an adult person, and yet has nothing about it of the surveillance of the prison, and very little even of the strict discipline of the boarding-school. When reading Stevenson's account of the 'somewhat complex machinery' of the Rauhe Haus family life, with its order of the day marked out from hour to hour—with its weekly meetings, its fortnightly conferences, its journals and records kept by the Brothers, its divisions of labour, and its various rules for regulating each child's business at home, from the cleaning of the bedrooms to the carrying of the Bible to the Chapel—I could not but wonder how this complicated clock-work kept going smoothly. The secret lies in the thorough *family* feeling with which each household is inspired. The Brothers, who superintend and teach the children, live with them, not as officers live with their soldiers in the barracks, nor even as teachers and governors live with their pupils at the boarding-school, but really as elder brothers, as members of one family; and when at work with them, they do not stand by in

the attitude of overseers or instructors, but join as fellow labourers, who have one common task in hand. This family feeling would be impossible were not everything carefully avoided that would suggest artificial association—such as all the members being of the same trade or of the same age. Nature is followed as much as possible in the constitution of a family. All trades, all ages, and all characters are represented in each. When a child comes to the establishment, it is not registered with a family until after it has been duly tried and examined at the novitiate-house, where it is kept till its nature and character are ascertained. The elder children have always some younger ones about them, who need their help and indulgence. The younger children, on the other hand, always see some elder ones near them, whom they have to thank for kindness, or to rely upon for direction. This engenders a feeling of cordial attachment. Each household is characterised by a family spirit peculiar to itself; and this causes a commendable ambition to keep up the family honour and reputation. Nothing is more dreaded by a family than to see one of its members censured for laziness or bad conduct in the weekly report, which is read in the presence of all the inmates of the establishment. So every one of the twelve is taught to feel an interest in maintaining the rules and regulations of his family, however multifarious these may be, and however cumbrous they may seem to those who stand outside. Such a thing as clannishness, however, is kept out with might and main, sufficient provision being made for the mingling of the families as one community. At school the children are classed according to their ages and capacities; in the fields and the workshops, according to their trade. The family union there completely disappears; but no sooner does the bell ring for meals than it is formed again, each one, arranged in military file, marching to his own house, to enjoy for an hour the benefits and comforts of a happy home."

We are told by Mr. De Leifde, who was evidently a very careful observer, that owing to the admirable division into small families, the Rough House life has none of the monotony and mechanism of a wholesale training system.

In connection with the asylum for poor neglected children at Düsselthal, Mr. Georgi, the director, found by experience, that to rescue the depraved juveniles from perdition, and to restore them as useful members to society, it was imperatively necessary to divide them into separate families. The same plan has been followed in the Netherland agricultural colony, and in that of Mettray, in France. "The meals are prepared in the general kitchen, from which they are taken to the family-houses, as each family breakfasts, dines, and sups by itself." "The Mettray boys may have some slight peculiarities, that remind one of the colony, but they are anything but hothouse plants: they prove quite up to the mark when entering social life."

Pastor Brüm, the founder of the society for indigent children at Neukirchen, goes further, and urges the reception of orphan children into Christian families. This scheme is, we think, at present impracticable on any large scale; but in connection with his advocacy of it we meet with hints worthy to be well considered from our own point of view.

"Establishments for poor children are left as the chief means to check the increase of pauperism. But establishments also have their drawbacks. First, they are too expensive, and there are, in consequence, too few of them. I do not mean to say that they are too expensive in proportion to the fruit they yield. When a child gets board, lodging, clothing, good training, and school teaching for from £7 to £8 a year, as is the case at many Establishments in Germany, nobody will call that a too-expensive education. But Establishments are too expensive in proportion to the supporting power which can usually be made available. Most people think they are doing their Christian duty pretty fairly if they subscribe a few shillings a year to one or two institutions of that kind. An increase of the number of Establishments in one and the same country or district is thus avoided as much as possible. One would rather enlarge the existing Establishments. But the larger the Establishment, the worse it works. An Establishment which contains from fifty to seventy children—and this surely is only a

small one—however well managed, cannot help being something unnatural in many respects. Nature seldom puts more than twelve children together in one house. These are quite enough for a man and his wife to control, if due attention be given to the formation of the various characters, and the development of the various talents. The training of a band of children beyond that number cannot help assuming the character of wholesale education. The larger the number, the greater the resemblance of the Establishment to a barrack. It becomes a *dépôt* of ready-made young citizens, got up for social life at a fixed price, and within a fixed period of time. No wonder that they often turn out unfit for real practice and uncured of inveterate defects. If any one was a *connoisseur* and advocate of Establishments for poor children it was Father Zeller, of Beuggen, whose whole life might be called one continuous prayer both to God and men, for the redemption of the lost children of his people, through the medium of schools and asylums. Still we noticed, while reading the history of his Establishment, that he besought his friends and fellow countrymen not to rely upon those institutions, but to render the salvation of the children a concern of the Christian *family*. We even heard him exult at the idea of once seeing the Establishment superseded by the charitable hospitality of Christian families. At every annual meeting of the Beuggen Establishment one could hear him bestow all his eloquence upon his pet theme, 'The Christian family parlour is the best reformatory.'"

Pastor Bräm asserts that "the training of poor neglected children in families should be a *church* concern." He would have every church doing something in this direction for the poor in its immediate vicinity. We quite enjoy the thought that the church at the Tabernacle has shown so lively an interest in our own Orphanage, and we believe that, under God, by their prayers and efforts, a blessing will be ensured for the little ones. The notes here given may serve to show that our enterprise is not by any means so novel in its plan as to be a mere speculation. It is a tried and proved system, and one which commends itself to the common sense of thoughtful minds. System, however, is not everything, the blessing of God is the great and vital matter. This, Mr. Müller has upon his method, and it works well; if we have a like benediction, the best results will follow. Send us such a blessing, O Lord.

Best Oxford Soap.

THE Bishop of Oxford, of saponaceous renown, has lately distinguished himself upon two or three occasions in a manner eminently calculated to increase his repute among persons devoid of understanding. The other day he sought to emancipate poor, helpless children from the horrors of the Sabbath-school system; like a worthy descendant of the great Wilberforce, he proclaimed liberty to the juvenile captives, and the opening of school-house doors to them that are bound. Being well acquainted with the inefficient and dreary teaching of his own church, he saw the bondage of the little ones, and said to the oppressed, Go free; he did not go the length of bidding the juveniles trip over to the Dissenting schools, where cheerful teachers are surrounded by smiling faces; but perhaps he was ignorant of the character of such institutions, and thought that the most taking thing he could do was to recommend the meadows with their buttercups and daisies. The versatile prelate has now given the "conflicting sects" a little of his episcopal attention, and has presented them with the accompanying cake of soap, of which the perfume is sweet as the otto of roses, and the touch thereof softer than silk. Happy black country, to be washed from foulness in such celestial suds! Favoured working men of Wolverhampton, to be lathered with such a brush; well might the dupes among you pour forth the "loud and prolonged cheers" which the papers so faithfully

record. Dissenters, read the bishop's words, and turn ye at once from your evil ways to rush into the open arms of Mother Church:—

"Let the time past suffice for the wretched jealousies of conflicting sects. If any man thinks that by adding over and above to that which the Church of England has instituted counsels of perfection, such as I firmly believe John Wesley intended to institute, do not let us of the Church find fault with them, but rather adopt them into the common bosom of a loving Christianity, and bid them God speed. I do thoroughly believe that the great religious differences which now divide us, that these things exist more upon the memory of past evils, than upon the existence of a present necessity, and I believe that if Churchmen and Dissenters would unite together to exalt the one name of Christ, and if the love of that name lead them to seek heartily and thoroughly for brotherly communion in our common church, I believe that England might be first in things spiritual, and then in things material be more than a match for the divided world around her."

There is a sound of abundant large-heartedness and liberality in these expressions, but it is mere sound. The great desideratum so highly lauded is apparently, for a moment, union in a common Christianity; but ere long it oozes out that by this is meant "brotherly communion in our common church." The love of the name of Jesus is to lead the Methodist first, and then all the "conflicting sects" back to Episcopalianism, from which they have erred and strayed like lost sheep. The bond of brotherly love is talked of, but ecclesiastical subjection to the State church is meant. This sham liberal talk is "false as the smooth, deceitful sea, and empty as the whistling wind."

Whenever wily fishers of men, hailing from the pontifical ports, go forth with their nets or their lines, they always give their first attention to our Wesleyan friends: wherefore this extreme partiality for Methodists? Are they better fish, or more easily caught? Few fond words are addressed to those horrible Anabaptists and strait-laced Presbyterians, but the bosoms of the prelates are ever warm towards the followers of John Wesley. Are our friends flattered by these affectionate attentions? Do they appreciate the saliva of the boa constrictor which longs to swallow them? We hope not, we believe not; but still it should give them qualms, and make them ask questions. It is not considered a commendation of a man's character, that persons of doubtful reputation are loud in his praise; and where there is so much open coquetting on one side, it is to be feared that some little encouragement must have been given on the other. We no more expect to find the Methodists going back to the Establishment, than to see true believers falling from grace; but as one of their most eminent men said to us some years ago, "It is a great mistake for the Wesleyan body to hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; it is a Dissenting community, and ought to avow its Dissent boldly and distinctly." Let that useful denomination, if it values its own consistency and would preserve its members from the dalliance of the state church, come forth decidedly, and let the prelates know that their words, which are softer than butter, are taken at their real worth.

We should not have noticed the remarks of Mr. Samuel Wilberforce, if they had not contained a statement which is either a wilful falsehood or a miraculous hallucination. He thoroughly believes that "the great religious differences which now divide us, exist more upon the memory of past evils than upon the existence of a present necessity." Now, if we understand the gentleman's meaning, we marvel that he should harbour such a belief. It is no remembrance of past evils which makes the Baptist loathe Baptismal Regeneration, or the Presbyterian abhor black Prelacy, or the Independent detest Priestcraft, or the whole Nonconforming body abominate the unholy alliance of church and state; these and a thousand other crying evils are present with us, not matters of history, but enormities of to-day. The present season was ill chosen for so barefaced an assertion, when the Anglican church is in some quarters putrid with ultraritualism, and is fast ripening into open and avowed Popery. The

reason, yea, the necessity for Dissent increases every hour. If the Puritans might have returned had some concessions been made to them, modern Nonconformists could not return on any terms whatever; no revision of the Prayer-book, no amendment in doctrine, no reformation in spirit, would remove our conscientious objection to the very existence of a state church: the thing itself is evil and must be removed. How much more vain is it for the Bishop to pipe to Dissenters when he and such as he are daily raising barriers between us and "our common church"! Would he have us become Puseyites and array ourselves in motley, and adore a god of bread, and trust in ceremonies? Would he have us return into a bondage which our fathers could not endure? Are we to crouch at the feet of priests, and give up our wives and daughters to the sway of father confessors? Does he really believe that there is no necessity for Dissent from a church which has now become so like to the Anti-christ of Rome, that if a hue and cry were raised for Babylon's twin sister, she would certainly be arrested? Reunion with the Church of England would never have been easy, it is now impossible to intelligent Dissenters. Let that church become evangelical, refuse state support, cease from arrogant assumptions, and cultivate fraternity with other churches, and she will be honoured and esteemed as one of the great Christian family; but her dreams of absorbing the other churches are delusive, and though they please the vaulting ambition which delights in Pan-anglican synods and ecclesiastical pomposity, they greatly injure those whom they so easily fascinate.

Diamond Dust;

OR,

CUTTINGS FROM BOOKS REVIEWED.

IMAGINE your lot cast upon a far-off, yet beautiful isle; you are unexpectedly lauded and left there; you construct your home, you adorn it with every decoration of arras and tapestry, and you rest as in a summer of beauty—you live as in a fairy scene. When lo! wandering inland you hear, amidst the desert, a groan here, and a groan there: the further you go, the worse. Here you alight on a corpse in dreadful corruption, and there upon skeleton forms of human misery, seeking, in death, to live on the husks which the swine may eat. My God, you say, what a land is this! a land of very howling! a land of desolateness! a land of the shadow of death!

What a picture is this of those professors of Christ, who, nursing themselves, know nothing of the dark, dreadful moral scene around them. Alongside their own quiet, inglorious existence, within reach of them are souls—dark, dark! dead, dead! perishing, dying! dying, perishing! Ah! I would not conclude wrongfully or uncharitably; but, believe me, the day of judgment will declare it, that there are thousands whose religious life consists in a mere nursing of that life, to the neglect, if not forgetfulness, of the dead and lost around them. O my brothers, my sisters, never forget that this world, as much as heaven or hell, is a world of *spirits!* and that each one near you will soon be in heaven or in hell for ever.—*Winnowed Grain.*

BE patient under all the sufferings which God is pleased to send. If your love to him be pure, you will not seek him less on Calvary than on Tabor; and, surely, he should be as much loved on that as on this, since it was on Calvary he made the greater display of his own love for you.

Be not like those who give themselves at one season, and withdraw from him at another: they give themselves only to be caressed, and turn back when the daily cross comes, or, at least, seek to the creature for consolation and support.

No, beloved souls, ye will not find deliverance in aught but in the endurance of the cross, and in total abandonment. (Read Matt. xvi. 21—28.) It is impossible to love God without loving the cross; and a heart that embraces the cross, finds the bitterest things to be sweet: "*To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet*" (Prov. xxvii. 7), because she findeth herself an hungered for her God in proportion as she findeth herself an hungered for the cross. God giveth the cross, and the cross giveth us God.

We may be assured that there is an internal advancement where there is an advancement in the way of the cross, where abandonment and the cross go hand-in-hand together.

As soon as anything presents itself as a suffering, and you feel a repugnance against it, resign yourself immediately unto God with respect to it, and give yourself up to him in sacrifice; you shall find that, when the cross arrives, it will not be so very burdensome, because you had disposed yourself to a willing reception of it. This, however, does not prevent you from feeling its weight as some have imagined, for when we do not feel the cross, we do not suffer it. A sensibility to suffering is one of the principal parts of suffering itself.

Jesus Christ himself chose to endure its utmost rigours. We often bear the cross in weakness, at other times in strength: all should be alike to us in the will of God.—*Madam Guyon's Short and Easy Method of Prayer.*

Charles Wesley's hymn, "I long to behold him arrayed," is, to my mind, one of the grandest and most soul-elevating hymns in the language, when rightly understood.

It is, of course, a paraphrase and amplification of Isaiah xxxiii. 16—24.

First, the soul, fired with the love of Emmanuel, and desiring to be with him for ever on the everlasting hills of glory, thus soliloquises—

"I long to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The king in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love.
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?"

Confident and expectant faith, simply resting on his word of promise, proceeds to realise, by anticipation, the beatific vision on the heights of the eternal Zion—

"With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word."

The climax is to be "*with him*," ALONE with *him*.

The sublime elevation of Mount Zion gained, the goodly landscape of Emmanuel's land, in all its length and breadth beneath, presents itself; and this is seen irradiated, not with the beams of a created sun, but with the brightness emanating from the Saviour's countenance—

"The breadth of Emmanuel's land
Survey by the *light of my Lord*."

Regaled and even entranced, however, with the delicious prospect around, it is from a still higher source that the soul's full depth of rapture is derived—

"But when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens IN THEE."

Emmanuel's *land* may charm, but Emmanuel *himself* alone can satisfy.

Two other exquisite ideas are also suggested in this stanza:—

1st. The admiring climber, somewhat wearied with the ascent of the goodly mountain, falls in transport, at the summit, into the very arms of Jesus, and gently reposes in the embraces of his love.

2ndly. Nevertheless, to behold his face, a *strengthened* vision is requisite—

"Thy face I *am strengthened* to see."

This accomplished, the perfection of bliss is attained. It can possibly culminate no higher.

The last verse wisely and gracefully calms down the feelings, so highly wrought upon in the two preceding portions of the hymn, by a sweet but less elevated allusion to the happiness of the citizens of the celestial Jerusalem, their security, and freedom from all sorrow and sickness; and the whole terminates in an appropriate prayer for pardon and holiness, emancipation from the "bondage of corruption," and final reception within the heavenly gates—

"How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove;
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give,
And then, from the body set free,
And then to the city receive."

Gospel Magazine for October.

Cheering Results of the College.

We have just received the accompanying letter from New York, and after thanking God, we resolved to print it to encourage our subscribers.

DEAR SIR,—I write to you, because I feel assured that you will be glad to hear of the Lord's work prospering, especially in the hands of those who have in any way been benefited by the College; and as the only assistance under God I received in my studies for the work of the ministry was from the evening classes of the College, and from the College library, it may be pleasing to you to know of my doings.

I left England, the 1st August, 1867, for this country, to travel through the States, labouring as an evangelist; and since my arrival, God has signally blessed my efforts. I had intended to go out West immediately on my arrival, but the fearful scenes I have witnessed in this city have made me resolve to stay here till the spring. It is fearful, the awful sin of the people, and is in great measure to be accounted for by the inflow of emigrants, eight hundred a-day, the scum of whom, as a rule, remain behind in the city. The field is ripe to the harvest; nowhere in the world is there such urgent need of mission work as in New York. I could indeed shed tears of blood as I see how Jesus is dishonoured, and I could not leave the city till I had done something to glorify King Jesus. During the month of August, the rich folk leave the city, and most of the churches close. It did seem to me as if the city were given up to Satan; the Romanists, however, were hard at work, and I witnessed some processions of about five thousand men on the Sabbaths of that month. I wanted to preach in the open air, but the law here prohibits it. Since I have been here, I have preached and lectured almost every night, churches of all denominations throwing open their pulpits to me (Episcopalians excepted), and God has graciously blessed his work. I think I have held no service without good resulting. Last week, I gave a temperance address in the Mission Hall, corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street. Twenty signed the pledge, one of whom wrote his name, age 52, *no home;* when spoken to, he said it was through rum. On Sunday, I preached in the same place, and after the service, thirteen of the people were seeking after salvation, amongst them, the old man of whom I spoke. He is now in work, and going on well, and in this way God is blessing me in every direction, and I see before me a field of usefulness that well nigh staggers me. What hath God

wrought? or why use me as the instrument? Next Sabbath, I preach to about two thousand souls, in the park. I have received invitations to labour in Richmond, Virginia, and Chicago, and hope, by God's grace, to visit those places next summer; but oh, how much I need God's help: without him I can do nothing! Self is too strong! I want self to be destroyed altogether, and nothing but Jesus seen. May I ask the prayers of God's people, that in the great work that lies before me, I may receive all things needful, and be kept humble! It is all of grace that I have been so blessed, and I fear lest the old Adam should gain the upperhand and cripple my means of usefulness.

I find that amongst Americans, strictly so, there is a good feeling towards England, but in the rum holes, etc., amongst the American-Irish, a very bitter feeling prevails. The Fenians are making a great noise in this respect; but the native Americans wish England well. The great bulk of the Baptists of America are strict, close communion, and membership. In fact, some of their writings smack somewhat of bigotry. In the pulpits of all denominations, the mass of the sermons are on geology, botany, or some other branch of learning, and Jesus is given a lower place, the truth being, I believe, that the young men are spoiled by being crammed with learning at the universities. Seven years, I think, they give them. The great want of this country is good, earnest evangelists. There is an opening for such all through the States. If there are any young men in your College who are specially fitted for this work, they will find nowhere a better field. I have been often asked if I knew any such. There are now two wanted in this city. They would receive a salary that would support them in comfort, but must be prepared for rough work. An evangelist here has no bed of roses to lie on, but must work. He must be able to speak German and Dutch, as there are more of these than any other nation in this city. Beyond this, a good, plain education, is all that is needed. It is a glorious field, and will amply repay for any hardships. I bless God, day and night, that I ever engaged in it, and day by day feel its awful responsibility more. I wish that I were connected with some Christian church, to whom I could look for sustaining prayer, and who would rejoice with me over the salvation of precious souls. Can I connect myself in any way with your church? All I want is prayer and sympathy. Pecuniarily, I have no need, that God has provided, but need more and more of his Spirit, and the prayers of God's people in this great work. It is an awful thing to preach in one's own strength; it is a blessed thing to have the Spirit's utterance. Praying for you and your College,

I am,

Yours truly,

G. S——KE.

Letter of Rowland Hill,

TO A YOUNG MAN WHO WROTE TO HIM RESPECTING THE MINISTRY.

Wotton, October, 1826.

My dear young friend,—As the office of a Minister seems to be beyond all others the most useful, so I am not surprised that such as feel themselves devoted to God, are desirous to fill that office; and though the groundwork in those that may be called to fill that important trust, must be found in *a real work of grace upon their own hearts*, yet there are other qualifications absolutely needed before they can prove themselves "workmen that need not be ashamed." There must be a measure of natural gifts, as well as spiritual graces; and though we may know how far we may possess the one, by a close examination of our hearts before God, the other, I should suppose, can only be discovered to us by a due and proper use of means.

There is what the Scripture calls an *aptitude to teach;* a quickness and readiness of thought, well regulated by the letter of the word, and by that wisdom which is from above: and for the want of this, many have entered into the ministry to prove a burden to themselves, and *a dead weight to the churches* they may be called to serve. Now, this holy aptitude, in my opinion, can only be discovered by the practical exercise of such gifts, and of which others are always better judges than we can be ourselves; and then such will be naturally *called* forth for the further exercise of them, by such as have felt the spiritual good of them to their hearts; and then, if providence sets before you such open doors as these, you may better judge how far you are called to the sacred office. As for all human erudition, however good in its place, yet in itself it is nothing; it is much worse than nothing. How many of our half-dead churches are contented to be filled with *mere pulpit lumber* of this sort! while the prosperity even of living churches is greatly impeded thereby; and in addition to this, what heartburnings, animosities, are the result, which too frequently terminate in painful divisions and separations, to the disgrace of the sacred cause.

In these free remarks, while I cannot entertain the most distant doubt respecting your want of integrity and uprightness before God, yet I have lived too long in the world not to know the need of such hints as these; and I am sure you will take them as they are really meant.

Let me also drop a further hint as it respects your present situation in life. All tradesmen, who, by their own honesty and integrity, can preserve for themselves an honourable independency, fill a creditable situation in life, and are not debarred from being occasionally useful in the church of Christ. You, at present, are most usefully engaged in our Sunday-schools; and the gratuitous services of yourself and others are highly creditable and beneficial to the cause. While thus engaged, you may by degrees feel your way how far the Lord may design you for more extended usefulness in the work; and this alone a future day can decide.

And now for my last hint till I shall (D.V.) again see you in town. A person who enters the ministry, and is obliged to be *entirely* dependent upon the people for his support, unless he be one of remarkable abilities, is frequently called to suffer severely from those who furnish him with his support; and if you should throw up a profitable concern, you may suffer for it in a future day. While I would at all times wish to live dependent on God, yet it is a great privilege to live a little independent of the world.

I shall be both thankful for your affliction and thankful for your recovery, if it has proved a profitable season for your soul. Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions. What a mercy, to be the better for the rod!

With cordial love to your family and all friends, believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours.

ROWLAND HILL.

We thank our esteemed friend, Mr. Charlesworth, of Surrey Chapel, for sending us this quaint relic of a grand old saint. He has also very kindly sent us a sermon delivered by Mr. Hill in his old age, very good, but so exceedingly rambling, that we must deliberate before we insert it, for many preachers wander far enough from their texts already, and do not need further encouragement or example in the art of being disconnected.

Sir Thomas More, when in the Tower, would not so much as trim himself, saying, "There was a controversy between the king and him for his head, and till that was at a happy end, he would be at no cost about it." Skim off the froth of his wit, and you may make a solemn use of it. Certainly, all the cost you bestow on yourselves, to make your lives pleasurable and joyous to you, is mere folly, till it be decided what will become of the suit between God and you, not for your heads, but souls, yea, souls and bodies, whether for heaven or hell.—*Gems of Thought.*



THESE lads to gain the fruit must shake the tree,
Good reader, mark the lesson writ for *thee!*
If from the tree of promis'd mercy thou
Wouldst win the good which loadeth every bough,
Then urge the promise well with pleading cries,
Move heaven itself with vehemence of sighs;
Soon shall celestial fruit thy toil repay—
'Tis ripe, and waits for him who loves to pray.
What if thou fail at first, yet give not o'er,
Bestir thyself to labour more and more:
Enlist a brother's sympathetic knee,
The tree will drop its fruit when *two* agree:
Entreat the Holy Ghost to give thee power,
Then shall the fruit descend in joyful shower.

From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1868.

Please to take Notice.

WE have already received no less than one hundred applications for admission into the Stockwell Orphanage, and they are still pouring in. As the trustees can only hope to admit thirty-six boys at the end of next March, it is obvious that friends of orphans had better look to other orphanages, since ours may be considered full for some time to come.

The bazaar which we spoke of for Christmas, we have resolved to postpone till next June, when, God willing, we can hold it, if the weather be fine, upon the Orphanage ground. We shall esteem it as a great favour if, between now and then, our friends will work hard, that we may have a most extensive stock for sale. Let not those who can give little withhold from fear, and let not those who can do much restrain their bounty. In the name of poor orphans, whose heartrending cases of distress might well dissolve the adamant, we ask for aid. Our God will supply all our need.

Reviews.

The Religion of Redemption: a contribution to the Preliminaries of Christian Apology. By R. W. Monsell, B.A., late pastor of the Congregational Church, Neufchatel, Switzerland. Wm. Hunt & Co., Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

We have been very tardy in reviewing this learned and thoughtful work, which is evidently the production of a deep student and a profound scholar, and therefore worthy of the careful perusal of the reviewer. We have now read it with patience, and our conclusion is, that as a whole we do not like it: there are fine thoughts, able reasonings, and valuable observations in it; but the general tendency of its teaching is to dilute the gospel, and rob it of its strength. We have not so learned Christ. The great fact of our Lord's actual and literal substitution for sinners we cannot give up; and the doctrines of sovereign grace we ever must maintain, and therefore, when we see new renderings given to them, and their names retained while their true meaning is lost, we are not able to withhold our protest.

Dæmonologia Sacra; or, a Treatise on Satan's Temptations. In three parts. By Richard Gilpin, M.D. Edited with Memoir by Alexander Balloch Grosart. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: Nisbet & Co.

This is another of Nichol's valuable series, of which we cannot speak too highly. James Nichol, the father, did good service to the church of God, before he was removed to a better world, by commencing and continuing the issue of reprints of the works of Puritanic divines, under much difficulty and discouragement. We knew him well, and esteemed him highly; and now we thank God that James Nichol, the son, does not relinquish the good work: God speed and prosper the enterprise. The present volume we have read many times; it is *the* treatise upon the subject, and the subject is one of the most important in the whole range of theology. We remember that in a conversation with the late Earl of Carlisle, he asked us to recommend him a book upon the temptations of Satan, and we at once mentioned Gilpin as the best writer upon the subject. John Ryland once said, "If ever there was a man that was clearly acquainted with the cabinet councils of hell, this author is the man." His work was held in high repute in days when there were men upon earth worthy to give an opinion; it has been once or twice reprinted, and remains to this day unrivalled in its own sphere. There are a few queer passages in it upon witchcraft, and the devil carrying men through the air, and other marvels, but these are as the small dust of the balance; indeed, they give a spice of antique interest which one would be sorry to miss. It is the pastor's book, sagacious and full of insight into human hearts; it is equally the people's book, experimental and sympathetic, instructing the ignorant and confirming the weak. No minister, however poor, can afford to do without it. The reprint now offered to the public will make this once rare book accessible to all. We gave many shillings for our old copy, and now, in good type and excellent binding, it is to be had for a very few. Wealthy believer, buy it for your minister. Order it at once.

Remarkable Facts, illustrative and confirmatory of different portions of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D. With a preface by his Son. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

As might be expected from the great age of the author, the illustrations here collected are not such as dazzle by their novelty, but such as edify by their sober earnestness. To compile this book was Dr. Leifchild's last work on earth, and it is one of his best memorials now that he has passed into the skies. We were favoured to obtain a copy of this interesting work some six years ago, when a small edition was issued by subscription; and we felt sure at the time that the public would one day call for a wider circulation of it. Our octogenarian friend did well to leave us these mellow fruits from the garden of his experience. He was one of a noble band of Congregational ministers, whose

equals one might go far to find in these days; his memory is very fragrant with thousands to whom this publication will be exceedingly precious.

Out of Harness: Sketches, narrative and descriptive. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Alexander Strahan, 56, Ludgate Hill.

DR. GUTHRIE is much at home in writing such papers as these, wherein he finds scope for his fine fancy, honest humour, and broad benevolence. He cannot write without being interesting and attractive. As a theological writer, he gives too many flowers to suit our taste; but in these descriptions of Ragged Schools, sketches of the Cowgate, Sunday in Paris, and so on, none can excel him.

Winnowed Grain; or, selections from the addresses of J. Denham Smith. Fourth Edition. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

THOUSANDS, under God, owe their conversion to the labours of our esteemed brother, Mr. J. D. Smith, for whom our esteem amounts almost to veneration. He has been honoured by his Master above most of his brethren in the ministry, with a zealous heart, a fluent tongue, a loving spirit, a tender manner, and a vigorous mind. To gather up his choice sayings was wise, for the gleanings of his grapes are better than the vintage of many others. There are some immortal passages in these pages worthy of perpetual remembrance. Mr. Smith holds a few crotchetty opinions, which are specially dear to him, we suppose, for the same reason which makes a mother love her deformed children best: we are very pleased to miss these angularities in this selection. Here is our own Denham Smith at his best, talking of Jesus and salvation for sinners as sweetly as a man can do; and not refining into subtleties, or pulling to pieces those definitions of the old Puritanical theology which were arranged by profound divines, compared with whom the preachers of this age are but pigmies. No man living excels our friend when he is preaching Christ to perishing sinners, and in this, which *is* his incessant work, we wish him from our inmost heart, God speed; while to his little book we give a hearty welcome.

A short and easy method of Prayer. Translated from the French of Madame Guyon. By THOMAS DIGBY BROOKE. Hatchard & Company, 187, Piccadilly.

THIS is not a book for mere beginners in the divine life; it is too mystical, too deep, too experimental for them; but the initiated, who have fed upon that meat which the world knows not of, may read to profit, if they also read with discretion. Madame Guyon bloomed as a fair lily in the garden of the heavenly Solomon: in some respects her memory beams as a solitary star amid celestial lights, an evening star for lustre; like a crystal vase, filled from a sparkling fount, her soul brimmed with holy contemplations, and whatever she has left us must be precious. Still we could not give the present work to a friend without at least hinting that the omissions of the work are serious, and that much of its teaching is to be received *cum grano salis*. The treatise was not originally intended for publication, hence, perhaps, a certain incompleteness. It is a manual of Quietist Devotion; and it will be most highly prized, we should think, by our brethren of the Society of Friends, and by believers in the doctrine of perfection; while we, who do not endorse it as a whole, set no small price upon it. May it promote private devotion wherever it may find its way.

The Junior Clerk; a tale of City Life. By EDWIN HODDER. With a preface by W. E. Shipton, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

WE are pleased to see this useful story in its third edition. It is a fiction, and yet no fiction, for if the details were taken separately, a similar fact could be found, repeated a thousand times, in actual life. Exposed to innumerable temptations, young men in London commencing life most hopefully, frequently end it in disgrace: the vessel is launched with joyful anticipations, but founders amid agony and despair. Our heart has been made to ache many times as we have seen the sons of godly parents, come up from the country, fall into loose habits, destroy their constitutions by vice, or ruin their characters by gambling, and either die or live a life

far worse than death. Such young people will not always read good advice delivered to them in a direct form, but when the medicine is cleverly compounded, and presented in the shape of an interesting narrative, they may be induced to receive it, and so being warned, by God's blessing they may be saved from ruin.

The Orphan; or, Comfort and Counsel for the Fatherless and the Motherless. By the author of "Consolation for Christian Mothers bereaved of little Children." Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

A NEAT little work, kindly conceived, wisely arranged, and interestingly written. A most appropriate present to dear children who wear the sorrowful and sacred name of orphans. We should like to put a copy into the hand of every dear boy and girl in all the Orphan Asylums. We cannot help copying the following passage, hoping that the Scriptures will plead for our own Stockwell Orphanage:—

THE ORPHAN'S TREE.

There stands, dear children, your *own tree*—the orphan's *tree*. Its branches, with their foliage and abundant fruit, stretch outwards on every side. It is one of the oldest trees on the way, and was planted by the orphans' heavenly Father, for their special benefit. Underneath its wide-spreading branches many a fatherless and motherless son and daughter have found not only shelter, but a *home*; and all their wants have been supplied.

I shall lay before you three clusters of fruit from this tree.

THE FIRST CLUSTER OF FRUIT FROM THE ORPHAN'S TREE.

God's Pity for the Fatherless.

"Thou art the helper of the *fatherless*." Psalm x. 14.

"A Father of the *fatherless* is God in his holy habitation." Psalm lxviii. 5.

"Leave thy *fatherless* children, I will preserve them alive." Jeremiah xlix. 11.

"In thee the *fatherless* findeth mercy." Hosea xiv. 3.

THE SECOND CLUSTER OF FRUIT FROM THE ORPHAN'S TREE.

God's Providing Care of the Fatherless.

"When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the *fatherless*, and for the widow.

"When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the *fatherless*, and for the widow.

"When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward: it shall be for the stranger, for the *fatherless*, and for the widow." Deuteronomy xxiv. 19—21.

"At the end of three years thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase the same year, and shalt lay it up within thy gates: and the stranger, and the *fatherless*, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest." Deuteronomy xiv. 28, 29.

"The Lord preserveth the stranger; he relieveth the *fatherless* and the widow." Psalm cxlvi. 9.

THE THIRD CLUSTER OF FRUIT FROM THE ORPHAN'S TREE.

God's deep interest in the Fatherless shown by His injunctions to others regarding them.

"Ye shall not afflict any widow or *fatherless child*." Exodus xxii. 22.

"Oppress not the widow nor the *fatherless*." Zechariah vii. 10.

"Judge the *fatherless*, plead for the widow." Isaiah i. 17.

"Pure religion before God and the Father is this, To visit the *fatherless* and the widows in their affliction." James i. 27.

Things New and Old; or, a Storehouse of Illustrations. By JOHN SPENCER. To which is added a treasury of Similes, by ROBERT CAWDRAY. London: R. D. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon Street.

GOOD news for young ministers. Set the bells ringing! These two priceless works are just reprinted. We have enjoyed our rare copies for years, and now the monopoly is over, and everybody who has a little money to spare can possess the treasures. We felt bound to spread the good news at once; but the huge volume came too late for a fair review this month, and we must have a long notice of it, therefore we say no more till December. "*What is the price?*" Well, we do not know, something under a guinea, we suppose; but publishers persist in forgetting to mark the price in the corner as they should do.

THE TRACT SOCIETY has issued in a very pretty and cheap form, with coloured frontispieces, *Old Humphrey's True Things and New Things, Ripe Fruit, Sketch book, Every-day Tales, and Portfolio.* It is very desirable that the rising

generation should be as well acquainted with the genial, wise, and holy writings of Old Humphrey, as we were in our boyhood, when we read them with great zest, and not a little benefit. The writer has, after a useful life, gone over to the majority, but no one has arisen to fill his place; in his own style he remains without a successor.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL. Our volume for 1867, bound in the usual handsome case, will be ready on the first of December, and we believe it is, as a whole, a volume of such permanent interest, that it will be read with satisfaction in years to come. Those who have the numbers, can procure cases for binding of the publishers.

SPURGEON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK, FOR 1868, *price one penny*, is now ready. In the chamber of sickness we have put our little Almanack together, and hope that it may prove acceptable and useful. We have heretofore sold about fifty thousand each year; but by the aid of our zealous friends we might send forth a hundred thousand. Those who think well of it, will do us the favour to spread it. A specimen of the engravings and the articles we have placed elsewhere.

WE have received, besides the usual copies of our cotemporaries, such as *Good Words*, *Sunday at Home*, *Christian Work*, *Happy Hours*, *Christian World Magazine*, *Baptist Messenger*, *Old Jonathan*, *British Workman*, *Baptist Missionary Herald*, *Missing Link*, etc., the following:—

FORWARD, *a monthly magazine for the promotion of a liberal evangelical Theology*. This is a serial for the promotion of ultra-Arminianism and the overthrow of Calvinism. In our view, it would have been more appropriately named BACKWARD. Calvinism will probably survive the onslaughts of the writers of this monthly, which seem to us to be less forcible than usual, and a little more self-confident.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE. The October number is a rich spiritual feast, with just a sprinkling of bitter herbs; a fine corrective for any noxious effect produced by reading *Forward*. If the two editors would give their candid opinions of each other's theology, the result might be edifying to combative believers. If any one will calmly read a number of each serial, he will find the Gospel Magazine full of heavenly unction; and the other, as to spiritual savour, as dry as the desert of Sahara.

PLYMOUTH BROTHER TRACTS, and pamphlets hailing from that party, when forwarded to us, are disposed of so as to do no further mischief. We shall not assist their dissemination by special notice.

Notices.

MR. Spurgeon, at the invitation of the Baptist Missionary Society, has consented to sit on the Committee of that society.

Our readers will be glad to learn that, although the new chapel at Upper Holloway, built by the London Baptist Association, was only opened a few weeks ago, it is already crowded with attentive congregations on the Sunday evening. The same success has attended the newly-opened chapel in the Grove-road, and we are glad to be informed that some thirty or forty persons have already expressed their desire to form the nucleus of a church there. The Association is doing a glorious work, and we hope its influence upon the churches will be increasingly great. A site is wanted for the third chapel. We should like to hear of some wealthy brother giving a site to the Lord, for this new undertaking for his glory.

Those who participated in the blessing that attended the day set apart for fasting and prayer last year, will rejoice to know that the London Baptist Association at its meeting at Cross-street, on October 15, agreed unanimously to appoint the 5th of November for special prayer. The meeting will be held in Bloomsbury chapel, from two to six o'clock, and the prayers will be followed by the administration of the Lord's Supper. We believe the brethren throughout the country will adopt this plan, so that we all

may supplicate the Lord on behalf of our churches, their pastors, and members.

On September 24, the Evangelists' Association, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, held a *soirée* in the school-room. After tea, a meeting was held, at which Mr. Edward Leach, a member of the committee, was called to the chair. Prayer having been offered, the chairman stated the objects of the meeting, and suggested various plans by which the work of the association might be extended and promoted. The secretary (Mr. W. J. Orsman), gave some interesting particulars relative to the work of the association. Mr. Cooper spoke of the necessity for preaching in the lodging-houses of Westminster. Already there were twenty good-sized rooms in connection with these houses in which they were at liberty to preach, and he was told that that number could be readily doubled, were a sufficient staff of preachers provided. Mr. Garratt said that every Sunday evening during the summer, about forty or fifty young men met at the Tabernacle before the service, and after a hymn had been sung and prayer offered up, they proceeded to various open-air stations, where they preached the gospel. Their out-door campaign had been very successful. As the winter was drawing nigh, the members of the association would have to find some in-door work. Mr. J. D. Cox gave a remarkable account of services held in Lambeth Workhouse. He had preached to about sixty young girls there who were out of situations; and he believed good impressions had been made. He also gave an account of several remarkable conversions, as the result of open-air preaching during the summer. Mr. Conquest mentioned the case of a remarkable conversion, which was the result of the divine blessing upon their open-air preachers. Mr. Marshall spoke amusingly and eloquently of his work in the New Cut, where he had preached on a Sunday morning to congregations varying from 200 to 400 persons. Mr. Lardner referred to the open-air services of Lock's Fields, Walworth, of how the brethren had been threatened and insulted by the Irish, and protected by the English, and of the anxiety of the people living in back streets to hear the gospel preached at their own dwellings. Mr. A. Chamberlain agreed with the chairman when he said he was proud of the Evangelists connected with the association. Men who would go into filthy dens, low lodging-houses, and preach amid so many difficulties in the corners of the worst streets in the metropolis, were men of whom they might well be proud. He was glad to learn that there were sixty members connected with the association, who preached in the open air every Sunday. The chairman concluded the meeting by urging the brethren to seek to improve their gifts, and to make the association worthy of the church, and of their beloved pastor, whose sympathy they knew was with them in this work.

The Baptist church at Bildestone, Suffolk, having applied, on the resignation of Mr. D. Thompson, to Mr. Spurgeon's College, Mr. A. H. Knell, after supplying the place for several Sundays, was invited to the pastorate. He commenced his stated labours there in January, 1865. Since that period both the church and congregation have considerably increased, which has rendered the erection of galleries needful for the accommodation of the hearers. The re-opening of the place, after the erection of the galleries and other improvements, was celebrated by a public meeting, on Wednesday, 25th ult. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. J. Spurgeon, of Cranbrook, preached. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which Mr. J. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. E. Spurrier, of Colchester; A. Smith, of Boxford, Underwood, Gibbons, Bull, and A. H. Knell, the minister of the place. On the following Sunday, sermons were preached, in the morning and afternoon by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; and one in the evening by Mr. A. Smith, of Boxford. The attendance at all the meetings was good; and the collections towards the expenses amounted to the sum of £31.

The Editor's Illness.

A LETTER TO OUR READERS AND OTHERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have spent two months in ill health, and much of the time in severe pain, but, by the good hand of God upon me, I am now much better, and hope to resume my home work very speedily. It is due to many friends to make the following communications; and I beg them to receive them with their customary kindness.

1. MANY THANKS are hereby tendered to the scores of thoughtful friends who have sent me prescriptions of eminent physicians, medical works, and advice as to homœopathy, hydropathy, animal magnetism, galvanism, Turkish baths, patent medicines, cotton wool, hot fomentations, cold compresses, etc., etc. I can assure my friends that I have had communications concerning all these, and more. It has been a great pleasure to receive such a vast number and variety of evidences that warm sympathy towards me abounds, and an additional comfort to discover that there are at least hundreds of ways in which rheumatism and rheumatic gout may be cured, in periods varying from an hour to a week. My gratitude is doubly due to those who not only gave me advice and prescriptions, but were so generous as to purchase the medicines and send them to my house. I have received boxes of pills, bottles of liniment, and phials of physic in superabundance; I am most truly grateful for the kind feeling which prompted the gifts, but I have been so utterly bewildered as to which out of such a number should have the first trial, that I have fallen back upon my kind friend and tried physician, Dr. Palfrey, of Finsbury Place, and I feel quite content with the result of having followed his directions. Will friends be so good as to cut off the medical supplies, now that all need for them is, I trust, over for the present! While some of the prescriptions are more amusing than valuable, there are little incidents connected with some of these well-meant gifts which much pleased me; it would not be right to print them, but they proved most clearly that the poorest persons can show their sympathy with as much tenderness and delicacy as the best educated and the most refined.

2. APOLOGIES are offered to those friends who have been disappointed of services which I had promised to render; the act of God in laying me low is a sufficient exoneration from all engagements. These apologies are the more needed, because it will not be in my power, at any future period near at hand, to fulfil those engagements; for, although to a great degree recovered, the limb is weak, and standing upon it in preaching, or wearying it in travelling, will be likely to lay me up again. I have resolved, for twelve months at least, to refuse almost all work away from home, and I now earnestly beg friends not to distress me with importunate requests to preach here, there, and everywhere. For years I have preached from eight to ten times a week, besides issuing the weekly sermon, editing the magazine, overseeing the church, superintending the college, directing the orphanage, founding new churches, attending committees, and a thousand other things; but many signs indicate that there must be a pause. I am not less willing, but I am far less able than I was, to serve the church by preaching. My excellent secretary and myself are very hardly wrought in the matter of correspondence, and the more so because, after having given one refusal, friends often write three or four times, and put us to much trouble and expense. I would refuse no one if I could comply, and therefore a refusal is always meant when given. If friends are unreasonable enough to write two or three times when they have once been answered, they must not wonder if they get no further reply. During the year 1868, I must crave for mercy from the Christian public, and a little lightening of my burdens, or otherwise I shall have to lay them down altogether.

3. AN URGENT REQUEST I would, in closing, offer to my friends in Christ, namely, that as they have so fervently prayed for me of late, they would continue those supplications, beseeching the Lord to bless my ministry to my church and congregation, and to the many thousands who weekly read the sermons; to prosper me in the college, giving much grace to all who are trained in it; and to sustain our colportage, and orphanage, and other works. No kindness can be more effectual than that which leads us to pray for our friends. Brethren, pray for

Your affectionate friend, C. H. SPURGEON.

P.S.—Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, my dear and valued brother, being about to become more closely my fellow labourer in serving our vast church, earnest prayer is requested for a rich blessing upon this most auspicious accession to my strength.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th, to Oct. 15th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Craig	2	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. Phillips	4	16	0
May	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson...	5	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Friends, per Mr. Diack	0	6	6
Mr. R. Bate	1	10	0
Mrs. C. Bate	0	10	0
Miss Margaret Dove	0	10	0
Mr. Gomm, Collecting Box	1	9	11
Mrs. Hughes	1	1	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Mr. J. F. Jutsum	0	1	6
Mr. A. Jamieson	0	15	0
A Widow	0	5	0
Mr. Grange	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hillitch	1	0	0
Crux	0	6	8
S. M.	5	0	0
S. M. S.	5	0	0
In Memoriam	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon. Laus Deo ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Nichol	12	0	0
Sale of articles left from Bazaar, per Mrs. Balchin	5	0	0
Mrs. Bryant	1	1	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	7	6
Mrs. Ware	0	7	6
Mr. Page	0	8	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	0	0
Collection at Kingsgate Street Chapel ...	11	0	0
Mr. Medhurst's Introductory Lecture, Glasgow	3	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Sept. 22	33	18	6
,, ,, ,, ,,	29	45	13	4
,, ,, ,, Oct. 6	31	2	10
,, ,, ,, ,, 13	30	3	10
	£235	12	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th, to October 15th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Craig	2	10	0
Mr. F. Knight	0	1	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. H. Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. R. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Belsey, Rochester	1	0	0
Mrs. Belsey...	1	0	0
Mary B., Hastings	0	15	0
Mrs. Manning	0	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Perkins	20	0	0
D. B. C.	0	2	0
Employés at Mr. Trotman's	3	3	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. Carruthers	1	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. Anderson	0	2	6
A Friend, per J. A. S.	0	2	6
Mr. Macintosh	1	1	0
Edwin	0	1	6
Mrs. Clements	0	2	6
In College Offering Box	0	1	0
Miss Mary E. Lees	1	5	0
A Lady	5	0	0
Mrs. Eliza Pepperdery	2	0	0
Three Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," per Mr. H. Gifford	1	0	0
A Constant Reader	0	2	6
A Friend	1	0	0
G. J. L., 55th Regt.	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Bigg	5	0	0
Uppingham	0	10	0
Miss S. Raine...	100	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Grange	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane	2	7	0
Collected at Medbourne	1	8	0
Mr. Boddington	0	7	0
S. M.	5	0	0
S. M., jun.	0	7	3
G. M.	0	2	0
Miss M. Clarke	0	10	0
R. McD.	1	0	0
In College Offering Box	0	2	6
Myrtle Street Sunday School, Liverpool .	7	6	5
Mr. P. C. Leckie	10	0	0
Friends at Chatham and Rainham ...	1	5	0
William Justice	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Muskett	2	2	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. Michael Harding	1	2	0
Friends at Tandragee	0	1	0
T. J. P., Birmingham	0	5	0
J. W. B., Old Ford	0	16	6
Mr. Perry, per Mr. J. J. Davies	1	1	0
H. R.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Middlemore, per Mr. Barrow ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Murray	1	1	0
J. F. B.	0	2	6
Mr. Baber	1	0	0

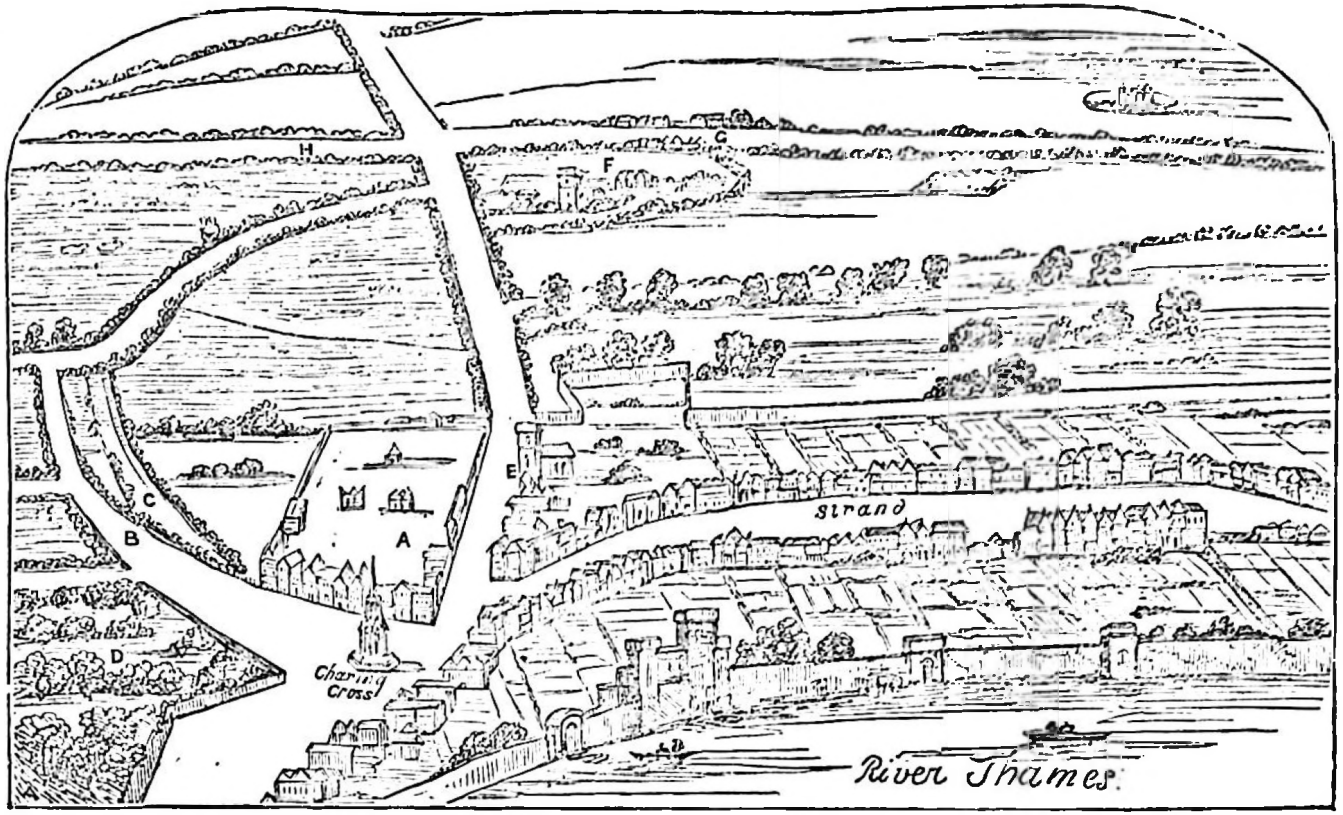
Collecting Cards.

		£	s.	d.
1	Mr. Mason	30	10	0
5 & 371	Mr. M. W. Dunn	5	0	0
27	Mr. Jenkins	0	12	6
222	Mr. Sneil	0	1	0
250	Mr. Marks	1	0	0
253	F. T.	1	2	0
392	Mr. J. Todd	0	8	6
415	Mr. Richardson	0	3	6
432	Mr. Knowles	0	14	11
537	Miss Morris	0	5	0
638	Mrs. Wooster...	0	14	0
756	Miss Floyd	1	16	2
805	Mr. Joseph Todd	0	14	11
806	Miss Esther Todd	0	5	10
823	Mr. Oxley	6	4	6
932	Mr. Thompson	0	17	0
1114	Mr. Pidgeon	1	2	0
		£235	6	6

For Orphanage.—A Parcel of Clothing from Lillah.

For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscription.—Mr. J. H. Mead, £1. 1s. Donations.—Mrs. Pidgeon, £5; Mr. Bradley, 2s. 6d.

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CHARING CROSS AND THE STRAND IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD VI.

A. Mewes.
B. Haymarket.
C. Leicester Square.
D. St. James' Parke.
E. St. Martin's Lane.
F. St. Giles'.
G. Holbourne.
H. The Way to Uxbridge.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1867.

The Growth of London and its Spiritual Needs.

BY A FRIEND.

TWO friends are, we will suppose, walking through the Strand in the days when men's minds were being agitated by a Popery not much more repulsive than that which the Anglican priests of these days are promulgating. One young man is a cockney, the other a country cousin, who has travelled by coach from Reading. The latter has related his thrilling adventures on the road to town—how the coach had been half buried in the quagmire for several hours; how a farmer lent his team to extricate them from the mud; how the river Thames had overflowed, and nearly swept the passengers away; how they were nearly pitched over, one dark night, because the roads were so ill-repaired; how highwaymen had threatened to plunder, and only made off when sword and pistol were presented; how "my host" at the inn had fared them well, and so on, *ad libitum*. Then they fall to talking of the greatness of London, of its improvements—how infinitely superior it is to the population and character of the country towns. Our cockney friend would tell his country cousin that London was the most populous city in Europe—seventeen times larger than any other town in England; that the population was nearly half a million; that commerce was vastly improving; that the city was developing, and builders were so actively engaged, that the day might perchance come when the pleasant country around Charing village would be built over. He would speak proudly of Old King Hal's improvements, converting streets, "very foul and full of pits," into nicely paved thoroughfares. Perhaps, just as he is speaking so bravely, there is a downpour of rain. The kennels fill rapidly, and send down a variety of filth—

> "Sweepings from butchers' stalls, most foul with blood,
> Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
> Dead cats and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood."

The young men get as far from the carriage-road as possible. They meet with roystering fellows who try to push them into the kennels;

a bull perhaps gets loose, and begins to dodge them about; a bear has escaped from a neighbouring bear-garden, and, though unsolicited, wishes to embrace them with a fraternal hug. A knot of apprentices come up, and push the country cousin into the kennel. There is a fight. Carriages splash the unfortunate pedestrians, until their clothes are more than mottled in appearance. It is a glorious time for the lovers of water. Spouts are vomiting from every house-top, discharging their contents right on the heads of the passers-by; and heavy sign-boards, with plenty of iron about them, are creaking terribly overhead, and threatening to fall and kill them—a threat not at all unlikely to be fulfilled, for in Fleet Street one of the signs fell down, and pulling the wall with it, killed four persons and maimed several others. Or perhaps it would be fine weather, and as the two friends walked down the Strand together, they would talk of the importance and length of the thoroughfare—the connecting link between the court and the city. There is the church of St. Clement—the Dane's churchyard; there the palace of the Savoy; there is Holywell Street, "sweete, wholesome, and cleere, and much frequented by schollers and youth of the citie in summer evenings, when they walke forth to take the aire;" here is the famous butchers' market, with its houses of wood and plaster; here we come to Charing Cross—further on is the church of St. Martin (E on plan). The village of Charing (A) is already being built upon, and probably will become an important suburb; while beyond are the roads leading to the open fields. And then the citizen would tell his country cousin that not long ago, city damsels would take a walk down this beautiful Strand, to gather primroses and violets and blackberries; and that within a stone's throw of Charing village, sportsmen still frequently brought down fine birds. There would be much to surprise and interest a country cousin of that age; and as he sat on the arches of London Bridge angling, catching often really fine salmon, he would no doubt consider London the most wonderful city in the world.

Before the restoration, London chiefly consisted of Newgate Street, Cheapside, the Poultry, Cornhill, and the streets leading therefrom to the Thames. The Fleet and Walbrook were open rivers. Between Shoe Lane and Chancery Lane there were fields and gardens. Petticoat Lane, now remarkable for the worst selected odours anywhere to be found, was sweet enough for a Spanish ambassador to live in. Cattle found good pasture in Marylebone; the poet Cowley sang the praises of Islington because of its quiet repose; Finsbury and the Tower Hamlets were fields. The city was the citizens' boast and glory, although it must have been a very den of fever, and a marvel of foulness. The great fire of London did not leave many of the inflammable houses as witnesses of our forefathers' bad building. The event proved to be a sanitary blessing, although it was not appreciated as such. Indeed, some preachers vehemently asserted that the devastation occurred as a judgment against the crying sins of the age, and was more especially aimed at the gluttony of Londoners, since the fire began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner; but it was forgotten that nature awards another kind of punishment to gluttonous appetites which indulge too freely in puddings and pies. The poor inhabitants who

were burned out, pitched their tents in the fields of Finsbury and Moorfields; but the city was soon rebuilt and extended. Merchants lived in new mansions, which, though frequently built in retired courts, were convenient and magnificently decorated. The aristocracy, however, preferred what is now west central district, and resided in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Piazza of Covent Garden, Bloomsbury and Soho, so that this part of the town was considered to be "one of the wonders of England." In 1675, the first stone of St. Paul's was laid; and ten years afterwards a number of French Protestants sought refuge in London from the tyranny of the Roman Catholics, who had persuaded the king to revoke the Edict of Nantes. These French Protestants peopled Spitalfields, and introduced the manufacture of silk. So rapidly did the city grow in the reign of Queen Anne, that an act was passed to build fifty new churches, which were to be paid for by a tax on all coals brought up the Thames. Some of these churches—perhaps the unsightliest in Christendom—have been removed during the last two or three years, and in many of them a priest and curate are still supported by the state to read prayers and preach sermons to themselves, their clerks, and wives. This monstrous evil cannot long exist in the purer atmosphere of voluntaryism. It was in Queen Anne's reign that the streets began to be better lighted, that more care was taken of the safety of the metropolis from fire and burglars. London was like a lad in the growing period of life, and those, to us, old-fashioned parts of the metropolis known as Clerkenwell, Holborn, Shoreditch, were built upon and annexed to the rapidly progressing capital of England. A walk over Southwark about this time would have shown you a different state of things to what is presented now. The town, which probably derived its name from its fortifications (South-work), is full of curious historical associations, dating even as far back as the Roman era. It was defended by a fortress at the Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields, a large fort with four bulwarks near the end of Blackman Street, and a redoubt near the Lock Hospital, in Kent Street. St. George's Fields were once occupied by the Romans, and in later days became a kind of No-man's Land. Newington Causeway was the first road across the swampy fields; and as there were butts for archery in these fields, the place was known as "Newington Butts." It may interest our readers to learn that on the spot where the Metropolitan Tabernacle now stands, a river ran, navigable by barges and small craft. Maitland says:—"West of the Fishmongers' Almshouses is a moorish ground with small watercourse, denominated the river Tigris, which is part of Canat's trench; the outflow of which is on the east side of Rotherhithe parish, where the great wet dock is situate." Everyone who has read our nation's history will remember St. George's Fields as the resort of rioters; and it is somewhat remarkable that Lord George Gordon, in the "No Popery" riots, bade his followers meet him on the very spot where now stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral. New Park Street—redolent with dearest reminiscences—was part of an estate or park belonging to a Mr. Lant—hence Lant Street; New Park Street chapel was built upon the site of an ancient royal fishpond. Maze Pond, which has a Baptist chapel with a history by no means insignificant, was a maze in the possession of an abbey of monks. Protestant refugees from foreign parts pitched

their tents, in Anne's time, in St. Thomas's Tents; while Horselydown, now densely populated by the poor, was a grazing field, and a resort for pleasure seekers, who found butts for archery, and hawking sufficiently attractive to entice them into the open fields.

The continuous growth of London from the time of George the First to the present day, seems to have been unchecked, save, perhaps, by the disastrous war with America; but at the proclamation of peace in 1783, the utmost activity in building was manifested. In the reign of George the First, the west end began to be improved, and we find that "the row of houses on the north side of Tyburn Road was completed in 1729, and it was then called Oxford Street," a name, however, which had before that time been appropriated to a less pretentious thoroughfare. Hanover Square was erected about this year, much to the surprise and admiration of Londoners, who declared that "a whole magnificent city seems to be risen out of the ground." Oxford Street and its neighbourhood had a very unpleasant name for cut-throats and highwaymen, and it was not until the famous "Rookery" of St. Giles' was pulled down, with the exception of that portion which was described in these pages some time ago in an article on St. Giles', that the ill odour of the place passed away. In the reign of the Second George, the parishes of St Anu, Limehouse; St. Paul, Deptford; St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, and St. George, Bloomsbury, were added to the metropolis. In the following reign, London extended and improved, notwithstanding that the nation was engaged in warfare during the better portion of that long and eventful period. "At the same period, the street pavement for foot passengers to the sides of the streets was first laid down, the kennels removed from the middle to the sides of the streets, and the numbering of houses introduced."* From this time the extension of London was carried on at such a marvellous rate, and is still continued with greater zest than ever, so that the metropolis has assumed a character which makes it the greatest marvel of the age.

Meanwhile, has the supply of places of worship been commensurate with the growing wants of the metropolis? Every denomination confesses that a sorrowful negative must be given to such a question. Spasmodic attempts at chapel-building have been made, especially by the Episcopal body. Mr. Blomfield and Mr. Tait, the last two bishops of London, have worked laboriously to build new conventicles, but it is quite another question whether they have succeeded in doing what is far more important, namely, filling them, or even a respectable moiety of those previously erected. Without touching other denominations, however, let us look at the Baptist community.

The Baptist chapels five-and-twenty years ago—those, at least, that had attained to a fair development—could be almost counted on the fingers. Even among those few there was no bond of union, and lacking that, their increase was small. Dr. Steane, at the last annual meeting of the Baptist Union, held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, gave some very painful reminiscences of London Baptist churches when he was a young man—of their jealousy of each other, and want of heartiness in the prosecution of the Lord's work. All this has happily been changed, and the

* Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. XIII., p. 659.

London Association has formed a bond of union which we hope will be "as strong as death." The census of 1851 revealed a state of things, with reference to the spiritual wants of "the great world of London," that was startling. It then appeared that if fifty-two per cent. of the population were to be desirous of attending either church or chapel, 669,514 persons would be excluded for want of room. "Taking the registrar-general's estimate of the population in 1865, namely, 3,015,494, although 219 places of worship were built in London in the intervening fourteen years, the deficiency of accommodation has increased to 831,387, that is to say, 161,873 more persons are unprovided for now, than was the case in 1851. It is some cause for gratification to know that between the years 1851 and 1865 the increase of sittings provided by our own denomination was as large as sixty-one per cent. on those already existing; that by the Independents being thirty per cent., and by the Wesleyans nineteen per cent."*

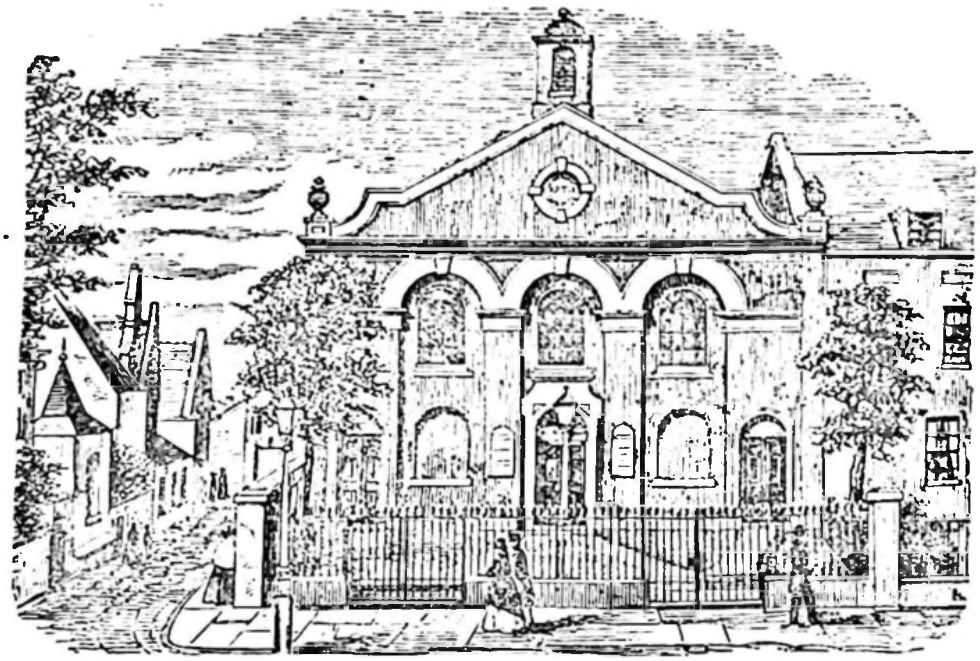
We have reason to be thankful to God that among other agencies which have been made use of to this end, the Pastor's College has materially contributed to the result. The president's heart yearned over the ungodly masses of the metropolis; and considering their heathenism, and the superabundant opportunities for evangelisation, he has devoted himself with unselfish and untiring energy to the commencement of new enterprises. And when it is considered how much fresh and untried ground has been broken up in the *country* by the students who have left the college—enterprises for God which were greatly needed, as the results proved; how many dull and ineffective churches have been revived, and made to rejoice in the almighty power of God; how many difficulties have been overcome, and exchanged for gladsome successes, it is cause for hearty thanksgiving that the great Head of the church should have acknowledged the work of the college so signally and so blessedly. Of the men who have pioneered their way in London, and have opened up new causes there, we may without flattery say, that their indomitable energy and perseverance, and trustful dependence upon the Master, have been worthy of the noble work to which they have consecrated their lives. There is not one of them whose desire has been, as Virgil says,

"Void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life—
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood."

They have determined to endure, even to hardness, for the Master's cause, and He has blessed them whose blessing maketh rich. It is not with a view of glorifying man that we wish to record the efforts made through the college towards meeting the pressing wants of this growing metropolis, but it is due to our sympathising readers, the friends of the institution, who have so generously supported it, that they should learn what has been done, by the divine blessing; and it may be an encouragement to others prosecuting the same kind of work to persevere until they are rewarded with success. A passing glance at the new churches and chapels already built, will show what the college has been enabled to do in this important matter. One of the earliest efforts was undertaken by Mr. Genders, at *Wandsworth*, in the south-west of

* London Baptist Association; Report, etc., for the year 1866.

London. Not many years ago this rapidly improving and largely extending suburb was but a mere village, the seat of various manufacturing works, the residence of the wealthy and extremely poor. In 1851, its population was under ten thousand, but railway improvements, which drive Londoners into the suburbs, have largely affected the population of Wandsworth. Here was formed a nucleus for Christian enterprise, in the assembly rooms of a tavern; the preaching was honoured by the divine Master, and now a handsome chapel, to accommodate 600 persons, has been erected at a cost of £3,000. The cause is still prospering, the debt will be speedily removed, and a school-room, so urgently needed, will, it is hoped, be erected ere long. In *Chelsea*, there was an old Baptist church as good as dead, though planted in Paradise Place. Notwithstanding the densely populated character of this district, this cause was the only one that existed, or that exists even to this day, excepting two hyper-Calvinistic chapels. Under Mr. Frank White's acceptable and earnest ministry it grew, until Paradise Place was vacated for a more paradisaical chapel in Sloane Street. Here our brother has a building which will seat nearly 1,200 persons; an active missionary church of about 200 members; and an increasing congregation. Not far from here, on the Surrey side of the water, is a suburb once famous for its fashionable gardens, which were laid out as far back as 1661. Though possessing a large population, there was no Baptist chapel in *Vauxhall* until a small church was formed in an inconvenient room, now vacated for a building once desecrated by Ritualistic mummeries.



A healthy cause has been formed under Mr. Hearson's care, and we hope to see it become even more extensively useful in a neighbourhood cursed by the Ritual absurdities of our corrupt national church. *Bermondsey*, a most densely packed parish, noted for manufactures which, if they produce large profits to the proprietors, bring mostly ill odours to the public, is perhaps one of the widest spheres for

missionary enterprise to be found in any civilised city. To friends at the Tabernacle we owe the erection of a comfortable chapel in the Drummond Road; and here, in a district blighted by sin and ungodliness, an active church has been formed, a laborious pastor chosen, and God is favouring the undertaking with his smiling approval. *Bromley*, in Kent, is one of those suburban towns which have of late years risen into considerable importance. A few students commenced preaching in the open air, a church was formed in the White Hart assembly rooms, and Mr. A. G. Brown was chosen pastor. A chapel was built—one worthy of the town in every respect—and the effort has flourished exceedingly. Mr. Tessier, late of Coleraine, accepted the pastorate a few months ago, when Mr. Brown removed to a larger sphere of usefulness in Stepney, and it is satisfactory to learn that the congregations are on the increase, the word is being blessed, and earnest efforts are being made for the promotion of the Master's kingdom in this place. The mention of Mr. Brown leads us naturally to *Stepney*. The East of London is peculiarly destitute of the means of grace. Dozens of new and large chapels would be required to meet the awful spiritual destitution of this part of London. The college has been honoured by being permitted to relieve, to some extent, this great want. Stepney Green Tabernacle is a noble witness for the usefulness of the institution. The chapel cost £3,500, will seat 800 persons, and under its present ministry, it is crowded to excess. Indeed, a larger building may be required, and thus another cause may be started in this densely peopled district. A plain but commodious chapel has been opened at *Ealing*, free of debt, and the church is self-supporting. Mr. Fergusson, one of the tutors, gathered his congregation in the large room of an inn, and we hope that this interest will become one of the most vigorous in that district. At *Red Hill*, a new chapel has been erected, which has recently been supplemented by school rooms; and under Mr. J. Smith's pastoral care, the effort is prospering. Then, too, at *Ponge*, in an entirely new district, a marvellously cheap and substantial building has been erected. Let no man despise the day of small things, since the cause owes its origin to Mr. Cox's preaching in the lower rooms of a house. In *Camden Town*, a chapel has been erected, and Mr. Edgley, the present pastor, has gathered together a large congregation of working people, who are desirous of clearing off their somewhat heavy chapel debt. In *Deptford* ground has been purchased, and a school room erected upon it, in which a congregation is gathered. In Cornwall Road, *Brixton*, a small but neat chapel has been erected through the exertions of Mr. A. G. Brown, of Stepney, and is now crowded by hearers of our student, Mr. Asquith.

Thus far we have treated of new chapels built, and it will be seen from our list what has been done in this way through the instrumentality of the Pastor's College. But there are a number of lecture halls and rooms which are open every Sunday for the preaching of the gospel, but from which our brethren hope to be speedily delivered. The church at *Greenwich* is in this condition; and the friends there are looking out for a suitable site on which they may erect a house that will meet the wants of the town. An old and large chapel has been opened for three or four years past at *Kingsland*, where we hope to see an important

chapel erected on some future occasion. At *Streatham*, the old Independent chapel is rented, a promising effort has been made, and a new chapel is contemplated. At *Chiswick*, a chapel is rented, and a church formed. In *Enfield*, a church has been formed, and an iron chapel is in course of erection. At *Holloway*, about a mile distant from the new chapel just erected by the London Baptist Association, a room has been opened, and under Mr. Styles's ministry the cause is growing. There is a good field open in this neighbourhood for this attempt. At *Kensington*, a most earnest church is formed, of which Mr. Mesquitta is the pastor. They are pushing on rapidly. So we might go on, referring to the labours of the students in Deptford, Cheam, Camberwell, Brentford, Pinner, Dockhead, Shooter's Hill, Stratford, Clerkenwell, Hackney, New Cross, Battersea, Peckham, Barking, and other equally desirable neighbourhoods. *Westminster* has been assisted, and Romney Street Chapel, which was almost extinct, has been more than resuscitated. Kingsgate Street Chapel, *Holborn*, under the care of Mr. W. H. Burton, is now one of the most prosperous churches in West London, although a few years ago it had dwindled into insignificance. *Pentonville* has been signally blessed by Mr. Sawday's earnest labours. Large as Vernon Chapel is, it is much too small for him, and he has therefore hired a building used as a Gymnasium, which will seat over 2,000 persons, and is crowded every Sunday evening. The friends are trying to raise sufficient money to erect a new structure, and have obtained £270. During the past year, we learn they raised for various purposes in connection with the place, upwards of £2,000, which sum includes £500 subscribed for fitting up the Gymnasium, which they now have for eighteen months to come free of rent. The additions to the church are eminently satisfactory. No fewer than 204 persons have been rescued from the world during the past year, and the present number of members is 597. Since we received this report, we have learnt that nearly fifty persons are waiting to join the band of believers in this place.

In presence of these and other facts which we cannot find room to enumerate, the promoters of the college may well take courage. What has been done in the past to meet the spiritual necessities of London is, we feel assured, but a moiety of what is yet to be performed. If any brethren are tempted to complain that the supply of students is exceeding the demand for them, we can only reply that the economy of divine grace is an inversion of the rules of political economy. Our supply necessarily creates the demand. We do not wait for the demand; we create it. Young men go forth preaching the gospel, are listened to, and so become a powerful agency for good. Self-supporting churches are formed under them, chapels are built, souls are saved, the Master blesses, and from these organisations a spirit of missionary enterprise radiates. Several churches have already started branch churches, and thus the work is going on, until it will be impossible to predict whereunto it will grow. And yet with all the efforts that have been put forth, the sorrowful conviction cannot be resisted—that, as yet, we have only touched the fringe of London's great want. There is much more land to be gained for the Master. It will be gained, however. May we be passionately desirous of thrusting our sickles into the harvest field, and ready to help others to use their sickles likewise!

On my Back.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his inimitable work, "A Tour round my Garden," has a chapter headed, "On my Back," and a most interesting chapter it is, detailing his observations among the insect and vegetable world from a position by no means the most advantageous for the naturalist. "On my back," in a painfully literal and involuntary sense, is our position while writing at this moment, and in addition we are not altogether free from a mental prostration, which, in a still more bitter sense, throws us on our back. How long we shall be made to lie prone upon the ever-hardening couch, the great Healer of diseased bodies and souls only knows; our term of chastisement will be exactly as protracted as the divine purpose requires for its benign design, but not a moment longer we are sure. It has already been long enough for nature, but faith makes it none too long for grace. We are the Lord's prisoner, bound in fetters of pain and manacles of weakness, waiting till the emancipating word shall restore us to the liberty of service. He in this case shutteth, and no man openeth; and when he openeth, no disease can shut. The sorest part of our captivity, which is sweetened by multiplied mercies, is our Sabbath silence. As the king of Sodom said to Abraham, "Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself," so say we to sickness; give us our Sabbaths, and let the week-days be as they may. How we envy the birds which fly around the house of prayer, and above all, the poorest occupants of the remotest seats or standing places in the tabernacles of the Lord. Dumb Sabbaths are a heavy trial to an active minister: to be kept out of market on the market day is a sad loss to those who are covetous of doing good to men and bringing glory to God. The trumpet sounds for the battle, and the hosts are marshalling at the call, but our sword rusts idly upon the wall, and our shield is laid aside. O for a day's renewal of strength to serve the Lord as our wont has been, by dealing out our heaviest blows against the enemies of his crown and cause! If it must not be, then, good Master, renew our cruse of patience and our barrel of resignation! Six week-days of pain would be a cheap exchange for one heavenly soul-refreshing Sabbath spent in preaching in the power of the Spirit. A silent preacher is like a monarch uncrowned, or a vessel laid up to perish by dry rot in the dock, or an eagle penned in a narrow cage, forbidden to soar into its element. "I am weary with refraining," said the seer of old: his experience is ours; the word is like fire in our bones; we long for a door of utterance, or our soul will melt for heaviness. Finding, however, that we cannot march to the wars, but must needs remain a prostrate soldier in the hospital, we must imitate those riflemen who can strike the target while lying upon their backs; if we cannot preach at length, we may at least write an outline discourse, and so let loose a remark or two, which may kindle a holy thought here and there, and perhaps set others preaching. Those who cannot fire the guns, may at least hand out the ammunition to the gunners. He who cannot go to the field to hunt with Esau, may find his savoury meat nearer home. Reader, silver of learning and gold of eloquence have I none, but such

as I have give I thee; not precious fruit, brought forth by the sun of prosperity, but a few clusters put forth by the moon of adversity. The Puritans sometimes called a laborious divine, "a painful preacher;" here is our brief sermon, and for once we also claim the title of "a painful preacher."

"This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."—John xi. 4.

THIS was a very comforting answer to the messenger sent to our Lord, by the anxious sisters, with the mournful tidings, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." Jesus was sure to send the best cordial he had to mourners whom he loved so well. To be infallibly assured that all will end well is one of the best possible supports under heavy trials. Such comfort have all the saints. From our Lord's words we learn—

I. THAT THERE IS A LIMIT TO SICKNESS.

Here is an "unto" within which its ultimate end is restrained, and beyond which it cannot go. Lazarus might pass through death, but death was not to be the ultimatum of his sickness. In all sickness, the Lord saith to the waves of pain, "Hitherto shall ye go, but no further," while his fixed purpose is not the destruction, but the instruction of his people. Satan was permitted to worry Job up to a certain point—further he must not go. As the porter at the house Beautiful told the pilgrim, "The lions are chained," even so are our pains and griefs. When God wills it, sickness will bear us unto deep decline, but not unto death; unto weariness of body, but not unto weakness of soul; unto restlessness, but not unto wretchedness; unto moaning, but not unto murmuring; unto depression, but not unto despair. There are bounds about this mount of fire. Wisdom hangs up the thermometer at the furnace mouth and regulates the heat. Gideon taught the men of Succoth with thorns and briers, till they died under the lesson: our Instructor deals with us far more tenderly; his aim is not to kill, but to cure. We are in the hands of Jehovah, not Nebuchadnezzar; the furnace may be heated seven times hotter, but there is no rage and fury in the King who casts us into it, as is very evident, since he intends himself to be with us in the midst of the flames. Noah's flood rose not an inch higher than God's decree allowed, and it began to assuage at the very moment when the divine mandate was issued. If the Lord ordains our trials ten, they cannot be eleven.

1. *The limit is encouragingly comprehensive.* The God of providence has limited the time, manner, intensity, repetition, and effects of all our sicknesses; each throb is decreed, each sleepless hour predestinated, each relapse ordained, each depression of spirit foreknown, and each sanctifying result eternally purposed. If the minutiæ were not in the decree, we might fret over little things; but now we dare not, lest we murmur against the Lord: if our great pains were not regulated by wisdom, we might be alarmed at them, but now we need not be afraid. Nothing great or small escapes the ordaining hand of him who numbers the hairs of our head, and keeps the paths of our feet.

2. *This limit is wisely adjusted* to our strength, to the end designed, and to the grace apportioned. Affliction comes not at haphazard; the weight of every stroke of the rod is accurately measured. He who made

no mistakes in balancing the clouds and meting out the heavens, commits no errors in measuring out the ingredients which compose the medicine of souls. We cannot suffer too much nor be relieved too late. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; the load is fitted to the weak shoulder.

3. *The limit is tenderly appointed.* The knife of the heavenly Surgeon never cuts deeper than is absolutely necessary. A father smites no harder than duty constrains. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." A mother's heart cries, "Spare my child;" but no mother is more compassionate than our gracious God. When we consider how hard-mouthed we are, it is a wonder that we are not driven with a sharper bit. So much rust requires much of the file; but love is gentle of hand.

The thought is full of consolation, that he who has fixed the bounds of our habitation, has also fixed the bounds of our tribulation.

II. THAT JESUS KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

He gave the sisters infallible information, for he knew all things. This knowledge he possesses as the only wise God and our Saviour: because he is divine, he has knowledge and foreknowledge; sight, insight, and foresight; perfect, minute, universal, continual, immediate acquaintance with all that concerns his people. The child is cheered as he sings, "This my father knows;" and shall not we be comforted as we discern that our dear Friend and tender soul-husband knows all about us?

1. *He is the Physician*, and, if he knows all, there is no need that the patient should know. Hush, thou silly, fluttering heart; prying peeping, and suspecting! What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter, and, meanwhile, Jesus, the beloved physician, knows thy soul in adversities. Why need the patient analyse all the medicine, or estimate all the symptoms? This is the Physician's work, not mine; it is my business to trust, and his to prescribe. If he shall write out his prescription in uncouth characters which I cannot read, I will not be uneasy on that account, but rely upon his unfailing skill to make all plain in the result, however mysterious it may be in the working.

2. *He is the Master*, and his knowledge is to serve us, instead of our own; we are to obey, not to judge. In some respects we, as servants, must remember that "the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth." Shall the architect explain all his plans to every hodman on the works? If he knows his own intent, is it not enough? The vessel on the wheel cannot guess to what pattern it shall be conformed, but, if the potter has a clear eye to the ultimate result, what matters the ignorance of the dull clay? My Lord must not be cross-questioned any more by one so ignorant as I am.

3. *He is the Head.* All understanding centres there. What does the finger know? What judgment has the arm? What comprehension has the foot? All the power to know lies in the head. Why should the members be so anxious to enquire and question, when the head is already fully acquainted with everything? Why should the foot have a brain of its own, when the head fulfils for it every intellectual office? Here, then, must the believer rest his comfort in sickness, not that he himself can see the end, but that Jesus knows all. Sweet Lord, be thou for ever

eye, and soul, and head for us, and let us be content to know only what thou choosest to tell us.

The tree of knowledge brought no good to man, but in Jesus we see the tree of knowledge united with the tree of life: the second Adam by his knowledge saves us; let us be content to have it so.

III. *Jesus assures us* THAT THE DESIGN OF SICKNESS IS DIVINELY GOOD: "Not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

Sickness is by no means destructive, but aims at that which every regenerated mind considers to be the highest good, the chief end for which man was created, namely, the glory of God. *Negatively:* sickness works us no real ill. It is not unto the death of our joy, though it may annihilate all physical enjoyment, for the believer's heart-joy flows from springs which are not affected by the frosts of outward circumstances. Neither does sickness work the death of our peace—we can be calm in heart when racked in body; our peace is not a thing for flesh and blood to reign over. Nor is our usefulness put to death by our illness; blessed be God a weak hand can sow good seed, and a couch may be a pulpit: besides, the experience gained in the chamber of affliction may enrich us for future work, as lying fallow fattens the soil for future crops. Our usefulness is suspended, and this frets us no little, but we shall do all the more by-and-by, and this may cheer us. Sickness is unto the death of no Christian virtue; like a rough wind, it shakes down a great deal of rotten fruit, but the living fruit of grace is uninjured, nay, it is mellowed and sweetened by it. Oh! how foolish are we to fear and dread bodily suffering, when it hath no killing hand, but two hands full of blessings. We fear our mercies and tremble at our soul-enrichments; we cry out against a friend as though he were an enemy, and chase away an angel as though he were a devil. If we could but see the words, "Not unto death," emblazoned upon the escutcheon of our afflictions, we should receive them with more willing mind.

Positively: sickness in the believer is intended for the glory of God, and in part this design is answered during the trial. It is to be feared that the Lord gets but a small revenue of glory from some of us; we defraud the royal exchequer of many dues: much conscience-money might we all send into court on account of our long and heavy arrears of thankfulness. Sickness takes out a warrant against ingratitude, and surcharges us for our defalcations, by bringing our negligences to remembrance. God gets many a song from his caged birds which might never be heard if they had strength to wanton on the wing. Psalms and hymns, like music on the water, sound sweetly from the deeps of suffering. Moreover, God is glorified in the after results of sanctified pain, by the gentleness, meekness, quietness, and unction which adorn the spirit of the experienced believer. Until the oyster is sick it yields no pearls. Heavy damps of adversity make souls verdant. Saints, unlike the plants of earth, grow fastest in the sharpest weather. We make most progress in our voyage heavenward when the wind is rough: calms are more pleasant than profitable; better for comfort than for commerce; fairer in the present than in the retrospect. Affliction cuts the facets of the Lord's diamonds, and so they shine with a greater lustre to his honour. What the church owes to the file and the hammer no tongue can tell.

Would the church triumphant have been so glorious as it now is, if its members had been spared the great tribulation out of which they passed to their crowns? Would half the grace which now beautifies the church militant have been discernible at all, if severe trials had not developed it? Would the Lord have had honour among us if the chastening rod had been laid aside? For the world to see how a Christian can endure hardness, is a great glory to God. The great hospital of saintly suffering is a grand exposition in which the choice works of the Holy Spirit are exhibited to all who have eyes to see. Our covenant God is magnified by the virtues peculiar to tried believers, quite as much as by those which adorn his active servants. True religion has for its choicest ornaments the patience of the sick, the triumphs of the dying. Lazarus had made small figure in the book of the Lord's mighty acts had it not been for the sickness which so grieved his sisters; but through that affliction, and that which came of it, the name of Jesus became famous, crowds flocked together, and many believed on him. If we could but hope that in any way the Son of God would be glorified in our pains, we would fall on our knees and bless the Lord for them with joyful tears. But why should it not be so? It shall be so through the supply of the Spirit; for whose sacred power let us pray with increasing fervour.

This is enough for a man on his back to write, and perhaps as much as our readers may care to peruse, for we fear that our thoughts must be very prosy, since the mind from which they come is far from being in a lively state. We shall, therefore, draw to a close by quoting the following quaint lines from "Quarles' Divine Fancies," written upon "The change of weather;" they argue well the sweet uses of adversity, and therefore suit our state and theme.

"And were it for thy profit to obtain
All sunshine? No vicissitude of rain?
Thinkest thou that thy laborious plough requires
Not winter frosts, as well as summer fires?
There must be both: sometimes these hearts of ours
Must have the sweet, the seasonable showers
Of tears; sometimes, the frost of chill despair
Makes our desired sunshine seem more fair:
Weathers that most oppose to flesh and blood,
Are such as help to make our harvest good:
We may not choose, great God; it is thy task:
We know not what to have, nor how to ask."

Alabaster Pillars.

IN the Cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice—a marvellous building, lustrous with an Oriental splendour far beyond description—there are pillars said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple; these are of alabaster, a substance firm and durable as granite, and yet transparent, so that the light glows through them. Behold an emblem of what all true pillars of the church should be—firm in their faith, and transparent in their character; men of simple mould, ignorant of tortuous and deceptive ways, and yet men of strong will, not readily to be led aside, or bent from their uprightness! A few such alabaster men we know; may the great Master Builder place more of them in his temple!—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Avoiding Controversy.

A WORD FOR THE YOUNG BELIEVER.

A CONVERSATION.

A. Good morning, dear brother, I trust you are happy in soul to-day!

B. Thank you, not very, I am somewhat downcast and sad.

A. How is that?

B. Why, I last evening met with our acquaintance Mr. C., and he introduced his favourite theory about the future annihilation of the ungodly. Many of his arguments were such as I could not answer, and this disturbs my soul.

A. What! do you mean to say that he disproved the many plain passages of the word of God which distinctly assert that an eternity of conscious suffering awaits those who die unsaved?

B. By no means. I could have met him on that ground easily enough, but he hardly referred to the word of God at all. His arguments consisted of a number of philosophical questions which fairly baffled me, and when my mind was in a state of complete bewilderment, he enforced his ideas with a great deal of power.

A. You mean to say that he discussed a question which is one of pure revelation, and can only be decided by the declarations of the word of God, on philosophical instead of scriptural grounds; and you, being simply a plain Christian and not a philosopher, were unable to reply to his observations?

B. Just so; and when I managed to introduce a text, he refused to admit its force, because he said it was a mistranslation.

A. Your friend is, then, a scholar, I presume?

B. No; I believe that he does not understand Greek, but as I do not either, I could not contradict him. His main point seemed to be to prove that what I well knew to be the teaching of God's word, was inconsistent with the revealed character of God and the constitution of man, and therefore must be untrue; and he talked so fast, and I must say with so much ingenuity, that I could not refute his arguments at all.

A. And yet no amount of human reasoning will overthrow the plain declarations of the word of God! I am aware of the process by which persons like your friend, generally attempt to pervert simple-hearted Christians from the faith of the gospel. They assail the arguments by which the immortality of the soul is proved; they advance sceptical reflections on the revealed character of God; they quote the opinions of heathens, the fancies of poets, and the writings of philosophers; they appeal to the tender feelings of the human heart, and imply that these should be the standard by which we should judge the character of God; and then, when they have succeeded in baffling the believer, and perhaps have raised anxious doubts and surmisings in his heart, they boldly assert their erroneous views. The question, however, lies in a nutshell. It has nothing to do with metaphysics, but simply concerns the force and value of certain statements in the word of God. Had your friend's view been right, it would have sufficed to have quoted the texts that supported it; but Scripture, as he very well knows, does not bear him out, and hence he finds it needful to call in the aid of the

philosophical paradoxes you have mentioned. But *Faith* receives the record of God, however philosophy may object, human reason demur, or human sentimentality recoil from what is revealed.

B. I am convinced that you are right, and although I am unable to understand all that Mr. C. advanced, my soul is still resting on the declarations of the word of God. As to the eternal punishment of the unsaved, I am assured that God is love, and that the Judge of all the earth will do what is right.

A. I am glad to hear you speak thus, but permit me to say that I think that you did very wrongly in holding a conversation with Mr. C. on the subject. His talking about Greek to one who does not understand it, proves him to be a very pedantic person, especially as he knows nothing about it himself; and no doubt were his philosophical knowledge tested by a really well-read man, it would be found that with the exception of a few scraps and shreds of ill-digested learning, culled from some of the heretical trash that is now so common, his philosophical knowledge is not *much* more extensive than his acquaintance with Greek.

B. Perhaps so; but I could hardly refuse. He was so kind and sympathising at first, and introduced the subject so stealthily, that I was drawn into a discussion before I well knew what I was about. I knew not how to avoid it. What would you have done?

A. Well, we read of the sleight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive, and your friend apparently affords an illustration of the text. For myself, if Mr. C. had accosted me ever so pleasantly, I should have simply wished him good evening, and passed on.

B. Would that have been kind, dear brother?

A. I am not in the habit of making the question of kindness a primary one. I am accustomed to seek to regulate my conduct in all respects according to the word of God, and I am there told "to mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which we have learned; and to avoid them." (Romans xvi. 17.) In accordance with this precept, I should have refused to hold a conversation with such a person as Mr. C. His mind is made up on the question. I could have done him no good; and I value my own peace of soul too well to waste words with every crotchety individual who would like to argue with me. Thus my mind is rarely harassed as yours is this morning, and I have leisure of heart to pursue any little service for Jesus that lies before me.

B. But Mr. C. is really a good man, I believe; is it not ill-natured to refuse all fellowship with him? Besides, we are to prove all things, you know!

A. That we are to prove all things I admit, but by this I understand that we are to test all that we hold by the unerring testimony of the word. We shall thus be able with meekness and fear to give a reason for the hope that is in us; but it surely does not mean that we am to DIS-prove the erroneous views of every crack-brained enthusiast who crosses our path. Why, we should never have time for anything else. As to your friend's goodness, I would caution you against being led astray by mere human morality. Error is never so dangerous as when held by good people—this the enemy well knows, and in these days especially, he has many such among his most energetic

servants. A sword in a child's hand does little mischief: when held by a strong man it becomes formidable. Had not the prophet in 1 Kings xiii. been a good man, the man of God would never have been induced to listen to his utterances. Beware of error when made attractive by creature amiability. Even if an angel from heaven contradict the truth of God, let him be accursed. Who are better men individually than the Plymouth Brethren, but who more dangerous in the church? By-the-bye, is it true that you were once led astray by their sophistries, too?

B. Yes. A little tract fell into my hands condemning the one-man ministry, as it styled the pastoral office, accusing us of setting aside the Holy Spirit, and repressing his gifts in the church. Then I met with one of their number who continually engaged me in conversation on the subject, and enjoined me to cease to do evil, to come out of Babylon, that I might not be a partaker of her plagues, to take my cross, to follow the despised and rejected One without the camp, and so on. At last he fairly frightened me into a determination to leave our chapel.

A. What a wicked perversion of Scripture! but what did you do?

B. Why, I went at last to our pastor, feeling that I was doing something perfectly heroic, which would entitle me to the reputation of a martyr to the truth.

A. Did he receive you kindly?

B. Extremely so. He merely told me that as these views were new to me I might possibly be mistaken, and suggested that I should write out in full all the texts which convinced me of my three opinions that his position was an unscriptural one, that the Holy Spirit was really quenched in our services, and that I was doing evil by continuing in my present position.

A. How many did you find?

B. NOT ONE. I found that I had been misled by a number of unscriptural assertions and semi-scriptural inferences; but that Brethrenism, as a system, has not one plain text on which to rest. It is true there is much coldness and evil among us; but that is simply saying that the flesh is in us still, while there are far worse evils among the Plymouthites, in spite of the loud professions of their practical separation from evil.

A. I suppose that you were unsettled for some time through this!

B. Yes, for many months. In fact, I gave up my Sunday-school class, and quite left off preaching with the other young men, and I grieve to say that when any of them spoke to me I was very cold and distant, so proud did my fancied light make me.

A. Yes, it is just by appealing to our conceit that Brethrenism makes its way. How thankful you ought to be that you were not so terribly misled!

B. Indeed, I am, but the person to whom I referred was so kind and gentlemanly, and appeared so solicitous for my spiritual welfare, that I could not mistrust anything he said.

A. No doubt. Satan baited his hook cleverly in trying to spoil you by philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men. A soft manner, a winning smile, great apparent sanctity, and interest in one's welfare, will make any lie go down with some people; and with such an introduction a book is read without suspicion, as though all must be

true which so good a man recommends. Do you know what I should do with a book intended to unsettle my mind?

B. What?

A. I should put it quietly behind the fire, and tell the individual who presented it, that as long as there was a God to be served, souls to be won, and a heaven to be obtained, I had no time to waste in anything of the kind. A man who is radically unsound is to be avoided. In a great house are vessels to dishonour—namely, in the professing church are many God-dishonouring men, such as those of whom we have been speaking. If you get mixed up with them, they will surely interfere with your usefulness, while "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." (2 Timothy ii. 21.) Happily there are plenty of sound and sensible believers who will be glad to fraternise with true-hearted Christians. Such, and such only, should be sought as companions. Younger members of our churches, and those especially who, like yourself, are a little sensitive and apt to be led astray, should beware of the many deceivers who are to be found on every hand. Let them keep to the footsteps of the flock. Let them shun unsound or even *doubtful* literature; and as to the herd of wrangling Arminians, P. B's. (excuse the abbreviation), and half christianised infidels who abound—our course is clear, "mark them," "avoid them." In these days, it is one of the enemy's great snares to seek to keep those who might do good service for Jesus in a perpetual ferment through controversies on foolish and unlearned questions. Let us, dear brother, hold fast "the form of sound words," and seek to have at all times some good work in hand. Oh, for a passion for souls! Oh, for a tender heart towards the people of God! Let us seek grace to serve our generation; and while others are tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and fritter away precious time in unprofitable discussions that merely minister to their own pride, may we seek to make his words our motto who said, "For me to live is Christ."

W. J. STYLES.

Lower Holloway.

Black Crosses.

OFTEN, when travelling among the Alps, one sees a small black cross planted upon a rock, or on the brink of a torrent, or on the verge of the highway, to mark the spot where men have met with sudden death by accident. Solemn reminders these of our mortality! but they led our mind still further, for we said within us, if the places where men seal themselves for the second death could be thus manifestly indicated, what a scene would this world present! Here the memorial of a soul undone by yielding to a foul temptation, there a conscience seared by the rejection of a final warning, and yonder a heart for ever turned into stone by resisting the last tender appeal of love. Our places of worship would scarce hold the sorrowful monuments which might be erected over spots where spirits were for ever lost—spirits that date their ruin from sinning against the gospel while under the sound of it.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

The Closes of the Cowgate, Edinburgh.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

"YOU'RE the finest phisanthry in all the wurld," observed the rather flattering O'Connell in the course of one of his eloquent harangues before some Irish labourers. "We is, we is, we is," was the repeated and rapidly uttered exclamation of the intelligent crowd. There is no need to declare that Edinburgh is the finest city in the world. It is the peculiar weakness of Scotchmen to assure you that it is a second Athens, a queen of cities, a northern Mount Zion, "most beautiful, the joy of all the land." All English visitors, even if they smile at the exceedingly natural vanity of the citizens who are never tired of portraying their three-hilled city's charms, admit all that can be said in its favour. They saunter through its aristocratic squares and streets, walk on Salisbury Crags, breathlessly pant up Arthur's Seat, revel in the picturesque and eminently varied perspective that dazzles the eye from Carlton Hill, like many-coloured jewels in a magnificent crown, or gaze at the unrivalled castle, mounted on stupendous crags, enamelled with golden furze, and go home deeply impressed with the marvellous beauty of the most grandly situated city in the kingdom. In this way, men obtain a partial view of what they witness, and do not care about lingering on the other and darker side of the picture. It is well in the midst of beauty to remember dust and ashes. And although it may not be the best of compliments to remind one that such horrid things as "flies, worms," etc., exceed human attractions, as Dr. Watts used to teach our infantile minds by the agency of that severe old village dame, whose snow-white, pyramidal, starched cap was the symbol to her of a bygone fashionable propriety, and to us, of the highest type of sinful ugliness, yet it may be wise to look on a side that is not so pleasant as human fancy would picture. The summer's breeze that has sighed in its passage through the courts and alleys of filth and disease, soon forgets its sorrow when it coquettes with the flowers of the nobleman's garden. We are all apt when we see the world's higher wants, and mourn over its sins and sorrows, to pass rapidly on to more attractive topics. Charmed with the glorious beauty of nature's masterpiece of grouping, we are loth to think of the dark side of the picture—of the homes of vice behind us. The flowers that in summer bloom over the graves of the dead, do not tell of the festering corpses underneath; nor does the white snow that symbolises purity, and covers the earth in wintry seasons with its fairy ether, reveal the corruption below the surface. Yet, as under a smiling face there may be an aching heart, as the eyes of beauty may glisten with beauteous radiance, and yet their chords be strained to sorrow, so the most captivating scene may only blind the superficial observer to the foul spots which are a curse to our cities. It is very pleasant to be gathering in all the rays of beauty from this fine eminence; but, my friend, for the sake of the future of lost humanity, whom the Christian public knows little about, but whose souls are precious, though even here on earth witnessing their doom, let us thread the purlieus of the Cowgate.

Ah, me! how has this heart ached in visiting such scenes. How glad

should we be were they to be seen no more. A dear friend once imagined we had a liking for picturing the dens of infamy and ungodliness. The heart's bitterness is unperceived by even a sympathising brother's ken; and how much of what we have written has been wrung out of a sorrowing heart, God only knows. Perhaps we have written to no purpose; have trodden vile slums, and caught illness only to minister to an idle curiosity and an unhealthy wonder. If our report has been believed, where have been the results in self-denying activity—who has consecrated himself to the work of the Son of Man—the seeking and saving of the lost? The volcanoes that lie in the midst of London belch fiery sin as much as ever, as unrestrictedly as ever. And men attend God's house, and sit on cushions, and sing psalms, and give thanks, and pray for the foreign heathen, and neglect the gross heathen at home, when, God helping them, they might use the sickles he has put into their hands for the reaping of earth's laden harvest-field. We are sad when we see how few there be that build up the world's waste places, that repair the sin-made breaches, and restore the "cities to dwell in."

Every town and village has its "High Street," and Edinburgh is eminently fashionable both in its high and low developments. High Street here is long, populous, varied, and active, even to boisterous activity. On a Saturday night it is crowded, and never did we see so many drunkards revelling in their besotted folly in one thoroughfare as on one of these evenings. Whitechapel and St. Giles compare favourably on Saturday night with the reeking depravity of this street of aristocratic Edinburgh. Here we are, however, on the middle arch of George the Fourth's bridge, surveying the Cowgate which is spanned by this structure. It was here that Dr. Guthrie, fresh, as he tells us in one of his miscellaneous contributions to wholesome Christian literature, from a parish with "daisied pastures, hedges of hoary thorn, fragrant bean-fields and smiling gardens, decent peasants, stalwart lads and blooming lasses, and the grand blue sea rolling its lines of snowy breakers on the shore," was sorrowfully ruminating, when he had arrived to minister in a new parish that contrasted so unfavourably with his previous sphere of Christian labour. "A beautiful field, sir, a very fine field of operation," exclaimed a gentleman by his side. Turning round, he found it was Dr. Chalmers, and his heart was strengthened in the Lord.

Let us descend into the lane. Walk sorrowfully, regretfully, tearfully! There are doomed souls here. O God, we see it on their brows. Gin and whisky, the parents of purple blotches, have created faces which, like an illuminated clock, indicate with terrible certainty the nature of the heart-works within. Most of us form a high ideal of woman, for her grace and sunny sweetness fit her to charm and soften our harsher natures. But are these dirty, ragged, shoeless, stockingless, semi-nude, low-frocked, dissipated shadows of womanhood, human beings at all? Of sprites we have read, and goblins too, but they have been more attractive to the vision than these spectres of humanity. Lounging at the corners of every old court, sitting indelicately on every doorstep, besmeared with filth like mud-larks, and dressed in clothes which seem as if they had been slept in from time immemorial, if not beyond

that, these squalid wretches present a picture not excelled in the filthiest slums of our southern metropolis. Are these women? you ask; and as you glance at their sullen, coarse, battered countenances, and flimsy attire, and as arms akimbo they look with the devilry of fiends upon you, you involuntarily pray that their shadows may for ever grow less, or never appear before you in the night vision to frighten you out of the whole of your seven senses. We should require an extra sense, more impervious than the others, to withstand the continued looks of one of these Irish semblances of womanhood. The dogged looks of the men, the threatening scowl with which they regard you, as if the earth were too small to hold you both, their hungry and socially treasonous air, and silent sullenness, show them to be fit companions to the apologies for women by their side. Young girls, unmaidenly, stare rudely, viciously, and persistently. Lads, whose innocence must have closed with their birth, are lying in the kennels, bathing their naked feet in the dirt-puddles. Infants corrupted at the fount of life, when the stream should be clear and beautiful, scream and squall like crows and rooks at school, as if determined early to manifest their sorrows to the known world. Is this life? A fœtid existence indeed, in which the powers of darkness have played their harrowing part to fit these creatures for perdition.

The closes, or wynds, like those of Glasgow, already described in these pages, run, like ribs, across the Cowgate. They defy description. Imagine a narrow street of old Scotch baronial houses, of extraordinary height, dingy yet picturesque, with well-sloped roofs, which, like the fortunes of the inmates of the homes, are patched and battered—seediness sublimated. King Dirt is enthroned here in majesty. All the windows seemed destitute of that common luxury—glass; old hats, old garments, and clothes, serving where needed, to keep out the obtrusive wind. Heads, like those of shaggy Shetland ponies, protruded from some of these windows; and props were suspended from others, on which hose, underclothing of various degrees of affinity to the body, and cloths were hanging out to dry and to catch any stray "blacks" that might settle upon them and relieve the uniformity of their dull whiteness. The perspective in the street is admirably broken up, the grouping and mediæval character of the mouldering tenements interest you; and could you but shut your eyes to the fact that they were inhabited, you might view them with more than common pleasure. This, so far, of the Cowgate itself, some parts of which have of late years been rebuilt. But of the closes in the Cowgate, we can only say, in the language of a Presbyterian newspaper, that, "Within these structures, so picturesque and stately, there is an amount of misery, of sheer human wretchedness, not to be equalled in almost any portion of the world, civilised or uncivilised. Here in dark noisome haunts, with an atmosphere sufficient to breed every pestilential disease, people are crowded together by hundreds, with scarcely air to breathe, and in many chambers with no glimmering of light of day from one year's end to the other. To speak of Christian influences in such haunts as these is almost out of the question. Some poor soul, enlightened in brighter and better days, may even here find the ray of Christian light piercing in and gladdening his heart when all without is midnight gloom; but what of the families brought up in these dens, with no possible regard to decency or order? Until

they can be dug out of such haunts, it is vain to imagine that they can be brought under the high and holy and pure influences of religion." Edinburgh is constantly witnessing improvements, but they are only to minister to the vanity of its citizens. It would be a grand day for the city if the cannon from the castle would fire upon these dwellings, and raze them to the ground. You may not be able to exterminate vice, save by the torch of the gospel; but we believe civilised nations make some pretensions to that virtue which lies nearest to godliness. The moral obtuseness of men who can tolerate such reeking haunts of disease and filth, who can witness semi-nude creatures crawling in damp, earthy, cold, and filthy dark holes called cellars, just as eels writhe in mud, who can stand by and see infants sacrificed daily to the Edinburgh Moloch, is to us, incomprehensible. Are there no Christian philanthropists in Scotland?

Thank God, there are Christian evangelists and missionaries, mission rooms, and mission chapels. We were assured that the evangelistic agencies carried on were on a wider scale than in other cities. Whether that be so or no, it is very evident that there are large numbers of Christian men who assault the strongholds of sin with heroic pertinacity. Roman Catholic priests seem to be active among the Irish, with what moral success we know not. City missionaries are truly labouring to introduce the word of life to the dens of death. Working men, it would appear, consecrate, as elsewhere, their leisure to the work of religious renovation. The large ragged schools have materially diminished crime, and Dr. Guthrie has stated that "the original ragged school alone has rescued from misery and certain ruin no less than five hundred children," who were once running a career in crime. How much more has yet to be done in this direction, can only be properly estimated by walking through these closes, where children, with red ulcerated feet are rolling before you, and shocking your susceptibilities by actions which cannot be described in print.

Dr. Guthrie, who has written much of his experiences among the heathen of this city, says,* "I have seen the dying lying all but naked, and had to buy blankets to cover them; the dead lying unburied, and had to buy a shell to coffin them; whole families ravening for food, and had to buy bread to feed them." He gives a terrible picture of a woman starving in a bare room in one of these wynds, with a poor, withering skeleton infant lying in her arms, its sick head laid wearily on her naked shoulder, with four other children starving for bread. One of his earliest visits among his new "parishioners"—a word we hate, since it has bred so much mischief—is thus described, "The room was occupied by a 'cinder woman,' as in Edinburgh they called those weird-looking creatures who prowl about the streets, late at night or at early morn, raking among the dust-heaps for cinders, which they sell for potatoes and bits of meat, which they eat—with the chance of occasionally lighting on a gold ring or a silver spoon. I found her literally sitting in, dust and ashes;' floor, bed, table, chairs, all else, coated grey with them. She might have been fasting, but it was not from sin; for on rising to receive me when I introduced myself as the minister of the parish, she

* Sunday Magazine. Vol. I, page 209.

had great difficulty to keep her equilibrium. Though remembering the proverb about casting pearls, I could not but hint at her habits. This at once set her up. She declared herself to be a very religious woman, and seeing me making for the door, insisted on my remaining to be convinced of that. Staggering across the room, she mounted a chair, from which I every moment expected to see her tumble headlong on the floor, to thrust her arm to the back of a cupboard, and drag out a Bible. This she shook in my face, and flourished over my head, sending out a cloud of dust from its rustling leaves"—a cloud, we should say, of witnesses to her hypocrisy. The good doctor was once astounded by a clever hit by an Irish Roman Catholic, who argued that his religion must be the "thrue" one, since "there is an epistle in the Bible to the Romans, but none to the Presbatarians!" There is no gainsaying that, although we Baptists have the advantage over our Irish critic, in that John the Baptist taught his disciples long before Paul wrote to the Romans.

It is really painful to consider the depravity and wretchedness of this city. It has been computed that there are thirteen thousand two hundred families in Edinburgh, each residing in one room, one hundred and twenty-one of which rooms are without a window—a fact unique, and not to be found anywhere, so far as I know, in London. There are over a thousand pawn-shops in Scotland, and the poor are kept in wretchedness and poverty by these degrading agencies. It is said that in this city alone, about twenty thousand pounds are lost year by year to the poorest of the people from lack of money to redeem their goods. The irrepressible love of fiery whisky is the great curse of the Scotch poor. They have been known to drink incredible quantities of this fluid. One woman was known to drink two bottles a day, and she ultimately killed herself by the detestable practice.

The evangelistic work carried on in Edinburgh resembles exactly similar enterprises elsewhere, so far as could be ascertained. One effort, however, struck me as pre-eminently ludicrous. Outside the church of St. Giles—remarkable for having once supported forty altars, and being now divided into three places of worship—we saw an old man, safely ensconced within a wooden pulpit—no, let me begin again, an old man's *head*, for his "understandings" (the lower ones we mean) and trunk were reverently hidden from public notice. The pulpit looked as if, by a sudden jerk, which our London boys would be unregenerate enough to give, it would gladly topple over. The Rev. Jack-in-the-Box was preaching in a low tone, suited to the number of the people surrounding him—namely, a cynically-peering boy, a doltish-labourer, and an elderly man, who, with his hands in his trousers pockets, surveyed the length and breadth of the wooden box, and seemed more anxious to find ways and means of making off with it, *minus* the occupant, than to listen to the not over glowing discourse which was on the point of conclusion. The Bible had been duly closed, the arms were getting, by that law which governs arms when the powers of mind and body are summoned to the due execution of the peroration, gradually towards the head, and the sermon was growing to a head likewise, and the finale was passing off harmlessly, when one of the audience walked away to light his pipe. The poor old man closed by saying, "Dear friends"—there were only

two of them left—"after I have pronounced the benediction, I will distribute the tracts." The benediction followed, the door of the box was sacredly and solemnly opened—exit preacher, with two tracts, which took two minutes to distribute; the said box was surveyed from the outside, was doubled up, taken on the shoulder, and the place on which it stood knew it no more for that day. I record this incident, with due and profound reverence, acknowledging, however, how glad I am that our London street preachers can manage much better without this travelling paraphernalia of office, and the adjuncts to what I candidly confess, I thought, to be a mitigated form of a dumb show. About thirty yards from this unexciting scene, a young Scotchman was eloquently holding forth close to the pavement, an unallowable thing in London. It was an earnest address, logically put, tellingly rendered, worthy of a street pulpit, certainly, but far more worthy of the living soul from whence the warm words flowed. The audience may not have been so select as the one just broken up, but it was considerably larger, more intelligently attentive, and we hope far more good was done. The young brethren who bear so much obloquy in the streets in order to convey to straying men the golden message of free grace, have never met with that brotherly recognition which they deserve. Inefficiently as they may have laboured, may they yet be rewarded, as doubtless they will be, by the divine Master.

In nearly all the places of public worship in Scotland, as everyone knows, the services are only held morning and afternoon. The evening is supposed to be spent in catechising the young, and in masticating the food given during the day. But an excellent practice has lately been pursued, by which large halls are thrown open for special services to the poor. The large Assembly Hall of the Free Church is thus opened, and other halls in various parts of the city are similarly employed. What is the character of the services in the Assembly Hall we cannot say, since we were engaged speaking in a working men's institute at the hour when the service was being held. But it is a satisfaction to learn that the effort is appreciated; and upon it and all Christian efforts may the blessing of the Giver of all good descend. Our paper has been solely on evangelistic work in the slums of Edinburgh, and on the need for such work. We have not referred to the many little characteristics of the old streets—the texts inscribed on houses, after the fashion of the dwellings in some of the Swiss valleys; of the John Knox antiquarian associations; of the places connected with the Covenanters; of the cemeteries and graveyards well-stored with honoured dust; of the many historic features of the streets; and of its regular church services—for all these sink into insignificance by the side of the appalling needs for missionary enterprise in the Cowgate and Canongate.

A child was taught by its sainted grandmother to throw up its arms at a given signal, and cry, "Hurrah." The tutor's arms were no sooner uplifted, than the joyful shout followed from the apt scholar. Children are keen observers of pulpit oratory; and the child we refer to was once excited by—if not the matter, at least the *manner*—of a preacher, who was discoursing energetically on the ascension of our Lord. Every movement seemed to be watched, and when the preacher, with great earnestness, lifted up his hands, with ecstatic joy, declaring, "He hath

ascended up on high," the child, regarding the movement of the arms as a signal to him, lustily shouted, "Hurrah." What was to be done? The occasion was serious. Were the child a man, he would have been indicted for "brawling in church." But the preacher stopped, smiled, and observed, "Ah, dear child, by God's grace you shall say, 'Hurrah' to that truth some day." God's ways are wonderful; and looking from the arch which spans the Cowgate, last July, the child, now grown into a man, prayed God that, for the sake of perishing souls, he would enable him henceforth to tell the story of the crucified but now ascended Saviour. Pardon a personal story, good reader, for the sake of the moral.

John Ploughman's Talk.

ON KEEPING ONE'S EYES OPEN.

To get through this world a man must look about him, and even sleep with one eye open; for there are many baits for fishes, many nets for birds, and many traps for men. While foxes are so common, we must not be geese. There is a very great difference in this matter among people of my acquaintance; many see more with one eye than others with two, and many have fine eyes and cannot see a jot. All heads are not sense-boxes. Some are so cunning that they suspect everybody, and so live all their lives in miserable fear of their neighbours; others are so simple that every knave takes them in, and makes his penny of them. One man tries to see through a brick wall, and hurts his eyes; while another finds out a hole in it, and sees as far as he pleases. Some work at the mouth of a furnace, and are never scorched; and others burn their hands at the fire when they only mean to warm them. Now, it is true that no one can give another experience, and we must all pick up wit for ourselves; yet I shall venture to give some of the homely cautions which have served my turn, and perhaps they may be of use to others as they have been to me.

Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue. When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within. Do not choose your friend by his looks: handsome shoes often pinch the feet. Don't be fond of compliments: remember, "Thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy," killed the cat. Don't believe in the man who talks most; for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers. By no means put yourself in another person's power: if you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite. Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says. Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose: lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads. In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag; and count money after your own kin. See the sack opened before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated. Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. Beware of every one who swears: he who would blaspheme his Maker, would make no bones of lying or stealing. Beware of no man more than of yourself: we carry our worst enemies within us. When a new opinion or doctrine comes before you,

do not bite till you know whether it is bread or a stone; and do not be sure that the gingerbread is good because of the gilt on it. Never shout holloa! till you are quite out of the wood; and don't cry fried fish till they are caught in the net. There's always time enough to boast—wait a little longer. Don't throw away dirty water till you have got clean: keep on at scraping the roads till you can get better work; for the poorest pay is better than none, and the humblest office is better than being out of employment. Always give up the road to bulls and madmen; and never fight with a coalheaver, or contend with a base character; for they will be sure to blacken you.

"Neither trust nor contend, | And you may depend
Nor lay wagers, nor lend, | You'll have peace to your end."

I cannot say quite so much as that old rhyme does, for there's more than that wanted to give peace, but certainly it will help to it. Never ride a broken kneed horse: the trader who has once been a fraudulent bankrupt, is not the man for you to deal with. A rickety chair is a dangerous seat. Be shy of people who are over polite, and don't be too fast with those who are forward and rough. When you suspect a design in anything, be on your guard; set the trap as soon as you smell a rat, but mind you don't catch your own fingers in it. Have very little to do with a boaster, for his beer is all froth, and though he brags that all his goods, and even his copper kettles, are gold and silver, you will soon find out that a boaster and a liar are first cousins. Commit all your secrets to no man; trust in God with all your heart, but let your confidence in friends be weighed in the balances of prudence, seeing that men are but men, and all men are frail. Trust not great weights to slender threads. Yet be not evermore suspicious, for suspicion is a cowardly virtue at best. Men are not angels, remember that; but they are not devils, and it is too bad to think them so. One thing be sure of, never believe in any priest of any religion, for before a man could be bad enough to pretend to be a priest, he must have hardened his heart and blinded his conscience to the most horrible degree. Our governors imprison gipsies for telling fortunes, and yet they give fat livings to those vagabonds who deceive the people in much weightier things. "Bad company," said the thief, as he went to the gallows between the hangman and a priest; a very honest speech, and a very true word, though spoken in jest. It is the ignorance of fools which keeps the pot boiling for priests. May God clean this land of the plague of their presence, and make men wise enough to see through their crafty devices. Lastly, my advice to all is—remember that good wisdom is that which will turn out to be wise in the end; seek it, friends, and seek it at the hands of the wisest of all teachers, the Lord Jesus.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THOUGHT.

This paper is very little of it to be set down to the account of John Ploughman, for our minister, as I may say, found the horses and held the plough handles, and the ploughman only put in a smack of the whip every now and then, just to keep folks awake. "Two heads are better than one," said the woman, when she took her dog with her to market: begging his pardon, our minister is the woman, and the only sensible head in the whole affair. He is a man who is used to giving his people many things of a very different sort from anything which

a ploughman is likely to turn out of his wallet; but I have, at his request, dropped in a few homely proverbs into his thoughts, as he says, "by way of salt;" which is his very kind way of putting it. I only hope I have not spoiled his writing with my rough expressions. If he thinks well of it, I should like a few more of his pieces to tack my sayings to; and the public shall always be honestly told whether the remarks are to be considered as altogether "John Ploughman's Talk," or as the writing of two characters rolled into one.

There are not so many hours in a year as there may be thoughts in an hour. Thoughts fly in flocks, like starlings, and swarm like bees. Like the sere leaves in autumn, there is no counting them; and like the links in a chain, one draws on another. What a restless being man is! His thoughts dance up and down like midges in a summer's evening. Like a clock full of wheels, with the pendulum in full swing, his mind moves as fast as time flies. This makes thinking such an important business. Many littles make a mickle; and so many light thoughts make a great weight of sin. A grain of sand is light enough, but Solomon tells us that a heap of sand is heavy. Where there are so many children, the mother had need look well after them. We ought to mind our thoughts, for if they turn to be our enemies, they will be too many for us, and will drag us down to ruin. Thoughts from heaven, like birds in spring, will fill our souls with music; but thoughts of evil will sting us like vipers.

There is a notion abroad that thought is free; but I remember reading, that although thoughts are toll-free, they are not hell-free; and that saying quite agrees with the good old Book. We cannot be summoned before an earthly court for thinking; but depend upon it we shall have to be tried for it at the Last Assizes. Evil thoughts are the marrow of sin; the malt that sin is brewed from; the tinder which catches the sparks of the devil's temptations; the churn in which the milk of imagination is churned into purpose and plan; the nest in which all evil birds lay their eggs. Be certain, then, that as sure as fire burns brushwood as well as logs, God will punish thoughts of sin as well as deeds of sin.

Let no one suppose that thoughts are not known to the Lord; for he has a window into the closest closet of the soul; a window to which there are no shutters. As we watch bees in a glass hive, so does the eye of the Lord see us. The Bible says, "Hell and destruction are before the Lord: how much more then the hearts of the children of men?" Man is all outside to God. With heaven there are no secrets. That which is done in the private chamber of the heart is as public as the streets before the all-seeing eye.

But some will say that they cannot help having bad thoughts; that may be, but the question is, do they hate them or not? We cannot keep thieves from looking in at our windows, but if we open our doors to them, and receive them joyfully, we are as bad as they. We cannot help the birds flying over our heads; but we may keep them from building their nests in our hair. Vain thoughts will knock at the door, but we must not open to them. Though sinful thoughts *rise*, they must not *reign*. He who turns a morsel over and over in his mouth, does so because he likes the flavour; and he who meditates upon evil,

loves it, and is ripe to commit it. Think of the devil, and he will appear; turn your thoughts towards sin, and your hands will soon follow. Snails leave their slime behind them, and so do vain thoughts. An arrow may fly through the air, and leave no trace; but an ill thought always leaves a trail like a serpent. Where there is much traffic of bad thinking, there will be much mire and dirt: every wave of wicked thought adds something to the corruption which rots upon the shore of life. It is dreadful to think, that a vile imagination once indulged, gets the key of our minds, and can get in again very easily, whether we will or no, and can so return as to bring seven other spirits with it more wicked than itself; and what may follow, no one knows. Nurse sin on the knees of thought, and it will grow into a giant. Dip tow in naphtha, and how it will blaze when fire gets to it! lay a man asoak in depraved thought, and he is ready to flame up into open sin as soon as ever opportunity occurs. This shows us the wisdom of watching, every day, the thoughts and imaginations of our hearts. Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory. They cannot be too much cultivated; they are a crop which enriches the soil. As the hen broods her chickens under her wings, so should we cherish all holy thoughts. As the poor man's ewe lamb ate of his own bread and lay in his bosom, even so should godly meditation be very dear to us. Holy thoughts breed holy words and holy actions, and are hopeful evidences of a renewed heart. Who would not have them? To keep chaff out of a bushel, one sure plan is to fill it full of wheat; and to keep out vain thoughts, it is wise and prudent to have the mind stored with choice subjects for meditation: these are easy to find, and we should never be without them. May we all be able to say with David, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."

Soldiers and Brigands.

IN the road from Bellinzona to Lugano, on the Monte Cenere, we met with a detachment of carbineers, who had a station in the forest upon the mountain; we learned that they had been placed there by the Italian government, because a party of bandits had been impudent enough to rob the mail. We felt all the safer from knowing that protectors were so near at hand. Soldiers are needed where brigands are abroad; nobody advises the letting of freebooters alone. We are occasionally asked by lovers of quietude why we draw our sword so frequently against the Ritualists and other Romanisers: is it not a sufficient answer that we are soldiers of the King of kings, and that these traitorous thieves not only rob the King's subjects ofthe gospel, but the King himself of his glory? Our churches need just now a strong detachment of bold and qualified champions to occupy themselves with hunting down the Popish brigands by faithful preaching, and hanging them up upon the gallows of scorn. Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully in this matter at this momentous hour, when men's souls are destroyed, and Christ's name is dishonoured. Carbineers of the cross, take sure aim, and give good account of the foe.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXI.

TITLE.—To the chief Musician—a Psalm of David. *The dedication to the chief musician proves that this song of mingled measures and alternate strains of grief and woe was intended for public singing, and thus a deathblow is given to the notion that nothing but praise should be sung. Perhaps the Psalms, thus marked, might have been set aside as too mournful for temple worship, if special care had not been taken by the Holy Spirit to indicate them as being designed for the public edification of the Lord's people. May there not also be in Psalms thus designated a peculiarly distinct reference to the Lord Jesus? He certainly manifests himself very clearly in the twenty-second, which bears this title; and in the one before us we plainly hear his dying voice in the fifth verse. Jesus is chief everywhere, and in all the holy songs of his saints he is the chief musician. The surmises that Jeremiah penned this Psalm need no other answer than the fact that it is "a Psalm of David."*

SUBJECT.—*The psalmist in dire affliction appeals to his God for help with much confidence and holy importunity, and ere long finds his mind so strengthened that he magnifies the Lord for his great goodness. Some have thought that the occasion in his troubled life which led to this Psalm, was the treachery of the men of Keilah, and we have felt much inclined to this conjecture; but after reflection it seems to us that its very mournful tone, and its allusion to his iniquity demand a later date, and it may be more satisfactory to illustrate it by the period when Absalom had rebelled, and his courtiers were fled from him, while lying lips spread a thousand malicious rumours against him. It is perhaps quite as well that we have no settled season mentioned, or we might have been so busy in applying it to David's case as to forget its suitability to our own.*

DIVISION.—*There are no great lines of demarcation; throughout the strain undulates, falling into valleys of mourning, and rising with hills of confidence. However, we may for convenience arrange it thus: David testifying his confidence in God pleads for help,* 1—6; *expresses gratitude for mercies received,* 7, 8; *particularly describes his case,* 9—13; *vehemently pleads for deliverance,* 14—18; *confidently and thankfully expects a blessing,* 19—22; *and closes by showing the bearing of his case upon all the people of God.*

EXPOSITION.

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

2 Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily; be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.

3 For thou *art* my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

4 Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou *art* my strength.

5 Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

6 I have hated them that regard lying vanities; but I trust in the LORD.

1. "*In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.*" Nowhere else do I fly for shelter, let the tempest howl as it may. The psalmist has one refuge, and that the best one. He casts out the great sheet anchor of his faith in the time of storm. Let other things be doubtful, yet the fact that he relies upon Jehovah, David lays down most positively; and he begins with it, lest by stress of trial he should

afterwards forget it. This avowal of faith is the fulcrum, by means of which he labours to uplift and remove his trouble; he dwells upon it as a comfort to himself and a plea with God. No mention is made of merit, but faith relies upon divine favour and faithfulness, and upon that alone. "*Let me never be ashamed.*" How can the Lord permit the man to be ultimately put to shame who depends alone upon him? This would not be dealing like a God of truth and grace. It would bring dishonour upon God himself if faith were not in the end rewarded. It will be an ill day indeed for religion when trust in God brings no consolation and no assistance. "*Deliver me in thy righteousness.*" Thou art not unjust to desert a trustful soul, or to break thy promises; thou wilt vindicate the righteousness of thy mysterious providence, and give me joyful deliverance. Faith dares to look even to the sword of justice for protection: while God is righteous, faith will not be left to be proved futile and fanatical. How sweetly the declaration of faith in this first verse sounds, if we read it at the foot of the cross, beholding the promise of the Father as yea and amen through the Son; viewing God with faith's eye as he stands revealed in Jesus crucified.

2. "*Bow down thine ear to me.*" Condescend to my low estate; listen to me attentively as one who would hear every word. Heaven with its transcendent glories of harmony might well engross the divine ear, but yet the Lord has an hourly regard to the weakest moanings of his poorest people. "*Deliver me speedily.*" We must not set times and seasons, yet in submission we may ask for swift as well as sure mercy. God's mercies are often enhanced in value by the timely haste which he uses in their bestowal; if they came late they might be too late—but he rides upon a cherub, and flies upon the wings of the wind when he intends the good of his beloved. "*Be thou my strong rock.*" Be my Engedi, my Adullam; my immutable, immovable, impregnable, sublime resort. "*For an house of defence to save me,*" wherein I may *dwell* in safety, not merely running to thee for temporary shelter, but abiding in thee for eternal salvation. How very simply does the good man pray, and yet with what weight of meaning! he uses no ornamental flourishes, he is too deeply in earnest to be otherwise than plain: it were well if all who engage in public prayer would observe the same rule.

3. "*For thou art my rock and my fortress.*" Here the tried soul avows yet again its full confidence in God. Faith's repetitions are not vain. The avowal of our reliance upon God in times of adversity is a principal method of glorifying him. Active service is good, but the passive confidence of faith is not one jot less esteemed in the sight of God. The words before us appear to embrace and fasten upon the Lord with a fiducial grip which is not to be relaxed. The two personal pronouns, like sure nails, lay hold upon the faithfulness of the Lord. O for grace to have our heart fixed in firm unstaggering belief in God! The figure of a rock and a fortress may be illustrated to us in these times by the vast fortress of Gibraltar, often besieged by our enemies, but never wrested from us: ancient strongholds though far from impregnable by our modes of warfare, were equally important in those remoter ages—when in the mountain fastnesses, feeble bands felt themselves to be secure. Note the singular fact that David asked the Lord to be his rock (verse 2) because he was his rock; and learn from it that we may pray to enjoy in experience what we grasp by faith. Faith is the foundation of prayer. "*Therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.*" The psalmist argues like a logician with his fors and therefores. Since I do sincerely trust thee, saith he, O my God, be my director. To lead and to guide are two things very like each other, but patient thought will detect differing shades of meaning, especially as the last may mean *provide for me.* The double word indicates an urgent need—we require double direction, for we are fools, and the way is rough. Lead me as a soldier, guide me as a traveller; lead me as a babe, guide me as a man; lead me when thou art with me, but guide me even if thou be absent; lead me by thy hand, guide me by thy word. The argument used is one which is fetched from the armoury of

free grace: not for my own sake, but *for thy name's sake* guide me. Our appeal is not to any fancied virtue in our own names, but to the glorious goodness and graciousness which shine resplendent in the character of Israel's God. It is not possible that the Lord should suffer his own honour to be tarnished, but this would certainly be the case if those who trusted him should perish. This was Moses' plea, "What wilt thou do unto thy great name?"

4. "*Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me.*" The enemies of David were cunning as well as mighty; if they could not conquer him by power, they would capture him by craft. Our own spiritual foes are of the same order, they are of the serpent's brood, and seek to ensnare us by their guile. The prayer before us supposes the possibility of the believer being caught like a bird; and, indeed, we are so foolish that this often happens. So deftly does the fowler do his work that simple ones are soon surrounded by it. The text asks that even out of the meshes of the net the captive one may be delivered; and this is a proper petition, and one which can be granted; from between the jaws of the lion and out of the belly of hell can eternal love rescue the saint. It may need a sharp *pull* to save a soul from the net of temptation, and a mighty pull to extricate a man from the snares of malicious cunning, but the Lord is equal to every emergency, and the most skilfully placed nets of the hunter shall never be able to hold his chosen ones. Woe unto those who are so clever at net laying: they who tempt others shall be destroyed themselves. Villains who lay traps in secret shall be punished in public. "*For thou art my strength.*" What an inexpressible sweetness is to be found in these few words! How joyfully may we enter upon labours, and how cheerfully may we endure sufferings when we can lay hold upon celestial power. Divine power will rend asunder all the toils of the foe, confound their politics and frustrate their knavish tricks; he is a happy man who has such matchless might engaged upon his side. Our own strength would be of little service when embarrassed in the nets of base cunning, but the Lord's strength is ever available; we have but to invoke it, and we shall find it near at hand. If by faith we are depending alone upon the strength of the strong God of Israel, we may use our holy reliance as a plea in supplication.

5. "*Into thine hand I commit my spirit.*" These living words of David were our Lord's dying words, and have been frequently used by holy men in their hour of departure. Be assured that they are good, choice, wise, and solemn words; we may use them now and in the last tremendous hour. Observe, the object of the good man's solicitude in life and death is not his body or his estate, but his spirit; this is his jewel, his secret treasure; if this be safe all is well. See what he does with his pearl! He commits it to the hand of his God; it came from him, it is his own, he has aforetime sustained it, he is able to keep it, and it is most fit that he should receive it. All things are safe in Jehovah's hands; what we entrust to the Lord will be secure, both now and in that day of days towards which we are hastening. Without reservation the good man yields himself to his heavenly Father's hand; it is enough for him to be there; it is peaceful living and glorious dying to repose in the care of heaven. At all times we should commit and continue to commit our all to Jesus' sacred care, then, though life may hang on a thread, and adversities may multiply as the sands of the sea, our soul shall dwell at ease, and delight itself in quiet resting places. "*Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*" Redemption is a solid basis for confidence. David had not known Calvary as we have done, but temporal redemption cheered him; and shall not eternal redemption yet more sweetly console us? Past deliverances are strong pleas for present assistance. What the Lord has done he will do again, for he changes not. He is a God of veracity, faithful to his promises, and gracious to his saints; he will not turn away from his people.

6. "*I have hated them that regard lying vanities.*" Those who will not lean upon the true arm of strength, are sure to make to themselves vain confidences. Man must have a god, and if he will not adore the only living and true God,

he makes a fool of himself, and pays superstitious regard to a lie, and waits with anxious hope upon a base delusion. Those who did this were none of David's friends; he had a constant dislike to them: the verb includes the present as well as the past tense. He hated them for hating God; he would not endure the presence of idolaters; his heart was set against them for their stupidity and wickedness. He had no patience with their superstitious observances, and calls their idols vanities of emptiness, nothings of nonentity. Small courtesy is more than Romanists and Puseyites deserve for their fooleries. Men who make gods of their riches, their persons, their wits, or anything else, are to be shunned by those whose faith rests upon God in Christ Jesus; and so far from being envied, they are to be pitied as depending upon utter vanities. "*But I trust in the Lord.*" This might be very unfashionable, but the psalmist dared to be singular. Bad example should not make us less decided for the truth, but the rather in the midst of general defection we should grow the more bold. This adherence to his trust in Jehovah is the great plea employed all along: the troubled one flies into the arms of his God, and ventures everything upon the divine faithfulness.

7 I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;

8 And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.

7. "*I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy.*" For mercy past he is grateful, and for mercy future, which he believingly anticipates, he is joyful. In our most importunate intercessions, we must find breathing time to bless the Lord: praise is never a hindrance to prayer, but rather a lively refreshment therein. It is delightful at intervals to hear the notes of the high-sounding cymbals when the dolorous sackbut rules the hour. Those two words, *glad* and *rejoice*, are an instructive reduplication, we need not stint ourselves in our holy triumph; this wine we may drink in bowls without fear of excess. "*For thou hast considered my trouble.*" Thou hast seen it, weighed it, directed it, fixed a bound to it, and in all ways made it a matter of tender consideration. A man's consideration means the full exercise of his mind; what must God's consideration be? "*Thou hast known my soul in adversities.*" God owns his saints when others are ashamed to acknowledge them; he never refuses to know his friends. He thinks not the worse of them for their rags and tatters. He does not misjudge them and cast them off when their faces are lean with sickness, or their hearts heavy with despondency. Moreover, the Lord Jesus knows us in our pangs in a peculiar sense, by having a deep sympathy towards us in them all; when no others can enter into our griefs from want of understanding them experimentally, Jesus dives into the lowest depths with us, comprehending the direst of our woes, because he has felt the same. Jesus is a physician who knows every case; nothing is new to him. When we are so bewildered as not to know our own state, he knows us altogether. He has known us and will know us: O for grace to know more of him! "Man, know thyself," is a good philosophic precept, but "Man, thou art known of God," is a superlative consolation. *Adversities* in the plural—"Many are the afflictions of the righteous."

8. "*And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy.*" To be shut up in one's hand is to be delivered over absolutely to his power; now, the believer is not in the hand of death or the devil, much less is he in the power of man. The enemy may get a temporary advantage over us, but we are like men in prison with the door open; God will not let us be shut up, he always provides a way of escape. "*Thou hast set my feet in a large room.*" Blessed be God for liberty: civil liberty is valuable, religious liberty is precious, spiritual liberty is priceless. In all troubles we may praise God if these are left. Many saints have had their greatest enlargements of soul when their affairs have been in the greatest straits. Their souls have been in a large room when their bodies have been

lying in Bonner's coalhole, or in some other narrow dungeon. Grace has been equal to every emergency; and more than this, it has made the emergency an opportunity for displaying itself.

9 Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for I am in trouble: mine eye is consumed with grief, *yea*, my soul and my belly.

10 For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing: my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed.

11 I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

12 I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

13 For I have heard the slander of many: fear *was* on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

9. "*Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble.*" Now, the man of God comes to a particular and minute description of his sorrowful case He unbosoms his heart, lays bare his wounds, and expresses his inward desolation. This first sentence pithily comprehends all that follows, it is the text for his lamenting discourse. Misery moves mercy—no more reasoning is needed. "Have mercy" is the prayer; the argument is as prevalent as it is plain and personal, "I am in trouble." "*Mine eye is consumed with grief.*" Dim and sunken eyes are plain indicators of failing health. Tears draw their salt from our strength, and floods of them are very apt to consume the source from which they spring. God would have us tell him the symptoms of our disease, not for his information, but to show our sense of need. "*Yea, my soul and my belly* [or *body*]." Soul and body are so intimately united, that one cannot decline without the other feeling it. We, in these days, are not strangers to the double sinking which David describes; we have been faint with physical suffering, and distracted with mental distress: when two such seas meet, it is well for us that the Pilot at the helm is at home in the midst of the waterfloods, and makes storms to become the triumph of his art.

10. "*For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.*" It had become his daily occupation to mourn; he spent all his days in the dungeon of distress. The sap and essence of his existence was being consumed, as a candle is wasted while it burns. His adversities were shortening his days, and digging for him an early grave. Grief is a sad market to spend all our wealth of life in, but a far more profitable trade may be driven there than in Vanity Fair; it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting. Black is good wear. The salt of tears is a healthy medicine. Better spend our years in sighing than in sinning. The two members of the sentence before us convey the same idea; but there are no idle words in Scripture, the reduplication is the fitting expression of fervency and importunity. "*My strength faileth because of mine iniquity.*" David sees to the bottom of his sorrow, and detects sin lurking there. It is profitable trouble which leads us to trouble ourselves about our iniquity. Was this the psalmist's foulest crime which now gnawed at his heart, and devoured his strength? Very probably it was so. Sinful morsels, though sweet in the mouth, turn out to be poison in the bowels: if we wantonly give a portion of our strength to sin, it will by-and-by take the remainder from us. We lose both physical, mental, moral, and spiritual vigour by iniquity. "*And my bones are consumed.*" Weakness penetrated the innermost parts of his system, the firmest parts of his frame felt the general decrepitude. A man is in a piteous plight when he comes to this.

11. "*I was a reproach among all mine enemies.*" They were pleased to have something to throw t me: my mournful estate was music to them, because they maliciously interpreted it to be a judgment from heaven upon me. Reproach is thought little of by those who are not called to endure it, but he who passes under its lash knows how deep it wounds. The best of men may have the bitterest foes, and be subjected to the most cruel taunts. "*But especially among my neighbours.*" Those who are nearest can stab the sharpest. We feel most the slights of those who should have shown us sympathy. Perhaps David's friends feared to be identified with his declining fortunes, and therefore turned against him in order to win the mercy if not the favour of his opponents. Self interest rules the most of men: ties the most sacred are soon snapped by its influence, and actions of the utmost meanness are perpetrated without scruple. "*And a fear to mine acquaintance.*" The more intimate before, the more distant did they become. Our Lord was denied by Peter, betrayed by Judas, and forsaken by all in the hour of his utmost need. All the herd turn against a wounded deer. The milk of human kindness curdles when a despised believer is the victim of slanderous accusations. "*They that did see me without fled from me.*" Afraid to be seen in the company of a man so thoroughly despised, those who once courted his society hastened from him as though he had been infected with the plague. How villainous a thing is slander which can thus make an eminent saint, once the admiration of his people, to become the general butt, the universal aversion of mankind! To what extremities of dishonour may innocence be reduced!

12. "*I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind.*" All David's youthful prowess was now gone from remembrance: he had been the saviour of his country, but his services were buried in oblivion. Men soon forget the deepest obligations; popularity is evanescent to the last degree: he who is in every one's mouth to-day may be forgotten by all to-morrow. A man had better be dead than be smothered in slander. Of the dead we say nothing but good, but in the psalmist's case they said nothing but evil. We must not look for the reward of philanthropy this side of heaven, for men pay their best servants but sorry wages, and turn them out of doors when no more is to be got out of them. "*I am like a broken vessel,*" a thing useless, done for, worthless, cast aside, forgotten. Sad condition for a king! Let us see herein the portrait of the King of kings in his humiliation, when he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant.

13. "*For I have heard the slander of many.*" One slanderous viper is death to all comfort—what must be the venom of a whole brood? What the ear does not hear the heart does not rue; but in David's case the accusing voices were loud enough to break in upon his quiet—foul mouths had grown so bold, that they poured forth their falsehoods in the presence of their victim. Shimei was but one of a class, and his cry of "Go up, thou bloody man," was but the common speech of thousands of the sons of Belial. All Beelzebub's pack of hounds may be in full cry against a man, and yet he may be the Lord's anointed. "*Fear was on every side.*" He was encircled with fearful suggestions, threatenings, remembrances, and forebodings; no quarter was clear from incessant attack. "*While they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.*" The ungodly act in concert in their onslaughts upon the excellent of the earth: it is to be wondered at that sinners should often be better agreed than saints, and generally set about their wicked work with much more care and foresight than the righteous exhibit in holy enterprises. Observe the cruelty of a good man's foes! they will be content with nothing less than his blood—for this they plot and scheme. Better fall into the power of a lion than under the will of malicious persecutors, for the beast may spare its prey if it be fed to the full, but malice is unrelenting and cruel as a wolf. Of all fiends the most cruel is envy. How sorely was the psalmist bestead when the poisoned arrows of a thousand bows were all aimed at his life! Yet in all this his faith did not fail him, nor did his God forsake him. Here is encouragement for us.

14 But I trusted in thee, O LORD: I said, Thou *art* my God.
15 My times *are* in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.
16 Make thy face shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.
17 Let me not be ashamed, O LORD; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, *and* let them be silent in the grave.
18 Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

In this section of the Psalm he renews his prayers, urging the same pleas as at first: earnest wrestlers attempt over and over again the same means of gaining their point.

14. "*But I trusted in thee, O Lord.*" Notwithstanding all afflicting circumstances, David's faith maintained its hold, and was not turned aside from its object. What a blessed saving clause is this! So long as our faith, which is our shield, is safe, the battle may go hard, but its ultimate result is no matter of question; if that could be torn from us, we should be as surely slain as were Saul and Jonathan upon the high places of the field. "*I said, Thou art my God.*" He proclaimed aloud his determined allegiance to Jehovah. He was no fair-weather believer, he could hold to his faith in a sharp frost, and wrap it about him as a garment fitted to keep out all the ills of time. He who can say what David did need not envy Cicero his eloquence: "Thou art my God," has more sweetness in it than any other utterance which human speech can frame. Note that this adhesive faith is here mentioned as an argument with God to honour his own promise by sending a speedy deliverance.

15. "*My times are in thy hand.*" The sovereign arbiter of destiny holds in his own power all the issues of our life; we are not waifs and strays upon the ocean of fate, but are steered by infinite wisdom towards our desired haven. Providence is a soft pillow for anxious heads, an anodyne for care, a grave for despair. "*Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.*" It is lawful to desire escape from persecution if it be the Lord's will; and when this may not be granted us in the form which we desire, sustaining grace will give us deliverance in another form, by enabling us to laugh to scorn all the fury of the foe.

16. "*Make thy face to shine upon thy servant.*" Give me the sunshine of heaven in my soul, and I will defy the tempests of earth. Permit me to enjoy a sense of thy favour, O Lord, and a consciousness that thou art pleased with my manner of life, and all men may frown and slander as they will. It is always enough for a servant if he pleases his master; others may be dissatisfied, but he is not their servant, they do not pay him his wages, and their opinions have no weight with him. "*Save me for thy mercies' sake.*" The good man knows no plea but mercy; whoever might urge legal pleas, David never dreamed of it.

17. "*Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee.*" Put not my prayers to the blush! Do not fill profane mouths with jeers at my confidence in my God. "*Let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.*" Cause them to their amazement to see my wrongs righted and their own pride horribly confounded. A milder spirit rules our prayers under the gentle reign of the Prince of Peace, and, therefore, we can only use such words as these in their prophetic sense, knowing as we do full well, that shame and the silence of death are the best portion that ungodly sinners can expect. That which they desired for despised believers shall come upon themselves by a decree of retributive justice, at which they cannot cavil—"As he loved mischief, so let it come upon him."

18. "*Let the lying lips be put to silence.*" A right good and Christian prayer; who but a bad man would give liars more license than need be? May God silence them either by leading them to repentance, by putting them to thorough shame, or by placing them in positions where what they may say will stand for nothing. "*Which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.*" The sin of slanderers lies partly in the matter of their speech; "they speak grievous things;" things cutting deep into the feelings of good men, and wounding them sorely in that tender place—their reputations. The sin is further enhanced by the manner of their speech; they speak proudly and contemptuously; they talk as if they themselves were the cream of society, and the righteous the mere scum of vulgarity. Proud thoughts of self are generally attended by debasing estimates of others. The more room we take up ourselves, the less we can afford our neighbours. What wickedness it is that unworthy characters should always be the loudest in railing at good men! they have no power to appreciate moral worth of which they are utterly destitute; and yet they have the effrontery to mount the judgment seat, and judge the men compared with whom they are as so much draff. Holy indignation may well prompt us to desire anything which may rid the world of such unbearable impertinence and detestable arrogance.

19 *Oh* how great *is* thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; *which* thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

20 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

21 Blessed *be* the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

22 For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

Being full of faith, the psalmist gives glory to God for the mercy which he is assured will be his position.

19. "*Oh how great is thy goodness.*" Is it not singular to find such a joyful sentence in connection with so much sorrow? Truly the life of faith is a miracle. When faith led David to his God, she set him singing at once. He does not tell us how great was God's goodness, for he could not; there are no measures which can set forth the immeasurable goodness of Jehovah, who is goodness itself. Holy amazement uses interjections where adjectives utterly fail. Notes of exclamation suit us when words of explanation are of no avail. If we cannot measure we can marvel; and though we may not calculate with accuracy, we can adore with fervency. "*Which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee.*" The psalmist in contemplation divides goodness into two parts, that which is in store and that which is wrought out. The Lord has laid up in reserve for his people supplies beyond all count. In the treasury of the covenant, in the field of redemption, in the caskets of the promises, in the granaries of providence, the Lord has provided for all the needs which can possibly occur to his chosen. We ought often to consider the laid-up goodness of God which has not yet been distributed to the chosen, but is already provided for them: if we are much in such contemplations, we shall be led to feel devout gratitude, such as glowed in the heart of David. "*Which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men.*" Heavenly mercy is not all hidden in the storehouse; in a thousand ways it has already revealed itself on behalf of those who are bold to avow their confidence in God; before their fellow men this goodness of the Lord has been displayed, that a faithless

generation might stand rebuked. Overwhelming are the proofs of the Lord's favour to believers, history teems with amazing instances, and our own lives are full of prodigies of grace. We serve a good Master. Faith receives a large reward even now, but looks for her full inheritance in the future. Who would not desire to take his lot with the servants of a Master whose boundless love fills all holy minds with astonishment?

20. "*Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man.*" Pride is a barbed weapon: the proud man's contumely is iron which entereth into the soul; but those who trust in God, are safely housed in the Holy of holies, the innermost court, into which no man may dare intrude; here in the secret dwelling place of God the mind of the saint rests in peace, which the foot of pride cannot disturb. Dwellers at the foot of the cross of Christ grow callous to the sneers of the haughty. The wounds of Jesus distil a balsam which heals all the scars which the jagged weapons of contempt can inflict upon us; in fact, when armed with the same mind which was in Christ Jesus, the heart is invulnerable to all the darts of pride. "*Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.*" Tongues are more to be dreaded than beasts of prey—and when they strive, it is as though a whole pack of wolves were let loose; but the believer is secure even in this peril, for the royal pavilion of the King of kings shall afford him quiet shelter and serene security. The secret tabernacle of sacrifice, and the royal pavilion of sovereignty afford a double security to the Lord's people in their worst distresses. Observe the immediate action of God, "*Thou* shalt hide," "*Thou* shalt keep," the Lord himself is personally present for the rescue of his afflicted.

21. "*Blessed be the Lord.*" When the Lord blesses us we cannot do less than bless him in return. "*For he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.*" Was this in Mahanaim, where the Lord gave him victory over the hosts of Absalom? Or did he refer to Rabbath of Ammon, where he gained signal triumphs? Or, best of all, was Jerusalem the strong city where he most experienced the astonishing kindness of his God? Gratitude is never short of subjects: her Ebenezers stand so close together as to wall up her path to heaven on both sides. Whether in cities or in hamlets our blessed Lord has revealed himself to us, we shall never forget the hallowed spots: the lonely mount of Hermon, or the village of Emmaus, or the rock of Patmos, or the wilderness of Horeb, are all alike renowned when God manifests himself to us in robes of love.

22. Confession of faults is always proper; and when we reflect upon the goodness of God, we ought to be reminded of our own errors and offences. "*For I said in my haste.*" We generally speak amiss when we are in a hurry. Hasty words are but for a moment on the tongue, but they often lie for years on the conscience. "*I am cut off from before thine eyes.*" This was an unworthy speech; but unbelief will have a corner in the heart of the firmest believer, and out of that corner it will vent many spiteful things against the Lord if the course of providence be not quite so smooth as nature might desire. No saint ever was, or ever could be cut off from before the eyes of God, and yet no doubt many have thought so, and more than one have said so. For ever be such dark suspicions banished from our minds. "*Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.*" What a mercy that if *we* believe not, yet God abideth faithful, hearing prayer even when we are labouring under doubts which dishonour his name. If we consider the hindrances in the way of our prayers, and the poor way in which we present them, it is a wonder of wonders that they ever prevail with heaven.

23 O love the LORD, all ye his saints: *for* the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

24 Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.

23. "*O love the Lord, all ye his saints.*" A most affecting exhortation, showing clearly the deep love of the writer to his God: there is the more beauty in the expression, because it reveals love towards a smiting God, love which many waters could not quench. To bless him who gives is easy, but to cling to him who takes away is a work of grace. All the saints are benefited by the sanctified miseries of one if they are led by earnest exhortations to love their Lord the better. If saints do not love the Lord, who will? Love is the universal debt of all the saved family: who would wish to be exonerated from its payment? Reasons for love are given, for believing love is not blind. "*For the Lord preserveth the faithful.*" They have to bide their time, but the recompense comes at last, and meanwhile all the cruel malice of their enemies cannot destroy them. "*And plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.*" This also is cause for gratitude: pride is so detestable in its acts that he who shall mete out to it its righteous due, deserves the love of all holy minds.

24. "*Be of good courage.*" Keep up your spirit, let no craven thoughts blanch your cheek. Fear weakens, courage strengthens. Victory waits upon the banners of the brave. "*And he shall strengthen your heart.*" Power from on high shall be given in the most effectual manner by administering force to the fountain of vitality. So far from leaving us, the Lord will draw very near to us in our adversity, and put his own power into us. "*All ye that hope in the Lord.*" Every one of you, lift up your heads and sing for joy of heart. God is faithful, and does not fail his children, wherefore then should we be afraid?

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 6.—The sense lies thus, that heathen men, when any danger or difficulty approacheth them, are solemnly wont to apply themselves to auguries and divinations, and so to false gods, to receive advice and direction from them: but doing so and observing their responses most superstitiously, they yet gain nothing at all by it. These David detests and keeps close to God, hoping for no aid but from him.—*H. Hammond, D.D.*

Verse 7.—

Man's plea to man, is, that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Man's plea to God, is, that he did obtain
A former suit, and, therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve; that when we sue,
Makes his old gifts the examples of his new!

Quarles' Divine Fancies.

Verses 9 *and* 10.

If thou wouldst learn, not knowing how to pray,
Add but a faith, and say as beggars say:
Master, I'm poor, and blind, in great distress;
Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortless;
O succour him that's gravell'd on the shelf
Of pain and want and cannot help himself;
Cast down thine eye upon a wretch, and take
Some pity on me for sweet Jesus' sake:
But hold! take need this clause be not put in,
I never begged before, nor will again.

Francis Quarles.

Verse 10.—I find that when the saints are under trial and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity, conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is therefore as needful as the crown is glorious.—*Rutherford.*

Verse 22.—David vents his astonishment at the Lord's condescension in hearing his prayer. How do we wonder at the goodness of a petty man in granting our desires! How much more should we at the humility and goodness of the most sovereign Majesty of heaven and earth!—*Stephen Charnock.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1 *(first clause).—Open avowal of faith.* 1. Duties which precede it, self-examination, &c. 2. Modes of making the confession. 3. Conduct incumbent on those who have made the profession.

Verse 1 *(last clause).*—How far the righteousness of God is involved in the salvation of a believer.

Verse 2. *(first clause).*—God's hearing prayer a great condescension.

Verse 2 *(second clause).*—How far we may be urgent with God as to time.

Verses 2 *and* 3 *(last and first clauses).*—That which we have we may yet seek for.

Verse 3 *(last clause).*—1. A blessing needed, "*lead me.*" 2. A blessing obtainable. 3. An argument for its being granted, "*name's sake.*"

Verse 4.—*The rescue of the ensnared.* 1. The fowlers. 2. The laying of the net. 3. The capture of the bird. 4. The cry of the captive. 5. The rescue.

Verse 4 *(last clause).*—The weak one girt with omnipotence.

Verse 5.—The believer's Requiem.

Redemption the foundation of our repose in God.

I. What we do—*commit ourselves to God.* II. What God has done—*redeemed us.*

Verse 6.—Holy detestation, as a virtue discriminated from bigotry.

Verse 7.—I. An endearing attribute rejoiced in. II. An interesting experience related. III. A directly personal favour from God delighted in.

Verse 8.—Christian liberty, a theme for gladness.

Verse 9.—The mourner's lament.

Verses 9 *and* 10.—The sick man's moan, a reminder to those who enjoy good health.

Verse 14.—Faith peculiarly glorious in seasons of great trial.

The casting forth of the sheet anchor in the storm.

Verse 15.—The believer the peculiar care of providence.

Verse 16.—A sense of divine favour. 1. Its value. 2. How to lose it. 3. How to obtain a renewal of it. 4. How to retain it.

The heavenly servant's best reward.

Verse 16 *(last clause).*—A prayer for saints in all stages. Note its object, "*save me;*" and its plea, "*thy mercies' sake.*" Suitable to the penitent, the sick, the doubting, the tried, the advanced believer, the dying saint.

Verse 17.—The shame of the wicked in eternity.

The silence of the grave, its grave eloquence.

Verse 19.—See "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," No. 773.

Verse 20.—The believer preserved from the sneers of arrogance by a sense of the divine presence, and kept from the bitterness of slander by the glory of the king whom he serves.

Verse 21.—Memorable events in life to be observed, recorded, meditated on, repeated, made the subject of gratitude, and the ground of confidence.

Verse 22.—Unbelief confessed and faithfulness adored.

The mischief of hasty speeches.

Verse 23.—An exhortation to love the Lord. 1. The matter of it, "*love the Lord.*" 2. To whom addressed, "*all ye his saints.*" 3. By whom addressed. 4. With what arguments supported.

Verse 24.—Holy courage. Its excellencies, difficulties, encouragements, and triumphs.

Captain Faith.

You shall observe, that in the same action, wherein other graces are eminently exercised as well as faith, even then faith is taken notice of, and the crown set upon faith's head, rather than any of the other graces. We hear nothing almost of any other grace throughout the whole eleventh of the Hebrews, but faith; "by faith Abraham," "by faith Jacob," and the rest of those worthies, did all those famous exploits. There was a concurrence of the other graces, with faith in them all, but all goes under the name of faith: the whole army fight, yet the general or captain hath the honour of the victory ascribed to him. Alexander's and Cæsar's names are transmitted to posterity as the great conquerors that overcame in so many battles, not the private soldiers that fought under them. Faith is the captain-grace: all those famous acts of those saints are recorded as the achievements of faith.—*Gurnal.*

Brother Ignatius as a Preacher.

THIS erratic gentleman, whose doings have brought so much ridicule upon the church by law (but not by grace) established, has for some months past been preaching every Friday, in Lombard Street, in the dinner hour. The church has always been crowded on these occasions, and the preacher has managed, by the use of a certain extravagant style of delivery and of language, to make himself popular among a class of persons who are attracted by sensuousness of language, and excitability of manner. On the 1st of November, we were present at one of these gatherings. The church, which will seat, we should say, between four hundred and five hundred persons, was crowded, many standing. The majority were evidently High Church Ritualists, and there was a good sprinkling of Anglican parsons, whose responses were made with all that fulness of voice peculiar to the clerical *homo*. Phrenologically considered, they did not indicate anything flattering to the mental development. But there was a spirit of earnest devoutness manifested during the whole of the service, which showed plainly enough the hold which the liturgy and sermon had upon their minds. There was a large number of evangelicals, both church and chapel, present; and there were more Dissenting ministers and students than we could count on the fingers of both hands. We ourselves went with the hope of being edified. How far we were benefited will be seen by the sequel.

At a quarter to one the organ struck up, and the people and the charity children rose in honour of the preacher. Mr. Lyne is a young man—looking much younger than he really is, with dark brown hair, closely cut—he has now no tonsure—with a care-worn *physique*, dark jet piercing eyes, a clear voice, hurried and agitated manner, and a deportment not remarkably graceful. The lessons read, a hymn was sung to a well-known tune. The preacher ascends the pulpit, and repeats an action evidently common to him—viz., covering his head with the sleeves of the snowy-white surplice in which he both reads and preaches. He announces his text, from Revelation vii. 9, closes the book, lays it on one side, and, without notes, prepares for the address. The first sentence he utters startles you. Is it to be the key-note of the whole service? "To-day is one of the Sabbaths of the church. He who does any secular business to-day is guilty of mortal sin. It is the festival of All Saints. You have been to the holy communion this morning, or you ought to have done so. I shall treat to-day as a Sabbath. If any of you want to leave the place before the service is concluded you must leave now." This is said in a snappishly offensive manner, frequently assumed by the preacher to create an impression of superiority. There is a pause. No one moves. The preacher proceeds. He gives an account of the origin of the festival. The church, he pettishly remarks, has other saint days to celebrate the best known of the saints, but lest any should go unacknowledged, it had appointed this day as the festival of all saints. After exalting the virtues of these glorified beings, who have received the church's peculiar honour, he desires that they will not be carried away with the notion that the church worshipped these or any saints. They only worshipped the King of saints. In a most nervously excitable manner, he attempted to picture what he called "the procession of precious blood"—evidently a *lapsus linguæ*—Christ being in the centre and the holy saints walking around him. There was Mary Magdalen, whom he described as "a filthy harlot, a common prostitute who got her living in the streets," an ignorant assertion for which there is no foundation whatever, prefacing his description by clapping his hands, and shrieking out, "Look, look, look." There was the penitent thief—Dymas, as he called him—a name we need hardly say given by tradition only, and Augustine, of Hippo, who was a "nasty rake;" there the virgins of the church, St. Agnes, St. Ursula, St. Dorothy (and, we inwardly added, St. Betsy and St. Polly, queens famous for their attachment to the British church). The clapping of hands and shrieking were repeated once and twice at the

mention of these names, and the female saints were held up as patterns for the "young sisters" present, whom he savagely condemned for "undressing themselves when they went to balls," and for their submission to and love for "stupid flattery." As for the young men of the present day, he never saw in any country save England, such pictures of cowardice as they presented. They were not cowardly with their fists, but in their code of morals. They considered the Lord Jesus Christ as "rather soft," and too "slow" for the age, despised his advice, and unlike the young men of the early church, they were ashamed to mention him in their marts, workshops, and homes. Then he went on to describe how the saints got to heaven. "How did those abominable elect ones—the abominable host of God's elect get there?" It was through Jesus. This he went on to explain in an unexceptionable manner, and for some time you imagined you were listening to a local preacher full of revivalistic zeal. At one moment, however, he was a rigid hyper-Calvinist, "sound" enough for the most "high" of that high-and-dry school; at another moment, he descended into the questionable theology of the ultra-Arminian. In the first part of his discourse, he was painfully popish, in the latter part pleasantly Protestant, with a dash of Plymouth B'ism, which set off the Romish part to considerable advantage. It was a curious jumble, and yet with one faintly-conceived idea, as the only ray of light to be perceived throughout—Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. This he very plainly insisted on, to the satisfaction of the most rigid Puritan. Yet who can depend upon such an erratic theological comet? Does he not disgrace evangelical truth in the eyes of his hearers?

L.

Editor's Healthy.

STRANGE rumours having been set afloat as to our death, we beg to assure all the world who care about us that we are alive, and hope, by God's grace, to be fully at our work in a few days. We consider that we are off the sick list, although not quite entered among the able-bodied soldiers. God be thanked that we, in writing the last part of the magazine, are no longer "*on our back*," as we were at the beginning. O for a renewal and increase of the divine blessing upon the work to which we are now restored.

Special Notice.

AS it is most probable that our esteemed brother, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, will become wholly engaged as our Assistant Pastor, he will have frequent Sabbaths to spare. Ministerial well-wishers to the College, and other church officers, will much aid us if they will invite him to occupy their pulpits on the Sabbath, and make Collections for the Pastor's College. Thus substantial aid might be rendered to our work without inconvenience to the donors, and, we trust, with abundant profit to the churches. Our brother cannot preach for any other object, but for this he cheerfully offers himself, and we as willingly spare him. Will friends make this known, and so oblige us?

Next month we intend giving a large engraving of the Orphanage, as it is to be when completed; and we shall then take the liberty of pressing the bazaar, and urging upon our readers the plan of becoming collectors for the work. We greatly need help for erecting the school-house and dining-hall. We shall have four houses built very soon, and four more will follow, but we have no school for the boys; this will very much embarrass us, and prevent our proceeding as we would. May the God of Israel help us, for we are in this and in the College business in great straits. The very small amount of donations to the Orphanage announced this month is very far from encouraging, and apart from the Weekly Offering, the College fund would be worse. Jehovah-Jireh is, however, a sure word.

Old Ocean to England.

I DREAMED the other night that I heard some one repeat the following queer unmusical couplet, attributing it to Longfellow, forsooth:—

"Say, No baptismal regeneration,
Waves of the rolling ocean."

On waking, it kept running in my head, though it struck me as nonsense. At last, I thought: Well, if any water has a right to speak on such a subject, it is surely Old Ocean himself, so I put into his sonorous lips the following address—

Say, *No baptismal regeneration*,
Waves of the rolling ocean,
Leaping around Old England's shores,
Instinct with grand emotion!
Lift up your thousand voices strong,
Proclaim it to the nation,
From cape to headland, far along,
No baptismal regeneration!

The hand that gave us all we have,
No great mysterious power
Hath hidden in the secret depths
Of wave or watery shower;
To change the tempers of the soul,
To loose the bands of folly,
The wayward spirit to control,
Or make the sinner holy!

No incantations o'er us said,
No subtle influence lurking,
No sacred energy divine
Within us darkly working,
Can wash the stain of sin away
From the defiled spirit,
And fit the soul of fallen man,
God's kingdom to inherit.

O England, 'tis but centuries three,
Since from the domination
Of soul-destroying Popery,
We sung thy liberation!
How, then, to superstitious rites,
Art thou so soon returning,
And kindling on thy shore false lights,
Where late the true were burning?

Hast thou forgotten all the blood
Of holy martyrs poured,
To free thee from the yoke of Rome,
So righteously abhorred?
How canst thou clothe thee with her cloak,
And wrap her strange attire
Around thy limbs scarce healed from
Her persecuting fire?

What with her superstitious mass
Hast thou to do, O nation,
That bound upon thy bleeding brow,
The crown of reformation?
What! wilt thou clasp upon thy hands
Her rusty fetters broken,
And treacherously deny the truth
Thy lips have nobly spoken?

Nay, let thy banner on the breeze
Be still the cross of glory,
Her triple crown and golden keys
Leave to the harlot hoary.
God's open Bible to thy breast
Fast bind, O favoured nation,
Nor for Christ's sake betray thy trust,
Isle of the Reformation!

H. G. G

Reviews.

We have a considerable number of volumes for review waiting for next month. We are sorry to be in arrears with the publishers, but hope as soon as possible to overtake our work. Two noble volumes of Mr. Stoughton's "Ecclesiastical History" shall be noticed in January.

Work for Weepers. A Sermon. By the Rev. Timothy Harley. Hamilton, Adams, & Co., Paternoster Row.

In this sermon the much neglected duty of Christians mourning over the thoughtless and ruined condition of their fellow men, is clearly explained, and powerfully enforced. Judging from this discourse, Mr. Harley has acquired a very impressive and useful style of address. He cannot fail, we think, to do good service for Christ in the world, both by his preaching and writing, if he meets with the encouragement he deserves. He would be glad of assistance in the free distribution of sermons of this kind.

Glad Tidings; or, Sketches of Missionary Enterprise. A packet of twelve cards. Price 1s. Tract Society.

We are at a loss to know how so much of real art, carefully executed in so many colours, can be produced for so small a sum. Those who would foster the missionary zeal of the young people in our schools and families should largely distribute this packet.

Ludovic; or, The Boy's Victory. By the author of "The Awdries and their Friends." Religious Tract Society.

Another interesting addition to juvenile literature. A schoolboy's story well told.

The Hymns of Heaven; or, The Songs of the Saints in Glory. By James Grant, author of "God is Love," etc. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Grant has been very fortunate in the selection of his theme, the very mention of which makes the eyes to sparkle: the more we practise the psalmody of heaven the better. In his theological essays Mr. Grant always writes to the edification of a numerous circle. He does not aim at uttering novel or profound thoughts, but he succeeds in producing sound and plain evangelical writing.

The Mirage of Life. With illustrations by Tenniel, engraved by Butterworth and Heath. Religious Tract Society.

The "Mirage of Life" is one of the most powerful, although simple, pleas for a life of devotion to God that was ever penned. It proves beyond all cavil that nothing earthly can content the immortal mind: sad fact, were it not for the supplemental truth to which its gloom points us, as with a black finger, that there is a higher life, in which contentment is possible and satisfaction attainable. None of our readers ought to be unacquainted with this epitome of human disappointments. The present edition is printed on prepared paper, and is illustrated with most masterly engravings, some of which, in their quiet humour or poetic imagery, are little gems of art. Beau Brummel fitting on his gloves, the connoisseurs examining Haydon's picture, and Theodore Hook at the piano, are scenes reminding us of Leech's sketches in "Punch," while Beckford gazing by night upon Fonthill Abbey, and the pilgrims deceived by the mirage, are equally telling in another style of drawing.

The Philosophy of Evangelicism. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

After a careful perusal of this thoughtful work, we are convinced that the author's "Philosophy" is "falsely so called." We should like the writer to reduce his reasonings to their simple proportions, and see how far his proofs touch the question in hand, for we were never more impressed with the want of genuine argument in a professedly philosophic treatise. The doctrine of the book we abominate. What does he mean by "Man stands to God in the relationship of a redeemed sinner, whether born in the first century of the world's age or its sixtieth"? "The perfect righteousness of Christ became, by virtue of his human brotherhood, mankind's rightful heritage. Through Christ, the world, corporately, stands

reconciled to God; and the righteousness of Christ, which in that sense is already ours, becomes ours distributively and consciously, when, so far as, and so long as, we seek to imbibe his spirit and tread in his steps"? If this be the *Philosophy of Evangelicism*, the less we have to do with it the better, for it is of the devil and not of God's word.

Manual of Hermeneutics for the Writings of the New Testament. Translated from the Dutch of J. J. Doedes, D.D. Edinburgh: T. T. Clarke.

An exceedingly thoughtful and learned work on the important subject of interpreting the meaning of the writers of the New Testament. We are not however prepared to affirm with him that under no circumstances can we give a double meaning to a passage. Our Lord taught in parables, which were certainly to have a spiritual interpretation as well as a literal one, and we think that much would be lost by a rigid application of that rule to the sayings and acts of our Lord.

The Ordinance of Levites. By James Suter, author of "Moral Statistics of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland." Edinburgh: Wm. P. Nimmo; London: Simpkin and Co.

The benevolent author has conceived the pleasing idea of setting apart a tithe of the fruits of the earth for the maintenance of the aged, whom he would regard as Levites: a much better use of tithes than giving them to Puseyite clergy. The author gives details as to number of beneficiaries, amount to be raised, and mode of distribution: indeed, he has calculated as carefully as if the scheme were ripe for adoption. The plan is no doubt very admirable, and may perhaps be carried out in the millennium, but in the present age it will not so much as get a hearing. We heartily wish that all our readers may live to see the plan in action; they will in such case realise antediluvian longevity.

Oliver Wyndham, a Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of *Naomi.* Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

A story woven out of Defoe's "Plague of London;"—very pleasant reading for those who enjoy religious stories, and most thoroughly and earnestly evangelical in its strain and spirit. The book is prettily bound, and printed upon toned paper.

Pilgrim Street: a Story of Manchester Life. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

Either we are afflicted with water on the brain, or this is a most affecting book, for we found ourselves during its perusal singularly moist about the eyes. Dear little Phil is one of those beautiful child-angels, whose portrait can be only drawn by a master's hand. The whole story is well told, and deserves to be popular.

The Last Week; or, things which must shortly come to pass as revealed in the Seven-sealed Book of the Secret Counsels of God. Compiled by C. P. O. Partridge and Co.

Scriptures arranged under certain heads, but we are quite unable to see why. The prophecying connected with the collected texts is of the usual character: we are sick in our inmost soul of all modern prophetical writings, and believe that the reading of them is an abominable waste of time, and the whole business of speculating in futurity a mere snare of the devil to take men off from earnest service of Jesus while present opportunities are before them. That the Lord will come is a glorious and profitable doctrine, but the meaning of the ten toes of the image is of far less consequence. We grudge the waste of so much paper, print, and binding, in the case of the volume now before us.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets. Lectures delivered to Students for the Ministry on the vocation of the Preacher. Illustrated by Anecdotes, biographical, historical, and elucidatory of every order of pulpit eloquence, from the great Preacher of all ages. By Edwin Paxton Hood. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

This volume of lectures is kindly dedicated to the editor of "The Sword and the Trowel," and most of the lectures were delivered to the men of our college. It came too late for this month, and we have only space to say that it is as full of wit and wisdom as Gideon's wet fleece was full of dew. The next number shall discuss it.

We commend to our readers the pocket-books of the Religious Tract Society, which are far superior to the lackadaisical, lovesick productions so common at this season. We would have no Christian lady putting herself on a level with graceless lovers of nonsense even in the little book of memoranda which she uses to record her engagements. *The Scripture Pocket-book for* 1868 is elegant and excellent. Besides the usual almanack and business information, and the necessary memoranda, etc., it contains a daily text, and a world of well-selected useful information. We allot this as a present for Mr. John and Miss Hannah, the eldest of the happy family. *The Young People's Pocket-book for* 1868 we can equally eulogise: it should be bought for Tom and Ellen.

Notices.

THE Baptist Church at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, has recently been favoured with a considerable increase in its members, and in the attendance to hear the word, under the preaching of Mr. C. Pates, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Pates in the pastorate were held on Sunday, the 13th, and Monday, the 14th of last month. On Sunday, two sermons were preached by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. On Monday afternoon, Mr. Bristow, of Woodford, read the Scriptures and prayed; Mr. Rogers asked the usual questions, which were replied to by Mr. R. Batson on behalf of the church, and by Mr. Pates; Mr. King, of Thrapstone, offered the ordination prayer; Mr. Rogers gave an address to the pastor; and Mr. Bradfield, of Rushden, addressed the church, and concluded with prayer. About two hundred persons sat down to tea, which was gratuitously provided. In the evening, the chair was taken by Mr. Pates. Mr. Cox offered prayer. Addresses were given by Messrs. Tooke, of Oundle; Kitchen, of Ringstead; King, Bristow, Bradfield, and Smith, of America. The chairman concluded with prayer. The attendance at these meetings was good, although the weather proved unfavourable, and great liberality and sympathy with the church in its revived condition was shown by all classes in the neighbourhood.

The Temperance Hall, Liverpool Buildings, Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate, in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has been opened for divine worship. Messrs. Brittain and Coombes conduct the services.

The Baptist Chapel at Highgate, which was closed for repairs in July last, has been re-opened for public worship under very gratifying and encouraging circumstances. The alterations and improvements which have been made include the removal of the front wall of the chapel, which has been rebuilt to the full extent of the ground, the renovation of the walls and building generally, both within and without, new flooring and staircases, the erection of two new galleries in addition to the one existing prior to the alterations, and uniform with it in elevation and design, the removal of the old pews and various fittings, which have been replaced by others more in accordance with improved modern taste, the heating of the chapel by hot water, a new and excellent system of ventilation, also a well-arranged plan for lighting the chapel with gas, the whole effecting a complete transformation of the old building, and providing at the same time an additional number of sittings—the chapel being now capable of affording accommodation for nearly four hundred persons. To meet this expenditure, it was estimated that the sum of £700 would be required; the whole of the amount has, by the kind aid of friends at Highgate and elsewhere, been raised, and the committee hope they have sufficient funds to meet all the liabilities incurred by the contract, and to defray all other incidental expenses. Sermons in connection with the re-opening services were preached on Lord's-day, October 13th: that in the morning, by Mr. S. Wardlaw McAll, M.A., of Finchley; that in the evening, by Mr. Joseph Angus, D.D., of Regent's Park College. On the following Wednesday evening a sermon was preached by Mr. Francis Tucker, B.A., of Camden Town; and on the following Lord's-day, October 20th, in the morning by Mr. Josiah Viney, and in the evening by the pastor, Mr. John Heskins Barnard. During the progress of the alterations, the church and congregation united for public worship by mutual arrangement with the friends at the Congregational Chapel, and they feel deeply indebted to them and their pastor, Mr. Josiah Viney, for the kindness they have received, and for the generous sympathy and help which have been afforded. On re-entering their enlarged and beautified sanctuary, both pastor and people desire to unite in feelings of devout gratitude to God for the success he has vouchsafed to them, and at the same time to express their heartfelt

thanks to the inhabitants of Highgate and its neighbourhood, and other Christian friends, for their kind and liberal aid. It is their earnest hope and desire that they may now be favoured with showers of spiritual blessings, and they ask the prayers of God's people on this behalf.

The church worshipping at King's Cross Baptist Chapel, 13, Caledonian Road, has been greatly blessed by an increase of members, and has therefore, for better convenience, removed to Thornhill Hall, Richmond Street, Richmond Road, Islington. The Sabbath-school is still carried on at King's Cross Baptist Chapel. The opening sermons of Thornhill Hall were preached by Messrs. G. Kirkham, C. B. Sawday, and M. Cockerton, pastor.

The second anniversary of the opening of the Baptist Chapel, Bromley, Kent, was celebrated on Thursday, October 24th. A large number of persons sat down to tea, which was provided by the ladies in connection with the church. The sight was an exceedingly interesting one, as one on so large a scale has not been held in the chapel before. After tea a public meeting was held, at which Mr. W. Olney, one of the deacons of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, presided. His opening address was characterised by all that warmth and fervour for which he is so justly celebrated. Excellent addresses were also delivered by Messrs. David Longwill, of Bromley; J. Cox, of Pengo; G. Buck, of Alfred Place Chapel, Old Kent Road; and J. L. Plumbridge. There was considerable applause when the pastor, Mr. A. Tessier, announced that above £100 had been realised during the evening, by collection and promises, towards the liquidation of the debt on the chapel.

The annual tea-meeting and anniversary of Vernon chapel, Pentonville, was held on October 23rd, nearly one thousand persons being present. G. Williams, Esq., of the firm of Hitchcock and Williams, St. Paul's Churchyard, occupied the chair. Mr. C. B. Sawday, pastor, having addressed the meeting, the secretary gave a report. He said that during the past year there had been added to the church from the world 204 persons, the net increase, deducting expulsions, deaths, and transfers, being 173. The present number of members was 597. Seven of those who had been transferred had joined a new cause, started by this church, at King's Cross. In addition to these there were forty-two cases accepted by the church, but not yet received; £180 had been paid off the debts of the chapel, leaving them £963 to clear off; £270 had been raised towards a new chapel; the sum of £510 had been obtained for fitting up a large building called the Gymnasium, in which Mr. Sawday preaches every Sunday to about 2,000 persons, which their church has now for eighteen months to come free of rent. It was also stated that nearly £2,000 had been raised during the year for various purposes in connection with the cause. The chairman gave an interesting and animated address, full of good counsel, and was followed by Mr. Williams, the senior deacon. He was succeeded by Mr. Edward Leach and Mr. W. Stott, of Abbey Road Chapel.

Services in connection with the recognition of Mr. W. J. Styles, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of a recently-established church in Lower Holloway, were held in Barnsbury Hall, Islington, on Tuesday, October 29th. In the afternoon Mr. J. Keed, of Acton, presided. Mr. McArthur, of the College, offered prayer. The usual statements were made by a deacon of the church, and by the pastor. Prayer for the church and the pastor was offered by Mr. Sawday, of Vernon Chapel, and by Mr. Keed. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. G. Rogers, and that to the church by Mr. Frank White, of Chelsea. At the tea-meeting which followed, a purse and a testimonial of regard from the church and congregation, were presented by Mr. A. D. Hardy to Mr. Styles. At the evening meeting Mr. Styles presided. Addresses were given by Messrs. F. Tucker, B.A.; J. Keed; Jesse Hobson; W. Leask, D.D.; John Barnard, of Highgate; C. Monham, and W. Child, of High Wycombe.

A new church and congregation, in connection with the Baptist denomination, has recently been established in Salem Chapel, Ipswich. Mr. Bunning's services here, while continuing his studies at the College, were very acceptable. On his removal to Edinburgh, his place was filled by Mr. Oldring, from the College. The time having arrived when a settled pastor was much needed, Mr. R. A. Griffin, of Sandhurst, in Kent, after preaching a few Sabbaths, was unanimously chosen to the pastorate. Mr. Griffin went from the Tabernacle College to Sandhurst, and after labouring there with much success, enters upon a more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

Mr. Julyan, of Pinner, formerly of the Tabernacle College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the Baptist Church at Ridgmount, in Bedfordshire, vacant by the removal of Mr. Cuff to Bury St. Edmonds.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 3, fifteen; 17, eleven; 28, twelve; 31, ten.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 80.
Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Oct. 18th, to Nov. 12th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
A. G.	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Waterbeach	2	18	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	5	0
Miss F. Price	0	10	0
Mr. Paget	1	0	0
Rev. J. A. Brown	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Gaze	2	0	0
Crux	2	11	0
C. R.	0	0	6
A. S.	0	3	0
W., Llanvapley	0	10	0
Mrs. Keys, returned Money-box	1	5	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
M. M.	0	2	6
A Thankoffering in Affliction	5	0	0
Mr. G. Barwick	1	0	0
Miss S. B. Pavey	1	0	0
Castle Douglas	0	10	0
Miss Lightfoot	0	10	0
Mr. M. Tutton	3	0	0
W. E. M.	0	5	0
G. H. R.	0	3	0
Mrs. Stickling	0	1	0
P. P., &c.	0	2	6
Mr. E. Ryder	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Pontypool	1	16	6
Maryport	0	13	0
May	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bate	0	10	0
A Strict Baptist	0	5	0
Mr. E. Griffiths	0	2	6
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Davis	10	0	0
Mr. Seward	2	2	0
A Friend, per Mr. S. C. Cork	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. Morgan, Collecting-box	0	1	6
W. C.	0	5	0
Miss Pringle	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bunning	1	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Oct. 20	31	8	5
,, ,, ,, ,, 27	37	11	3
,, ,, ,, Nov. 3	25	4	7
,, ,, ,, ,, 10	34	10	9
	£137	1	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 18th, to November 12th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Miss Waters	1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	1	1	0
Mrs. Nisbet	1	1	0
A. G.	0	10	0
R. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mr. W. Osmond	0	2	6
Mr. J. Mason	0	1	3
E. M.	0	2	0
Miss F. Price	0	11	0
Mrs. Green	1	0	0
Mrs. Pepper, Malta	5	0	0
A Sister in Dumfries	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield (Annual Sub.)	1	0	0
Wiltshire	0	5	0
Mrs. Goddard, Leicester	5	0	0
Mr. G. S. Sills	0	2	0
Mr. Robinson, per Miss Sewell	0	5	0
E. H.	0	2	0
A Thankoffering in Affliction	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	8	0
Mr. R. Sharp	1	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
J. J. B.	0	2	6
Thankful	0	2	6
Much Interested	1	5	0
W. E. M.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Seward	0	5	0
Mrs. Stickling	0	1	0
The Children of the Infant Class, Baptist Chapel, Sunday School, Wollaston, per Mrs. Whittemore	0	5	0
Devizes	0	5	0
A Great Sinner	0	5	0
Mrs. Rooke	0	1	6
Mr. W. Fisk	0	10	0
Collection after Sermon, at Banghurst, per Mr. W. Brown	3	0	0
One who desires the speedy restoration of its honoured Founder	1	0	0
Trustees of Mr. Thomas Pratt, per Mr. J. Gray	10	0	8
Mr. G. Faulkner	0	2	6
An Orphan whom the Lord has blessed	0	2	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss Pringle	1	0	0
D. H.	0	2	6
Sunday School, Haworth	0	10	0
A Reader, Aberdeen	0	2	6
Collecting Box, Miss Temple	0	11	7
,, ,, Mr. A. H. Cox	0	6	9
,, Card, No. 338, Miss Spurgeon	7	6	0
,, ,, 360, Mr. Mills	22	0	0
,, ,, 474, Miss Anne Falkner	0	6	0
,, ,, 784, Miss Rees	0	10	0
,, ,, 1027, Miss Strachan	0	17	0
	£78	16	1

For Mr. Wall's Italian Mission.—Mr. M. Tutton, £2.

For Poor Fund.—A Professional Man, 5s.

Mr. Spurgeon thankfully acknowledges the receipt of a Diamond Ring, which will be sold, and the proceeds given to the College, that Fund standing most in need of help.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.